

**Music and
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

This week the Opera House is occupied by the Carleton Opera Company, an organization which has been the recipient of much favorable advance notice. The business has not been what is called "large" though the houses have been fair. The chorus is quite good but not a little of the work shows insufficient rehearsal, and this was especially noticeable in the first production of "Nanon," which was somewhat 'cut' by reason of loss of cue and for other causes. Where the chorus was confident, it was well balanced, and the effect was quite pleasing. Solo singers are indispensable, of course, but unless the chorus is well rehearsed and well drilled no brilliancy upon the part of soloist, nor anything else in fact can compensate. In process of time I have no doubt this chorus will do excellent work, but just at present there is a suggestion, to put it mildly, of being unprepared, is giving public performances somewhat too soon. What we are getting for opera this week, may be more correctly designated little more than dress rehearsals. What we lose in this, Halifax will gain, as the company is to appear in that city and there they will have the more finished work. Up to this writing I have not heard Miss Clements sing—she is not in the cast of "Nanon"—but I heard Miss Jennie Winston who sings particularly well when one considers that she has been ill and under medical treatment since she arrived in this city. Miss Winston's voice is tuneful and sweet and she has a very excellent articulation. Besides all this she is an attractive woman and an exceptionally clever actress. Her song "Winding the skein" for which she received the compliment of a double encore, was most charmingly rendered and her interpretation showed a thorough knowledge of the composer's idea. Her acting in this was a beautiful piece of clever work. Miss Langton too sings in happy form and has become quite a favorite with the audiences. Mr. Carleton has a good strong baritone voice, a little apt to overdo perhaps in striving for effect, but always indicating that he is well up in his own role. Mr. McDonald the comedian, and one or two others of the soloists sing with good effect. The work done here is admirable as a preparation for a season in Halifax and I have no doubt our friends in the sister city will find the company in form to give a good performance when they make their initial there.

It is noticed that the 'old reliable', Morton L. Harrison and his orchestra are playing at the Opera House again. It looks like old times to see them there once more. They have quite a large list of operas and there is little doubt but that the musical director of the company finds their assistance most valuable.

Mr. Harris is in the city arranging for the concert to be given by the English basso, Signor Foli, assisted by Mme. Vanderveer Green and Signor Scarpa.

Tones and Undertones.

For many singers from the United States seeking a status through a professional introduction in London, a barrier in the shape of a payment of \$1000 has existed for some time past. The credit of breaking down this barrier, at least in her own case, is due to Miss Ina Lawson of New York who recently sang in the cantata "The Ancient Mariner" instead of Miss Blanche Powell. Miss Lawson had but one days notice and went through with flying colors. This lady is well known in the United States as the only woman conductor of a choral society in America.

Several American singers have met with much success in London, Eng. which is now being sought rather than Paris. Among the winners are Margaret Reid, Pauline Joralea, Clara Poole, Rosa Green and Regina de Sales who is the wife of Frank Atwater of the Musical Courier.

Johann Strauss will compose an opera founded on Gerard Hauptman's play "The Sunken Bell."

Yvette Guilbert makes large additions to her income by the sale of her songs which she publishes herself. For the song "Les Ingenues" she paid \$10, and she subsequently sold 10,000 copies of it.

At the recent performance of "Faust" in Boston with Calve and the De Reszkes in the cast, tumultuous applause followed every scene and encores were repeatedly insisted upon. The grand trio of the last act awoke the wildest enthusiasm and when the performance was over the audience, it is said, showed no disposition to leave the hall. A writer in a late Boston paper thus describes the scene. Time after time the artists came to the footlights and bowed their acknowledgements. After Calve and the

de Reszkes had come out together a dozen times or more the prima donna appeared alone and then there was a perfect hurricane of applause. Requests for another song were shouted forth from all parts of the hall.

Calve responded by throwing kisses from her pretty fingers and shaking her head in the most pathetic way. She wished to make it known that she was too tired to sing again. But the audience would not understand, even after Calve spoke to them in French, bidding goodbye and expressing a thousand thanks. Still the hubbub continued and many times did the artists bow their thanks. Once Calve brought Mr. B. Schoeffl to the footlights and a spontaneous outburst of applause expressed appreciation of this indefatigable manager's brave efforts to give Bostonians the best grand opera productions.

The stage manager addressed them in very positive language stating that Mme. Calve had finally retired to her dressing room, and that it would be absolutely impossible for her to appear again. Then the lights were put out, and the audience concluded to go home.

"Miss Robinson," the name of a new comic opera which had a run of one hundred nights in Paris, has been purchased for America by E. E. Rice.

Florence Begarte, a prima donna with the endorsement of a London audience, is coming to the United States this summer, also a Miss Adele Lorraine, another prima donna.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Ellen Terry recently played in England the title role in "Madame Sans Gene" and scored a notable success, although it is said she rather "overdid the washer-woman scene." Sir Henry Irving could not make up his face as the Emperor but made the best of a poor part and shone most in staging the piece.

