

**Music and
The Drama**

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

If the plans projected by Mr. F. G. Spencer materialize there is a prospect that Gwylim Miles may be heard here next month. Mr. Spencer will not bring the famous singer here unless enough subscriptions are received to guarantee the success of the venture.

Foxy Quiller is said to have proved a huge failure at the Broadway theatre, New York.

"Florodora" is making a hit in New York and the music is said to be very bright and pretty.

"Emeralda" is being presented this week by the Metropolitan English Grand opera company in New York for the first time in America.

Mr. David Belasco is to manage Louis Aldrich in a revival of "My Partner," and David Warfield in a new play by Lee Arthur his collaboration with Mr. Belasco.

It was intended to star Blanche Bates in "Nicandra" this season but at the last moment it was decided that she must have a different play. She will probably open in it in December.

Jessica DeWolf has been engaged to sing the soprano part in the Messiah with the Handel and Hadyn society of Boston on Dec. 25. The lady has won distinction in London and Berlin.

Jefferson DeAngelis, who later in the season is to fill a Boston engagement, has engaged Miss Josephine Hall to play the principal female role in his successful new musical comedy "A Royal Rogue."

"The Highwayman" is to be revived and sent on tour with Edmund Stanley, H. W. Frederick and Mme. Diard in the principle roles. The last two were here with the Jaxon opera company two or three seasons ago.

Mr. George Lowell Tracy, the Boston musician, occasionally amuses himself by writing in a light vein. His happiest effort in that line was "Swim out O'Grady" made famous by Thomas L. Seabrooke, and now he has added another catchy coon "bush" entitled "Mammy's Little Honey" the words of which are by William H. Gardner, the Boston lyricist.

It is reported from St. Petersburg that the police of Kief have taken the theatres of that city in hand. There was some complaint and the police decided that the waits must not last longer than fifteen minutes. They also discovered that certain actors were being applauded far beyond their real merits and they also decided that no actor can be applauded more than three times during the same performance.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

"Zephra" is attracting immense audiences to the opera house this week, and a delightful attraction the operatic pantomime is indeed. All that magnificent scenery, gorgeous costuming, pretty and graceful girls, and men who enter into the spirit of the entertainment can do towards making it a success, are not omitted and the result is truly wonderful. Mr. Averil has worked most untiringly for its success and is certainly to be congratulated upon the pleasant result. His efforts were ably seconded by the R. K. Y. club, under whose auspices the play was given, and in the way of decoration made a most excellent showing. From floor to ceiling evidences of taste, skill and work were everywhere apparent, the club's paraphernalia forming the entire decoration. Shields of the different yachts were placed around the front of the balcony and gallery, the boxes were beautifully draped in white and green while around the walls were displayed numerous flags and pennants. The stage, however, presented the greatest triumph of artistic skill, and the succession of beautiful pictures dazzled and bewildered the eye.

There were numerous dances, all characterized by grace and beauty of movement, marches that were perfection in military precision and time, solos by our leading vocalists, and charming tableaux most effectively grasped. Mrs. Robert Johnson made a very stately queen. Miss Brennan sang and acted the role of Princess Neyera in a delightful way. Her voice was never heard to better advantage, and her solos were all heartily applauded. Mr. Kelly was as usual excellent, and his presentation of Prince Juna, the manly lover of Neyers, left nothing to be desired in the way of good work histrionically or vocally. Mr. Robert Ritchie's song, "I am King o'er the Land and the Sea" was one of the gems of the entire evening. It was rendered in a most perfect manner, and though Mr. Ritchie's role in Zephra was of the villainous order, few could find it in their hearts to give him the hatred usually

accorded the bad man of a piece, after that solo. Mr. Sutherland too, though evidently suffering from a cold on Monday evening, sang and acted in a very satisfactory manner. Little Miss Daisy Sears played a prominent part in the production filling several roles very cleverly, and pleasing all with her clear enunciation in her speaking parts, and her graceful dancing throughout. Mr. F. M. Baker, new to a St. John audience scored a big success as Alexis, Minister of State, and was excellent in the part. Miss Fanjoy showed good elocutionary ability in her role, and made the most of the one opportunity given her.

The final tableau was as lovely and effective as can well be imagined, and when the curtain rose on the gracefully placed figures in a sylvan glade, with a body of returned soldiers keeping guard, the applause was deafening.

This piece has gone beautifully smooth, with not a single hitch after the first night, and indeed even upon that occasion there was nothing particularly noticeable to mar the performance. When one considers the large number on the stage at one time, the result was really wonderful.

The Truss Stock Company are drawing good audiences in Oslais. They return next week when they will open with "The Lady of Lyons," a bill that never fails to draw good audiences.

Judge Thomas has decided in favor of the theatres in Denver in the cases brought by Dean Hart to prevent Sunday theatrical performances there.

Harry Connor, who has played the leading parts in several of Charles H. Hoyt's farces, will be a member of the company headed by Edna May, which is to play "The Girl from up There."

On election night James O'Neill presented in the New York Academy of Music, Monto Cristo, to receipts of \$2,346.15 the highest price being \$1. This is said to be the largest amount ever taken in at any box office in America on one evening at these prices.

