

DON CARLOS.

The prompter is regarded as the rope dancer's pole of the old play. He is the scape-goat. This speaks in his exterior; generally less fitted for his trifling salary, simply dressed, he seems to bear every-where a heavy sense of his unenviable fate, as if he were a supercilious company.

An icy calm marks him. Speaking with suppressed voice, no drama is in him so exulting that he ever forgets himself. Almost monotonous, cold, with scarcely an accent, the words glide from his lips. If revenge, if love, always the same ring, yet intelligible. The true actor knows how to prize such art, but occasionally himself to it so that it is strange to him if the prompter once forgets to be a machine.

I was playing in a large provincial town a round of star parts. I played the Marquis de Riva, Don Carlos, and found an exception to the rule, the prompter. Frederick Gans had prompted me Hamlet and Ariel Aosta, and I had observed nothing peculiar about him. Quietly, intelligently, not too loud, not growling in his beard, he had carried on his business. In the first scenes of the Spanish play, he remained cold and faithful to duty.

Then comes the tale which Rosa tells the queen. I was not surprised that the prompter who had even skipped for what actor of Rosa does not know by heart the conversation of the two noble houses in Miranda's. At rehearsal he had even skipped. But I was amazed when, as I told how the unfortunate Ferdinand flies up the stairs, and suddenly finds himself at the wedding feast of his uncle, and the bride once his own, there sounded genuine sobbing from the prompter's box. I glanced there, and saw that the prompter was crying as if his blue cotton handkerchief.

Was that a triumph of my art, or did I here meet what the actor in Berlin experienced, over whose prompter the prompter shed hot tears, not from transport, but from pity for the fine role I had to collect all my powers and end the speech. I was occupied the whole evening with the behavior of the prompter at that story, though in the rest of the play he prompted even faithfully. I spoke of the unusual circumstance to the leader and manager.

"I had forgotten," said the manager, "to call your attention to this peculiarity of our prompter. He is otherwise excellent, and it is impossible for him to read or hear that speech without emotion. There must be a reason for it." I said: "That is the case, although one cannot get from him the particulars," answered the leader. "The report goes that the story he told him, and that has given him the nickname of Don Carlos, which he patiently, if not smilingly, bears."

The prompter was scarce of matinees, and neatly built, with completely white hair and a nose of unreasonable length. Sober, scrupulous in his business, orderly, punctual, open and honorable toward every one, liberal with his purse, he had the respect of all. This was the man who roused my curiosity. The prompter had left the theatre. I privately inquired where the prompter was to be found, and learned that after the theatre closed Gans stayed an hour in a beer house, the solitary luxury he permitted himself. I hurried to the locality where there sat Gans alone in a corner, his mug before him. He did not seem in pleasant meditation. His brow was bent, his remarkable nose seemed to stretch farther forward, the under lip protruded.

"Is it allowable for me to sit by you?" I said, coming up to him. Gans looked at me and stiffened. The company seldom look upon or defiled with the prompter as their equal; he belongs to the building, but he is really, essentially among the auxiliaries. Without repeating my words or waiting for a response, I sat quietly beside him, but so that, to him, my sudden flight was cut off. "Are you here?" I asked, opening the conversation.

"Oh, yes; ever staying," he said. "Generally, I am too old for the merry world. The serious pass to the beer-room, as the golden reason to the empty alehouse." "There seems to be many who are sad," I said. "Very true," he replied. "I do not know what the begging child does not—at least, in regard to my affairs I have not remarked his goodness." "You speak as if joy never smiled on you!" An exceedingly bitter look came over his features. "And is my lot to be envied?" he suddenly asked. "We need never live only in the present. Turn back the leaves in your book of life. If you please, and you will find their pages."

medium stature; such elegance in her movements, such harmony in her features, I have not yet since found. Briefly, we loved each other. Therefore I remained two years in the village. My father could not understand why I did not do as the fashion of our German town, he made the round of the city, he came one last to me, and so he saw Emilie. Had I known what an impression the girl had made upon me, I would have clung to my dear home. He approved my choice, but said sweetly: "I would not marry before obediently went to other places, after Emilie and I had sworn true love."

