

Music and The Drama

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Next Monday night Mr. W. S. Harkins and an excellent company will open at the Opera House for a limited engagement by presenting Geo. H. Broadhurst's latest farce "Why Smith left home" which is said to have all the "go" of the brightest of French constructions. It is as ingenious as any one of the involved farces of partitions and transoms that come from gay Paree. More than all of this, it is said to be so rich in wholesome, American fun that there can be no doubt as to its thorough originality. Imagine if you know the art, a broad farce with three acts with no line or situation in it that is in the remotest degree suggestive. There is a kiss—the master and the maid—in the first act but even that harmless thing is proved to be a mistake. This man Smith, like most Smiths, acquired a most lovely wife. Like so many lovely wives, this one has a regiment of unlovely kinsfolk who have the visiting habit. Poor Smith is visited and visited until his honeymoon is vinegary. Then Aunt Mary, with her second husband's weak French general of the old school comes.

"I don't like your mother-in-law, Marion," Smith ejaculates, with carbonic acid gas sputterings. "But she is not my mother-in-law, Jack; she's my aunt." "All right she may be an aunt by nature, but she's a mother-in-law by instinct." The guests arrive on time—objectionable guests always do—and Smith plans. He asks the cook, an Irish lady, who is also 'secretary of the Amalgamated Cook Ladies Union and Protect in' Society," to help him. If she will cook so badly that the guests are driven away from the house on the first day she will receive \$100. For each day that the aunt remains, \$25 will be deducted from the amount. Aunt Mary leaves late in the evening of the first day.

Meanwhile Smith mistakes his wife's maid, whose back is turned, for his wife. He kisses the maid. Very natural mistake, of course. He does not kiss the maid on the back hair, either, but she turns so suddenly, you know. Smith tries to explain his mistake to his wife. The maid is to get \$500 to stand by the story of how it happened. This is the General's suggestion.

"Eat ess all vair well, of course. I am sure you are telling a true storee, but a straight man can tell a true storee and go vair wrong; while a crooked man can tell a straight storee and eet will be all r-right."

"Why Smith left Home" is illustrated by the following clever people: Lottie Williams, Mabel Easton, Olive Porter, Harriet Aubrey, Nellie Maslell, Adeline Mann, Lillian Stillman, W. S. Harkins, Robt. McWade Jr. Wm. Farnum, Phil Calvert, Harry Weaver, N. J. Cody and E. Seldens Powell.

William Gillette's Three Fads. It would take \$100,000 to equal the annual earnings of William Gillette the actor-playwright. Mr. Gillette has three sources of income, according to report. One as an actor, one in the shape of royalties, and one as a sharer in his manager's profits. He is now working upon a dramatization of Sherlock Holmes, in which he plays his favourite mysterious role.

Mr. Gillette has three fads. He is retiring to a degree. Last winter he kept to his hotel so closely that a report gained credence in New York that he had disappeared, and search parties were talked of as a possibility.

Everlasting Itching And Burning of the Skin on Face Cured by CUTICURA.

For the last three months I have been troubled with an everlasting itching and burning of the skin on my face, and did not know what to do to cure it. I was prevailed upon to try CUTICURA REMEDIES. The result was simply wonderful. In one week after using the CUTICURA SOAP and CUTICURA RESOLVENT I was entirely rid of it, and my skin is in a healthy condition. D. H. VAN GLAAN, 721 Stockton St., San Fran. Cal.

He is almost an incessant smoker. He believes that smoking on the stage is typical of that reserve force which so strongly marks his acting. It is suggested that his love of tobacco may have something to do with this belief, but those who recall the cigar scene in the telegraph office in Secret Service will not credit this suggestion.

His third fad is the house-boat. Mr. Gillette's floating home is a cross between a canal boat and gypsy wagon. It is propelled by steam, very slowly, and is a sight to make an ordinary sailor men quake with fear. It is luxuriously furnished within, however, and during the summer months it is a familiar figure on the Connecticut River, in the vicinity of his home in Hartford.

