

IRVING NO GREAT ACTOR

SO THINKS A GENTLEMAN WHO SAW HIM IN BOSTON.

Reasons Given for Such a Disagreement from the General Verdict—Other Players and Plays at the Theatres in Boston so far this Season—Notes.

Boston, Oct. 30.—It is unfortunate that only a few are able to see an Irving production, for playing as he does in the larger cities only, and for necessarily limited engagements it really is only a few of the many theatre goers who are able to see the way in which he places a stage picture before the public—I have never been, and am not now, an admirer of Irving as an actor. He is not a great actor, never was and never will be, his limitations are many and difficult to pass. His mannerisms, gait, style of speech are all against him, and yet in some parts he almost overcomes the difficulties which stand in the way. His line is decidedly melodramatic, as witness his remarkable performance of Mathias in the Bells, his Louis XI, his Shylock, which in his hands becomes melodramatic. In such parts however as King Arthur, Benedict, and others of that class he is not so successful. It is Irving's wonderful ability as a stage director that makes attendance at one of his performances so enjoyable; no detail however trifling is omitted, the scenery and costumes are fitting to the play and its period, the people who are to represent the noblemen or peasants, soldiers or citizens do what they have to do as it should be done and everything moves as smoothly and harmoniously as it is possible—Irving as King Arthur is not a success, he cannot look the character as we all imagine the gallant king did look, and his many mannerisms are strikingly apparent in the piece—but the setting was a dream, the Maggie Mere, the great Ball at Camelot: the wood scene, the crowd of mailed knights the bevy of the Queen's ladies all served to form a series of pictures that will live in the memory for long. Miss Perry was, well she was as she always is, charming; whether as the lovely Genevieve, the gay and saucy Beatrice, the gentle Marguerite, the lovely Portia, she was perfection, certainly she possesses wonderful talent and stands easily first as the best all round actress on the English speaking stage today. The Irving company plays a return engagement in April, when we will see Macbeth, which play opened the New York season last Tuesday.

This week at the Tremont, we have had the Hollands in the new and successful play, "A Social Highwayman." This play has scored very heavily in New York and has been well received in Boston. The Hollands are very capable actors themselves and are supported by Richard Mansfield's Garrick Theatre Company. The peerless Ada Rehan has been allowed to grace Boston with her presence for one week only, but in that time has been seen in a variety of plays, The Railroad of Love, Twelfth Night, Taming the Shrew, Midsummer Night's Dream, and School of Scandal. It is needless to remark that the Shakespearean were all dilyzed, and if the bard of Avon could have looked down on the Hollands at stage he might have had hard work to thoroughly recognise the children of his brain. Miss Percy Haswell is still with the company, and is still the same charming woman, a talented artist as when she delighted St. John audiences a few years ago.

Melodrama is cutting a wide swath in Boston just now no less than four theatres being given up to this class of piece. At the big Boston, Burmah has been running for some times, this play is all scenic effect, Maxim guns and smokeless powder; at the Columbia, Humanity holds the stage, this is all scenic effect and a duel on horseback; down at the Bowdoin Square another Sutton Vane play. In sight of St. Paul's has been before the public for some weeks, and this is all scenic effect and a bad character choir; at the historic Museum The Fatal Card has passed its fiftieth performance; this play is not so dependent on scenic effect, has a strong and well developed plot, is highly interesting, is produced by an all round good company and as a whole is the best and most interesting play of its kind I have seen for many seasons.

The piece at the Park this week is a fight and feeble piece called "A Bachelor's Baby," and is only remarkable from the fact that so many well known stage names are represented in the cast, McKee Rankin and his daughter Gladys, Sydney Drew, and Sydney and Junius Booth, not to mention the small child of Mr. and Mrs. Drew. In this house next week comes the only Cissy Fitzgerald, she of the fetching smile conquering wink and flashing limbs. There is also a play to be but on called "The Foundling" but Cissy is the attraction and the Harvard youths and other callow Fry will be in evidence.