"More than a year had flown. I could endure it no longer in a strange place. Emilie's letters had ceased for two or three months. I turned back to the town where the lovely girl lived. It was the 10th of January. It was just past noon when I entered the house of Master Ehrhard, Emilie's father. My bride's old nurse came to ward me. She screamed loudly when she saw me.

"Is it really you, Fritz?" she asked at last, "or is it your ghost?" "I, myself, as I love and live, I am here," I said. "Where is Emilie?" "What! You are not dead?" "No, no! But where is Emilie?" "Ah, the poor girl has wept so much for you."

"I will dry her tears," I said. "Then you must hurry," said the old woman, in a peculiar tone. "The whole authority is with you, and she is then added: 'But hurry, hurry!' If you care for Emilie's happiness—think of that! But wait, I will try to get you a horse. You can ride?"

"Without waiting for an answer, she hastened across the street. In fifteen minutes she galloped to my native town with no presentment of what awaited me there. In January it is dark early; and much as I hated the darkness was earlier in the village than I. I stopped the over-driven horse before my father's house, whose windows had shone toward me from afar.

"What is going on here?" I cried to the spectator. "Ah, you are Fritz! And you don't know that your father marries to-day?" came the answer of an old schoolfellow. "My father? Certainly the pastor has already finished the ceremony. But you are in time for the feast. My father marries, and I, his only son, did not know it when I flew from the house. With oppressed breast I flew up-stairs and entered the wedding-hall. There stood my father, the smiling bridegroom; there sat the pale bride; there sat my—Emilie in her bridal dress. As if I saw the head of Medusa, as if I saw the face of the Gorgon, I stood there without motion. At that I recovered myself. I went up to them. Emilie shrieked and fell in a deep swoon. But my father sprang before me, and, raving, showed me the street. I did not hear his words, but I saw his violent gestures. An indescribable fury seized me toward the robber of my happiness, toward him who had called me dead to reach his home, to win my Emilie. If charitable hands had not brought me out of the house I should have murdered my father.

"My anger cooled after I more beheld him. I quitted the place. The old life was distasteful to me, so I quit my trade and went among actors. Now I was in the town for the board, therefore I am in the prompter's box." There was a pause. We walked silently side by side. The house in which the prompter lived stood before us. The old man stopped and looked in my face—he was no longer grotesque to me. "You have just laughed at my story. You will pardon me for almost disconcerting you on the stage this evening, but at the tale in 'Don Carlos' the past comes only too plainly before me."

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MONEY AND TRADE.

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Toronto Stock Market. TORONTO, Jan. 16.—There was a firmer tone in the stock market to-day, and a slightly increase of demand. Montreal was offered at 150 1/2 with buyers; Toronto at 150 1/2 for 30 shares; Montreal Telegraph at 142 for 25; Ontario at 127 1/2 for 100 shares. Montreal was improved 1/2, buyers offering 150 1/2. Commerce 147. Imperial Cotton at 135 with buyers at 134 1/2 for 20 shares. Dominion declined to sell offering at 136, with buyers at 134. Standard Oil at 115 with buyers at 112. There was less doing in the commodity market. Wheat, 117 1/2 for 100 bushels; Western Canada advanced 1/2. Flour, 22 1/2. There was no change in other stocks.

Montreal Stock Market. MONTREAL, Jan. 16.—Montreal Stock was firmer; 100 for 71 shares, 100 for six shares, 100 for 20 shares. Montreal was offered at 150 1/2 with buyers; Toronto at 150 1/2 for 30 shares; Montreal Telegraph at 142 for 25; Ontario at 127 1/2 for 100 shares. Montreal was improved 1/2, buyers offering 150 1/2. Commerce 147. Imperial Cotton at 135 with buyers at 134 1/2 for 20 shares. Dominion declined to sell offering at 136, with buyers at 134. Standard Oil at 115 with buyers at 112. There was less doing in the commodity market. Wheat, 117 1/2 for 100 bushels; Western Canada advanced 1/2. Flour, 22 1/2. There was no change in other stocks.