E. E. Rice has returned from London and is determined to produce "Evangeline" in that city. His idea is that "a production that has been played in America for twenty-three years is not likely to fail" there.

A new piece entitled "The French Maid" by Messrs. Hood and Slaughter was played in Toole's theatre London last Monday for its initial. The rights for America have been purchased by E. E. Rice.

The "Columbia" the "Amphion" and "The American" theatre in Brooklyn were all closed last week it being Holy Week.

A farce comedy in four acts entitled "A Tarrytown Widow" was on at the Park theatre in Brooklyn last week. The piece is said to be new to that portion of Greater New York.

Carl A. Haswin, who appeared here at the Mechanic's Institute as Drelincourt, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is now at the Star theatre, N. Y., appearing in the principal role in "A Lion's Mouth."

It is said that Henry Arthur Jones' new play "The Physician" suggests the recent contest between a woman client and a well known London physician as to a medical man's right to reveal secrets entrusted to him professionally.

The rents for theatres in London have gone up this year. In some cases the increase is as high as one hundred per cent.

Madame Eleanora Duse after a phenomenal season in Russia is now acting in Italy.

Chops Cooked by a Newspaper.

An ingenious contrivance from England makes it possible to cook a chop in ten minutes by means of an ordinary newspaper.

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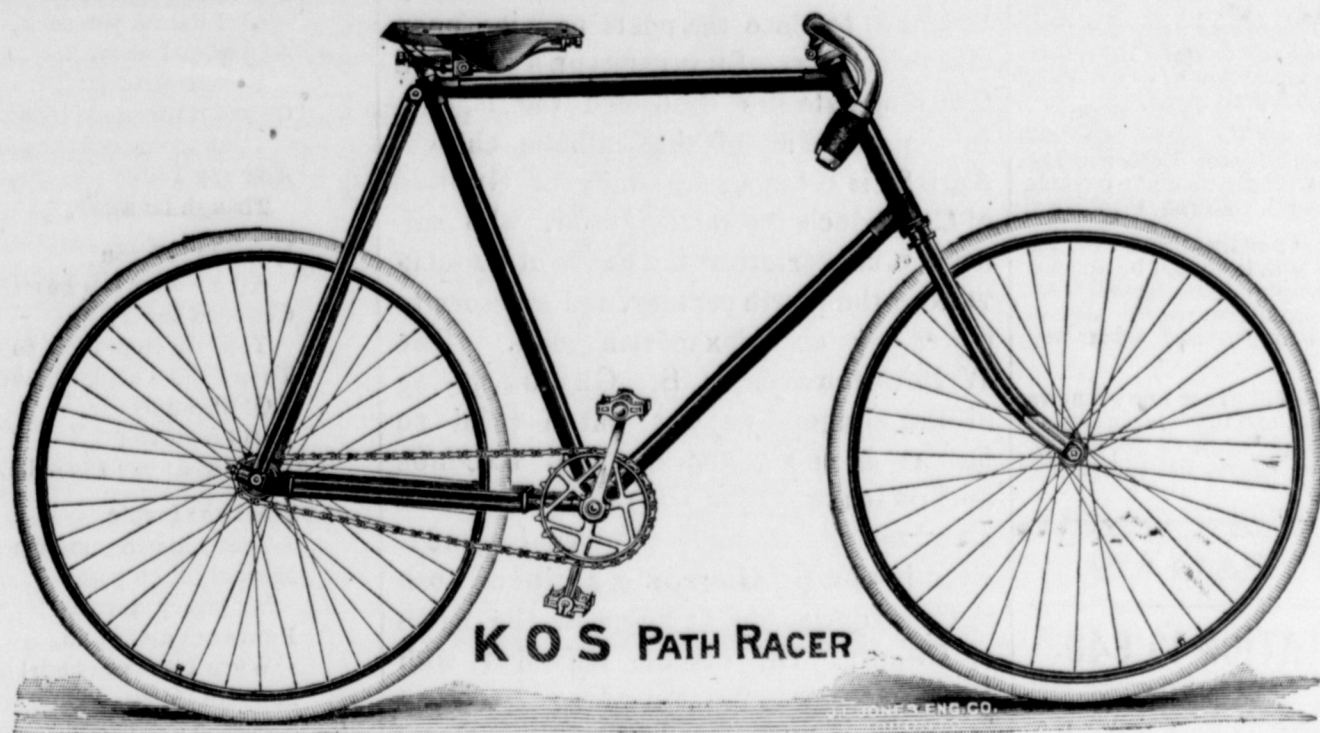
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BICYCLING IN CORSICA.

Wonderful Roads, No Brigands, and a Picturesque Unknown Country.

