

AMUSEMENTS

General Gossip

Another of the W. J. Locke novels has been dramatized. This time it is "Septimus," and the dramatization has been arranged by Philip Littell. Harrison Grey Fiske has secured the American right to the play and in it he will present George Arliss at the beginning of next season. Prior to the Arliss production Guy Bates Post will be given a stellar send-off by Mr. Fiske in a new play by Rupert Hughes, entitled "The Bridge." The piece had a preliminary tryout in May.

Never again will Phoebe Davis, impersonating the tired and trusting Anna Moore in "Way Down East," appear in the Bartlett doorway and beg for "something to do." Neither will she have to stay at home night after night alone with Hi Holler while all the others go off to the choir social. And better still, she will not have to face a blinding snow storm and a cruel world eight or nine times a week. And why not, pray? Because she is to have a new play next season, one by W. J. Hurlbut, who did "The Writing on the Wall." It is said that after the last performance Miss Davis dropped her old role with a sigh of relief.

Ida St. Leon, a 71-year-old equestrienne who is a circus girl born and bred, but never had acted on the stage in her life, has been chosen by Frederick Thompson to succeed Mabel Taliaferro at the head of the original cast of "Polly of the Circus." The little bareback rider has been performing feats at Luna Park for the last two years. She is rehearsing her role in the Margaret Mayo play in the morning, meantime keeping up her afternoon and evening appearances at Coney Island.

"The King of Caledonia" is not to Sam Bernard's liking. The Shuberts sent the comedian to London to see the production running at the Prince of Wales theatre, but he returns and reports that it is not for him. His complaint is that "the love part dominates too strongly and the comedy work is shoved too far into the background." As a consequence Bernard is seeking a more congenial role for next season.

Helen Redmond, a prima donna of statuesque appearance who sang Dolores when "Florodora" was new, has been engaged by Joe Weber for the part of Sonia in his burlesque of "The Merry Widow" and "The Girl of the Year." She will appear in the part to be taken out again next season. Miss Redmond first came into prominence in "The Wizard of the Nile," and afterward supported Frank Danell's in others of his successes. Maternity claims have not interfered with her original sextette, and other "Florodora" celebrities, but even the charms of the gas-drop and the domestic fire side cannot resist the lure of the footlight indefinitely, and so the stately Helen will be with us once again in the fall.

That old circus catch "bigger and better ever" no longer holds good. Now it must be "biggest and best ever" judging from the display of advertisements of the different New York theatres. Apparently no self-respecting press representative dares ascribe to his particular attraction any degree of excellence less than the superlative. A glance at the different notices make it known that "Go to the Sun" is "the swiftest comedy in town"; that "The Motor Girl" is "the daintiest, funniest, most tuneful attraction that New York has known in years"; that "The Midnight Sons" is "the most gigantic indoor entertainment in the world"; that William Collier in "The Man from Mexico" is "the greatest of modern farces in the greatest of modern farces"; that the "Follies of 1909" is "the greatest play ever seen in New York"; that "E. Dodson in 'The House Next Door' is 'the world's greatest character actor in the cleverest comedy of the year,' and that Annette Kellerman has "the most beautiful figure in the world."

Maple Leaf Park

Madame Adgie and her lions have made such a hit at Maple Leaf Park this week that the management has decided to have the clever little lady and the animals stay over for another week. The lions are about as usual, very well trained, and the act is one of the most pleasing animal acts that Hamiltonians have had the opportunity of seeing. The big lion, Prince, weighs over half a ton, and is one of the largest in captivity. He becomes very angry at times, and his roars can be heard all over the park, but by some peculiar gift, or magnetism, as Adgie calls it, she has complete control over him and never has to use a whip or stick of any kind.

Adgie is a very interesting person to talk to and ladies and children will enjoy a conversation with her. She has travelled all over the world, and has been with all the leading circuses. She has a standing offer to go with Barnum & Bailey's big shows, but she prefers the more ample life on the vaudeville and park circuits. She loves her lions better than any man she has yet met, and for that reason she is not married. She has been an animal trainer since she was a child. After the matinee each day she will be at home to women and children. The park has been well patronized this week, and the management feels that Hamiltonians appreciate the effort to furnish high-class summer amusement. The attractions are all in first class order, and with the new power line connected there is plenty of light and power for all the attractions that can be put on the grounds. The management has some great attractions booked for the summer months, including a couple of good bands and something in the way of a treat will be given each week.

The by-election in St. John County, N. B., to choose a successor in the Legislature to Hon. H. A. McKewen, recently appointed Supreme Court Judge, is announced for July 20. Nomination day is July 13. Each party has a candidate in the field.

