

songs, plenty of excellent dancing, many jokes, and much funny business. Needless to say, the piece was played to crowded houses. The popular favorites in the company were Marie Studholme as Daisy, Fred Wright as Cripps (whose fantastic dancing was a marked success), and Lawrence D'Orsay as the imperturbable English nobleman. The clever dancing of the Sisters Nixon, however, should not be overlooked.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" is one of the best new plays of the season, and the best that Mr. Sothern has appeared in for several years. The play—which follows the story pretty closely—is surcharged with dramatic interest, and gave Mr. Sothern an opportunity to present a characterization of genuine dramatic worth. Respecting the play, exception may be taken to the length of the prologue, but this is a minor detail, and the large audiences that attended each performance left no doubt as to the popularity of the piece. Mr. Sothern's impersonation was a very clever one, and the closing of the third act gave him an opportunity of showing a capacity for strong acting which people accustomed to see Sothern in lighter roles had no idea that he possessed. The play was magnificently mounted.

On the opening night of "The Chieftain" the Grand Opera House was crowded, as was to be expected on the announcement of a new comic operetta by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Frank Burnand. As a matter of fact, much of the music was written by Sullivan some twenty or twenty five years ago, the libretto by Burnand being all that is new. However, the result is an effective production, which—placed on the stage as Francis Wilson does everything he handles—has met with well-deserved success wherever given. Mr. Wilson, as Griggs, was, of course, very funny, though the part is not such an one as specially suits him. There are some good songs—the "Patter Song," "From Rock to Rock," and "Ah, oui, j'étais pensionnaire," being the most noticeable. Among the ladies of the company Miss Lillian Carlsmith and Miss Lulu Glaser won the honor of several enthusiastic recalls. While "The Chieftain" lacks the "go" we are accustomed to in the up-to-date comic opera of to-day, the piece is lively and well worth seeing, though not containing probably any elements of a lasting popularity.

Miss Della Fox came here with an inferior opera ("Fleur-de-Lis"), and with an inferior company, though one perhaps good enough for the play; the only notable artist with her being M. d'Angelis, the comedian, who had a second-rate part and made something out of it. Miss Della Fox a few years ago gained some reputation with her "Babbling Brook" song in "Wang," but listening to her lately, I was forced to the conclusion that any capacity as an operatic singer she ever possessed she has somehow quite succeeded in getting rid of. Her business here was small, and her audiences unresponsive.

Of "Superba" little need be said. The piece has endured some four or five years, and presumably must (or ought to) have something in it. Of course, it is bright and light, with elaborate scenery; it is a sort of up-to-date pantomime—a curious compound of short skirts, old jokes, colored fire, and electric light; and proves how easily the public can be pleased if the stage carpenter knows his business and the playwright will only be frivolous enough.

The entertainments at the Toronto Opera House for several weeks have been noticeable chiefly for their monotonous similarity and general meagreness in any particular kind of attractiveness. A piccaninny band and a plantation dance

may b
if in fu
The
is a m
patron
kind, a
quite a
period
get, or
thing is
The
play a

Musi
He pla
togethe
to the a
entire e
exquisite
tuous ap
Over
I should
the Mass
Show un
sang mu
a sick be
exploited
The Ir
week, as
attenda
America
was prob

This no
the Teuto
ship's dec
complime
of various
announced
to sojour
the subject
backed o
handkerch
Musicians
fund. TH
liam Mos
recent tou