Julia Arthur, writing to the author of "Her Majesty," expresses keen delight in Grace George's performances. She says: "I do hope that in her future career, which is certain to be brilliant, she will retain the simplicity and natural quality of manner and method that are now so charming. We have too much artificiality upon the stage."

"The Adventures of Francois" has closed after a four weeks trial because the author, Mr. Kangdon Mitchell, declined to make changes in the play which the managers considered absolutely essential to the success of the play. Mr. Mitchell has threatened to send the play on the road himself, to which Liebler & Co. respond that the new and elaborate production they gave it is for sale, if he wishes to make a trial.

Jessie Millward, who makes her first appearance this season in Boston in "Lord and Lady Algy" at the Hollis street theatre, is well known in Boston. She was originally seen with Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, and the first time that she played at the Hollis street theatre was when she was joint star with the late William Terriss in "Roger La Honte." The American tour was followed with a long period at the Adelphi theatre, London, where Mr. Terriss and Miss Millward were identified with all the great melodramatic successes. She has been leading lady of the Empire theatre company for three seasons, and the first plays that she gave here were "The Conquerors" and "Phroso." Last year she appeared as Lady Algy. When the season at the home theatre opens with "Mrs. Dane's Defence" she will be Lady Eastroy, the part played by Mary Moore in London.

Yvette Guilbert's present illness, which is likely to prove fatal, points a moral to all young women, as she attributes it entirely to tight lacing. So far the French physicians have been able to do nothing for her relief, and she has just been removed to Berlin to undergo an operation there. Her trouble is complete failure of the circulatory system, and her physicians have been able to do little but afford her temporary relief. Yvette frankly confesses that she has laced from the time she began to wear corsets. She was employed as a cloak model, and gained that situation because she was tall and erect. The beauty of her figure was the solitary physical charm she possessed, and much of that was dependent upon her very small waist, which however, never looked in the least like the creation of a corset string. It used to be the subject of comment when she visited this country that her gowns were always loose enough to give her the appearance of perfect freedom of movement, and it was never suspected that her waist was not natural. Yvette is now unable even to stand, and is carried from place to place. Fortunately she saved her money during

her days of prosperity. Her returns from two visits to the United States were \$50,000, and her earnings in Europe were larger than those of any other singer in the Cafe Chantant stage. She recently has completed a new home in Paris, and owns in addition a place in the country. Her married life has been very happy.

Says the Mail and Express in regard to the plays which have recently been given in New York:—Weak-kneed productions do not last long in New York, as a rule, and if a play stays here for a run, it is usually accepted on the road—which term seems to mean all the United States outside of Manhattan. Occasionally however, an exception to this rule is found. New York sometimes accepts a so-called "problem play" of unsavory odor, or a dainty, dreamy, poetic play, or a noisy farce, providing only that the piece is entertaining in its particular sphere.

Dramas which New York has patronized may be condemned forever after crossing the North River, or religious dramas which fail miserably here may be received with open arms in Boston; and so it goes. "The Sign of the Cross," which was so badly received in this city that it was barely accorded an opportunity to be seen elsewhere, proved successful in Boston and on tour.

It has been prophesied by many wise ones that the gay "Lord Quex," which has been so welcome here, would fall on the road. This remains to be seen, though it seems that the extraordinary brilliancy of the play should find favor everywhere. Those who deem this drama broad cannot but admit that compared with "Zaza" and plays of similar type "The Gay Lord Quex" breathes the essence of refinement and modesty. Quex is not fast when we make his acquaintance; the rapidity of his life is past before the play begins. The incident in the apartment of the Duchess of Strood is not immoral. Quex is there with no motives that are questionable. He has come at her earnest solicitation, but with the very evident intention of terminating his acquaintance with that lady once and for all.

Jack's Growl.

The author of "From Edinburg to the Antarctic," writing of the sailor's habit of grumbling, says: "The dinners are all the same; that is to say, Monday's dinners are all alike, and what we have to day we shall have this day six months hence. Jack's forefather this day a hundred years ago had the same menu, and dishes; and a hundred years hence on this day Jack's children will growl over their salt horse and plumless duff." The author also tells this "yarn" to illustrate that Jack's habit of grumbling can't be cured and must be endured:

Once upon a time there lived a skipper whose wife said to him that if she went to sea the poor men would never find fault with their food. Her husband took her with him on a voyage, and the good woman attended to the cooking in the galley herself.

The scouse was thick with fresh vegetables, the bread was white and without weevils, the meat was good and the duff was almost half plums; but still the men growled.

Then the skipper's wife thought of the hens she had brought on board to lay eggs for her husband's breakfast. She took them out of the coop, wrung their necks with her own fair hands, plucked them, roasted them, and sent them to the fore-castle on the cabin chine.

"Now the men," she said to herself, "will know how much we think of their comfort." At eight bells she stole forward to the fore-castle to listen to the praise of her skill as a cook. She looked down the hatch, and saw a big, black fist plunge a fork into the hen, and heard a hoarse voice growl. "I say, Bill, what d'ye think this 'ere bloody fowl died of?"