CHINESE THEATRE IN NEW YORK CITY.

A notable New York police case of the week now engaging the city's sleuths has again thrust into prominence New York's Chinatown, the most distinctive, if not the most interesting, of all the bizarre spots of the eastern metropolis. Governed by the slumming parties that have become popular for New Yorkers and visitors alike since New York's night-seeing auto came into service.

Aside from its joss house on Mott street and the palpably faked exhibitions of opium smoking that the quarter offers through the connivance of guides, whose assumption of the risk they take in showing you through the alleged prescribed opium bums is amusing to the informed, the really worth while feature of the slumming expedition is the visit to the Chinese opera house on Doyers street that the auto slumming itineraries include.

Privileged intimately to observe the minutiae of the Chinese theatre and to investigate the methods of playing, including the actors' manner of selecting plays and staging them, the man who wants to know how and why most things are done gets a good return for his enterprise and patience. And patience is a factor for the explorer, for the colony of actors, like most of the other Chinese street theatre, are secretive and suspicious. But that Wm. Rock of "The Candy Shop," the new musical gaiety now at the Studebaker, got carte blanche in a hunt for the ins and outs of the Chinese acting colony, through Chin Hong, the funny Chinese discovered at the theatre, and since added to the new Billingham gaiety, much here related might remain for a while unrevealed.

In contrast with the methods of American and English actors, much that the Chinese player does is "upside down," as Rock puts it. The visitor to the Doyers street theatre, who believes what his uninitiated guide tells him understands that single plays run sometimes a week and often a month. Only in isolated instances is this true. The rule is for a different play a night. The company presents about 150 different pieces a year, playing daily, including Sunday. After the repertoire is exhausted, it is begun all over again.

The law shuts the playhouse at 12, midnight. At whatever stage of the piece the actors have reached at this hour, the drama stops, whether finished or not. As a rule, however, the presentation is so timed that before the legal curfew rings the play is ended. Often, on rainy nights, half past 11, will see the play finished.

Mr. Rock justifies his "upside down" definition by pointing first to the orchestra, composed of a violinist, a minstrel manipulating a weird fiddle upside down, or "sello way," and a cymbalist, who beats his tom-toms with a backward stroke. The "footlights" instead of being in front of the stage, are headlights.

Any time you see a Chinese character adorned with a long chin beard, looking as most of these Chinese hirens facial adornments do, like the working end of a small calumnet brush, you're to understand that its wearer is a war general, an emperor, or other high dignitary. The uniformed, unbearded attendant who always accompanies the character wearing the chin beard is a low caste servant.

Like the actor of Shakespeare's days, the Chinese player is not respected by his own people. The Chinese actor is a clan because of this tact proscription. In his own country he is by law declared outcast. Officially, there, the actor's

blood is tainted. In far older times in China the offspring of players were prohibited from taking the literary examinations that are there the opening wedges to rank and power.

The Chinese actor studies without a manuscript. From childhood, any way from 10 years up, the spirit of the plays of the Chinese repertory, consisting of about 400 plays, is instilled in him by his parents or guardian. He is trained to be agile, and his voice particularly cultivated for the modulations necessary for stage expression. He is taught to be grotesque, to be graceful, to dance, to be a contortionist, and is made physically facile generally.

Long training has made him proficient in most of the plays of the race. It isn't on record that any new ones have been added during the last century. In the Doyers Street Theatre the actors each night after the play by vote elect the next day's stage manager, who, in turn, appoints the next day's play. The stage director, thus, may be a different one nightly for weeks. These changes, when mixing with their fellows not of the stage, on account of their lower caste, the Chinese actors live in their theatre, sleeping in bunks behind and beneath the stage, and eating in a refectory in the basement, where the orders prevailing in the auditorium arise.

If one of the players is unfamiliar with certain parts of his role—strict adherence to a prescribed text is never expected, the sense and spirit being the monitors of the actor—he applies to one of the other players. This is done, perhaps, at breakfast over the boiled rice, or during the day over a game of cards. The rehearsal is never formal. The highest paid of the Chinese New York players are the impersonators of women. Chinese women of station never attach themselves to the acting colony. Occasionally, middle class Chinese women consent to appear.

The players of Chinese feminine roles, while appreciated and applauded by Chinese audiences, are even more decried by their fellows of the working ranks—laundrymen, merchants, tradesmen—than are the other actors of the clan. The actors because of this lower station cannot appear among their own without changing demeaning, discrimination or insult. They avoid mixups as a rule, by keeping strictly to themselves in their theatre home and by going abroad but seldom.

