

having condemned him to this TEN YEARS' SOLITUDE.

Neoptolemus is to pretend to be returning from Troy to his own home, and then, of course, Philoctetes will ask to be taken away from this lonely prison. The struggle between the son of Achilles, who hates the very sound of a lie and Ulysses, the craftiest of the Greeks, urging him to tell a lie in order to win Troy, takes up most of the first act. Neoptolemus at first indignantly protests that he had rather "fall by doing right than succeed by doing wrong." But the wily King of Ithaca gradually persuades him to stifle his scruples for a time.

Mr. Hormisdas Hogue, as Odysseus (Ulysses), dressed in a blue tunic and yellow chlamys with the many-hued conical cap worn by the mariners of the Grecian Archipelago, has an excellent facial expression in which energy and prudence predominate; his heavy, dark beard, eyebrows and hair helped to strengthen the impression of mature manhood which his deep resonant voice produced. Mr. Josaphat Magnan, with his attractive beardless face and his bright red cloak, looked appropriately young and noble as befitted the

SON OF ACHILLES.

His reluctance to adopt the course of deceit proposed by Ulysses was well represented in his restless pacing to and fro and his deprecatory gestures. Towards the end of this first act the chorus makes its "parodos" or first entrance in solemn step singing to the stirring music of the orchestra.

Before the second act Father Drummond pointed out how the chorus reflects the feelings of the actors and the impressions of the audience by expressions of joy, sorrow, admiration or horror, by hymns to the gods, by addressing the actors, advising or consoling, warning or approving.

THE CHORISTS,

who on this occasion were represented on the stage by eight nice-looking boys clad in white tunics (one of them, however, the corypheus, wore a pink tunic) with sky-blue sashes round their waists, fillets of the same color in their hair and prettily laced white buskins, sing to solemn or impassioned music, while moving from one side of the stage to the other, in so-called strophes (turns) antistrophes (counter-turns), and epodes (after-songs). The reverend gentleman went on to explain how the unities of time and place were perfectly observed in this tragedy, the entire action occurring on the same spot and requiring exactly the time spent in the performance. The imagination of the Greeks was more reasonable than ours. We tolerate plays that are supposed to last many years and to shift from St. Petersburg to New South Wales. However, at least one novelist, Marion Crawford, has written two novels the entire action of which takes place

IN ONE DAY,

which adds greatly to the dramatic effect.

The first entrance of Philoctetes at the beginning of the second act was the signal for loud applause. A man of athletic frame, with iron grey hair and beard, with face furrowed by pain and a bow and arrow in his right hand, was seen dragging himself slowly out of the mouth of a cave, sighing and groaning in evident anguish of body. Mr. Lajoie is admirably fitted to the part of Philoctetes, which requires a man of mature years. (Mr. Lajoie is, we understand, well on the shady side of thirty), a sympathetic voice, a strong, manly and expressive face and the mighty anger of a warlike hero. The mere committing to memory of 622 lines, almost one half of the whole

tragedy, requires a tremendous effort. But the only effort that was visible in his acting was the struggle against pain and passion. His appeals were

HEART-RENDING,

his indignation terrible, his delight at meeting Greeks and especially the son of Achilles, his old friend, most winsome. One unusually perfect feature of his action was the ease, amplitude and finish of the gestures that ended in his graceful, yet nervous fingers. It was thoroughly Greek, nothing was overdone, but everything was well done.

Neoptolemus skilfully deceives the stricken hero. A choric interlude seems to confirm his false narrative. Philoctetes inquires about his companions at Troy, and entreats to be taken home. Just then a supposed merchant enters hurriedly with the news that Ulysses has left Troy in search of Philoctetes. This makes the hero more than ever eager to depart at once, and Neoptolemus agrees. The part of the supposed merchant was very well filled by Mr. Albert Dubuc who did full justice to a scene which, though short, has an important bearing on the general issue.

Before the third act Father Drummond explained how the sleep which overtakes Philoctetes after a paroxysm of pain is quite in accordance with modern medical experience. In his anguish the sufferer hands Neoptolemus the bow and arrows to hold till the fit is past. He then falls asleep through sheer exhaustion. Meanwhile the chorus sing in a low tone a beautiful hymn to the god of sleep. The chorists advise Neoptolemus to steal the bow, but he replies that the weapon without its owner is useless.

Summaries of the fourth and fifth acts were also given in a conversational tone by Father Drummond. On awakening, Philoctetes asks for his bow. Neoptolemus refuses to restore it. The scene that follows is full of interest. Philoctetes is rightfully indignant and reproaches the son of Achilles with his treachery. The appeal is so pathetic that Neoptolemus is on the point of relenting, when Ulysses appears, reviling him and threatening to use compulsion with Philoctetes. The latter, finding himself helpless in the presence of his old enemy, tries to throw himself down the rocks, but is bound by the servants of Ulysses. As he refuses to go, Ulysses and Neoptolemus retire with the bow. The chorus try to persuade Philoctetes to save himself by going with the King of Ithaca; but he is absorbed in his own misery.

Now begins the fifth and last act. During the musical interlude, Neoptolemus has been debating with himself and, now, repenting of his guile, returns to

RESTORE THE BOW

to Philoctetes. Ulysses threatens violence, and draws his sword, but the youth draws his and compels the older man to retire. He then goes to the cave-mouth and calls Philoctetes forth, who, smarting from fresh wrong, is at first incredulous; but when his beloved treasure is actually placed in his hands, joy prevails ever disbelief; and on Ulysses once more appearing, Philoctetes aims the deadly shaft at him. Neoptolemus interposes, thus saving the life of the wily schemer, and then makes one last effort to bring Philoctetes to Troy. When the hero refuses, Neoptolemus flings away ambition and sacrifices personal glory to truth. At this moment, when all hope of winning Philoctetes seemed lost,

HERCULES APPEARS

amid the clouds of heaven and by his miraculous intervention changes the obdurate mind of Philoctetes, who will find health and fame at Troy.

