

## Music and the Drama.

### Christmas at the Theatre.

Once upon a time Christmas-tide at Toronto theatres meant a time of gaiety and jollity, of laughter, of music, singing and dancing, which was looked forward to with delight by the youngsters, whose tastes were then specially catered to, and with interest by those who were not too old to remember that they were once young themselves. Then the managers spent their last cent in getting up gorgeous spectacles and pantomimes, and, regardless of cost, imported their clowns and pataoons, their harlequins and columbines, who were to make things lively for the little ones. Who does not remember the glories of "Humpty Dumpty," as produced on the stage of the old Lyceum by the Tamehills; of "Sinbad the Sailor" and the "Twelve Temptations" as produced at the Royal by the Holmans; of "The Midsummer Night's Dream" as produced by Mrs. Morrison at the Grand? Managers in those days were not afraid to spend their last cent on a pantomime or spectacle which would not only repay them four fold, but carry them well over to another season. It may not have been a very high order of entertainment—it was specially intended, as we have said, for the children—but it was suitable for holiday times, and in keeping with the old traditions of Christmas tide and Boxing day.

We have changed all that now. Our managers go to work now on the supposition that "anything is good enough for holiday time," and each recurring Christmas secure for our delectation a third or fourth rate actor or actress, who can begot cheap, and who will rant or ramble through some slipshod piece of patchwork called by courtesy "a play." Instead of amusing our children by a good, wholesome, hearty laugh at the antics of the clown and pataoon, our children are now expected to weep while a third-rate actress worries through that most miserable abomination of an "emotional drama" entitled "East Lynne." Who cares to listen to the maudlin moralising, the sickly sentimentality of a woman who has nobody but herself to blame for all her trouble? Why should she intrude at a time when all is happiness and joy, and peace and good will?

We would like to see a change. Anything is not good enough for holiday time. Christmas tide at the theatre is the children's special season. Let us go back to the glories of the pantomime or spectacle, with its wonderful mechanical and scenic effects, its handsome costumes, its gorgeous transformation scene, and its hilarious fun. There is a fortune in store for you, Mr. Manager Sheppard, or whoever will first seize the opportunity. Don't be afraid to spend your money; it will come back to you doubly. One week of pantomime or spectacle at Christmas time, properly mounted and produced (that is a sine qua non) will prove more remunerative, notwithstanding its expense, than three weeks of woful emotional insanity.

Miss Ada Gray is an actress of some ability, who has attained a certain popularity, and has done considerable "starving" in "East Lynne." Both the actress and the play are too well-known to need much notice at our hands. The play is of

a highly emotional character, and is warranted to produce more tears to the square inch than anything before the public. The impersonation of the heroine by Miss Ada Gray is not, on the whole, a satisfactory one. In the more emotional scenes of the latter acts she is fairly good as *Madame Vinc*, but in the earlier scenes she by no means fills the bill. Her *Lady Isabel* is, in fact, a coarse and vulgar conception of the high-bred, well born, refined aristocratic, such as *Lady Isabel* is supposed to be. She is supported by a fairly good company.

Undoubtedly the greatest musical event of the season will be the coming concert by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. The subscription list, a most satisfactory one—has now closed, and there is no doubt that the house will be a very large one. The programme will include among other standard orchestral works, Beethoven's "Fourth Symphony" and Wagner's "Ride of the Walkuries."

It is more than probable—if a sufficiently satisfactory subscription list can be obtained—that the Hungarian Band of Gypsies will appear here for one concert toward the close of the coming month. They have created quite a *furore* wherever they appeared, and their entertainment is a novel and highly interesting one.

Augustin Daly's brilliant success "7-20-8"—one of the most amusing of recent comedies—will form the New Year attraction at the Grand, being presented by the Rehan Comedy Company from Daly's theatre.