Why Did They Mts?

Hunters' tales rarely make mention of poor shots and failures, and a story which depicts the remarkable ill success of some famous shots in California a few years ago is therefore all the more interesting. The narrator, Mr. Frank Marryat, terms the incident the one marvelous tale in his book, "Mountains and Molehills." In former times it would have passed for a miracle.

Three of us were out at midday in search of venison in the Santa Rosa Valley. The sky was cloudless and the sun blazing hot. Making for a shady thicket, we unexpectedly started a doe in the long grass. She was out of range before we could raise a gun but there still remained a fawn. The pretty innocent stood perfectly still, gazing at us. Our ladder was bare, and

E. H. Grove

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we could not afford to be merciful.

The fawn stood motionless as I advanced a few paces and took, as I fancied, deadly aim. I missed, and still it did not move. The others fired and missed also.

From the same distance—about seventy five yards—we fired each four bullets without success. Still the fawn moved but a pace or two, and our rifle ammunition was exhausted.

I then crept up to the fawn and within twenty paces fired twice at it with my pistol. Then unharmed, it quietly walked away in search of its mother.

We looked at each other in surprise. Fourteen shots within seventy paces of a motionless deer! "Well, I'll be hanged!" was one man's comment. "Crack Sho's!"

We could not explain it unless the rarefaction of the air had made the deer seem nearer than it was.

Lions on the Stairs.

A game of hide-and-seek with a party of lions was once played at the house of the late Charles Jamrach in London. The particulars of the affair are related in Mr. Bartlett's "Life Among Wild Beasts at the Zoo".

Three small, emaciated lion cubs had been purchased by Jamrach, who, in order to give them leisure to recover health and strength, had them conveyed to a small room at the top of the house, the windows of the room being barricaded inside with strong iron netting.

The animals were placed under the care of Mr. Jamrach's principal assistant, who fed and attended to them so well that they rapidly improved in condition.

With three or four establishments on his hands, Mr. Jamrach had not much time to think of the cubs, and hardly remembered that they were in the house. There came a day however, when it was necessary for Clarke to go to the docks. As he must be absent all day, he reminded his master that the lions up stairs had to be fed.

"All right," said Jamrach. "I'll feed them."

Later in the day he went up-stairs, carrying the lions' food. Upon his opening the door and entering the room, the three lions—to his astonishment almost full grown—took fright at the sight of a stranger and before he could recover himself they rushed past him and blundered headlong down-stairs.

Fearing that the door at the bottom of the staircase into the parlor might be open, and that his wife might be terrified if the lions should rush into the room, Mr. Jamrach called:

"Mary! Mary! The lions are coming downstairs!"

Mrs. Jamrach shut the door in time to prevent their entrance. In the door was a glass panel which enabled her to see into the small passage at the foot of the stairs, where the lions were standing. It was an awkward position and she watched the animals with great anxiety.

In a few minutes she saw them begin to ascend the stairs. It was now her turn to do the warning. Her husband might not know that they were coming; so, quietly opening the door, she called: "Charlie, they're coming up-stairs!"

Being unprepared to meet them, Jamrach beat a hasty retreat. He heard them growling savagely, and thought best to secure himself by taking possession of their former quarters and shutting the door.

Here he meditated on his predicament, and presently heard the animals starting down again. Thereupon he thought of his wife, and opening the door shouted another caution. Soon it was the wife's turn to do the warning, and so the cries went back and forth: "Mary they are coming down!" "Charlie, they are coming up!"

When this performance had been repeated several times, the lions grew tired of ascending and descending. Finding no means of exit, they took matters into their own hands by possessing themselves of a bedroom on the second floor. Thereupon Jamrach cautiously descended to shut them in, and the game was over.

The lions remained in their new quarters

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until Clarke returned and coaxed them back to their own habitation on the top floor.

Something Like a Hit.

A worthless old vagabond had annoyed the good people of a Western town for several years. He had been arrested for drunkenness and vagrancy times without number, but to no purpose. Moral suasion had been tried upon him without effect. He steadily grew worse.

An impromptu vigilance committee was formed one day by a lot of citizens whose patience had become exhausted, and while they depreciated mob violence, they agreed in the opinion that it was time to shift the burden of this particular vagabond upon some other place.

Accordingly they went to his lodgings one night, lifted him up, put him on a rail, rode him to the outskirts of the town, dumped him into a shallow creek, and left him there, with the injunction that it would be safest for him to get out on the farther side and keep moving.

"By gum!" he mumbled, as he crawled out on the bank, scraped the mud from his clothes, and looked back at the vanishing "regulators." "I don't b'lieve they want me to live in this town any longer!"

He—Never was a more unlucky devil than I am!

She—Oh, I don't know, dear; you are always finding something.

He—Indeed! What have I found lately?

She—Fault, my dear—and plenty of it.

Mrs. Jones—I am sorry to hear of your husband's bankruptcy, Mrs. Robinson.

Mrs. Robinson—Ah, yes, it has cut him up so awfully that he is going to retire from business and go abroad.



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