Up at pretty Castle Square comic opera booms along merrily and an opera every week delights the crowds who go. Last week it was our old and tried friend The Chimes of Normandy with Wm. Wolf in his lurid impersonation of Gaspard, this week it is Biller Taylor with the versatile William at Ben Barnacle. It does not seem much to go to Castle Square and you

always get your money's worth. One can go in to the hotel next door get a good table d'hote dinner for eighty-five cents which includes a bottle of very fair wine, drop into the theatre where the highest priced seat is only fifty cents, so that one can have an hilarious evening at a trifling cost.

Last week at the Tremont Sowing the Wind was the attraction with Mary Hampton and J. H. Gilmore in their old parts. Miss Hampton is as handsome as of yore, and is also as bad and as good in her part of Rosamond as when I saw her last. Her lighter scenes are played with a pretty and effective touch, but in the great scene in the third act she goes all to pieces and simply rants, thus grievously hurting what could be made very effective work.

We do not see the "The Prisoner of Fudo" for a time and then Southern brings it to the museum for a six weeks run. James O'Neill follows the Hollands at the Tremont and after him comes Frank Mayo in "Pudd'nhead Wilson". We will soon see "The Case of Rebellious Susan" at the Hollis street.

Max O'Rell's play "The Catpaw" was tried on a dog at Foughkeeps lately and is said to be very bright and witty. Church and stage are hobnobbing out in Australia. George Reynolds has produced a play in Sydney called "Joseph of Canaan," written by a clergyman and having for a central idea the temptation of Joseph by the late Mrs. Potiphar.

Olga Nethersole has started on her second American tour, and as she becomes better known will be better liked. She has great talent and before long will occupy a splendid position in the dramatic world.

The Paderewski craze is on again, but may not be so violent as it was a year ago, because the gentleman had his hair cut.

Yoette Guilbert says she thinks she will not get married as she wishes to make enough money to properly support a husband.

PROSCENIUM.

MID SCENES SOULS

Graphic Pen Picture of the Rockies and Mountains Beyond.

A prominent American who recently crossed the continent on the Canadian Pacific, gives a vivid description of the grandeur and sublimity of the Rockies and Selkirk. "The experience," he writes, "exceeded our anticipations; in fact, notwithstanding our expectations had been raised very high, in no respect were we disappointed. I do not think there can elsewhere be found scenery so sublime, varied and beautiful as that which greets the traveller on the west bound train, from the entrance to the Gap, near Canmore, until darkness falls upon him at Kamloops. It ought not to be hastily included in a continuous ride; but steps should be made, say at Banff, Laggan, Field and Glacier, so as, at these points, to view the falls of the Bow river with their magnificent surroundings; the matchless coloring of Lake Louise and her consorts; the grandeur of Mount Stephen and the Pass at the western portal of which the former stands like a giant sentinel; and, as a climax, the subduing effect of the great glacier.

At the last named station, after two and a half hours of hard toil, I ascended Cascade Summit, and from that elevated point obtained a vision I can never forget. Before us, to the west, was a semi-circular chain of snow clad mountains, extending probably 150 miles; and, the time was mid-summer, I assume that on those resplendent crests the snow eternally rests. We had climbed to a height which enabled us to see the top of the glacier as it lay glittering against the sky and on either hand spread out until it became merged in the adjoining peaks. Over the head of the glacier (whose feet touched the ground a short distance from the station), and directly behind it, rose a solitary peak whose snow-clad head glistened with a whiteness exceeding that of the passing clouds while a little to the east, the kindly form of Sir Donald towered majestically, one mile and a half above the rushing stream which flows at its base. As I looked upon that grand, yet awful monarch, with his brow above the fleecy clouds, and noted the majesty and grace with which he surveyed the vast expanse of eternal snow and ice beneath him, insensibly it brought to mind (and I could compare it with nothing less than) the inspired revelation of the Great White Throne.

