

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

It is an assured fact now that Gwylin Miles, the great baritone, will be heard here in a couple of weeks. The promoter of the affair, Mr. F. G. Spencer, having received sufficient encouragement to warrant him in proceeding with his arrangements. There are to be several other features which Mr. Spencer will announce later, but in the meantime the public are assured that the concert will be up to the high standard Mr. Spencer has always maintained, and that is saying a great deal.

Owing to the severe storm which prevailed on Tuesday evening the organ recital in Centenary church was not quite so well attended as it would otherwise have been, but those who braved the storm were well repaid. The following names on the programme were a guarantee of its superior excellence: Prof. Harry Watts, Mrs. F. G. Spencer, Miss Tonge, Miss Trueman and Mr. L. W. Titus.

A New Orleans despatch says it now looks as if the season of French opera, at the beginning of December, will be the last in that city. Dissension among the stockholders is the root of the trouble. One faction pleads for art and arts sake, the other wants to realize in its money investment.

Asked regarding the life and works of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Wilhelm Gericke, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra said he was "not familiar with his work as Sullivan was not a symphony composer." This is suggestive of the specialization of the day among professional musicians! All the same one cannot help wondering how on earth Herr Gericke contrived to evade the tuneful melodies that have circled the Globe and brightened the lives of millions, who feel that they have sustained a personal loss in the sudden death of the popular composer.

Speaking of the death of Sir Arthur Sullivan the New York Post says: Sir Arthur Sullivan, the musical composer, died in London last Friday of heart failure. He has been ailing since he returned from Switzerland, in the middle of September. He caught a chill there, and his chest and lungs became affected. He had been ill in bed for a fortnight, but was convalescing, and was sitting up in his bed, talking and laughing, just before he expired.

Within a few weeks England has lost both her most popular singer and her most popular composer of the present generation. Hardly had Sims Reeves been laid in the grave when Sir Arthur Sullivan passed away. Born in London on May 13 1842, Arthur was the younger of the two sons of Thomas Sullivan, an Irish musician who was bandmaster at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, 1845 to 1856, inclusive and from 1857 until his death connected with the Military School of music at Kneller Hall; his mother, Mary Coghler, being the descendant of an old Italian family, the Rights. It is strange that from this mixture of Irish and Italian blood should have resulted the most thoroughly English of England's operatic composers, since Purcell.

Thomas Sullivan, who conducted a small but extremely efficient band, was an excellent musician and devoted to his profession. His eldest son, Frederick, was fond of music, but was educated as an architect, but Arthur showed from his earliest days that his tastes were all in the direction of music. At eight years of age he had written his first composition, an anthem, which was, of course, very immature; and what had decidedly the most important bearing on his after life, had learned to play almost every wind instrument in his father's band with considerable facility. In this way the boy gained a life-long and intimate knowledge of the various instruments, which proved of great use when he became a composer of operettas.

Sullivan's genius was essentially of the operetta type, not the operatic type, for he was not sufficiently deep and dramatic for grand opera, as the late of his opera "Ivanhoe" (1891), both in London and Berlin, proved. But in the line of light comic opera, or operetta—whichever we choose to call it—he was a master who must be placed on a level with Offenbach and Strauss. Like them, he helped to create a new style of stage music; and while Offenbach's is peculiarly Parisian, and Strauss's thoroughly Austrian, Sullivan's is entirely English. To him belongs the honor of having, since the days of Purcell, who died in 1695, created the first genuinely English school of opera, or theatrical music. Much of his enormous success was due doubtless to the fact that his music strongly betrayed the influence of England's two musical idols, Handel and Mendelssohn. But he had a vein of his own which a number of

imitators have exploited, while none has equalled him. If he was extremely lucky in having so clever and witty a librettist as Gilbert, Gilbert was equally lucky in having so fertile and tuneful a collaborator as Sullivan. It was an ideal combination, and the quarrel of the two men was greatly deplored by all lovers of harmless amusements.

