

**Music and  
The Drama**

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Ada Rehan has just returned to New York after a summer in Europe. In Miss Viola Allen's company for this season there are over 70 people.

Anna Held now dons a Duchess at the Casino. She also has a new song, Pretty Molly Shannon.

Marie Wainwright is a specially engaged actress of the unfaithful wife of East Lynne, in revival to be made by a low price New York city stock company.

On his return to England, Sir Henry Irving will revive Faust as announced, after which he will make a provincial tour, and then revive Becker at the London Lyceum.

The condition of Blanche Bates, who is ill with typhoid fever at Grace hospital, Detroit, is reported as much improved. Miss Bates hopes to resume her professional work about Christmas.

Robert Drouet, who has been playing the leading role in The Last Appeal, has been engaged as leading man for Mary Mannering in Janice Meredith, the position he filled with success last season.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will begin rehearsals in a few days for Du Barry, the new play which David Belasco has written for her and in which she will appear this season under his management.

A coffin containing the remains of Charles Coghlan was found at Virginia Beach, near Galveston, Tex., last week. The body had been placed in a receiving vault at Galveston and was washed away in the great storm that visited that city.

On Dec. 3, Annie Russel who is appearing at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, in A Royal Family, will be seen in a new play, written expressly for her by Clyde Fitch, and entitled The Maid and the Judge. It is promised that Mrs. Gilbert who is now ill, will appear in the cast.

The London fog played havoc with the theatrical business last week. On Monday every London house was playing to £100 below its normal business, and everywhere the attendance were woefully attenuated. Many years have elapsed since stress of weather compelled the closing of theatres. But the Prince of Wales, the Criterion and the Garrick, closed on very foggy nights.

A statue to Sir Arthur Sullivan is to be placed in one of the aisles of St. Paul's cathedral, and not in the crypt, as was originally suggested. Sir Arthur will be the first composer thus honored, although there are tablets or inscriptions in memory of two or three musicians in the crypt. Sir Arthur's last composition, an English Te Deum, yet unheard in public, was written for St. Paul's.

The initial performance of the new symphonic song cycle, The Trend of Time, words by William H. Gardner, of Boston, and music by Harry Girard, of New York will be given early in the month of December in New York City with Victor Harris as conductor, and the following singers: Mrs. Seabury Ford, soprano; Miss Marguerite Hall, contralto; McKenzie Gordon, tenor; and Harry Girard, baritone.

F. C. Whitney's production of Dolly Varden with Lulu Glaser as the star, opened at Robertson's to one of the largest audiences of the season and made an instantaneous success. Miss Glaser was as charming as ever and was accorded excellent support by Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Ritchie Ling, Mark Smith, Tom Daniel, Estelle Wentworth, Ada Palmer Walker, and Amelia Fields.

The Apollo club of New York, of which William R. Chapman is director, enters upon its tenth season with the promise of greater musical success than it has ever before enjoyed. The grand ball room of the Waldorf Astoria has been engaged for three public concerts on the Thursday evenings, Dec 5, 1901, Feb. 20, and April 10, 1902. In addition to three public concerts there will be given three private musicales in the Myrtle Room of the Waldorf Astoria, the first to take place Thursday evening, January 9; the other two will be announced later.

**LIFE A BURDEN.**

**THE CONDITION OF MR. GARDINER, SMITH'S FALLS.**

He Spent Miserable Days and Sleepless Nights—Hands, Feet and Limbs Still and Swollen.

From the Record, Smith's Falls, Ont. "There is a wonderful talk about Dr.

Williams' Pink Pills, why don't you try them?"

