

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

The concert in the Mechanics Institute last Friday evening was a great success both financially and from a musical standpoint. The programme was a most interesting one and those whose names appeared thereon acquitted themselves in a very pleasing way.

A concert at the industrial home is one of next weeks attractions.

Miss Constance Bache recently delivered a lecture in London in which she echoed the prophecy, expressed years ago by Liszt, that in music Russia was "the coming country."

The famous wagnerian tenor Albert Niemaun the greatest of all Tristans before Jean de Reszke took up that role, was 70 years old on January 15. He owed his fame more to his dramatic intelligence than to the quality of his voice.

A new use has been found for the musical ear. Men of science now hold that malaria, yellow fever and perhaps leprosy and other diseases are communicated from one to another by mosquitoes. Not all mosquitoes however, are dangerous. How are they to be distinguished from the others especially in the dark? Very easily, for according to Dr. L. O. Howard the malaria mosquito is about four notes lower than that of the ordinary mosquito. All that is necessary therefore is to carry a tuning fork in your pocket and when you hear a mosquito, strike the fork and see whether she sings in C major or in F sharp minor below.

Verdi left about \$400,000 for his home for aged and invalid musicians. He had left directions that on the day of his funeral 1,000 francs should be distributed among the poor in the village of Santa Agata. There were other legacies amounting to 95,000 francs. There was much discussion of one clause in his will which ordered that two old boxes in the garret of his house should be burned unopened. It is supposed that they contain unused manuscripts. Verdi provided liberally for his friend Piave, who had written eleven librettos for him, and also for Piave's daughter. To honor the memory of Verdi a ceremony took place at the Scala in Milan at which Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo Giordano, and other composers were present.

The most remarkable phenomenon in the musical life of Germany at present is the growing demand for Liszt's compositions in the concert hall. As was stated in this column a few weeks ago there are now only two composers—Beethoven and Wagner—who are ahead of Liszt in the number of performances. Poor Liszt, who, during his lifetime, was so persistently ignored or snubbed, and whose patient motto was, "I can wait," is now coming into his rights. The Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung notes that after a recent performance of the symphonic poem "Tasso" in Berlin, the conductor, Weingartner, was recalled four times by a tornado of applause. The Berliner Tageblatt says that in the one month of January four pianists—Reisenauer, Busoni, Stavenhagen, and Rielser—gave special Liszt recitals, and in addition to these there was the oratorio "Christus" and the symphonic poems at the orchestral concerts. "One would hardly venture on so much with Beethoven or Wagner."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Today closes the engagement of the Valentine Stock Company a fact which many will regret. From the point of patronage the engagement has not been a success, though for the past four or five weeks the performances as a rule have been excellent and deserving of greater encouragement. The company goes from here to Fredericton and will play the New England cities for a few months. The management is to be congratulated on having secured Mr Frank Bixby to look after the company's business affairs. Mr Bixby's business experience, tact, and geniality of manner will go far toward bringing success to the company. The individual members of the company made many friends during their stay here while regretting their departure will wish them good luck and a prosperous tour.

News of the serious illness of Jack Webster one of last season's favorites in the Valentine Stock reached the city this week. Mr Webster while suffering from melancholia as an after effect of grip, made an attempt to end his life, which fortunately, was unsuccessful.

Blanche Bates has met with gratifying success and popularity in "Under Two Flags."

There is an unconfirmed report that when L'Aiglon is performed in London, the part of Duke de Reichstadt will be

played by Seymour Hicks, who is thought to have both the requisite experience and juvenility.

Julia Marlowe is drawing immense audiences to the N. Y. Criterion where she is playing 'When Knighthood was in Flower.'

"The Climbers" is likely to be one of the successes of the season and is said to

She will then produce her Marie Antoinette play to which no name has yet been given. Mr. Forbes Robertson will open the comedy theatre two days later. He's credited with the design of building a new London theatre for the use of himself and his company.

Jacques Richepin, son of Jean Richepan is the author of a new play, "La Cava-

to which we betake ourselves when the cares of the world are 'too much with us.' At the present moment even the record by Viola of her own history, unfolded as that of her imaginary sister, her poetical, if vicarious, wooing of Olivia, and her attempts to evade the difficulties in which her assumption of masculine garb has evolved her, are touching enough for sympathetic tears, while the mercenarily assumed joviality of Sir Toby, though it makes us laugh, leaves the eyes dry and angry. Most sincerely do we wish that some management would once trust to Shakespeare, and give us the poetry which his own richest possession, leaving the comic business to be as subsidiary to the romance of 'Twelfth Night' as it is to the tragedy of 'Macbeth.'