As a song writer Sir Arthur has been quite as popular as in the realm of operetta. 'The Lost Chord' has had almost as great a vogue as 'Home, Sweet Home,' and many of his other songs are sung the world over. Few of them have any great artistic value, and none of them are to be compared with the Lieder of Schubert, Franz, Grieg, or MacDowell, but they have their place and value in the musical world. The purely orchestral works are few in number and of no special value. Among his choral compositions the best and most popular is 'The Golden Legend' (1886). His life has been described by Arthur Lawrence under the title of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Life story, Letters, and Reminiscences—a book written with the composer's cooperation. There is also a book entitled 'The Gilbert and Sullivan Operas,' by Percy Fitzgerald.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The D. W. Truss Company reopened its engagement on Monday evening in an elaborate production of "The Lady of Lyons." The piece was beautifully staged and costumed, and those who took part sustained the excellent reputations they have already made for themselves in this city. Miss Harmon played the name part in a most charming manner and portrayed the haughty yet loving Pauline in a thoroughly pleasing way. She was the recipient of two handsome bouquets and much applause throughout. Mr. Weston played the part of Claude Melnotte in his usual excellent way, and the balance of the cast was in capable hands. The gowns worn by the ladies were very beautiful and the stage setting superb. Later in the week Rosedale was played. The Truss Company are a splendid organization well worthy the best patronage, though the elements seem to think otherwise.

"Bean Hichman" is the title of a play by Willard Holcomb, in which Tim Murphy may be seen next season.

During her stay in Ottawa and Toronto, with "The Christain," Miss Marie Furlong of this city, was the recipient of much hospitality from society people in both cities.

It is said that if Mr. Forbes Robertson succeeds in arranging for a London season in the spring, he will probably produce "Othello," playing the Moor himself, with Gertrude Elliott as Desdemona.

The most ambitious mounting that Liebler and company are to make this season is the adaptation of "Unleavened Bread" Judge Grant's novel, by Leo Dietrichstein. Eleanor Robson, the Bonita of "Arizona" is to play Flossy Williams, wife of the prosperous broker and socially ambitious.

To equal her recent profits in Paris Mme. Bernhardt must have tremendous business in American cities. The receipts of L'Aiglon for 284 performances in France amounted to \$495,425, an average of \$2,000 for every performance. Rostand has already received in royalties more than \$59,000 for L'Aiglon alone.

Vaudeville is peculiarly expressive of human nature, says Hutchins Hapgood in the New York Evening Post, because of the thoroughness with which the people tyrannize over the manager of a variety theatre or music hall. Nothing but what is popular can be put on the boards. A vaudeville audience is more strict in its demands than the audience at a regular theatre. In the legitimate drama the tradition of art is strong enough to impose somewhat on the average man, to induce him to accept boredom with considerable equanimity; but if he is bored at a vaudeville performance he protests vigorously. There is no reason why he need split his head with an effort to decide what he sees is elevating, intelligent, or reposeful in intellectual or artistic principles. In the popular music hall he will defer to no authority. The average man is consequently the autocrat or vaudeville. The manager studies the audience and changes his show with the constant changes in the crowd's mood. Last year's brand of humor is out of date today, and the soubrette who took all hearts a few months ago now appeals in vain to the fickle emotions to her former admirers.

Speaking of William Farnum who was a great favorite when he visited here with W. S. Harkins, the Boston Transcript says: "William Farnum, a young Bostonian, possessed of unusual ability and promise is to play Ben Hur in Klaw and Erlanger's great production at the opening of the New Colonial Theatre the week of Dec 17. For some time Klaw and Erlanger have been

seeking a young man capable of playing this part. They discovered Mr. Farnum in the Grand Opera House stock company in New Orleans, where he made great bits in the leading roles in several noted plays last season. Mr. Farnum is but twenty-six years of age. He was born in Boston and made his stage debut in boys' parts with Robert Downing eleven years ago. He played in George E. Lathrop's stock company in Boston, was Margaret Mather's juvenile man, and played in Olga Nethersole's support while she was under the management of Daniel Frohman. Mr. Farnum's youth and remarkable physical development will make him an ideal Ben Hur in appearance. He stands 5 feet 11 inches and weighs 190 pounds. His chest measure is 42 inches and his biceps 15 1/4 inches. In his build he compares favorably with the famous strong men, Sampson, Rolandow, Sandow and Max Unger.