Last year Mr. Gillette invited Charles Frohman of theatrical fame, and another friend, to come down with him to New York on the boat instead of going by train. Mr. Frohman had an important business



LOTTIE WILLIAMS.

"Why Smith Left Home" Company,

engagement the next evening in one of his theatres.

The trip consumed five days, four of which were on the Sound, too far from shore for either wading or swimming, and the Holy Terror (that was the boat's name) had no small boats. It is said to have been the unhappiest five days of Mr. Frohman's busy life, in spite of the company of his best and the inviting dishes prepared by his French chef. The actor, however, enjoyed it to the utmost.

After a particular stormy scene between the two, when Mr. Frohman with tears in his eyes explained the necessity of greater haste, Mr. Gillette remarked dryly, as is his custom: 'That will do, Frohman. If you say any more I'll write a play about this trip, and I'll produce it if I have to bring it out myself.'

Nothing more was said about the delay.

Signora Duse and the Reporter.

Eleanora Duse will reappear in America next season in a company of her own, perhaps in conjunction with Signor Ermete Jacconi, who is said to be as great an actor as she is an actress. She is now living in Venice.

Signora Duse is an omnivorous reader, and especially enjoys the works of Gabriel d'Annunzio and Friedrich Nietzsche, both of whom she knows personally and admires intensely. She does everything intensely.

"Duse is always an actress," said a gentleman recently. "I know that, because in 1894 and again in 1896 I was interested in her American tour. I never could tell, whether she was really in earnest or only acting. It was the same on and off the stage. She had passions, whims, emotions and odd fancies. One of them was her abhorrence of newspaper interviews. She was once interviewed, but only once. It was in Paris, and she never submitted again to the ordeal.

One day a New York newspaper reporter got into the elevator with her in my office building, and on his way upstairs began to ask questions in Italian.

"Are you a reporter?" she asked, assuming a Lady Macbeth pose.

"I am," answered the young man humbly.

"A reporter! You want to interview me?"

"I do."

"A-a-a-a-h!"

"This was said in that tone of voice which led the elevator boy to turn pale, and in his intense excitement he stopped the car.

"A-a-a-a-a-h!" she repeated, and she pointed her finger at the reporter as if it were a loaded pistol.

"He fled as from a plague—fled and ran and didn't stop until he reached the street.

When we got to my office the Signora started in to 'A-a-a-a-h' me but I

switched off on to business and the incident ended. It was a clever piece of acting, though.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Little of interest is going on in musical circles. Those who are rehearsing for the performance of Patience which will be put on in the opera house in early June are delighted with the pretty music of the opera and will no doubt do themselves and Mr. Ford and Miss Brown full justice when they appear.

The concert which took place in the City Hall, Carleton, on May 16th was very largely attended. The choruses were finely rendered, especially The Arrow and the Song with a solo by Miss Maud McClaskey. Miss McClaskey, has a very fine voice which she uses to advantage. Mr. Frank Whetsel did his very best. Mr. Dewitt Cairns just having made his appearance in the musical world, sang his part splendidly. Mr. J. N. Sutherland so pleased his audience that nothing must do but he should sing again. Miss Daisy Sears was to have taken part, but on account of just recovering from sickness, was unable to attend. And I must say that the Carleton Vocal Society deserve praise for the talent they displayed in handling the difficult music.

- Part Song—Madeleine.....Roedel C. V. S. Barjo Solo—Selection from Il Trovatore.....Mr. F. Whetsel. Madrigal—Matons Lovely Maiden, Orlando Lassus C. V. S. Song—Star Tide.....Miss Gertrude Driscoll. Ballad—Ashore.....Trotere Mr. J. A. Kelly. Waltz Song—The Zephyr.....Miss Bessie Wetmore. Chorus—The Bells of St. Michael's Tower.....Sir R. P. Stewart C. V. S. Song—The Choir Boy.....Paul Armstrong. Miss Maud C. McClaskey. Song—Love the Rover.....Gerald Lane Mr. J. N. Sutherland. Chorus—The Lost Chord.....Sir Arthur Sullivan C. V. S. Song—Greeting.....C. M. Hawley Mr. Dewitt Cairns. Solo and Chorus—The Arrow and the Song.....Walter Hay C. V. S. (solo by Miss McClaskey.) Ballad—Mona.....Stephen Adams Mr. J. A. Kelly. Barjo Solo—My Old Kentucky Home.....Mr. F. Whetsel. Chorus—The Miller's Wooing.....Eaton Fanning C. V. S. God Save the Queen.