The Chinese play begins at 7 o'clock. Drop into Doyers street playhouse at that hour and you'll find the auditorium empty, as a rule, but with a performance going on as if it were crowded. Sometimes, perhaps, between 7 and 8 o'clock, a single visitor will pass the door. But between 8 o'clock and 11:30 the New York Chinese or the visiting Celestials from other cities attend in crowds.

The preference for a late rather than an early visit is because the tariff for admission changes with the progress of the play. While the first 30 seats to get in at 7 will pay but, say, 35 at 8 and 25 at 9. As every Chinese because of the constant repetition of the same plays for years is familiar with the pieces, he cares little for contexts. Principally, he comes for the acting.

Like any other theatre system a player must become celebrated in San Francisco or up Vancouver way for his interpretation of a certain role, and the announcement on the terra cotta playbill posted on the wall outside the Doyers street theatre that the renowned western favorite is in town draws crowded audiences—after 10 o'clock. The average good salary of the actors in Chinatown is \$40 a week. For the last half dozen years, however, the theatre hasn't drawn enough money to pay its players their respective wages. The house, as a consequence, has been in a bad way. It has been run upon what our own players term a commonwealth plan—a sharing of the receipts in the several proportions determined by the known regular salary figures of the players.

It had several conversations with some delegates to the Presbyterian Assembly recently held in Hamilton, when I first arrived, and who were guests, and I can say that they fully coincided with my views, both as to the location of the hotel and its proprietor.

I regret, Mr. Editor, that my letter has grown so long, but as it is most unlikely that I'll ever trouble you again, and I feel so very grateful for much improvement in my health from breathing the cool bracing mountain air, whether in my bedroom or in the park with its abundance of shade trees and seats, and with the kindness of your widely circulated paper, not only to those who are in good health and need a change and good air.

A Clergyman.
(A guest for nearly four weeks.)
Mountain View Hotel, Hamilton, June 30, 1909.

Carrier Pigeons for Country Doctors. Provincial medical men have made and are making considerable use of pigeons in connection with their practice. They will take with them a basket of pigeons in their motor cars. After visiting the patients the necessary prescription is written out and forwarded home by pigeon post; the dispenser at once makes up the prescription and practically before the physician has finished his rounds and long before he has reached his home again the boy in button starts off to deliver the bottles of medicine in his bicycle car. In many provincial districts it is, of course, useless to write out prescriptions to be sent to the local chemist, for the nearest is often some miles away from Tit-Bits.

Mr. H. E. Sewell, town clerk of Cobalt, died suddenly at Temagami on Friday.

Mr. Walter Miller improved the appearance of his dwelling house by erecting a chimney which was blown down some months ago.

Mr. William Sarge has completed his large basement, and will erect a fine barn thereon in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. William Griffin visited friends at Beamsville on Saturday and Sunday last.

The soldiers returned home from Niagara Camp, complaining of having a hard time of it on account of the very hot weather.

Mr. Alfred Shrumm, salesman for the Bismark cheese factory, attended the Brantford cheese market on Friday.

Mr. Adam Beamer had a raising on Tuesday last, erecting a fine, large barn. William Griffin attended Dunnville market on Tuesday last.

Mr. B. and Mrs. Cosby called on friends at this place on Sunday afternoon last.



You Can't Eat the Box or the Signature—

but you can eat the contents of every package of Shredded Wheat with the satisfaction of knowing that it is the cleanest, purest, most nutritious cereal food in the world.

Shredded Wheat

is made in a two million dollar bakery—two million dollars spent for cleanliness, for purity, for sunshine—and the result is a cereal food that stands the test of time—a food for old and young, for any meal in any season—contains more real nutriment than meat or eggs, is more easily digested and costs much less. At your grocer's.

Shredded Wheat is made of the choicest selected white wheat, cleaned, steam-cooked and baked. Try it for breakfast to-morrow with milk or cream. The Biscuit is also delicious for any meal in combination with fresh or preserved fruits.

THE ONLY "BREAKFAST CEREAL" MADE IN BISCUIT FORM

Hannon

A strawberry festival and garden party in aid of St. George's Church, Hannon, will be held at the residence of Mr. Chas. Horning on Monday evening, July 5. A good programme is being arranged. The 44th Regiment Band, of Grimsby, will be in attendance.

Mrs. Edward Darnall and son, Roy, spent a few days visiting friends in Creomere this week.

Richard Davis, of Hamilton, spent Sunday in the village.