Doctor Hamlin and the Cows.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the venerable missionary and organizer of Robert College, Constantinople, who recently died at the ripe age of eighty-nine, was called by a fellow-clergyman "the man of sixteen trades." If the number was inexact, it was scarcely an exaggeration. College president, minister, mechanic, silversmith, miller, baker, builder, laundryman and farmer—he was all these and more. Most of these employments were secular supplements, and most useful ones, to his missionary labors in Turkey; but to farming he was born. His own account of life on the old Hamlin homestead is a delightful New England idyll, which endows even the dumb beasts with character and charm.

For the two fine oxen, Star and Golding, he and his brother, with vast toil and after many failures, make a shapely yoke, which they painted and repainted till the color was as firm and smooth as enamel, and of a rich and glowing scarlet. Often young Cyrus would stand with his hands in his pockets silently contemplating its magnificence; it seemed to him quite the most splendid object in the world.

The old farm-dog, Bose, who watched nightly for the father's coming long after he would come no more, and had to be caressed and coaxed indoors by a tender little sister, while the widowed mother quietly hid her starting tears in the twilight, offers a picture to place beside the faithful collies immortalized by Scott and Burns. And then there were the cows.

"Our cows were the Great Red, the Great Brindle, Thief Brindle, Old Scrimp, Little Red and Little Brindle. Great Red and Great Brindle were queenly beings. Thief Brindle was wicked. There was hardly a fence she would not jump over or break through to get at corn or whatever else her soul lusted after. Yet she was a great coward. If she saw one of us coming with a stick, she would decamp with such haste that she rarely received her righteous penalty. Old Scrimp was also a thief, but a sneak-thief, her nose in everything."

Once Thief Brindle stole a whole new gate, lifting it off its hinges on her horns, after thrusting her head through it to reach some cabbages. The alternative offered to the disgusted young carpenters was to cut her head off, or take the gate to pieces. They chose the latter course for economy's sake, although angry enough to act as ex-cutioners, and were laughed at by a crowd of interested neighbors during the process.

When, at sixteen, the boy with a full heart left the farm for a wide world, he slipped out, lantern in hand, to the big barn in the chill of a winter dawn, and there, he says, with whimsical pathos: 'I kissed the noble oxen and the favorite cows—those good, virtuous, heavenly-minded cows—a sad farewell. I never confessed that weakness till I was old enough to defend it. And thus my life closed.'

Novel Dishes.

Lion's flesh is said to make a very good meal. Tiger meat is not so palatable, for it is tough and sinewy. In India nevertheless, it is esteemed, because there is a superstition that it imparts to the eater some of the strength and cunning which characterize the animal.

There appears to be considerable difference of opinion as to the merits of elephant's flesh as an article of diet. The natives of India and Africa consider it a dainty, but the opinion of at least one European is against it. He says:

'I have tasted elephant over and over again. It is more like soft leather and glue than anything else to which I can compare it.' Another traveller, however, declares that he cannot imagine how any

animal so coarse and heavy as an elephant can produce such delicate and tender flesh.

All authorities agree in commending the elephant's foot. Even the traveller quoted above admits that baked elephant's foot is a dish fit for a king.

When an elephant is shot in Africa the flesh is cut into strips and dried. This is called "biltong." The foot, having been cut off at the knee joint, is saved to make a feast. A hole about three feet deep is dug in the earth, and the sides of it are baked hard with burning wood. Most of the fat is then removed and the elephant's foot is placed in the hole, which is filled with earth tightly packed.

