

MUNDAY KNIGHT'S BUDGET OF THEATRICAL TIDINGS.

Spring is here, the joyous season, when actors and actresses commence to lie to each other, and to their friends, and in their dressing-rooms, and hotel offices work the old gag about the offers they have refused for the summer season, where they expect to go, and how they have succeeded during the winter. "You should have seen me in Parrsboro, my boy, I was great. Why if it hadn't have been for me"—and so on ad infinitum.

That's how it is with most actors, but not the kind we have in St. John, during the winter, for we know them and as a usual thing they know us—that is the most of us—for St. John by the sea is fortunately situated inasmuch as the company playing here during the winter are stock companies and we know them. They stay here long enough to get acquainted and go broke and all that sort of thing. But wait, oh, gentle reader wait, until the spring advances a little and the solemn penitential days of Lent give way to Easter, and new suits, and the stock companies close and the "week standers" come in—then you will hear it and if you are inclined to be over credulous, or get the idea into your head that Toehman, Leibler, Brady, and the others must have been plumb duff to overlook such talent as your actor friend has, let me tell you that this "unrecognized genius" is an old complaint to which actors and scribblers are particularly susceptible. It has all been heard before.

But even if Harkins does go we still have Jack Young and his company at the York Theatre. They are here for five weeks more and if they continue to deliver the goods in the future as they have done in the past, they need not worry over the patronage they will receive. Take it all through Jack Young has given the theatre-going public the class of entertainment they want and that his efforts have been appreciated is shown by the size of the audience he has had. Here's wishing that they may continue.

One of the dramatic treats of the season will be the engagement at the York Theatre early next month of "The Bonnie Brier Bush", that enduring stage picture of Scotch life, with J. H. Stoddard continuing as Lachlan Campbell and Reuben Fox still giving his able interpretation of the lovable rascal, "Posty." The supporting company and scenic production is promised to be up to the standard of the Kirk La Shelle enterprises and a delightful performance is assured. Among the players are Irma La Pierre, Robert C. Easton, Adelaide Cumming, Carlyle Moore, Louise Rutter, F. Elliott Jenkins, Edith Talbot, J. Palmer Collins and Robert Ireland.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "Canadian Rhapsody," performed for the first time under the composer's own baton at the first concert this season of the London Philharmonic, held in Queen's Hall, March 15, was a grand success. The Rhapsody in three movements (a) Allegro (vivace), D. major; (b) Andante espressivo, A. minor; (c) Allegretto (vivo), F. major and D. major. Joseph Bennett, the critic of the Daily Telegraph, in his analytical notes, reverts to the Canadian Rhapsody in these words:

"This work owes its origin to the series of musical festivals conducted by the composer in various parts of the Dominion during the spring of 1902, Canada, as colonized by Europeans, who first settled there 250 years ago, more or less, is scarcely old enough for a full development of folk-music. That popular form of art takes a long time to grow, and a time still longer is required for the enervation around it of the traditions which add so much to its interest. But Canada has made by no means a bad start, as the curious in such matters may convince themselves by study of a book entitled "Chansons Populaires du Canada," and bearing the name, as collector and editor, of M. Ernest Gagnon. But it may be assumed without looking at the book that many of the airs have come down from the French immigrants who were the first settlers in the land, and it is scarcely less reasonable to look for suggestions, at least, of the characteristic tunes which numerous Scottish emigrants took with them when leaving "brown heath and shaggy wood" for the pine forests of the great Western colony. Anyhow, it is from these sources that the folk-music of Canada has mainly sprung, and it is from these also that the composer of the present Rhapsody has taken his themes."

The "good-hearted soul" who sent the following scintillating cluster of words to Manager Robert Brower of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" company seems to think that this Scottish idyll is a musical play, and that the chief requirement for members of an opera company is an ultra-moral character.

Dear Sir,
I would like, to apply in your Opera Company, for a Month, at \$25.00. If satisfied in the end of the Month, I will hire for a year, at that price, and expenses paid My age 28—5 ft. 6 in weigh 145 lbs Strong able Body & active and Honest and Trusty & good Hearted Soul and fond of Music Play a Mouth Organ and Tin Whistle and a Good Word for every Body and a Moderate Mind and well Rested. If you do not want another Man give this to another Opera in Winnipeg and Oblige Your Truly
Address Melita.
Man.

F. B.
Please write soon before the first of April.
P.S.—I am a Temperate Man drink nothing stronger than Water in any kind of Company & I prohibit against Smoking and Chewing Tobacco.

"Alice Sit by the Fire," the latest play written by J. M. Barrie, was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, London on Wednesday night and, according to accounts, was received with unqualified enthusiasm. It is a clever and a vastly amusing burlesque satirizing the management of parents by twentieth-century child-



FOR several weeks we have been using large space in this paper to tell you about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, how they act on the system and why they are so successful in the cure of disease. Today we produce the proof in the form of some letters which have just reached us from Prince Edward County, Ontario,

These letters appeal more especially to persons who have passed the prime of life and find it difficult to keep the vitality up to the high water mark, and so avoid pains and aches and derangement of the bodily organs.

