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Music and
The Drama

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's new play *Quality Street*, produced in New York last Monday, with Maude Adams in the role of the heroine, does not promise great things, from the published description that has reached here. Of course the hero and heroine love each other, and as the course of true love never did run smooth, the hero is called away to the wars and does not return for nine years. When he meets the lady again he discovers that time has somewhat faded her beauty, and he shows his disappointment to reveal itself. The heroine, who has remained constant to her old affections, is exceedingly pained by his coldness, and to bring the lover back to his allegiance she re-assumes her old youthful deportment and vivacity, and, taking advantage of a masquerade, brings him once more under the spell of her fascinations. She learns then from him that "no matter what he had done," his heart had "always remained true to Poll," and naturally everything ends happily.

Isaac Henderson's new play *The Mummy and the Humming Bird*, produced recently by Mr. Charles Wyndham has not only an extraordinary title, but is also an extraordinary concoction of artificial comedy and melodrama. The plot, I read has the following original and improbable story as its basis:—A Peer of the realm, who in solitary dignity is enjoying a dinner that might have appealed to the taste of a Lucullus, notices an organ grinder turning the handle of his instrument apparently heedless of a snowstorm that is raging without. He pities the man, and, prompted by some impulse, calls him in and invites him to share in the feast. By means of dumb show he ascertains that the seedy musician is seeking the betrayer of his home, and that the seducer is a certain count, who is even then one of the Peer's guests, and who has been suspiciously attentive to his wife. Enlisting the services of the organ grinder, the Peer succeeds in defeating the designs of the Count, and in causing him to make a hasty retreat from the scene. Truly, a ridiculous drama, and *The London Times* rather sarcastically remarks that the play is nothing more than a series of theatrical artifices, which will please only the numerous playgoers who for the sake of excitement suspend the operation of common sense.

Princess Adolphe de Wrede, the interesting titled singer who was in this country two years ago, and has been singing in the Paris music halls, is shortly to appear in London. She will sing at Queen's Hall.

Mme. Patti, widow of the well known Italian 'cellist, did not long survive her husband. She died the other day in England. Her father was Thomas Welsh, the basso who was discovered by Richard Sheridan and brought to London. He was also famous in his day as the best known of English teachers.

Rosa Oltzka is to sing in London tomorrow night at the concert to be given by Angela Anderson. She has been engaged for the Wagner performances in Germany in Paris next spring. The others who will take part are Felia Litvinne, Marie Brems, Antop Van Rooy, Ernest Van Dyck and Ernestine Schumann Heink.

Geraldine Ferrar, the American soprano who was engaged for the Royal Opera House in Berlin, has according to the German press, met with the same difficulties that Alma Powell encountered from the artists in the company. They have put all the obstacles possible in her way and it remains to be seen if like Mrs Powell, she will be compelled to resign.

The Pittsburg Orchestra under Victor Herbert is to give a series of concerts during the present season in Chicago. The orchestra may also go to Pacific Coast, where symphonic music is not frequently heard.

Sam Franko does not find it so easy to arrange his programmes of music as the amateur might think. One number that he selected for his present season of concerts illustrates the difficulties with which the conductor has to contend.

He wanted to play for the first time in this country the overture to a version of "Edipo a Colono," by Antonio Maria Gasparo Sacchini. This opera, produced first in 1786 was regarded as his masterpiece. It was sung as late as 1844, but the music could not be obtained in this country.

Mr. Franko sent to Europe for it and even there no arrangement of the overture for orchestra was in existence. So it was necessary to transcribe the music from the score in the Lenox Library.

Mme. Nordica began her recital tour in Scranton on Thursday night and will go as far West as San Francisco on her journey before returning to sing.

An amusing writer in a French paper gives some details about Mr. Coquet; Coquet's popularity among the English, and his life while in London. At the hotel he generally patronizes M. Coquet can at any moment find a suite of rooms ready for him. Other occupants have to go out in order to make room for the French actor, who, when he arrives, is addressed by the landlord as follows:—Eight o'clock, first breakfast; second at noon, with a whiskey and soda; and we dine out—all right! When M. Coquet goes through the London streets everybody turns round to look at him. Oh I say, it is Coquet! is the phrase frequently heard. Rejane and even Sarah Bernhardt are comparatively forgotten in London when Coquet is about. In a great house the host, who had been addressing the two actresses mentioned in French, wished to speak to M. Coquet, but the latter said:—Sir, we are in England. Hurrah for the English language! And the actor showed his complete mastery of the tongue that Shakespeare spoke.

'A play of absorbing interest' is the description given of *Human Hearts*. 'It was first produced six or seven years ago and frequent repetitions only seem to have enhanced its value as a drawing attraction. The story is a simple one of love and devotion to duty, dealing with the life of one Tom Logan, who is a blacksmith in a small village in the Arkansas Hills. Through the machinations of a scheming villain he is unjustly accused of a horrible crime, is convicted, and sentenced to serve a term of years in State prison. Of course in the end it is discovered that he is innocent and all his wrongs are righted. It is promised that a more than ordinarily capable company has been engaged for its presentation at the Toronto Opera House next week.