These words were addressed to Mr Andrew Gardiner, of Smith's Falls, by a friend when he was in the depths of despondency regarding his physical condition. For three years he had suffered so much that life had become a burden to him and oftentimes he says, he almost wished that he might die. Then he spent miserable days and sleepless nights, now he is enjoying life. Then his feet, hands and limbs were stiff and swollen and he was tormented with a constant stinging, creepy sensation in his body which gave him no rest day or night; now he is as supple as ever he was, with the stiffness, the swelling and the creepy sensation all gone. He attributes it all to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. Gardiner is a man of about 65 years, an old and highly respected resident of Smith's Falls. Having heard a good deal of talk about the improvement effected in his health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Record sent a reporter to ascertain the exact truth and Mr. Gardiner told him substantially what is related above. He said that he tried a number of doctors—as good doctors as there were in the country—but got no relief. He was given to understand that the trouble was caused by bad circulation of the blood, but nothing did him any good. He could not wear boots his feet were so swollen and when he tried to walk, his legs felt like sticks. Finally he was induced to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. He took six boxes, he said, but did not see that he was much better. He determined to quit taking them but was persuaded to continue them for a little while longer. When he had taken ten boxes he was greatly improved and when he had taken twelve boxes he was so well that he did not need any more. It is several months since he has taken them and he has had no return of the trouble. When the reporter saw him he was wearing his ordinary boots and he said he could get into and out of a buggy as well as any man of his years in the country.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the friend of the weak and ailing. They surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening qualities, and make weak and dependent people bright, active and healthy. These pills are sold by dealers in medicine, or can be had post paid, at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

**Yale.**

The celebration which lately made New Haven the centre of interest for the whole country was a fitting culminating of the two hundred years of faithful and fruitful service which Yale University has rendered to the cause of religion, learning and democracy.

The importance of the event is sufficiently indicated by the notable guests who honored the occasion with their presence—the President of the United States and members of his Cabinet and of the Supreme Court; professors from the leading institutions of learning in Europe; representatives from Russia, from Japan; delegates from other colleges of America; leaders of the bar and the church; men, in short, who stand for progress and achievement in a hundred widely separated fields. Their presence was a corroboration of work which every great university does, but in particular of the principles for which Yale stands and the fidelity with which she has clung to them.

Of these the greatest, as Mr. Justice Brewer said, is the purpose declared in the charter, to train young men for public employment both in church and in civil state; a purpose which made Yale the first educational institution in the world to make the public service and dominant purpose of the educational work.

Does not this avowed and sustained purpose explain the democratic spirit with which the name of Yale has been associated? What better lesson can a college teach than this, that the effort to promote the interests of all the people is both the beginning and the end of real democracy.

You will have to be identified before I can cash that check" said the bank cashier to the man who was unfamiliar with the precautions of banks.

Oh, well, go ahead, then, answered the man with the check, in disgust. "I don't reckon it hurts any more than being vaccinated does it?"

Mrs. Neersite—Really now, for Mrs. Nooritch that's quite a plain bonnet. I especially admire that modest little rosette of green ribbons.

Mrs. Sharpe—They're not green ribbons my dear, merely a modest little bunch of ten dollar bills.

some months before, and the locksmith, knowing that my silver had been taken there, gave the duplicate over to the gentleman, with the agreement that he should do the business, and, of course, share the profits. But the gentleman preferred to keep the whole, and the locksmith saw no more of him. The first thing he heard of it was that my things had been returned to me, a fact that puzzled him as much as it did us. However, he pretends to know that the gentleman is at present in England, and as he is wanted for something that took place before that particular theft, the police are already keen on his track.

My hands fell down at my sides, and cousin Maria's letter fluttered to the ground, while I stared through the window at the bare wintry scene, and gray, snow laden sky, with eyes that saw neither one nor the other.

The months had gone by so smoothly and pleasantly; my friendship with Mark Dering had grown to be a part of my life, and only now and then would the memory of that dark night's discovery cross my mind like the shadow of a half forgotten dream.

Now it flashed on me once more with all its vivid ugliness and with a sharper sting. "Something that took place before that particular theft," the letter had said.

So it was not the first time, I thought with a keen stab of disappointment; but it was the last, I remembered directly after, and took what comfort I could from that.

I read the letter again carefully, and then, after a little consideration, I put on my hat and thick cloak and went out. I must see Mark at once, I told myself, as I hurried in at the Avonsmere lodgings, and made my way to the shrubbery in the hope of meeting him.