"The Lash of a Whip" which Charles Frohman is presenting in New York is by Maurice Hennequin and George Duval. E. M. Holland and Fritz Williams head the cast and the story of the play is as follows:

Arman Poirel, a volatile Frenchman, is an inventor, who prides himself upon a wonderful heater that gives out gas, flame, smoke and ashes—anything but heat. Whenever a Poirel patient heater gets into a house the inmates all have to get out or die. Poirel's life is made so exciting by the protests of his victims that he seeks recreation away from the family fireside, although he had a charming wife, the daughter of an old lady whose life he once saved. The mother-in-law's smile palls on him and he strays from rectitude, trusting in his cleverness as an inventor to hide everything. He invents a fictitious personage whom he calls Duval. When Poirel is accused of anything he shifts the blame to Duval. By way of lulling suspicion still further he writes letters to his wife accusing himself of misbehavior upon certain occasions, when every one knows he was at home. When he is shown the letters he can explain, "It is that rascal Duval, who looks so like me, for you know I was at home that night." Unfortunately for Poirel his wife has a friend. Mme. Marcinelle, who happens to be a niece of the famous playwright, Scribe, and who knows all his hundred plays by heart. Every possible device known even to a frivolous Parisian for deceiving a trusting wife is found in Scribe. So when Dr. Marcinelle tries any games on his wife, she brings him to book by telling him that his particular trick may be found in such or such a play of Scribe. Mme. Marcinelle sees through Poirel at once and lays a trap. When Poirel finds things getting warm he determines upon a master stroke. His wife hints that there is no such person as Duval. Poirel decides to prove that there is, and, dressing himself in strange clothes, calls at his own house as Duval and meets the whole family. As Duval, Poirel hears lots of things about himself that he never suspected. He discovers that his wife has admirers of her own; he is compelled to promise marriage to a young woman who falls in love with him, and to fight a duel. Of course the

until her husband had one put into their house, so that he might talk with her from his office whenever he wished.

"I do just love to talk through the telephone!" Mrs. Morse declared, after three days' experience. "The time doesn't seem half as long from morning till night as it used to when I never heard from you."

"I'm glad of that, my dear," said her husband, pleasantly. "I've thought once or twice, from the number of times I had had to ring before getting any answer that you didn't enjoy it!"

"Oh, no, George," said little Mrs. Morse earnestly, but you know sometimes when you ring me up I'm busy about my housework with my old apron on, and of course knowing how particular you are, I always like to unpin my skirt and put on a clean white apron before I begin to talk to you don't you see?"

Mama (reprovingly)—Gertie, did you tumble into bed without saying your prayers?

Gertie—Yes, mama. You see, I expected I'd be pretty tired tonight, so I said an encore after my prayers this morning.

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News and Opinions OF **National Importance**

