

We expressed our regret last week at being unable to report the Redmund-Barry Company's performance of *Cuchillo*. Now that we have seen this piece, our regret is multiplied, and we are sincerely sorry not to have added our note towards making a successful run. We feel confident, however, that if *Cuchillo* is put on again, it will draw a crowded house; as there was but one opinion among those who saw it, that it was the best performance in every way that has been given in the Academy for many years. We have not been backward in the past in criticizing our visitors, and we will not fail to point out a few little weak spots in this case: but taken all round the Redmund-Barry Company is remarkably strong. In the first place, the voices are all good,—clear, musical and refined, without any unpleasant accents. This seems a small thing to place first, but it goes farther than anything else towards giving real pleasure to an audience, or at any rate to that part of the audience that occupies the lower tiers of the house. In the second place, the members of the company work together excellently, almost like members of one family, who knew each other to perfection. This is the first time we have had the pleasure of saying this of any company since OUR SOCIETY made its appearance; please make a note of this, as it is highly probable we shall not have occasion to repeat the criticism for many months—if not years—to come. Thirdly, the scenery is good, and fresh, and the mechanical details carefully attended to. We can say with perfect candour that it is very difficult to descend to detail where the whole effect was such a pleasant surprise. Mr. Redmund and Mrs. Barry, we would place *facile principes* among all we have seen on Halifax boards, and the other two ladies are excellent. Miss Thompson is almost more at home as Marion (in Boston Common) than as Alice: the little scene where the jealous wife tries to keep her husband from going out to his supposed rendezvous at the Frog-pond, is particularly clever. One felt very little sympathy for the man who could resist such persuasions.

But, we are wandering from "*Cuchillo*," where Miss Thompson makes a pretty young wife, and again appears at her best as the "deserted one," when it is announced that she is not Eugene's wife. Miss Pearce is a most cuddlesome and petulant little Annetta, and "flings herself about" very prettily. Percy Warner—the lover from New York—has our entire sympathy when he soothes her ruffled feathers with kisses.

Of the other men, we liked, Mr. Duane as Harry Lunburg best;—he is perfectly natural in his part. The New York Detective is decidedly the weakest character; we strongly suspect that Mr. Duane "doubled" the part, but could not be certain. Anyhow, it is a badly-conceived part; the detective of pantomime and real life. A man who went through the world with an open note-book and pocket full of visiting cards, attempting to bully everyone he met, would probably "detect" nothing of more importance than a jolly good kicking. Mr. Simpson "gets up" for a capital Clermont, but is a bit stiff. Here again, is a false conception,—a man with an habitual scowl and most disagreeable manners, would prove a very unsuccessful "roue and rake." Clermont gets uninteresting through being too much "sustained."

Mr. Slater is very amusing as the French lover; he is an actor, however, and makes a great mistake in attempting to do the *buffoon*. Just that one little scene, where he crawls out of the water and attempts the sneezing pantomime, is a dead failure, and should be omitted altogether. A melodrama is hardly complete without a light part—which Mr. Slater can do to perfection—but it can be spoilt by buffoonery.

And now, in conclusion, just one word about the plot, which is decidedly powerful, and gives plenty of scope for dramatic effects. There appears to be something wanting in the *finis*, as though the author didn't exactly know how to wind up. The wonderful detective with the note-book does—just what he would do in real life—absolutely nothing. Then, in the last scene, where the villain, the murderer, is found strangling the wounded man, he is permitted to

stroll off as though nothing had happened, one of the by-standers remarking jauntily, that someone with handcuffs is waiting at the foot of the stairs. With just a few finishing touches, *Cuchillo*, played by the Redmund-Barry Company as at present constituted, would draw good houses in any city in the world.

Vanity Fa'r says: "I hear that it is a settled thing that when the refitting of the *Osborne* is complete. Commander Milne, who will be promoted to post rank, will be succeeded by Prince George, who is about to be appointed Commander. Prince George is greatly enjoying his gun-boat voyage; which he would not have foregone."

A great many people will be returning from the West Indies during the next month or so. Those who have been lucky enough to evade the Nova Scotia Spring are hastening home to enjoy our Summer, which is hard to beat. The *Alpha* brought the Archbishop, Rev. Father Murphy, Mrs. Rolph, Mrs. Curren, the Misses Lithgow and Mr. Adam Brown.

Dr. Keogh has taken Sir Adams Archibald's house on Hollis St., where his family intend to reside after next month.

We regret to hear that Messrs. Kelly & Co., Photographers, are in September, removing their Studio to Montreal. This will be a double loss to Halifax, as one of the firm, Mr. Sobeski, has made himself popular among the music lovers of the city.

Among the guests at the "Halifax Hotel" are: Rev. A. C. H. Rice, of H. M. S. Bellerophon, and Dr. and Mrs. Charlton, of H. M. S. Emerald.

Yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, a military drama entitled "*Herminie*" is on at the Academy. By the way, has anyone noticed the remarkable resemblance between Mrs. Barry and a well-known society lady? It struck us very forcibly.

The "Bedford Hotel" is furbishing itself up ready for the summer. It is becoming quite "the thing" to drive out to dinner on Saturdays, when the weather is decent. Forty or fifty visitors from Halifax assembled in the dining-room last week and the week before. The Cowies and the Dennisons took up their summer quarters in Bedford next week;—Col and Mrs Worsley and family have been there a week or so, and Mr. Edward Farrell is also among the guests. By the way, we must congratulate Mr. Farrell on passing the Medical Preliminary Examination, the results of which are just out.

The Annapolis Spectator says:—Prof. Porter and family are expected here to-morrow to reside permanently among us. Mr. Porter has been organist of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, for something like fifteen years and has been the leader of musical circles in Halifax. Besides being a thorough pianist, Mr. Porter is highly proficient as a teacher of the violin and guitar. Annapolis, Granville Ferry and the vicinity are to be congratulated on having a permanent musician of such rare talents among them and it is to be hoped they will appreciate the same by patronising his classes. He will preside at the organ at St. Luke's on Sunday morning for the first time. We extend to Mr. and Mrs. Porter and family a cordial welcome.

⇐ DANCING. ⇒

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AFTERNOON & EVENING CLASSES,
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