LYDIA THOMPSON'S FAREWELL.

The Queen of Burlesque's Address at Her Recent Benefit.

At Lydia Thompson's recent benefit in London she recited the following lines written for her to deliver on that occasion by Mr. W. S. Gilbert:

The other day, when sitting all alone, Thinking of pleasant times long past and gone, "Why, bless my precious heart and soul," said I, "I've left the Stage, and haven't said 'Good-by'!" That sounds ungrateful—but, to be quite plain, I hoped I might be coming back again. And would not speak the word one can't recall, Till "Good-by" meant "Good-by" for good and all "Good-by"—an easy word for you to say—"Sorry you're going, but you've had your day. Next please!"—And the obedient profession Supplies newcomers in prolonged succession—A thousand fair ones for your smiles contesting—(A hundred acting, and nine hundred "resting"); But when I say "Good-by" in faltering tone To you—the truest friends I've ever known—The friends whose warmth expressed in gladdening chime Supplied the sunshine of my summer time—The case is somewhat different. You see, I'm losing you—you're only losing me! But this won't do at all—I'm off the scent, My line's light comedy, not sentiment. My future tense seems cheerless to lack. And so, I won't look forward—I'll look back. What changes have I seen since that dim age, When little Goldenhair tripped on the stage! The Drama, struggling then in lodgings shady, Has made her fortune and is quite the lady, With endless hosts of highly cultured friends. Think how she dresses now, and what she spends On vast dramatic shrines—in sumptuous salar-ees—In real Venetian leathered pits and galleries—In plays that run a year to hours packed, And cost, to stage, a thousand pounds an act! Stage-management—that has advanced a bit Since poor Tom Robertson invented it—Tom Robertson, whose histrionic chickens We sneer at now—but then we sneer at Dickens! Knighthoods for actors of pronounced ability Earls, counts' res, engaged to play 'utility'! Isen—a seat for jaded appetite; No fees—half guinea stalls—electric light Matinee twice a week, and, sad to say, Matinee hats—I see one here to day; Stock companies completely out of date, Burlesque quite dead—(It never risked that fate When Talford, Planche, Brough, and Byron made it.

And Rogers, Clarke and Marie Wilton played it) Then, 'strange change, of playhouses vast crops Playhouses plentiful as grocers' shops! Ten in twelve months! Well, I don't want to prate But if new theatres crop up at that rate Where will you find your pieces, if you please, And where your actors and your actresses? Ten months will build a playhouse, per contract—or— It takes at least ten years to build an actor, And, as our best authorities insist, Ten times ten years to build a dramatist! Well, if too long I've babbled of my youth, I'm rather loath to go, and that's the truth. Still, I must part—it's idle to delay it; I've come to say "Good-by"—so let me say it. The link that binds me to you must be broken—Come now, come then, the last word must be spoken!

In no light mood the farewell phrases fall— God bless you! God bless me! God bless us all!

A Great Tenor's Care of his Voice. Sims Reeves, the most famous tenor singer of his day, who retired from the

SISTER: Why Do You Suffer?

WHEN YOU CAN BE CURED PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY AT A SLIGHT EXPENSE.



MRS. JULIA C. RICHARD, Dear Friend:—It is a duty and a pleasure for me to inform you that your box of pastilles has completely cured me of general weakness and dyspepsia. Some time ago I read an advertisement in the paper about your treatment and I resolved to write to you, with the above result. To all women suffering from any of the ailments and weakesses peculiar to our sex I recommend your treatment. You are at liberty to publish this letter and use my name. Your sincere friend, MRS. NOEL TARTE.