Mark had gone to London some days before, but, I was told, had come home last night, so I walked about, not having courage to go boldly up to the house and ask for him until the deep clang of the luncheon gong told me it was useless to wait any longer, and I might as well go home.

"Elfrid, my dear, how late you are; where have you been on this wretched morning? You look tired out," said my mother, as I sat down belated at the luncheon table.

"I went for a walk and forgot to notice the time," I answered, "I am sorry you waited."

"Oh, it does not matter, of course, my dear; only, you had better get out and rest as soon as you have finished; you know we have several calls to make today."

But in my state of feverish unrest, I could not face the prospect of two or three hours of polite small talk, so pleaded a headache, which was at least no fiction, and begged to stay at home.

I gave up under protest, and I curled myself up on the rug before the drawing room fire, hoping that some kind spirit would move Mark Dering to pay us a call this afternoon.

For once my wish was granted, and just when the grey wintry light was beginning to fade, the squire came in; but now, with so much to say, I grew suddenly wordless and awkward, and shook hands with him almost in silence.

"I only got home last night," he began, but I wanted to see you so badly, that I am afraid I should have outraged conventionality by calling this morning, had not lawyer Bent come over to see me on business. I have only just got rid of him."

Full of my own news, I did not answer. I hardly noticed what he said, and I thought he looked at me a little enquiringly as he sat down in a big chair near the fire.

"Mother is out," I said at last; but I was hoping so much that you would come today. I want to—tell you something."

"That is a coincidence, he remarked, for I too had something to tell you; but it will wait; we will hear your news first, please."

I took my cousin's letter from my pocket and requested him to read it.

He bent forward to get light from the fire on the paper, and I thought his face grew a little flushed as he read; but he said nothing until he had got to the end, folded the letter mechanically, and given it back to me.

Then he sat quite still and stared into the fire with thoughtful, half-shut eyes and an odd look on his face that I could not fathom.

"Thank you, he said at last, it was good of you to show me the letter. May I ask what you advise me to do about it?"

His coolness jarred and irritated me, and I sprang up from my stool with an impatient gesture.

"You cannot have read the letter through I said, or you would see that it is not an affair to make light of."

I am not making light of it, he answered. I think I understand the situation as well as you do; but I ask you again what you wish me to do?"

"Oh, what can you do? I cried despairingly. "There is only one thing you must leave England at once."

Mark did not speak for a moment; he leaned forward, took up the poker, buried it deep in the heart of a burning log, and thoughtfully watched the myriad sparks that sprang up in consequence.

"So I am to go away and escape justice, he said, in a cool, irritating voice. "I suppose you know that you are proposing to make yourself accessory after the fact, or something equally dreadful? Do you think it is quite right of you?"

"Of course it is not right," I answered hotly. "Whoever pretended that it was? I suppose, an honorably high minded girl would not have let things take their course; well, I am not high minded or honourable, and I tell you to go."

"Do you think it is so easy to go away—now?"

The words came a little huskily, and Mark's face had grown suddenly sallow, and my impatience merged into pity.

"Oh, I know it's not easy," I said, "it is—expiation, and that must always

be hard. And I know what it will be to leave Avonsmere, now that you have grown to love it; but it need not be for long. Surely you could go to America, or somewhere—let us say for a year, until this—this affair is forgotten!"

A queer half smile had flitted over Mark's face when I began to speak, but it passed instantly, and he grew grave again.

"Yes; I could do that easily," he said, "if it were only Avonsmere."

"You must!" I insisted. "There is no other way out of it!"

"I suppose there is not," he said. "But even knowing that, I can only agree to go on one condition."

"What condition? I asked; and there was just a moment's hesitation before he answered—

"That you come with me."

I smothered a little cry of amazement, and stared at him; breathless; he seemed to read me closely for a moment, then got up and crossed over to where I stood at the opposite side of the hearth.