If the confiding cyclist will open his map of Corsica and suppose himself safely transferred from the mainland of Italy to the town of Bastia, on the east coast of the island, he will be transported on a three weeks' tour such as is not easily to be matched in Europe, if perfection of roads, air, and scenery are desired. Corsica is French territory, and the French, in affairs of such importance as the construction of roads which shall be a dream of paradise to wheelmen, there is no doubt that they stand pre-eminent. As one spins along the smooth-faced windings of the "Route Nationale," which threads Corsica from one end to the other, and notices the patience with which all outbursts of steep declivities have been resisted, and the cunning courage with which the road is snaked round and round the formidable mountain heights one feels—in the spirit of the Scotchman who deduced the golfing proclivities of the Creator from the abundance of good golf courses in his neighborhood—that the constructors of these Corsican roads must have had the special happiness of cyclists in their minds when they so admirably adapted natural obstructions. Such as mountains, to their needs.

For a considerable portion of the route the road and the railway are within means of communication with each other. We may, therefore, mount at Bastia with a light heart and the certainty that the morning train will, at its own slow leisure, safely convey our ward-robe to Ponte Vecchia, where the first night will be spent, and after as desired, to Corte, Vizzavona, and Ajaccio on the road of our intended journey. But we must now make headway, past Ponte Nuovo, where still exists the famous old bridge on which the patriot Paoli made his last stand for Corsican independence, to Ponte Vecchia, from thence to Corte, the ancient capital and seat of the various Governments that from time to time have held the reins of this free-spirited little island, and on to Vizzavona, through gorgeous snow-capped mountains—rising to about 8,000 feet—and picturesque villages perched on rocky heights, and finally descending gloriously to Ajaccio, the city of palms and orange trees, blue Mediterranean, and other Southern joys.

It is as well, when possible, to send a day's warning to the inns of your arrival, that there may be time given to kill the fatted kid—the Corsican's favorite food—and put your rooms in order, for though fresh eggs and bread and good native wine (the latter given, as water is in England, free of charge) are always to be had, meat requires time to be caught, killed, and prepared. As regards language, there is

no difficulty. French will, at least in the towns and larger villages, be all-sufficing; and though in the country districts the picturesque peasants will jibber and gesticulate only in their native patois, they are as a rule intelligent enough to understand the travelling Briton's classical Italian, especially if this be helped out by some of the charming signs and gestures of which these interesting islands are masters and adepts. It is, however, very necessary on such a tour to be thoroughly equipped with implements of defence, not against banditti (these latter are too far occupied with the responsibilities of their own private vendettas for the common tourist to have any value in their eyes), but against cycliag breakdaws, for until Ajaccio is reached there is no chance of obtaining outside help. To provide against collapse it is important, therefore, to understand the internal economy and possible requirements of your machine. And then—provided the means of remedy are at your command—a temporary accident will be found quite worth experiencing, for among the natives the machine itself excites the greatest interest, and as they never appear to have any work to do and spread out the hour for dejeuner in the most elastic fashion, they will come crowding round and with the greatest confidence and good nature offer to help you pull your machine to pieces and bring sledge hammers to rescue, deafening you meanwhile with excited disputes and wrangles as to the probable uses of the various parts of the 'bicycle.' After reaching Ajaccio the railway goes no further south; so, should the cyclist desire to visit Propriano and Bonifacio—the latter especially would repay the pains—He must carry his kit upon his back and trust to the good road alone. Then returning to Ajaccio, he will on his way north a rain—to Calvi on the Western coast, the Ultima Taule his tour—visit Callestoggio, or perhaps Vico, Sagone and Carghese. The latter is a curiously interesting Greek settlement of refugees from Turkish tyranny, dating from the seventeenth century; from this place the villages of Piana and Evisa might be visited, and finally Calvi would conclude a tour which would, for the months of April and May, more than satisfy the most exacting cyclist.

It would seem as though there must be some magic controlling the mending of the roads, for loose and new-laid stones are rarely to be met, while as for dust, mud, and broken glass, it need only be said that the Corsicans pride themselves upon the total absence on their roads of the first and second of these cyclistian horrors, and as regards the third—if we may judge from the fact that in the country districts glass windows are a rarity, wooden shutters alone being used as protection from weather and from personal foes—we need not fear a lavish distribution of this scarce article upon the highway.

It is just possible that sometimes—as, for instance, on the ascent to Vizzavona, which lies more than 4,000 feet above sea level—the train bo-peeping at us through the openings of the constant tunnels, may indulge in a temporary chuckle of advantage as he sees us toilsome ascending, foot by foot, the mountain passes he has scorned to scale. But when once the height is

reached, and we on the wings of the light bike find ourselves freely flying down and round the marvellously graduated slopes—the scents of white heather, rosemary, cistus, and the wonderful macchie shrub mixing with the fresh mountain air intoxicating our senses with the aspirations of a new world—It is our turn to triumph.—St. James Gazette.

Leave Their Wives at Home.

It is a strict rule with the big transatlantic steamship companies that the wife of the Captain shall not travel in his ship. The company strongly prohibits its Captains from taking their wives aboard with them. The supposition is that if anything should happen to the ship the Captain, instead of attending to his public duty, would devote his attention mainly to the safety of his wife. So that if the wife of a Captain wants to go abroad she must take passage in some other vessel. This rule also holds in many of the freight lines.

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