### Valuable to Tea Drinkers.

It is well known that the green tea affects the nerves much more than the black tea, which is believed to arise from the different mode of preparation. For making green tea the leaves are put over the fire and partially dried directly they are picked, but with black tea the leaves are put into a basket and exposed to the influence of the atmosphere for twenty or thirty hours, during which time a slight fermentation takes place, and the color of the leaf changes from a green to a brown or chocolate hue (this is easily seen by the infusion of the dried leaf of black and green tea; the leaf after infusion will show the different colors named); they are then put over the fire and finished. In this country about 215,000,000 pounds are delivered yearly, of which about 40,000,000 are exported, but the proportions are about 207,000,000 of black and 7,000,000 of green, Oolong and Japan. While in America the black tea imported is about 5,250,000, the green tea (including Oolong and uncolored Japan tea, which possesses nearly the same properties as green) amount to 55,000,000. Would not this excessive use of green account for the opinion of the American doctors as to the effect of tea on the nervous system? I doubt very much if a pound of black tea, boiled down in the same way as the young hyson mentioned, would poison either rabbits or cats with the same dose. There is no doubt the fermentation of the leaves of black tea reduces the amount of the active principle "theine" that you find in green.

Another thing: in preparing tea for the table, boiling water is put on the leaf and an infusion made which is at once partaken of. But who would ever think of boiling tea to drink? By so doing you extract from the stalk and woody fibre of the leaf an acid decoction that no one would find pleasure in taking, and from which woody part would be most likely extracted the poisonous quality mentioned. In tea-drinking European countries, as Germany, Russia, etc., scarcely any green is used, and doubtless the great increase in the consumption in this country arises from the almost universal use of black tea, green being only used in mixing with it to impart a flavor, and while of late years the consumption of black tea has largely increased, that of green has remained stationary, which clearly shows that the taste in this country is entirely different from that of America. May we long continue in this country to enjoy "the cup which cheers but not inebriates."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The die is cast and I am dead," says the defeated candidate.

### Holiday Pastimes

At this festive time, when all, we hope, are enjoying themselves, some moments, brief and transient, are given up to sports and pastimes of all kinds. Parlor Games, Tricks, and Puzzles, all are pressed into service, and for those who take an interest in such matters, we subjoin a few original enigmas and charades, whose solutions may help to pass away a few idle moments. Those who desire, can send their answers to the editor. The correct answers will appear in our issue of January 12, 1884.

### ENIGMAS.

#### No. 1.

I dwell in the earth and inhabit the air. I attend at the birth of man, but forsake him through life and in death, although I help to carry his bier. I am a person of literary tastes, and patronise the Arts, but am not "up" in Science. In politics, were I left alone, I should be independent, but as it is, I am claimed, as occasion may require, by Conservatives, Liberals and Radicals. I always, however, support the Government, and never by any chance go into opposition. In religion I am a sectarian, and am claimed with equal rights by Protestants and Romanists. I belong, however, to Christians of every denomination. I am well-known to every soldier and sailor in the service, and am personally acquainted with the general and admiral, though I never was in a battle or on board a ship. I have never been in love, although claimed by all the girls; and without my aid you cannot get married. I am industrious, but by no means quiet or studious, being generally found in every disturbance, and the leader of every riot and rebellion; but I am neither a Nihilist nor Fenian. I am fond of children, but disown babies; and although closely connected with your father and mother, am in no way related to your husband or wife. I am a great friend, to old bachelors, but have nothing to say to old maids. I am a true and trusty friend and may be depended upon in poverty or prosperity; and though from the above description you may be inclined to doubt me, I can safely affirm that I never was found out in a lie, or caught telling a tale. In conclusion I may say that you may possibly find me out, although I am not, after all, in existence—a statement quite in keeping with my paradoxical nature.

#### No. 2.

The winds are hushed, and all around is still;  
The sun has sunk to rest behind the hill;  
Calmly and soft the silent eve creeps on  
By slow degrees, till daylight all is gone;  
And Cynthia, over all the arkening night  
Has flung the mantle of her silvery light.

