

Music and the Stage.

Coquelin's appearance at the Toronto Opera House, last week, was greatly appreciated, and the papers abound with praise of the great French actor.

Miss Julia Marlowe, a charming young actress, with considerable talent, who is a native of Cincinnati, was very successful in Toronto, and made a hit at the Grand Opera House.

"The Boy Tramp," produced by the company of Augustin de Neuville and which has since come to Montreal, met with great success at the Hamilton Grand Opera House last week.

A Montreal gentleman has written a dramatic sketch for the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club, to be produced by them at their entertainment for the benefit of the St. Margaret's Nursery debt.

An excellent programme is being prepared for the annual concert for the benefit of the Nazareth Institution for the Blind, which will take place at the Queen's Hall, on the 24th of next month.

Mr. Roberts, the well-known elocutionist, assisted by Mlle Adele Strauss, and Madame Auber-Lucas, gave two of his excellent recitals in the Association Hall, Toronto, on the 19th and 21st.

Mme Waters' concert, at the Queen's Hall, on Thursday of last week, was a great success, and the talented pupils of this most popular teacher very creditably acquitted themselves of the various parts allotted to them in the entertainment.

Young Mr. Gould emphatically denies that he has any intention of succeeding his father as organist of St. Andrew's Church, and the latter gentleman will preside at the instrument, with which he has so long and honourably been connected, till May 1st.

Mlle Tessier, the brilliant blind songstress, who will shortly commence her studies in the States, will have a benefit at the Queen's Hall, under especial patronage of Mme Albani on the first of April, in which several prominent American and Canadian artists will participate.

Quebec will have a first-class amateur dramatic entertainment, this month, at the Opera House, under the patronage of some well-known society leaders. Amongst others, a charming comedieta will be produced, which was written by Madame Dandurand, the clever wife of the popular Judge.

A very interesting recital was given on Wednesday evening at Pratte's Piano Rooms, by Miss Sym, the talented young pianiste who studied for several years in Europe under the best professors. She was ably assisted by Miss Boucher, violiniste, and Mr. Beique, the organist, lately from the Liege Conservatory of Music.

A thing which has not occurred for years happened Monday of last week, the Theatre Royal being without an attraction. The "Main Line" company missed its connections, but when it did appear on Tuesday, the patrons of the popular place of amusement felt well repaid for their former loss. It is an interesting play, produced in good style, and is superseded this week by the "Boy Tramp."

The dramatized version of "She" has been delighting Toronto audiences last week, who seemed to find the play, which really consists of a series of tableaux, far more palatable and easier to comprehend than the novel of that name. "Queen's Evidence," one of the best plays which R. H. Jacobs has introduced to the Canadian public this season, has drawn crowded houses at the Opera, and was succeeded on St. Patrick's Day by "Beacon Lights."

The untimely end of Jules Xhrouet, has taken from the musical world a clarionetist of wonderful promise and a young talented man, who, during the short time he spent amongst us, had made a host of friends by his kind, unassuming personality. It is stated that a concert will shortly be given for the purpose of providing the necessary travelling expenses, to allow his young wife and child to return to their native land. All those that knew the young and unfortunate musician will certainly do their utmost to make it as great a financial success as possible.

St. Patrick's Day has shown the large amount of musical and dramatic talent possessed by the younger Irish element in Montreal; the entertainments of St. Ann's Young Men's Society and the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association having been especially successful. The latter organization possesses at least three capital male actors, and has made the public acquainted with two charming and clever lady amateurs, Miss Lynam and Miss Foley, hitherto unknown. The first named, it is understood, intends to relinquish her rather short career on the amateur stage, and the latter, with a little less self-consciousness and a little more careful use of her voice, would be a credit to many a professional company.