Thus ends the most unique

drama ever played in this western country. Mr. Adjuetur Hogue, who impersonated Hercules, sang and spoke with becoming dignity.

The music was one of the most engaging features of the tragedy. It was by turns pathetic, full of minor chords, or insistent and martial, or again occasionally joyous, and in general instinct with that grave solemnity which we are accustomed to connect with church oratorios. One of the two harmoniums used in accompaniment was played by Master Alexandre Bertrand, a lad of fifteen, who thus accomplished what several grown men had hesitated to undertake. The other harmonium was played by Mr. Matthews. The violins, violincello and bass viol were, we need hardly say, excellently handled by the musicians of the Winnipeg theatre orchestra. Several gentlemen from St. Boniface also greatly helped in the success of the singing.

Several times during the performance the applause was started by students of other colleges. It was noticed that more than one spectator followed the whole play in his Greek text. The minuet dances and evolutions of the eight stage chorists were much admired.

When the curtain fell a storm of applause burst from the audience and was continued so long that it had to be raised again, and the actors, grouped on the stage, received another ovation. His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, whom the rector of the college had called upon for a speech, gracefully transferred the pleasant duty to Rev. Dr. Bryce, who acquitted himself of it with more than his usual felicity. He said he had been charmed by the whole performance. The Greek was the noblest and most perfect of languages and he had followed the rendering of this great tragedy with the greatest pleasure. We read, he said, that the first beginnings of a college education were given here in 1818 by the first Catholic missionary, and now we have this finished product of Greek scholarship. It was, from the mere point of view of memory, a great effort to prepare such a tragedy, and the success is complete, since he had not observed any prompting. Having known the director of this college when it was affiliated to the university, the late Father Forget, and for many years past, in university meetings, having occasion to meet Father Cherrier and Father Drummond, he could say that the representatives of St. Boniface college, though he did not always see eye to eye with them, had always proved to be upright gentlemen. He was therefore delighted to be able to congratulate the students on their successful performance; he would even have a special word of praise for the younger ones, the chorists; they acted very naturally; they looked into that cave as if it were a real cave. Once more thanking the director and professors for this treat, he hoped to be invited again whenever another Greek play is put on the boards.

After Dr. Bryce's happy speech, which was warmly applauded, the orchestra played "God Save the Queen," and the audience dispersed thoroughly satisfied with so scholarly an entertainment.

The Redemptorist Fathers are very pleased with the success of their mission in St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg. There was a large attendance throughout. The Missionary Fathers heard 860 persons in confession.

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A Woman's Advice.

TO SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUSNESS AND HEAD-ACHES.

MRS. ROBINS, OF PORT COLBORNE, TELLS HOW SHE FOUND A CURE AND ASSERTS THE BELIEF THAT THE SAME REMEDY WILL CURE OTHER SUFFERERS.

Mrs. Daniel Robins, of Port Colborne, Ont., is one of those who believe that when a remedy for disease has been found, it is the duty of the person benefited to make it known, in order that other sufferers may also find the road to renewed health. Mrs. Robins says: "In the spring of 1897 my health gave way and I became completely prostrated. Nervousness, palpitation of the heart and severe headaches were the chief symptoms. The nervous trouble was so severe as to border almost upon St. Vitus' dance. The least exertion, such as going upstairs for example, would leave me almost breathless, and my heart would palpitate violently. My appetite was very fickle and I was much reduced in flesh. The usual remedies were tried, but did not help me, and eventually I became so weak that I was unable to perform my household duties, and the headaches I suffered from at times made me feel as though my head would burst. I was feeling very discouraged when a cure in a case much resembling mine through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came to my notice and I decided to give them a trial. After using two boxes I found so much relief that I was greatly rejoiced to know that I had found a medicine that would cure me. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken eight or nine boxes, when I considered my cure complete. The palpitation of the heart, nervousness and headaches had disappeared; my appetite was again good, and I had gained in weight nicely. I regard myself as completely restored and I would urge other women suffering as I did to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and I am sure they will have equally good reason to sound their praise.

There are thousands of women throughout the country who suffer as Mrs. Robins did, who are pale, subject to headaches, heart palpitation and dizziness, who drag along, frequently thinking that life is a burden. To all such we would say give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills make rich red blood, strengthen the nerves, bring the glow of health to pale and shallow cheeks, and make the feeble and despondent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Rev. Father Distler concluded his very successful mission at St. Mary's, Winnipeg, by a solemn Requiem Mass and sermon for the dead yesterday morning. On Saturday he goes with Rev. Father Verlooy to Rat Portage to preach a mission there during next week. Rev. Father Godts returns to Brandon this morning.

Rev. Father Guillet, O. M. I., is delighted with the result of the Mission by the Redemptorist Fathers. Father Distler preached a beautiful sermon on Perseverance last Monday evening, during which he thanked all the people of the parish, the good Brothers of Mary and the Oblate Fathers, asking all to

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pray for him. It was very touching.

Archbishop Langerin lately received a letter from Mr. Birmingham, the ecclesiastic who was here last year, announcing that he had been ordained priest on Feb. 18 by His Lordship the Bishop of Nottingham, Dr. Bagshawe.

Mrs. Robinson publishes a card of thanks in the Rat Portage News, expressing the gratitude of the Catholic congregation to those who assisted in the sacred concert given in Notre Dame du Portage on the 19th inst. She says the success was largely due to the generosity of Protestants and to the spirited response of the French Canadians at Norman.

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