Mr. Lawson's health became entirely shattered and broken up about a year ago, and eminent physicians, with whom he doctored for six months at great expense, declared they could do nothing for him. How thoroughly he has been restored by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is best told in the following letter:—

Had Resigned Himself to Death.

MR. GEO. W. LAWSON, a farmer living near Consecon, and well and favorably known throughout Prince Edward County, Ont., writes:—

"About one year ago I was taken sick and felt myself falling every day. I consulted and doctored with several eminent physicians, but received no permanent benefit. In fact they told me they could do nothing for me except to afford temporary relief, as it was a general breaking up of old age. My nerves were exhausted, and my whole system completely broken up.

"I was just at death's door, and, thinking my time to die had come, I gave up hope and resigned myself to fate. At this time my wife read in the papers about some of the wonderful cures being brought about by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I began using it.

"This treatment helped me from the first, and I continued to keep it up for six months, when I was fully restored to health. To-day I am a well-man, and made so by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food at a trifling cost. All this in spite of the fact that I spent a large sum of money with physicians only to be pronounced incurable. Though in my seventy-fifth year, I feel as well as I did at twenty, and can walk as smartly as any of the boys."

Mrs. Lawson's ailments were of a different nature and required different treatment. For years she had suffered greatly from rheumatism, resulting from habitual constipation and kidney disease. Her complete cure was effected by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Suffered From Rheumatism.

MRS. GEO. W. LAWSON, Consecon, Ont., writes:—"It is a pleasure for me to state that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills made a well woman of me, completely curing me of constipation, rheumatism, stomach troubles and a very severe kidney trouble after years of suffering. I am now sixty-eight years of age and very grateful for what Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have done for me and for the remarkable cure of my husband by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

We have been told by a resident of Consecon that these are the most remarkable cures that have been brought about in that vicinity for many years, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawson are most enthusiastic over the remarkable results they have obtained by the use of Dr. Chase's medicines.

Endorsed by Justice of the Peace.

MR. P. O. BEECH, Justice of the Peace and ex-Warden of Prince Edward County, Consecon, Ont., certifies:—"Mr. Geo. W. Lawson is a well-to-do farmer, well-known and influential in this and adjoining counties. Both he and Mrs. Lawson are members of the Methodist Church here. I have read over their statements of cures by the use of Dr. Chase's medicines and believe them to be truthful and correct."

We have on file in these offices thousands of such letters as these from sincere, grateful people, who feel that they owe health and happiness and in many cases life itself to the use of Dr. Chase's medicines.

This is the evidence we offer you, and we believe there can be no stronger proof of the exceptional merit of these great discoveries of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous Receipt Book author.

These medicines are for sale by all dealers, and will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, 25 cents a box, 5 boxes for \$1.00.

\$1,000 Will be donated to charity if the above testimonials are not genuine and correct and on file in these offices.

RUSSIA'S DECREE

In far-off Russia there are most stringent laws as to the admission of proprietary medicines. The following extract from an official document will show how closely the public is guarded in the Czar's Empire.

"By decree of the Russian Government medical and health authorities, after subjecting

VIN MARIANI

to most rigorous tests and analysis, the medical council made a special decision, thoroughly approved of same and authorized its entry into Russia.

VIN MARIANI

The Crimson Slipper.

BY DORA LANGLOIS,

Author of "A Bolt From the Blue," "That Red-Headed Woman," "The Kiss of Judas," "The Secretary's Daughter," "Victoria's Dream," &c.

(Continued.)
"Twenty," said the bidder opposite me, his calm, even voice like the ticking of a clock, the pendulum of which might swing indefinitely.

"Twenty-five!" I cried, my blood up, and a dogged determination on me to have the article, if it cost a hundred pounds. "Twenty-five?" No advance on twenty-five? Come, gentlemen, it's ridiculous price!" cried the auctioneer (and he was quite right, it was ridiculous, though not in his sense). "Going at twenty-five! Going—going—!" Click went the hammer, and the desk was mine.

The other man cast one steady look at me, and backed into the crowd. I settled my business with the clerk, and then hurried off to look for a porter to convey the desk to Elsie's room. I had, however, only just got to the outer edge of the semi-circle of onlookers when I almost cannoned against the young fellow with the eye-glass who had run the bidding up. "Done by Jove!" he exclaimed. "Ah! Mr. Duncan, did you get it, or the other man?"

"I got it," I replied, modestly, recognizing him now as a man I had met at the castle, whose name I had forgotten, and feeling only anxious to make my escape.

