

MUSIC AND THE STAGE

Mr. J. B. Polk gives, this week, at the Academy, an excellent representation of the main character in one of those American dramatic productions for which no adequate name can be found, and which is entitled the "Silent Partner." The audience is kept laughing the greater part of the performance, but notwithstanding the introduction of a genuine phonograph, go home with the feeling that they have wasted their time.

"In the Ranks," well played and suitably staged, is drawing crowded houses at the Royal.

The past week in Montreal, as far as dramatic entertainment went, was almost entirely monopolized by amateurs. The Grand Trunk Club produced at its regular monthly entertainment the "Peep-o'-Day," which, as usual, was very well put on, though the parts were not nearly as well taken as at former entertainments. Among the large number of acting members the club only possess about half a dozen real amateur actors, old stand-by's, and from amongst these the Messrs. Dougherty, Pratt and Price were about the only ones that came up to their parts. Miss Kitts is a charming girl, but the manager should make her stick to soubrette parts, while Mr. Stacey's attempt to play *Harry Kanevanagh* was, to say the least, very ambitious. The scenery and mounting of the piece were excellent.

The attendance at the entertainment given on Thursday by Miss Lule Warrenton, assisted by and under the management of the Irving Dramatic Club, was most discouraging. The young dramatic reciter, for one can hardly call her an elocutionist, gave an excellent entertainment, her weakest efforts being made in her first part where her duty consisted in relating instead of acting. Her sleep-walking scene, Juliet and Meg Merrilies were not only perfect, but showed a broad conception of the characters represented and an amount of genius that, if she continues to improve will make her one of the greatest actresses of America. The small audience, which was evidently caused by the neglect of the necessary people to sell the tickets, had an unpleasant effect on Miss Warrenton as well as the members of the Irving Club, who seemed more or less demoralized in the Garrick Fever; the Ghost especially hunting for his lines and speeches in a deplorable manner, and trying to hide his nervousness by most unearthly motions, while *Major Derrydan* mixed up the words of his topical song, and the would-be *Garrick* had to drink out of the decanter instead of a glass. Messrs. Taylor, Quinn, Grady and Poole did their small parts first rate, and the Misses Burns and Montgomery, though put out a little by the general confusion, did very well. Taking everything together, however, it added another to the already long list of entertaining entertainments given by the Irving Club.

The M. A. A. Dramatic Club showed on Thursday last that they have a number of first-class amateurs, but the good judgment of the committee in selecting for them such a play as "Bow Bells," may be seriously questioned. It is true that it was of a kind that would not offend the most sensitive nerves of the most sensitive audience, but this good quality was present in an alarming quantity. The vein of humour that runs through the comedy is too unpretentious, the contrasts too indistinct, and even professionals would find difficulty in making a success of a play that has not the least thing to make those before the curtain grow enthusiastic. The acting was good. Mr. Rennaldson did little that could be criticized and the only thing that could be said against the gentlemen who represented *Mr. Latham* is that he appeared a little ungainly. Mr. Bailes talks too fast and indistinctly, but acts well, and Mr. Miller, for an amateur, had an excellent conception of his part. The gardener and butler were true types and very amusing. The ladies seemed very much at home and very pleasant to behold, though a little nervous, especially Mrs. Kennaldson in the first scene, though she seemed thoroughly mistress of herself afterwards. Miss McGavin, who has taken Miss Allen's place, ought to guard her Scotch accent, and Mrs. McArthur talked a little too broad, while Mrs. Sheppard seemed somewhat stiff. These slight defects, however, were not very noticeable, though their absence would much improve the whole, and with a better play they all, without exception, will earn well merited applause. All complimentarys were issued for the previous night.

A large audience welcomed Mr. Prume, Canada's violinist, back to the musical stage last week. He was ably assisted by Misses M. Sym, Featherstone, Boucher, Tessier, Evans, Cameron, Bengough and Mr. Anderson and the string orchestra.

A great treat is expected on Friday evening next when the Philharmonic Society will give its initial concert of the season. The "Messiah" will be the attraction. A. D.

An event of no common interest to theatre-goers in this city is the coming to Montreal of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and their excellent company. They will appear at the Academy of Music during the week beginning Monday, December 23, and arrangements have been made for the presentation of a succession of plays in which they have had extraordinary success in England and across the border. These are "A Scrap of Paper," which is, we understand, a new version of "Les Pattes de Mouche," of Sardou;

"The Ironmaster" (an adaptation of Ohnet's "Maître de Forges"); "Impulse" and "The Queen's Shilling." Those who are sufficiently concerned in dramatic matters to follow the course of criticism in the metropolis of the Empire need not be told of the distinction that the Kendals have won there. Their name is associated with the highest triumphs of the British stage. When they left England in September last for a visit to America, the London papers were most enthusiastic in predicting their success. Nor did their unanimous prophecy lack fulfilment. New York



MR. KENDAL.