A new stone road is being built between the town line and Rymal Station, which is very much needed.

Sinclairville

A strawberry festival and garden party in aid of the Methodist Church grounds, Sinclairville, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid. An excellent programme is arranged for, consisting mostly of Toronto talent. Miss Jackson, soloist and elocutionist, and home talent.

Mrs. James Wilson and son Norman were on the sick list one day last week.

Mr. Wm. Beattie got an excellent flowing well on his Smea property, which is a great improvement.

Dr. Page made a flying visit to New York last week.

A fine new bridge is being erected at Sinclairville, which will be a credit to the community.

Attercliffe

About a baker's dozen from here took in the Niagara camp excursion on Friday.

Mr. Brown, of Brockville, is spending a few days with his brother, Mr. A. E. Burnett and family, here.

Mr. McChesny, of Moulton, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. L. Randall here.

Mr. Charles Ball fell from a load of hay last week and has had to lay up for repairs.

Miss Clara Horning, teacher, here, has left for home, near Hamilton, to spend the holidays with her parents.

A number of the sporting old boys took in the wild west show at Hamilton on Tuesday.

Merritt Settlement

Mrs. J. L. Bolen, of Chicago, has returned home, after spending a few weeks with her parents and relatives in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Tefft, of Winslow, visited her parents here last Sunday.

Mrs. D. Nelson visited relatives in Hamilton on Saturday last.

Miss Gertrude Tallman, of Beamsville, was the guest of Mrs. A. Lampan on a couple of days last week.

Mrs. C. McIntyre, of Glencoe, spent a few days with friends in this place this week.

There is to be a strawberry festival at Salem Church on Monday evening, the money to be applied in repairing the church chirds.

Winslow

Mr. Edwin Kithus raised his large barn on Saturday last.

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Binbrook

On June 21 the sad news reached here of the death of one who was formerly one of Binbrook's bright, intelligent young men, Mr. Cyrus Lowden, son of Mr. Eliph Lowden, who died at his home, Macleod, Alberta. After suffering for ten months, an operation was performed and death followed.

Mrs. Bliss has moved into Mr. I. Awey's house.

Alberton

Miss Susie Book spent Tuesday at C. A. Book's.

Henry and Mrs. Ferguson visited friends at Langford on Sunday.

Mr. Brown and wife were guests of Mrs. John Brown, Langford, on Sunday afternoon.

The Sunday School was well represented yesterday at Mohawk Park, where several of the neighboring schools picked up.

L. and Mrs. Johnson visited the late parents, near Jerseyville, last Sunday.

R. M. and Mrs. Bradshaw, Adam and Mrs. File were Sunday visitors at Ed. Curran's.

The raising of J. Vanderlip's barn was accomplished very quickly and successfully last Friday.

On Monday Mrs. John Baker celebrated the anniversary of her birth by entertaining her children and grandchildren.

J. and Mrs. Vanderlip were guests at J. Smith's, Jerseyville, recently.

J. and Mrs. Book spent Sunday guests of Mrs. C. A. Book.

Miss Mary Hamill has returned from an extended visit to Toronto.

Alex. Robertson has returned to his work at Balfour & Co., Hamilton, after spending a two weeks' vacation with his parents here.

S. W. Bradshaw, Toronto, spent a short time recently with relatives here.

Everybody Lucky.

(Spare Moments.)
An old farmer of the county of Durham called at a roadside public house where he was well known. The landlady asked him to buy a ticket for a lottery they had on there.

"Well," he said, "I have nought in my pocket, or I might."

"Oh, take a'reet, John," she says; "take the ticket, and pay for it any time."

Some time later John called again, and the landlady asked him if he knew who had won the lottery.

"No," he said. "Who won?"

"Well, I hardly durst tell you, but our Sam won. Wasn't he lucky?"

"Aye, sha was lucky," said John. "And who was second, then?"

"I durst hardly tell you. Who would I think now?" she said.

"I couldn't say," said John. "Well, it was our Sally. Wasn't she lucky?"

"Aye, sha was lucky," said John. "And who was third?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "you would never guess, and I might as well tell. I was third. Wasn't I lucky?"

"You were," he said. "Did I ever pay you for that ticket, Missus?"

"No, John, you didn't," she said, frowning upon him.

"Well," said John, "isn't I lucky?"

FOOLED THE DEVIL.

Kate, who had been taught that the devil tempts little girls to disobey, was left alone in a room for a time one day with the admonition not to touch a particularly delicious plate of fruit that stood on the table.