Below us on the side-track, across the valley, was our car, which at the distance, looked like a toy that a child trails behind him. Beyond, we could see the railroad as it wound around the loop and followed the river, the latter appearing like a winding silver thread amid the profusion of green. "I can think of no more generous thing which philanthropists or educators could do, than to enable some of the tired ones who dwell in busy cities and on lonely plains, or pastors who are exhausted and lack sermon material, teachers who are brain-weary, and students who are poor but ambitious, to view the splendid sights which abound on the mountain division of the C. P. R. Such opportunity would be a liberal education, enlarging the mind, expanding the sympathies, and giving to the most indifferent a vision of hope and beauty which would gladden them through life. On other lines you get glimpses of enchanting beauty, but on the Canadian Pa-

cific you can look upon such from daylight to twilight, and thus be compensated, by their richness and abundance, for the distance you have travelled to observe them.

"One great advantage the Canadian Pacific tourists possess. In other sections he may have longed to look upon a mountain from base to summit, but seldom has he done it. He must frequently be content with observing distant peaks. Foot hills and secondary mountains usually intervene. But it is different in the Northwest. For example, Mt. Stephen rises, sheer and precipitous, from alongside the railroad track at Field, so that all its lofty proportions are exposed to view from the observation car. In like manner, Sir Donald, Mt. Macdonald, the Hermit, and a dozen others of sublime eminences might be named, that can almost be touched as you glide by on the train. They are before you and alongside, close at hand, giants whose massive proportions are so fully exposed, that you feel you have seen not get a moment's respite from the effects of his disease. Feeling he must get well at any cost he had his old doctor brought from Chester to his relief, but he was unable to do anything for him. He tried many kinds of medicines hoping to receive benefit but to no avail. Being determined not to die without a struggle he had doctors summoned from Halifax, but still continued to get worse. About three years ago he took to his bed and his case developed into bone and muscle rheumatism of the worst type. It spread through all his bones, up into his neck and into his arm, causing partial paralysis of that limb, rendering it utterly useless since he could not lift it above his waist. All the strength left his muscles, and he was unable to turn in bed without aid. He was able to stand upon his feet, but could not walk. Still the doctors waited upon him and still he took their medicines, but with no beneficial result. During this time Mr. Corkum paid out several hundred dollars in hard case for doctor's bills and medicine, all of which did him not one particle of good. After lying in bed for fifteen months his case was pronounced hopeless and he was given up by all. About this time he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resource he resolved to give them a trial. The first four boxes produced no noticeable change, but at the fifth he began to notice a change. Feeling encouraged he kept on and from that time he rapidly improved and after using the Pink Pills for a period of some twelve weeks he was restored to perfect health. Such was the wonderful story told a representative of the Western Chronicle by Mr. Corkum a short time ago. Mr. Corkum is now 69 years of age and perfectly healthy and feels younger and better than he has for years and attributes his recovery solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pills, and he is willing to prove the truth of these statements to anyone who may call upon him.

A NOVA SCOTIA CURE.

A SUFFERER FOR THREE YEARS MADE WELL AT LAST.

The sufferings of a King's Co., N. S., Farmer and the Way in Which he Obtained Relief—His Case Pronounced Hopeless by Doctors.

(From the Western Chronicle, Kentville.)