"Do you think me quite mad for daring to say it? he asked. "Remember, Elfrid, it will be exile to me; and the thought that I deserve it won't make it any easier to bear; in fact, I would almost as soon put up with the other alternative. Don't you understand, dear? I love you, audacious as it sounds, and I want you for my wife."

Mark's voice sounded far away and soft beside the loud beating of my heart; his figure had grown dim and misty in the ruddy firelight, and I could find no words to answer.

"Am I quite too presumptuous, dear? he asked again. "I love you so much; don't you think you could forgive the past, and love me a little in return?"

It was unheard of; of course, he had no right to ask it, and I was mad to dream of such a thing. I quite knew all the wise things my friends would have said, if they had known and yet after one short moment's hesitation, went up to Mark and put my hands in his that were held out to me.

"You don't deserve it, of course, I said and I suppose it is very wrong; but the past is past, and if it will make you happy, Mark, I will go with you."

The last words were faint and smothered as Mark's arm closed tightly round me, and our lips met.

"Are you not afraid, dear? he asked presently holding me a little away from him while he looked searchingly in my face. Just think once more of what I am."

"Oh, don't!" I pleaded. "I don't want to think of it again—all that is done with—and I am not afraid."

You are brave, my Elfrid. How am I to thank you? But you are right, dear; the past is over, and I hope never to do anything quite so bad again."

There was an odd tremor in his voice as he drew me back to him, and looking up in his face, I caught the suspicion of a suppressed smile.

"I am so happy," he said, as if to explain it; but I broke in with an impatient reproach—

"Happy, Mark? How can you be so thoughtless, when every hour is dangerous. How soon can you—we—get away?"

Mark looked at me in a cool, quizzical way that puzzled me sorely; and said musingly—

"Let me see: a week to settle some business I have on hand and leave things in order here, and another to devote to the wedding preparations that is a fortnight. The dressmakers will probably demand a month, at least, but perhaps they can be induced to hurry; and—yes, dear, with good luck I think we may say we will start on our honeymoon in a fortnight."

"Mark, are you mad? What do you mean? I gasped; but he closed my lips with his, and then threw his head back, and laughed as if he had never heard him laugh before."

"I mean," he said, as soon as he could speak, "that you are the sweetest and most foolish little woman in the world, and that I am as sane as you are."

"What—" I began; but he stopped me again, and drew me closer to him.

"Elfrid, my dear little goose, did you think that I should have the audacity to tell you of my love, to ask you to be my wife, if I had crime on my hands?"

I looked up in the brown honest eyes so near my own, and grew hot and shame struck to think I had ever doubted him; and yet—

"What does it mean? I asked bewildered; and Mark led me to the sofa, and sat himself down beside me.

"It is rather a long story," he began, "and I had come to day purposely to tell it to you, since there is no more need for secrecy. I must commence by saying that Madame Dussel had the misfortune to marry a scoundrel—a man who a few years after their marriage was convicted of forgery, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. He managed to escape from goal and get abroad, but a year later he was found, and got killed in the struggle when they attempted to retake him."

Unluckily, the mantle of his wickedness had fallen on his only child Fritz, and the boy showed himself a liar and dishonest almost from the cradle. He had run away from his home more than once in revenge for punishments, and on one occasion—when I had met him as I told you—I induced him to go back. It was then that I fell ill, and his mother nursed me, and would have had me stay with her; but it was necessary that I should work, and as Fritz invariably got into some scrape if he was stationary for more than a month, we went off together and began a life of wide roaming that would have been perfection to me but for the constant worry of watching over Fritz and trying—sometimes by main force—to keep him in the straight path. Twice he escaped me and got himself into troubles that it took all my wits and money to get him out of. Two years ago he went home and declared his intention of settling down in his own country."

"I was detained in New Zealand, and it seems that in my absence Fritz went a great

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deal to Friesich, and renewed acquaintance with several bad characters there, I went home shortly before your visit, and soon found that Fritz was likely to give me a fresh trouble. My dear Elfrid, what is the matter?"