CHAPTER III

The crisp crackling of a wood fire, the resinous scent of burning pine cones, and a delicious sense of warmth and comfort, were the first things I grew conscious of, and for a time I was too lazily content to do more than revel in them, unquestioning until the blurred, disjointed pictures in my brain slowly pierced themselves together and I grew clear; then, in full remembrance of what had gone before, I roused myself and looked about me.

A big, old-fashioned bedstead was my resting place, and the opening in its faded hangings showed me that the sunlight mingled with the fire glow on the wide open hearth.

My dress had been removed, and I was wrapped in a soft wadded dressing gown that had a very old world air and a scent of lavender about its faded silk.

I tried to get up and draw the curtains wider, but the movement caused a racking pain in my head, that made me lie down again with a sigh.

Again another moment a dark, broad-faced woman, in servant's dress, stood beside the bed, nodding and smiling as she handed me a cup of something hot and fragrant and bade me drink it.

Mechanically I did so and returned the cup but before I could ask one of the questions that were on my tongue, the woman had gone out of the room and shut the door.

The wine had put new life into me, and I got up from the bed and looked about the room.

It was large, and rather severely furnished in old, sombre-looking oak, but was well kept and cosy, and had an undefinable air of being occupied by a lady.

The door opened on my meditations, and the servant came back with someone, whom I guessed to be her mistress.

She was a small, slight woman of sixty, dainty and pretty as an old miniature in her long, plain dress of flowered silk, with snowy lace at wrists and collar, with soft, white curls that framed the sweetest old face I had ever seen—and the saddest.

She came up to me with both hands out, and a greeting whose sincerity I felt though I understood but little of what she said.

I spoke to her in English, but she shook her head, smiling, and I put my ear

to the door, but I could not hear anything into the next German I could. She gasped helplessly to understand her explanation, and in a few moments I had got all the information I was to give.

The servant had found me early in the morning, lying unconscious near the old sun-dial in the garden—which she showed me from the window, and which must have been the thing I had struck against in the darkness—and together they had carried me up to this room.

They had feared that a doctor would be necessary, but hoped now that he would not be needed.

I shook my head decidedly, my thoughts full of the awkward fact that I was a guest in the very house I had mentally designated a den of thieves.

And yet, looking again at my kind little hostess, it is hard not to believe that what I had seen a few hours ago had been nothing more than an ugly dream.

One thing I decided at once—she knew nothing whatever of what had taken place in that lower room, and I, of course, made no mention of it in my explanation of how I came to be there.

Madame Dassel, as she announced herself, only partly understood my story, and presently insisted that I should lie down and rest.

I tried to explain that I must start for the nearest town at once, if only to send a reassuring telegram to my cousins.

The old lady put up her hands with a helpless, worried look, and showed me that the town was miles away—too far to walk, even if I were well, that no conveyance could be got just yet, and that her boy would be here in a few hours—her boy, who spoke English and would do everything I wished.

The delay was more irksome that she could know, but gratitude bade me put a good face upon it, and I really felt too weak and shaken to start on a long walk just then.

My thanks were cut short by the servant appearing with a tray, and my hostess sat by me whilst I made a hearty breakfast; then, with sweet, womanly hand, tucked me once more into the big old bed, and bade me go to sleep.

I was still tired from my night's wandering, and not even wonder at the contradictions in this strange house could prevent me from sleeping soundly for several hours.

Madame Dassel was in the room when I awoke, and handed me my dress, that had been carefully dried and brushed.

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'My boy is at home now.' I understood her to say, 'and if you are rested enough I will take you to him.'

The day had turned out wet after the morning's sun, and it was already growing dusk, but I could see a new light in the sweet old face as she led me to the dining room and introduced her son to me, with pride and adoration of him in every look and tone.

He welcomed me in English so devoid of accent, that it was hard not to think him a compatriot.

I said something of the sort, and he laughed lightly.

'I was in England for some years when I was quite young,' he said. 'Madame Dassel tells me she has only partly understood your story. Will you tell it to us again?'

I repeated my narrative, but with any reference to what my spying had revealed, and he translated my words to his mother, who presently got up with smiling excuse and went out of the room.

'Madame Dassel has household affairs to attend to,' said her son, 'and asks you to excuse her while you explain to me just what you wish me to do for you.'

'You are both very good to me,' I began; and then stopped awkwardly, debating hurriedly in my mind whether I should not take this opportunity of telling him of my discovery.

Unconsciously I looked at him more closely to see whether there was anything in him to encourage me to speak.

There was no resemblance to his mother in that tall, muscular form, weather bronzed face, and keen dark eyes, and yet the result of my examination was an instant feeling of trust and friendship.

'I know no more than Madame Dassel of what took place last night,' I concluded, 'and it is only just to tell him.'

to be continued

In winter time I love to hear
The new day break and then—
To pull the covers still more near
And go to sleep again.