Credit must be given to Mr. Thomas, of the Academy of Music, for bringing to the city, this season, some of the best attractions that grace the boards of American theatres, and "Herminie" is one of them. It is a good play, with just enough of the now-so-prevalent military flavour, to please the average modern audience, and presented by a company

that must have been carefully selected by the two stars, whose reputations, both here and in England, has long since been made. Its popularity was proven by the large audiences which nightly attended its production, and the ill-omened drop curtain was not only a great novelty, but a pleasing improvement on the old method of entertaining audiences between the acts.

CARLOS.

CHINESE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In an alley running off Cormorant street, above Government street, Victoria, B.C., is located the Chinese Theatre, in which young Mongolian swells, for an admission fee of 25 cents, while away their evenings. The buildings is large and comprises a pit and gallery for seating purposes. The stage is of the regulation Chinese sort—a simple platform without flies or scenery or drop curtain, hung with Chinese decorations. Dimly lighted with gas, a fair view of the stage and dusky Thespians is to be had through clouds of cigarette smoke. The orchestra seated on the stage behind the performers, comprises the sam yin, tom tom and the plain, common, barnyard gong. With these the orchestra is able to delineate in sound anything from a battle royal of Kilkenny cats to a runaway fire engine or boiler explosion. The fiercest criticism is invited from the press by the leader, who is partial to gong music and is said to be an admirer of Wagner. The play at present being produced is something of a comic opera. It deals with the love of a young couple. A matron figures in it; so does another woman's husband. It is of the spicey order and would do credit to Sardou. The leading lady is a Celestial gem, and her feet, the crown of the charm of a Chinese lady, are fit for an infant's shoes. Altogether there are six performers, three of each sex. The heavy villain is also said to be a juggler who can balance a barrel on his nose or make a guinea pig disappear in his hat. Every move of the performers is graceful, and, in delicate love scenes, the poetry of motion. Each performance is one indivisible chunk devoid of intermission, and if any one in the audience wishes to go out and "see a man" he will have to depend on the good nature of his neighbour to tell him when he gets back what has occurred in the interim. The play ends at midnight, and as there is a large clock over the stage the audience can see that it is not cheated out of a minute. The best of order prevails and the plot of the comedy is talked of in opium dens and hotly discussed over smoking rice and wine—"of-a-thousand-flowers."

SPORTING NEWS.

Mr. W. H. Cottingham, agent for several Ontario canoe builders, has offered the Montreal Canoe Club a No. 5 English canoe, to be competed for on 24th May next, in a green race, by members of this club who are not canoe owners.

Darby, the champion jumper of England, is coming to America. On his arrival he will meet any man in the world in a contest at one single jump, two hops and one jump, a hop, step and jump, or three single jumps, for \$1,000 or \$2,500 a side.

The competition by points for the Thistle Curling Club's medal, took place on Saturday, 16th inst., and Rev. James Barclay will hold the coveted trophy for the next twelve months. He won the competition with a score of 19 points, Geo. W. Cameron being second with 18.

There is a plan on foot to introduce fox-hunting in Michigan. While the New Yorkers are beginning the anise bag, the Michigan sportsman will be chasing the real fox. It will be real. The island of Mackinac is to be turned from time to time into a great hunting ground, and a fine string of horses will be kept there for hunting purposes.

The time made by Gordon in the recent five-mile skating race in Montreal was doubted by the *Mail's* correspondent. By way of finding out how correct the correspondent's views are, Gordon says he is willing to undertake to beat the time recorded, then (17.41½), if the *Mail* or its Montreal representative will put a medal up for that purpose.

T. and J. Spencer, of Sydney, Searle's backers, say in a letter to a London friend: "Beach is completely done now, and it is wonderful how he beat Hanlan. We offered to back Matterson against him for £500 or £1,000 a side, but they would not accept. Searle is the best sculler we have ever seen. He is almost certain before long to pay you a visit, when you will be able to judge for yourself on the Thames."

HUMOURS.

Some of the most penurious men in Albany came down handsomely Sunday and Monday on the icy pavements.