"How much may I ask?" he demanded. "Twenty-five pounds," I answered, hurriedly. "Excuse me, I—"

"Fellow! Do you think it's worth it?" he interrupted, intercepting me. "I don't; though I tell you candidly it shouldn't have gone at a hundred if I had had fuller instructions. But it's Mrs. Montgomery's own fault, of course. I say, as there's a lady in the case, perhaps you wouldn't mind—"

"I can't," I protested. "I'm in the same position as you myself. I have bought it for another."

"Oh!" he stammered. "Who on earth—?" but I pretended not to hear him and hurriedly got away.

"So," I said to myself as I mingled in the crowd, "Mrs. Montgomery was prepared to give one hundred pounds for the desk! I wonder if she would have given that price if she had known that a lawyer had spent a couple of hours at it with a foot-rule? It's mine now, however, and I wouldn't let her have it for a thousand pounds."

I had reached the main entrance by this time and finding a porter quickly arranged with him for the removal of Lot 175. As the man touched his cap and moved off I caught sight of the individual who had bid twenty pounds for the desk talking earnestly to the very fellow to whom Minton had shewn my survey map only a few days before.

I thought nothing of the incident then, though I had cause to remember it later; my only object at the moment was to get back home, for the weather, cloudy all day, was now very threatening. My haste, however, was useless, for I had hardly

got on to the moor, by the back way from the house, when a torrent of rain came down that threatened to drench me to the skin in no time. The nearest shelter was a little drover's house of call in the opposite direction, and turning round on my tracks I made for it full pelt.

I had not been in the house many minutes when from the window I saw five men racing towards the inn. They were all in tweeds and stockings, but there was something about them that made me fancy they were military men. They crowded into a room across the passage, and I thought no more of them till one, the oldest of the party, sauntered into the tap-room, and took a look round him. He sauntered out again almost immediately, and going a moment or two later to the door I saw him in earnest confabulation with his party.

A little later on a manservant with a neat conveyance arrived bringing with him a bundle of mackintoshes; the four younger men crowded into the wagonette and drove off, leaving the older man behind.

The rain-storm lasted longer than its fierceness had at first seemed probable, but I cannot pretend that it was the prospect of a wet skin that kept me so long in that comfortable little inn-parlour. The truth is that all the customers were full up of recent local events, and one of the bar or housemaids said something to one of them that seemed to imply that Miss Denzell had left the Barrows, and that she knew where she was lodging at that moment. As the place gradually emptied, after the first rush of persons anxious to escape the shower, this girl disappeared, and so I was kept hanging on in the hope of getting a word with her long after I should otherwise have departed.

It was past eight o'clock, and the driving rain had given place to a steady soft drizzle, when I decided to give it up, so purchasing the very last of the landlord's threepenny cigars (his choicest brand) I set out, noticing accidentally as I passed the door of the opposite parlour that the military man who had been left behind by his friends was still there, pulling at the landlord's penultimate cigar, and looking excessively bored.

It ceased to rain when I got a little way from the inn, though the clouds were thick and it was very dark on the moor road for the time of year. Presently I remembered the cigar I had bought and took it out, but it proved to be worse than any of its fellows which I had already sampled, and in trying to light it I used my last match. There had been footsteps close behind me on the sandy road a moment before, and in the hope of getting a light from the person behind, I stood still; as I paused, however, the footsteps ceased.

"Hang the fellow! I suppose he thinks I shall rob and murder him," I said to myself, irritably, and pitching the cigar away I tramped on.

A few minutes later I came to the cross-track leading to the Barrows past the copse where the crime was committed, and right in the middle of the path, standing like a sentinel, I saw a man in a drab mackintosh.

(To be Continued.)



Piles
To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured, 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Don't you find that lately the tea you have been using for so long a time is not quite as good as it was when you started to use it?
That is usually the way with any article.

VIM TEA

Won the confidence of Tea drinkers by KEEPING THE QUALITY UP TO ITS HIGH STANDARD, and will continue to do so.
When VIM TEA quality drops, stop buying VIM TEA.

BULK AND LEAD PACKETS.

ren. It is also a satire on modern playmaking. Ellen Terry appeared in the title role, which is peculiarly suited to her. She played with all the force and charm of 20 years ago. Irene Vanbrugh, as her daughter, was no less successful.

The report of Barrie's London success will probably be more than welcome to his Canadian admirers of whom he has many. It would also appear that the famous Ellen Terry has lost none of her charm—another cause for gratification.

Robert Lorraine has been engaged by Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske to play the title role in "The Proud Laird", a comedy, by Mr. Charles Cartwright and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, which will be given its premiere in the Manhattan Theatre April 24.

MUNDAY KNIGHT.

A patient broke away from the Provincial Hospital last evening but Policemen Lee and Gosline secured the unfortunate in King street, Carleton and put him in the city hall lockup. He had taken the sash out of a window at the institution, hid it under a bed and then left.

HOTELS.

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