audiences were delighted, and crowded and admiring houses, night after night for weeks, greeted the not unknown strangers. The notices in the press did ample credit to the skill and grace and power of the two great *artistes*, who are, moreover, supported by a company of rare versatility and acknowledged merit. Nothing that we



MRS. KENDAL.

have read on the dramatic qualities of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal seems to us more in harmony with their English reputation than the incidental criticism of Miss Gregory in our issue of the 7th inst. They are both, she says, "most finished actors," and again their acting "is so artistic and admirable that it is difficult to particularize." But what follows is worth pages of mere detail. After mentioning some of Mr. Kendal's strong points, Miss Gregory tells us that "Mrs. Kendal drew tears from every eye." There we have the true test of dramatic skill victoriously undergone. Our readers will doubtless like to know what this crowned pair of the stage-world look like. Till they see them *in propriis personis* the portraits which we publish will satisfy their admiring curiosity. The Kendal Company is under the direction of Mr. Daniel Frohman.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, TORONTO.—Mr. Duncan B. Harrison, with a company of fair ability, is playing a military drama entitled "The Paymaster." The play is full of life, stirring incidents and draws well. Next week the popular actress, Miss Rose Coghlan, will appear.

JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE.—At this house crowds are being turned away at each performance, the attraction being the "Vaidis Sisters," supported by a strong specialty company. This sort of entertainment pleases a large number, and the company is far above the ordinary and should be seen.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—This house has been closed for the past week. On Monday Otto Hegner, the twelve-year-old boy pianist, gave a rare musical treat to a large audience. As he now is, Otto Hegner is a wonder, and if he develops as he promises, his success will be phenomenal.

There is much talk in Toronto at present over the Grant-Stewart Comedy Company. This company is made up of Mr. Stewart, Mr. A. H. Collins, Mr. Bromly Davenport, Mrs. Robertson and Miss Dallin, all (or, at least, the gentlemen) well known members of Toronto society, and Mrs. Robertson is known well also as having played with Mr. J. C. Duff's Companies here. Toronto has not yet been favoured with an engagement from the company, but in Galt, Guelph, Aurora and West Toronto, well attended and well enjoyed entertainments have been given. When Toronto is favoured, the company is sure to play to large houses, as its members are popular fellows and clever actors. For the country towns visited, I would suggest that less style and more acting would please the class of audience played to. G. E. M.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Don't look so offended, sweet cousin,
What could a poor blue-jacket do?
If there's justice in earth or in Heaven,
The blame will be laid upon you.

What right, I should like to know, had you
To stand up on tip-toe so high,
With deft fairy fingers to fasten
The mistletoe, when I was by?

Did you really suppose an old Druid
With sickle of gold and all that,
Could have looked at your crimson mouth parted
And not take advantage, the flat?

And if I had missed the occasion,
Which the kind gods had placed in my way,
Don't you think, cousin fair, I should be a
Disgrace to my cloth, so to say?

Besides, here's the moral—so listen—
When people set traps and are caught
In the scheme planned so neatly for others—
Now!—don't you deserve what you got!

KAY LIVINGSTONE.

HUMOUROUS.

"MAMMA," said a little five-year-old, as his mother was giving him a bath, "be sure and wipe me dry, so I won't rust."

SMALL BOY: Uncle, do you understand the rule of three?
Uncle: Perfectly, my boy! I live with my father-in-law, my mother-in-law, and my wife.

AND SO, Jennie, said Julia, you're going to marry a real live prince. Dear me, isn't that nice. Jennie (sadly): No, Julia, I'm not. Papa hadn't enough to pay his debts.

EVEN a hen that misses a couple of her chicks is not such a beautifully true picture of flurry and worry as a woman looking for her gloves when she is otherwise ready to go out.

THEATRE GOER: The love scene in your play isn't half so natural as it used to be. The same people do it, too. Manager: Yes; but the lovers were married during their last vacation.

"AT the theatre last night? What did you see?" "A wealth of blackened straw, an invoice of millinery and a miscellaneous collection of birds and bugles." "What, on the stage?" "No, stupid. There was a woman in the seat just in front of me."

"DOCTOR told me that I must not walk rapidly or drink ice water," said Gus De Joy confidingly to Miss Belle Pepperton. "Did he?" "Yes; as he said I might get congestion of the brain, you know." "Dear me; how little these doctors seem to know."

WITH FORLORN REASON.—Miss Lina (making a call on her washerwoman): You look depressed to-day, Mrs. O'Grady. What is the matter? Mrs. O'Grady: Shure an' the ould man sold the pig last noight when I was out callin', and divil the frind hev Oi left in the wur-ruld.

ON one occasion when the Rev. Dr. Robertson, of Irvine, still a youth, was preaching from home, the church was crowded, even the aisles and the pulpit stairs being occupied. Ascending to the pulpit without gown or bands, he found an old woman sitting on the topmost step. She was very unwilling to make way for him. She could not imagine that he was the preacher whose fame had attracted so large an assemblage; but yielding to his resolute purpose, audibly cautioned him—"Laddie, laddie, ye mauna gang in there; dae ye no' ken that's the place for the minister?"