MY BOOK AND ADVICE ARE ENTIRELY FREE. MRS. JULIA C. RICHARD, P. O. Box 996, MONTREAL.

staged to teach in 1892, and six years afterward was obliged by failing health to give up teaching also, was so careful of his voice in his palmy days that he declared his conscientiousness had cost him at least \$400,000.

"I have lived the life of an anchorite," he once said. "You really do not know, and the public do not know, what self-denial I have practiced during my career. I am the most careful and abstemious liver in the world."

He preferred to disappoint an audience by not appearing rather than by singing when his throat was not in the best condition. He was most thorough in all his practicing. He says:

"I have always studied my words; I have read them and phrased them in every possible way, and asked myself what they meant, and interpreted them according to my own feeling. I walk up and down trying this line and trying that, until I feel that I have struck the right idea."

His getting ready to sing was always a more laborious effort than the singing itself.

"Lots of 'em." A farmer in one of the Southern counties is growing more and more deaf, and greatly dislikes to admit it. He makes a brave pretence of understanding what is said to him, and this frequently entails amusing mistakes. One day a neighbour met him and said—

"Perhaps you haven't heard about the agreeable visitor that arrived at our house yesterday—a fine baby boy—a perfect cherub?"

The deaf man smiled pleasantly, and replied—

"Oh, we have lots of 'em. She put up more than forty jars this summer. Yes, indeed."

"Why," said the bewildered neighbour, "what do you think I said?" "Yes, she likes the red kind best," continued the afflicted one. "Says they ain't so tough. Is yours the black sort?" "Sir!" cried the indignant neighbour. "What are you talking about?"

The deaf man heard this. "Why, cherries of course!" he pleasantly remarked. "That's what you said, isn't it?" But the neighbor walked along without explaining.

"Sine Died."

Not long since the notice, 'Court adjourned sine die,' was posted on the door of the supreme court in Brooklyn, N. Y. Some gentleman with an artistic and highly trained sense of humor added a 'd' to the word die, and went on his way rejoicing.

Next day a person who makes a practice of haunting the public buildings in Brooklyn and professes acquaintance with every well known man in the vicinity, dropped into the clerk's office.

"See here," he said, "when did Sine shuffle off this mortal coil?" "What's that?" demanded the astonished clerk.

"When did Sine die? I see the courts are closed on account of it."

"Oh!" said the clerk, pulling himself together, "he died yesterday. Did you know him?"

"Know him? I should say I did. Knew his father before him. Too bad ain't it?"

And Sine's bereaved friend passed out with his burden of sorrow.

Machine Sandwich Cutters.

Many of the ocean liners are now provided with a very ingenious machine for turning out large quantities of bread and butter or sandwiches. The slicer will cut either meat or bread, and the bread can be sliced without buttering if desired. The machine cuts and butters sixty slices a minute, and with its aid 8000 sandwiches have been made in two hours. It does not matter whether the bread is stale or fresh; the thickness can be graded to anything the operator wishes, and the quantity of butter to be added with equal certainty and uniformity. One movement of the hand spreads the butter and cuts off the slice of bread.

"Well, is your wite all ready? The train is about due."

"Heavens, no! She only packed and unpacked her trunk twice."

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Where he Came in.

"It is true I owe you money," remarked the dunned one, "but you seem ignorant of the simplest commercial axioms. I suppose you make some allowances in your budget for bad debts, don't you?" "Certainly we do," said the merchant. "And you can't trade without bad debts, can you?" "Hardly—but—"

"Very well, then," went on the other, "don't you see, my good sir that's where I come in."

Rarest Pocket Handkerchief in the World.

This is possessed by Queen Margaret of Italy. It is of lace, is estimated to be worth £5,920, and took twenty twenty years to weave. The handkerchief is so light that it is so scarcely felt if placed on the hand, and so small that it is kept in a little gold case less than an inch in diameter.

By the time a church is paid for it has grown so old and shabby that it is necessary to build a new one, and assume a new debt. In this way the energy and spiritual activity of a church member is never allowed to flag.