For a while she bravely withstood the temptation. Finally, however, her resolution wavered and she took a big red apple from the plate. She walked away with it, but before putting it to her lips her courage returned and she quickly replaced the apple on the plate, saying as she did so, "Ah! Mr. Devil, I fooled you, didn't I?"—The Housekeeper.

THE WINNER.

"The good old rule, as I surmise," Quoth canny Uncle Ben, "Not only to the horse applies, But equally to men."

"In picking out a horse or man To gamely pluck ahead, I don't know what may be your plan, Glume a thoroughbred."

FUN FOR TIMES READERS

MORE ZIGZAG.

Mr. Jagway—"Honest now, when you saw me last night, wasn't I making a bee line for home?"

His Candid Friend—"Making a B line? Worse than that, Jagway. You were making a W line."

O. LAND OF REST.
"How are you going to spend your vacation this summer?"

"I am going to devote it to reading President Elliot's five feet of books."

LEARNED IT BY EAR.
The dear little girl then arose, bowed, and recited in this manner:

"Lettuce Denby up N. Dewing, Widow Hartford N. E. Fate, Still H. E. Yung still per Sue Wing. Learn to label Auntie Wats."

Then with the tumultuous applause of the audience ringing in her ears, she sat down in happy confusion.

HARDSHIPS OF PLUTOCRACY.
His Pastor—"My dear sir, don't you think you ought to try to come more in contact with your fellow men?"

His answer—"My dear doctor, so many people touch me every day of my life that I have been compelled to employ a secretary at a good salary to act as a buffer."

TEMPERATURE.
Detective's Daughter—"Papa, when you put a man in the sweat box, is it the same as giving him a fever?"

Detective—"Mopping his forehead." "No, dear. One hundred and third degree."

WHY HE LED.
The angel was making up the list. "I never asked my fellow man if it was not enough for him," remarked Aben Adhem.

And lo, his name came in under the wire first—New York Sun.

REWARD.
The Patron—"Sir, I found about a pound of sand in that last dollar's worth of sugar you sold me."

The Grocer—"Well, you may keep it for your honesty."—Cleveland Leader.

JUSTICE FOR ALL.
"Your boarding house seems very popular."

"It is. The boarders have to use the bath room on a strict time table."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

NO LOAFING THERE.
"We are told, you know," said the trifter in love, "that the eyes are just the windows of the heart. Now, when I look into your eyes."

"I hope," interrupted the bright girl, "you notice the signs in the windows."

"Wah, signs!"

"No admittance except on business,"—Catholic Standard and Times.

TO AMUSE THE ANIMALS.
At a country fair out in Kansas a man went up to a tent where some elk were on exhibition, and stared wistfully up at the

"I'd like to go in there," he said to the keeper. "But I can't get in. I'm not a man, and I cannot afford to pay for my wife and seventeen children."

"Are all these your children?" he gasped.

"Every one," said the man.

"You wait a minute," said the keeper. "I'm going to bring the elk out and let them see you."

PROMISING YOUNG MAN.
"Yes," said Mrs. Lapeling, "my younger brother, Jerry, takes his degree this year. His graduation oration is on 'The Nebular Hypothesis.'"

HALF AND HALF.
Percy—"Ben attending a moral reform convention, have you? What were the exercises?"

Clarence—"About equally divided between golf and tennis."

SOMETHING DOING.
Stranger—"Is there any hope of catching the fellows who are doing all this dynamiting?"

Native—"Yes, sir; there is now. The plate glass insurance men are going to get busy."

SEEMED MOST FITTING.
Caller (with bill)—"What is the best time to home the man of the house for a little money?"

Domestic—"To bone him, is it? Well, sir, ye might try comin' some time in the shank of the evenin'."

THAT WAS ALL.

"What do you know of his reputation for truth and veracity?"

"Nothing—except that was—er—a witness in the Gould case."

YOU KNOW.
The wind had freshened and the little launch was pitching frightfully.

"Can you swim?" asked the passenger with the bronzed face.

"No," said the passenger who was beginning to feel qualms.

"That's a pity."

"Because this is one of those unsinkable boats, you know."

BROUGHT IT ON HIMSELF.
Jack Daw—"What is the reason why that little brother of yours doesn't seem to like me?"

Max Pye—"Well, he thinks a great deal of me, Mr. Daw, and he's beginning to suspect that—that you mean business."

A LA STANLEY.
Climbing out of his alrship, the explorer who had gone in search of the north pole approached the man who was already there.

"Commander Peary, I presume?" he said, raising his fur cap.

"Yes," answered the other explorer. "This, I presume, is Mr. Wellman."