Cheese Market. LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Jan. 16.—450 bushels sold at 12 1/2; 75 packages of butter sold at 30 to 35.

E. STRACHAN COX STOCK BROKER, No. 86 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. Buy and sell Canadian and American Stocks strictly on Commission. Also represents the Grain and Provision House of Messrs. H. Denton & Co., Chicago, through whom orders are executed on the Board of Trade for cash or on margin. Receives a telegraphic quotation of the New York, Chicago and Montreal markets, daily reports and financial papers.

Grain and Produce Markets. CALL BOARD, TORONTO, Jan. 16.—The market was quiet. Flour, 22 1/2 for 100 bushels; Western Canada advanced 1/2. Flour, 22 1/2. There was no change in other stocks.

TORONTO, Jan. 16.—Wheat, 117 1/2 for 100 bushels; Western Canada advanced 1/2. Flour, 22 1/2. There was no change in other stocks.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 16.—Grain in store—Wheat, 112 1/2 for 100 bushels; Corn, 15 1/2 for 100 bushels; Beans, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels; Lentils, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels; Peas, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels; Clover, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels; Hay, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels; Potatoes, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels.

CHICAGO, Jan. 16.—Four quiet and unchanged. Wheat, 117 1/2 for 100 bushels; Corn, 15 1/2 for 100 bushels; Beans, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels; Lentils, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels; Peas, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels; Clover, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels; Hay, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels; Potatoes, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 16.—Wheat, 117 1/2 for 100 bushels; Corn, 15 1/2 for 100 bushels; Beans, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels; Lentils, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels; Peas, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels; Clover, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels; Hay, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels; Potatoes, 12 1/2 for 100 bushels.

HO! MANITOBA HO! GRAND AUCTION SALE OF 100 TOWN LOTS

BRANDON! BRANDON! BRANDON! We have received instructions from Mr. Frank Glass, agent for Gen. Rosser, to offer for sale by Public Auction on TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY NEXT, 17th & 18th JANUARY, AT OUR AUCTION ROOMS, 185 YONGE STREET, 100 LOTS IN BRANDON.

Brandon is now so well known that it is almost unnecessary to say anything as to its superior advantages over all other towns in the North-West. The simple anatomy of the sale would be sufficient to attract a large crowd of eager investors. Brandon is no paper town. Although only surveyed by the Syndicate in June last, it has now notwithstanding the fact that the C. P. R. only reached this place about the middle of October last, a large number of stores, hotels, and dwellings are now erected, or in course of completion, and so great is the demand for building accommodation that a considerable part of the population is now living under tents waiting for the opening of spring. Contracts are out for a grand hotel, containing 140 bedrooms. Material for the construction of it are now on the way, and work will be commenced at an early date, so that it may be in running order for next summer. The building will be underwritten ten stores, six of them facing on Princess-avenue, and the other four on Park-street. The property to be offered is in close proximity to this hotel, the building of which will give a tremendous impetus to the value of lots in this vicinity. This is the first time any Brandon lots have been placed on the Ontario market. No such opportunity has heretofore been offered the citizens of Toronto for a remuneration of the sale would be sufficient to attract a large crowd of eager investors. Brandon is no paper town. Although only surveyed by the Syndicate in June last, it has now notwithstanding the fact that the C. P. R. only reached this place about the middle of October last, a large number of stores, hotels, and dwellings are now erected, or in course of completion, and so great is the demand for building accommodation that a considerable part of the population is now living under tents waiting for the opening of spring. Contracts are out for a grand hotel, containing 140 bedrooms. Material for the construction of it are now on the way, and work will be commenced at an early date, so that it may be in running order for next summer. The building will be underwritten ten stores, six of them facing on Princess-avenue, and the other four on Park-street. The property to be offered is in close proximity to this hotel, the building of which will give a tremendous impetus to the value of lots in this vicinity.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY NEXT JANUARY 17th AND 18th 1882. TERMS—Half cash, balance 6 and 12 months, with interest at 8 per cent.; or 10 per cent. discount off for cash. SALE AT 2:30 AND 7:30 P.M. EACH DAY. C. M. HENDERSON & CO., Auctioneers, 185 Yonge Street.

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