The man who hums softly to himself while he is at work may show that he has a cheerful disposition, but he is not a comfort to his neighbours.

Dyspeptic Traveller (surveying the menu card): "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove!" Waiter (promptly): "Pigeon pot-pie for one."

A recent visitor says the King of Samoa wears scarcely anything but chin whiskers and a string of beads. We believe, however, he also wears a look of apprehension, just now.

A Man of Resources.—Tommy Traddles (threateningly): "I'll tell my father on you. Willie Waffles: What do I care for your father? He can't hurt me. Tommy Traddles: Can't he? Can't he? My father is a doctor."

His voice had such go in it.—Mabel (sotto voce): "What do you think of his voice, dear?" Mary: "Oh, it's just what we wanted. The very thing to make our party go." (Which the party immediately did.)

Mrs. Muddlemeanings thought at one time of putting herself forward as a county council candidate, and "placing her talons at the service of her county." She thought better of it, however, and, doubtless, her county will agree with her.

His intentions were good.—"Your husband is dead, I believe, Mrs. Jimson?" "Yes; poor man, he perished of cold on the prairie, last winter." "Sad, very sad, Mrs. Jimson; but you have the sweet consolation of knowing that he is now where cold is never known."

A correspondent who read that "that that that that that" that was printed in an exchange recently, says he can go the author of it one better in the following sentence:—The teacher said that that that that that that that was left out preceded should have been left out as well.

They were standing in the Providence depot as the cars moved slowly out, when a distracted man rushed through the station, fell over his valise, and unloaded considerable profanity into space. "Who is that man who is swearing so?" asked Spicer's friend, and the other responded "He's Mr. Train."

Beats the Nickel in the Slot Machine: Tourist (to stage driver in the Yellowstone region): Are there any wonderful curiosities to be seen in this region, driver? Driver: Wonderful curiosities? Well, I should say there were! Why, you drop a rock down that gorge, come back in three days and you can hear the echo.

For the present season's mildness
And its genial lack of wildness

We will have to pay when comes the summer's dawn,
For the iceman's lofty prices
Will be apt to cause a crisis

In our home affairs as sure as we are born.—*N. Y. Paper.*

Overheard in the Billiard-room at the Grand.—Dude: "Yes, I think I can say, without any fear of contumacious, that my sistaw is the most beautiful girl in Bwighton. She takes after my mother, you know, who was quite a beauty in her time." Stranger (examining dude very attentively): "Dear me! Then I presume you take after your father."

An unsuccessful eavesdropper.—First boy: I hid under the sofa the other evening to listen to what young Smith would say to my sister. Second boy: What did he say? First boy: He only talked about religion and kicked me about twenty times on the head. Second boy: He knew you were there, I guess. First boy: I'm afraid he suspected it.

You remember Kanapolis! That town which had its picture printed in so many Eastern papers two years ago? It was to be the capital of the United States, of Kansas, and the "federation of the world" when the poet's prophecy should have been fulfilled. It was in the exact centre of its encircling horizon and destined to be in a few years the commercial centre of the west. Well, Kanapolis is going to bore for salt.

Dr. Mary Walker is masculine in her garb, but she cannot stand tobacco smoke. She went up to the Capitol in Washington a few days ago to attend a meeting of the House Committee on District of Columbia affairs. When she entered the room the air was blue with the incense of cigars. Mary was incensed at once, and, covering her nose with her hands, rushed from the apartment. She has tried very conscientiously to like the odor of tobacco, but while her spirit is willing her flesh is weak.

A SAVORY DISH.

Talk o' turkey, breast so white,
Goose baked brown an' sarved up rite;
Smokehouse ham, an' likes o' that,
Streak o' lean an' streak o' fat;
Juicy backbone, steak on toas',
Mutton chops—which sum' likes mos'—
Sakes? they ain't a simmon blossom
To a good old Georgy possum!