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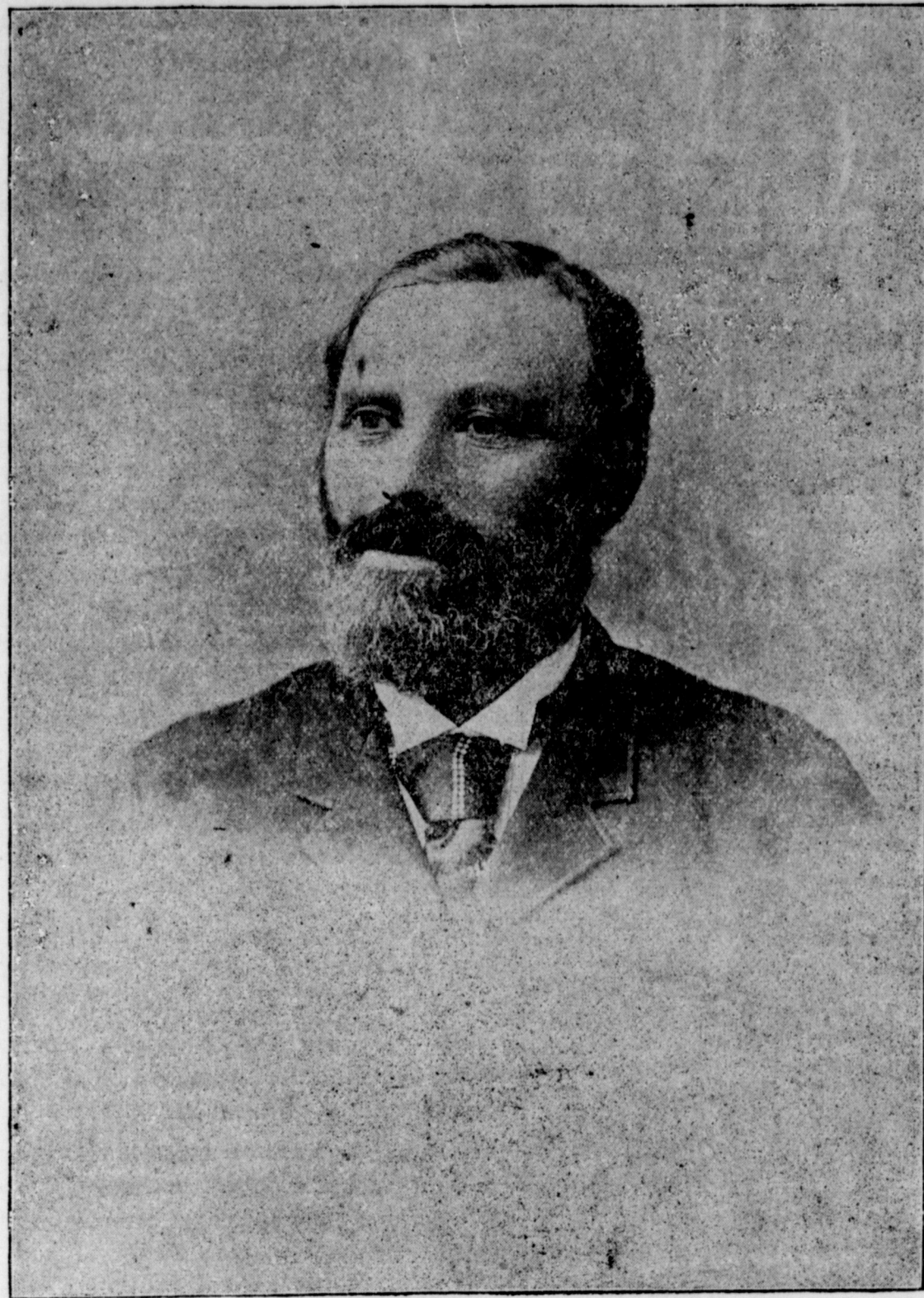
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WM. SHAW, M. P. P. for St. John City.

be one of the best and most interesting of Clyde Fitch's efforts.

Ada Rehan and her company have taken Sweet Nell of Old Drury on the New England circuit.

The new Clyde Fitch play, "Lover's Lane," has made a well merited success in New York.

Maxine Elliott and Nat Goodwin are making good in New York in "When we were twenty one"

"Vienna Life" entertains large audiences at the Broadway theatre nightly and is going in popularity.

"The Girl From up There" with Edna May in the lead has closed its run at the Herald Square New York.

This week ends the run of "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" at Daly, New York. "San Toy" will follow for a short season.

Augustus Thomas' lively farcical comedy "On the Quiet," has made a hit in New York and is likely to remain there for some time.

Montreal will have a new theatre shortly to be devoted to stock performances. Paul Cazeneuve who played here two or three years ago will be leading man.

Amelia Bingham is demonstrating in New York that she has a business head as well as a beautiful face. She has become an actress-manager, the first in New York since Laura Keane, and every indication shows that she will make a go of it.

Mrs. Langtry has appointed the 18th of April as the date upon which she will open her new Imperial theatre in London.

"Appendicitis is the Grip Localized"
"Appendicitis is but localization of the Grip affecting the intestines, and often the appendix itself; the symptoms of Grip and Appendicitis are coincident."

This statement was made by Dr. Lucas Championniere, in a paper read yesterday before the Clinic of the Academy of Medicine in Paris.

There is a reasonable Lenten warning in his assertion that while the Grip often attacks the throat or ear, yet in the case of a patient who has been an excessive eater of fresh meat, the disease almost invariably localizes in the intestines, near the appendix, or in the organ itself, producing acute appendicitis.