Mr. David O. Corkum, of Scott's Bay Road, is the owner of one of the best farms in King's Co., N. S., and is one of the best known farmers in that section of the country. He is naturally a hard working man and when strong is always to be found at his place. Last winter he spent the whole season in the lumber woods, was strong and healthy and worked as hard as anyone. But it had not always been so. In fact it is the wonder of the neighborhood that he is able to work at all. Before moving to Scott's Bay Road, Mr. Corkum lived at Chester, Lunenburg Co., N. S., and while there was a great sufferer from rheumatism, which affected him in such a way that he was unable to do manual labor of any kind. About this time he moved to his present home, but he could not get a moment's respite from the effects of his disease. Feeling he must get well at any cost he had his old doctor brought from Chester to his relief, but he was unable to do anything for him. He tried many kinds of medicines hoping to receive benefit but to no avail. Being determined not to die without a struggle he had doctors summoned from Halifax, but still continued to get worse. About three years ago he took to his bed and his case developed into bone and muscle rheumatism of the worst type. It spread through all his bones, up into his neck and into his arm, causing partial paralysis of that limb, rendering it utterly useless since he could not lift it above his waist. All the strength left his muscles, and he was unable to turn in bed without aid. He was able to stand upon his feet, but could not walk. Still the doctors waited upon him and still he took their medicines, but with no beneficial result. During this time Mr. Corkum paid out several hundred dollars in hard case for doctor's bills and medicine, all of which did him not one particle of good. After lying in bed for fifteen months his case was pronounced hopeless and he was given up by all. About this time he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resource he resolved to give them a trial. The first four boxes produced no noticeable change, but at the fifth he began to notice a change. Feeling encouraged he kept on and from that time he rapidly improved and after using the Pink Pills for a period of some twelve weeks he was restored to perfect health. Such was the wonderful story told a representative of the Western Chronicle by Mr. Corkum a short time ago. Mr. Corkum is now 69 years of age and perfectly healthy and feels younger and better than he has for years and attributes his recovery solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pills, and he is willing to prove the truth of these statements to anyone who may call upon him.

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This condor is becoming extinct, like the great auk, and as it had a forecast of its impending doom it resorts to the most precipitous mountain, where on some craggy and perhaps inaccessible steep, it deposits its single egg of pale, greenish blue in a cave. But seven eggs are known in collections, and the value of one (considering the probability of the great bird's early extinction) is very great. More than \$1,500 has been paid for a single egg of the great auk, of which there are sixty-eight eggs in existence. America can claim two eggs of the great auk—one at Vassar college and one at the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia. The latter collection held for many years among the rarities an egg of the California condor, but it mysteriously disappeared a few years ago, and it is supposed some scientific klept maniac thought it no sin to transfer the treasure to his own collection, where he is holding it for a raise in price.

The raptors, or birds of prey, are a favorite family with oologists, largely from the endurance, daring and nerve requisite in scaling cliffs and lofty trees to secure their eggs, which are often, as in the case of the golden eagle, beautifully marked. This grand eagle-falcon attacks the plunderer of its eggs, though it is no match to anger the majestic bird when its nest contains young. The eggs are two, and sometimes three large, and show great variation in the markings of purple, lavender and rich brown blotched or suffused over the shell. In California, where these eagles are most numerous, a lofty live oak tree is frequently selected as a site for the huge nest of sticks, with its lining of Spanish moss, used by the birds year after year for generations. A ledge on a cliff is also a common nesting place, and out in Wyoming an eagle has found a perfectly safe place to raise its young on the flat top of a giant rock. The nest is in plain view, but is inaccessible.

There Were Others.

"Look!" she almost shrieked in her rage, as she shook the paper under his eye. "(O), villain, villain, I have found you out in all your base perfidy."

"I—I beg your pardon," said the young man, "but I'm afraid I don't quite follow you."

"This is your letter to me."

"Yes."

"It breathes the tenderest affection, doesn't it?"

"I flatter myself," he answered, with a complacent bow, "that it does."

"It is ardent in its protestations of undying devotion, isn't it?"

"It was as I intended it, there's no doubt about it being so."

"Look—look here," she hissed, "and then turn your face in shame. Here are the unmistakable traces of carbon paper. This letter was manifolded!"—Washington Star.

Choosing a Wife.

If you intend to marry, be sure and look where you are going. Join yourself in union with no woman who is selfish, for she will sacrifice you; have naught to do with a proud one, for she will despise you; nor with an extravagant one, for she will ruin you. Leave a coquette to the fools that flatter around her; let her own fierce side accommodate a scold. Come not near a woman who is slatternly, for she will disgust you; and flee from one who loves scandal as you would flee from the Devil.—Washington Irving.

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