Beneath the friendly shade of yonder tree  
What glorious female form is this I see?  
Of beauty rare, upon her sweet young face  
Love sits enthroned, with every youthful grace.

Upon her neck—all open to the view—  
Her silken hair, of brightest golden hue  
Falls gracefully around, and vainly tries,  
(As calm and still, like one asleep she lies  
In all the glory of her youthful pride),  
To shade the beauties that it cannot hide.

What lovely form is this—what beauty rare?  
Who is this radiant being I see there?

### CHARADES.

#### No. 1.

In vain you may the world search through,  
My first will never be found by you,  
For it is not, as you will find,  
If you seek it feel inclined.

But stay—if you have got my second,  
I may "without my bow" have reckoned,  
And perhaps 'twould be my whole to say  
You will not find me out to-day.

But should you find me out, you'll say  
I do not half your pains repay,  
As I have ever sily been,  
And ever will be, too, I ween.

And when I'm found—if found I be—  
What nonsense I am their you'll see,  
And in a vex you'll cry "Such stuff  
About it all he's writ enough!"

#### No. 2.

My first appears, but is not, real,  
Pretends to be, but is not true;  
Deceives us oft, and makes us feel,  
When 'tis discovered, very "blue."

My second, firm and strong doth stand  
As it hath stood for ages past,  
'Tis found in every earthly land,  
And long as Time itself shall last.

My whole is but a simple grass,  
A modest, shrieking little flower,  
And though 'tis found where'er we pass  
'Twould not disgrace a lady's bower.

But I will say no more, for fear  
That I the flower's name should tell.  
For sure I am that 'tis most dear  
To many hearts that love it well.

EDWARD J. WHITE.

### Had a Choice.

He was a Nevada millionaire, and he had been in a deep puzzle for ten minutes, when he suddenly rang the bell for his butler.

"James, I am about to give a grand party."

"Yes, sir—yes, sir."

"I shall invite 4,000 people."

"Yes, sir—yes, sir."

"I want the party written up to the extent of two columns in the papers here."

"Certainly, sir."

"You go out and ascertain what it will cost me."

"Yes, sir."

At the end of an hour James returns to report.

"Which did you want, sir—to buy the editor for \$50 or the two column space for \$75? And, sir, the price for not pitching into you and calling the whole thing a shoddy little fizzle will be \$250.—*Wall Street News*.

### "Fireside Fancies."

She pensive stands beside the fire,  
With no one near her to admire  
Her dress, and fan, and bangles;  
Yet there's a face made hearts to break,  
And perfect arm and elbow make—  
The prettiest of angles.

She thinks no doubt that Christmas joys  
Are very well for girls and boys,  
In village or in city;  
But she has grown since girlhood's time,  
Two days when e'en a Pantomime  
Seemed really to be witty.

Yet still methinks the season brings  
A host of very pleasant things,  
In fair concatenation;  
Some fly across the leafy stream,  
And some their dearest duty deem  
The church's decoration.

And Christmas brings the thought of those  
Who left us in the time of snows,  
So saddened and weary-hearted;  
Shall we within the embers red,  
Once more the faces of the dead,  
The ghosts of days departed.

A footstep! Though the tear-drops dim  
Her eyes, she'll have a smile for him,  
And keep a score of dances;  
And so we'll leave her—since we know  
Two people find a third de trop—  
To all her fireside fancies.

"No," said the Term Haute policeman, "there's no use of my trying to get a girl to look at me to-day. There's a big funeral, and when Jim Tidd drives the hearse, and the girls see him, he'll just set 'em crazy, he'll look so proud and handsome and have such an air of importance, and they won't be willing to give a thought to any other man."

### CHRISTMAS GOODS!

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" Kid Gloves and Mitts.  
" Wool Cuffs and Mitts  
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" Linen H'dkfs in fancy boxes,  
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