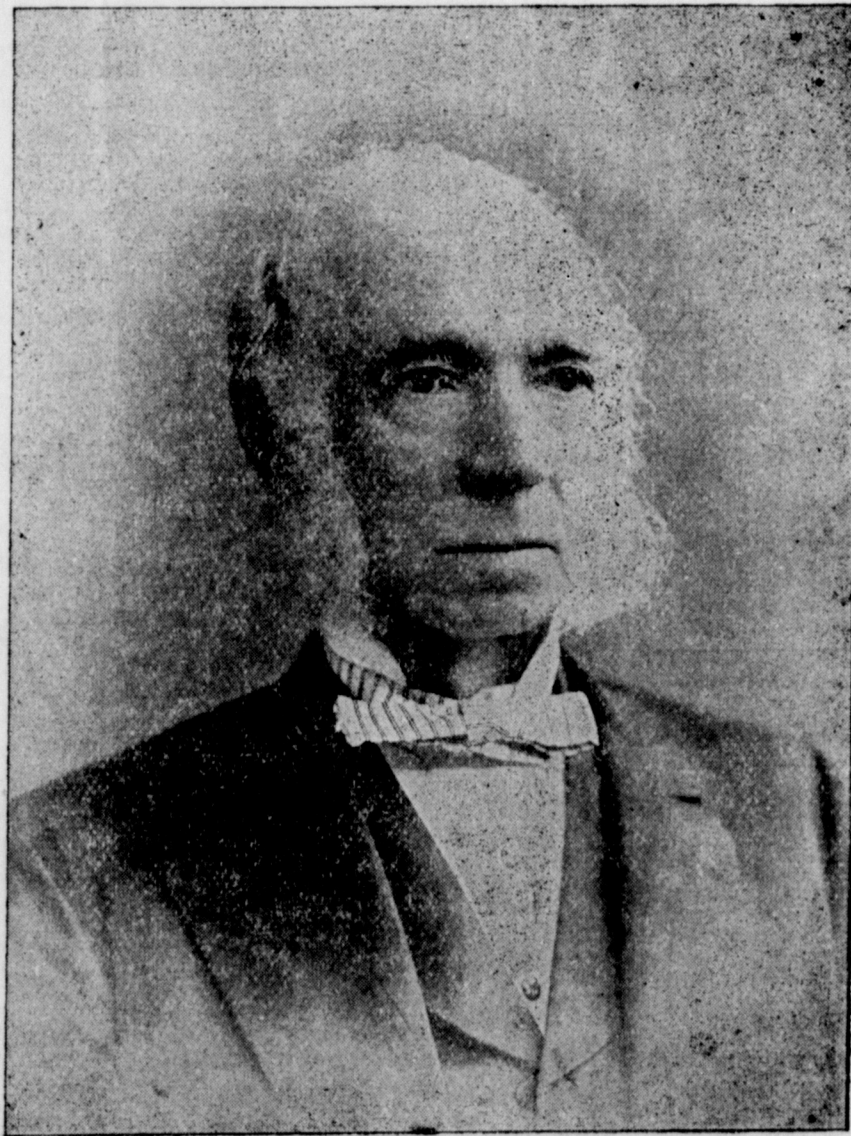
The savant omits to say that the greatest danger lies in the unskillfully treated and imperfectly cured cases.

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here," which has just been produced in the Bernhart Theatre in Paris. It is in verse, and in five acts, and is said to be reminiscent of "Cyrano de Bergerac" "La Princesse Lointaine," and "L'Aiglon." The heroine is a Spanish girl, of boydenish propensities, who dresses as a man and effects false male pursuits. She is struck in the face by a man whom she has insulted—and who is ignorant of her sex—and straightway falls in love with him. He reciprocates at first, but repents, and returns to his faithful wife, whereupon the damsel, maddened by the slight, conspires to have him killed, but, at the last moment imperceptibly, and so is murdered in his place. The piece is described as being full of poetry, fantasy, and passion.

The Athenaeum says: "The heresy has extended over two continents—and cannot now, it is to be feared, be uprooted—that



AUDITOR GENERAL BEEK.

the poetry and romance of Shakespeare's comedy depend for their influence, for their toleration even, upon the support of farce. The exact contrary is, in fact, the case. Were we to depend wholly upon the proceedings of Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Launce, Bottom the weaver, Launcelot Gobbo, and their congeners, the position of Shakespeare would be below that of Mollere, instead of being, as now it is, supreme. It is the sentiment, the beauty, the poetry the romance,

brilliant invention proves his ruin. But, as in every French farce, after the erring husband has been sufficiently punished, there is forgiveness all around.

Very Particular.
Mrs. Moore had never used a telephone

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