My face was buried in a sofa cushion, and I was choking with remorseful tears. "I know it all now, I sobbed. "Fritz was the thief, and I dared to think—no, don't touch me, I don't deserve your love, and I shall never forgive myself."

"But you forgive me a worse crime, arid—and I hope I'm not unreasonable, Elfrid; but I should dearly like to throw that sofa-cushion out of the window."

"Go on with your story," I said severely, sitting up straight and dignified; and after a moment he continued—

"Neither Madame Dussel nor I had suspected that Fritz was concerned in the Friesich robbery. He had been home the day before your adventure, had hidden the silver, as you saw, until he could decide how to deal with it, and left early the next morning."

"I rode over from a neighbouring town that afternoon in the rain, and got myself pretty wet, so put on the first dry coat I came across, which happened to be the one that Fritz had borrowed the night before. For the rest, we are about the same height and colour, and sufficiently alike to be easily mistaken one for the other."

"Your story was the first I had heard of the affair; but I saw at once what must have happened, and was thankful enough to be able to rectify it. I kept all this from you and begged your silence, because—well, because he was Fritz and Madame Dussel's son, though it was a little hard not to speak when I found out whom you suspected."

"How you must have hated me! I exclaimed. "I believe I did for a moment," he said candidly. "But I told myself we should never meet again, and it couldn't matter so very much what you thought."

"And afterwards?" I inquired. "Afterwards I learned to love you, and couldn't resist the temptation to see if I could not win you in spite of what you believed—it you could love with the love that forgives all."

"I can never forgive myself," I said again, "for having once thought you a—"

"I could not say the word, but hid my shamed face in my hands."

"Can't you, dear?" said Mark. "And yet it is a thing I shall be proud of all my life. I never had much opinion of the love that depends on believing the dear one to be perfection. The best love is that which sees and knows all the faults, and loves in spite of them. But I haven't quite finished my story. Last week I had a letter from Fritz, who was in London, and intended coming here to see me; but he had fallen ill, and asked me to go to him instead. I found him in a high fever, and in spite of all the help I got, he died three days ago. I got home as quickly as I could, meaning to explain all to you at once, but you—"

"Yes, yes!" I interrupted; but do tell me about poor Madame Dussel. What will you do?"

"I have written to her, of course," Mark said. "Poor little mother! the death will be only a relief to her. I have asked her to come and settle amongst us. She adopted me once; it is my turn to adopt her now."

"Avonsmere is very large," I said thoughtfully; "couldn't you make room for her there?"

"That is a question that Avonsmere's mistress must decide, and I hope you remember that in a fortnight—"

A silvery laugh sounded behind us, and my mother's face looked radiant.

"I coughed loudly twice," she said, "and this door creaks abominably; but—no, don't trouble to tell me, the situation explains itself; but what was that absurd speech I heard about a fortnight? In six months' time, perhaps, my dear children, but not a day before."

He Knew What They Would Do.

Sir Charles Looock, who was the physician attending Queen Victoria at a certain period of her reign, was once commanded by Her Majesty to proceed to Berlin and report on the condition of her daughter, the Crown Princess. On the return trip, stopping at Dover for a hasty luncheon, he was enabled to snatch a glass of poor sherry and a piece of questionable pork pie.

After the train had pulled out, and Sir Charles had been locked in his compartment, he began to feel drowsy and to fear that faintness was overtaking him. Immediately he thought to himself:

"They will find me in a faint on the floor and bleed me for a fit, and I need all my blood to digest this pork pie."

Thereupon he hurriedly drew out his pencil, wrote on a piece of paper, and stuck it in the band of his hat. Then he resigned himself to the deep sleep that came upon him. He did not wake until the train had pulled into the London station, and still dazed by his slumber, he jumped into a carriage and was driven home.

The grins of the servants and the exclamation of his wife were followed by the inquiry from one of the children. "O papa, what have you got in your hat?"

Then he remembered his experience on the train. Taking off his hat, he removed the large white paper on which he had scribbled this petition to the general public:

"Don't bleed me. It's only a fit of indigestion; rom eating some outlandish pork