

view some of the 'attractions' which have so far visited the Grand Opera House.

Early in the season Mr. Lawrence Barrett, supported by Mr. Eben Plympton and an efficient company, presented for the first time in Toronto, a drama adapted especially for him from the Spanish, by Mr. W. D. Howells, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The play, which has the rather vague and hap-hazard title of 'A New Play,' has its action in the days of Shakespeare, amid the actors of the old *Globe Theatre*, the chief interest of the piece centering in the rôle of *Yorick*, which Mr. Barrett assumed. *Yorick*, 'a fellow of infinite jest,' at the first, is represented as the victim of gradually increasing jealousy and suspicion of his young wife, *Mistress Alice* (Miss Ellen Cummins), who loves his protégé, *Master Edward* (Mr. Plympton). He is made to act the rôle of a deceived husband in 'A New Play' produced by Heywood at the *Globe Theatre*, Alice and Edward taking the parts of his guilty wife and her lover. The situation, though far-fetched and spoiled by a too detailed and elaborate correspondence of the circumstances of the play, and the play within the play, is unquestionably a strong one, and gives ample scope for some subtle and powerful acting. We are forced to confess that Mr. Barrett entirely failed to realize the possibilities of his part. In the first act he seemed to think that light-hearted gaiety and whimsicality were amply represented by incessant restlessness of legs, hands and eyes, and a rapidity of utterance which it was almost impossible to follow, while, as the tragedy of his situation deepened, the spasmodic jerkiness of his movements, and the breathless rapidity of his speeches were increased, presumably to portray increasing depth of passion. We cannot say that the effect was artistic; nor do we think Mr. Barrett's *Yorick* a success in any respect. He entirely fails to make the character his own, or to leave any impression of a distinctive personality with his audience. In marked contrast to this is his *Richelieu*, a finished study which, although marred by some of Mr. Barrett's inevitable mannerisms of mouth and eyes, it is always a pleasure to witness.

The apparently inexhaustible fleet of 'Pinafores' now cruising about the continent, has sent us representatives in Haverley's Juvenile crew, the Saville-

Lee crew, and, more recently, Haverley's Chicago Church Choir crew—for, in boarding this subject, we are nothing if not nautical. Some of the 'Pinafore' companies, on the other hand—notably the last mentioned—are anything but nautical in appearance.

The success attending the visit of Haverley's Juvenile Pinafore Company was attributable rather to the 'infant phenomenon' craze by which astute managers like Mr. Haverley know so large a part of the public to be possessed, than to much intrinsic merit in the performance itself. The singing, especially in the choruses, was often shrill and hopelessly out of tune, while in some cases, especially in that of the *Josephine* (Annie Walker), it was rather pitiable than enjoyable to witness the unsuccessful attempts of the child to render music entirely beyond the compass of her voice. *Sir Joseph Porter* (Frankie Bishop), *Dick Deadeye* (Arthur Dunn), and *Hebe* (Daisy Murdoch) however, all had excellent voices, and sang with spirit and precision; while Jennie Dunn, as *Ralph Rackstraw*, had a sweet voice and sang carefully, but was overweighted by the difficulties of her part. The acting of little Arthur Dunn as *Dick Deadeye*, notwithstanding some excusable self-consciousness, was really superior in grotesqueness and humour to that of any 'grown up' representative of that blighted and misanthropical tar we have seen. Zoe Tuttle was a bright and piquant *Buttercup*, but Daisy Murdoch as *Hebe* was more pert and saucy than her part required or than it was pleasant to see a child applauded for.

From a musical point of view, Haverley's Chicago Church Choir Company is unquestionably the best Pinafore combination that has visited Toronto. There was not a poor voice in the cast, while some of them, notably the fine baritone of Mr. McWade (*Captain Corcoran*), and the rich contralto of Miss Bartlett (*Buttercup*), were exceptionally good. The really phenomenal *basso profundo* of Mr. A. Liverman, elicited repeated *encores* of the song 'He is an Englishman;' the tremendous power of his voice compensating for some lack of musical quality and of skill in its management. The choruses were strong and spirited, and the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Louis J. Falk, a very fine one. Altogether, more was made of the music than previous companies had even suggested the