The process is completed by building a blazing fire on top. This is kept burning for three hours. Thus cooked, the flesh is like jelly, and can be eaten with a spoon. It is the greatest delicacy that can be given to a Kaffir.

A Mutual Surprise.

In 'Sketches of Life in the Golden State' Col. Albert S. Evans tells an amusing anecdote of an ambitious hunter who met his first grizzly bear—in procession. The incident occurred in the woods near the site of the present town of Monterey.

The hunter sat down to rest in the shade of a tree, and unwittingly went to sleep. When he woke it was near sunset, and he sat up, rubbing his eyes and contemplating a return to his hotel several miles distant.

Just then a rustling and cracking noise from a clump of chaparral about a hundred yards away attracted his attention. Out walked a grizzly bear, a monarch of his kind. He yawned, licked his jaws, and then advanced toward the tree where our hunter sat, but evidently was unconscious of his presence.

His grizzly majesty had proceeded about twenty paces when a female bear followed him, and an instant later a third grizzly followed her at a slow, shambling pace.

The hunter sat spellbound with terror as the procession came toward him, until the forward grizzly was within thirty yards. Then scarcely realizing what he did, he sprang to his feet and uttered a frenzied yell—yell upon yell!

The effect was magical. The foremost bear sprang into the air, turned sharply about, knocked the female down, rolled over her, gathered herself up and bolted 'like forty cart-loads of rock going down a chute,' straight for the chaparral again, the other two bears close at his heels, and never turning to see what had frightened them.

The hunter, seeing the enemy entreatingly, sprang to his feet and fled at top speed for the hotel, leaving hat and gun behind. The truth of his wild and startling tale was proved the next day by the numerous bear tracks of different sizes found in the marshy ground near by. But the three bears had gone off beyond pursuit.

Mr. Hayden's "Strenuous" Hen.

The grittiest hen in America lives in Alsea, Oregon. Her right to be called brave has been tested, and, says the Corvallis Times, she is not only a brave hen but a "strenuous" hen.

She belongs to one of the Hayden brothers. They also own a threshing-machine, which was taken out of the shed for the first time last week, and a small field of grain was threshed to see that the machine was in good running order.

After the job was finished, the machine was returned to the shed, when to the amazement of all, there in the corner of the separator sat the strenuous hen.

Under her was a nest of eggs that she was endeavoring to hatch. She had been on the nest when the machine was taken out.

She was there when the belts and pulleys began to whiz, when the fan began to sing and when the riddlers began to shake and rattle. The wind from the fan ruffled her feathers and almost took her breath; but like the boy on the burning deck, she stayed at her post. What her thoughts were when the swift cylinder began to chew up straw cannot be guessed.

When found she was uninjured. There

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was dust in her mouth and a somewhat frightened look in her eye, but she was on her nest. Of the eggs, all were safe save one.

Trying a Donkey.

A newcomer in Africa has many surprises. A. B. Lloyd, the author of "Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country," narrates an amusing little experience of his own in purchasing a donkey in Zanzibar.

We had to procure donkeys, by no means an easy task. Of course each one had to be tried, as we were to use them for riding purposes, and in the course of the work we had various experiences. I had set my mind upon a fine female donkey, and took her out for an afternoon's ride. I shall not forget it. At first when I mounted her she would not move, in spite of all my most tender persuasions, and finally she began to back.

Now the streets of Zanzibar are very narrow, and coming up behind me was a large bullock wagon. My sweet tempered donkey backed right on to the horns of the bullocks. Then it was no longer a case of making her go, but of making her stop.

Away she flew, right along the Naza Moja road, and nothing that I could do would check her headlong career. In fact I soon tried of trying and let her go. On she went, right in among the cocconut-trees, regardless of everything, until she came to a steep bank. Here she stopped. This showed that she had good sense, and I decided to keep her.

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Henpeck—Of you've been misinformed.

Friend—Indeed?

Henpeck—Yes, she has semi occasional fits of good temper.



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