

BIG VAUDEVILLE WILL BE AT GRAND

Manager Bowers Has Galaxy of
Brilliant Acts for Next
Week.

The much-talked-of and heralded Klaw & Erlanger advanced vaudeville will be here Monday at the Grand. Much interest has attached itself to the fact that it is to be given for the benefit of the mail carriers, and is supposed to be the largest undertaking ever before seen in this city or even outside of New York City.

That Manager Bowers has secured some of the largest acts now before the public will readily be seen at a single glance over the large array of headline and feature acts now engaged for this monster benefit. That the people of London appreciate a good thing was demonstrated Thursday morning when the plan opened at the box office, and in one hour and thirty minutes over half of the house was sold out for Monday evening. And the mail carriers who are selling the tickets report that they have disposed of over 3,000 tickets for the week.

This speaks well for the people, and shows that they have implicit faith in

in all the large vaudeville houses throughout the country.

And still another act that is worthy of special mention is that of Will H. Fox, the greatest comedy pianist in the world. Mr. Fox has just completed an engagement of seven months at the Palace in London, Eng., and so great was his popularity that he was greeted with an ovation every night on his appearance. Mr. Fox is original in his methods to entertain, and uses only a baby grand piano to do so.

Irene Lee and her "Kandy Kids" are coming direct from Hammerstein's, and that alone is proof of the high quality of her act. But for the benefit of those that are not familiar with the act, a few lines will not be amiss. Miss Lee and her Kandy Kids do a singing and dancing act, introducing a miniature musical comedy in which all of them play a part, and it is said to be the best act of its kind seen in the metropolis this season.

Cook and Stevens, in a ragtime absurdity, "The Coo and the Chinaman," have an act of the convulsing sort, that keeps the audience in an uproar from the time they make their appearance until they have finished.

The Brothers Griff are billed as European gymnasts extraordinary, and from the dexterous feats performed by these two clever acrobats it is safe to say no other act of a like nature has been seen here this season.

Harry Lee is a Hebrew comedian and parody singer who gets the audience with him at all times, and keeps you laughing all the time he is on the stage.

Last and by no means the least is Monnie Emerald. She is the daintiest



MADAME HERMANN, WITH THE BIG VAUDEVILLE SHOW AT THE GRAND ALL NEXT WEEK.

Manager Bowers' efforts to give them the best to be had in theatricals, be it either vaudeville or the legitimate drama. Some time ago when Mr. Bowers was approached by a committee from the Mail Carriers' Association and asked about a benefit for them to be given in the Grand, he inquired the nature of the benefit to be given.

"Well," they said, "we will leave that up to you, knowing your wide experience in the theatrical business, you should know what will be the best for the people, as we want to reflect credit on ourselves, and make it the most-talked-of affair ever given in our city."

Mr. Bowers looked around for attractions, and after hard work, has gotten together the greatest array of vaudeville stars ever seen in Canada, or, for that matter, outside of New York City.

A glance over this enormous bill will convince the most skeptical that there is a rare treat in store for London all next week. First and foremost, is that of Thompson's military and acrobatic elephants. This act consists of ten of these massive brutes trained with a skill that reflects great credit on Mr. Thompson for his patience, for it is a conceded fact that no animal is quite as clumsy and awkward as an elephant, yet he has them trained with such precision that they perform the most difficult feats with grace and skill.

"Mary," the only somersaulting elephant in the world, actually turns a complete somersault in mid-air, and you wonder how any man could have taught an elephant such a feat.

As a special feature, Mr. Bowers has engaged for the week, Adelade Hermann, widow of the late "Herman the Great." Madame Hermann is perhaps well known to a majority of the local theatergoers as having been here with her late and gifted husband, assisting him in his wonderful feats of magic. Madame is appearing this season in a number of the latest and most mystifying illusions ever before presented on any stage, as well as some of the best feats performed by her late husband, all of which are jealously guarded by her.

STARVING BABIES.

The baby who suffers from indigestion is simply starving to death. It loses all desire for food and the little child does take does no good, and the child is peevish, cross and restless. Mothers will find no other medicine as prompt to cure as Baby's Own Tablets—they always do good—they can't possibly do harm. Mrs. James Savoy, Little Lameque, N. B., says: "I believe that had it not been for Baby's Own Tablets my child would have been in her grave. She was completely run down, would refuse food, and was rapidly falling. Nothing I gave her did her any good until I began the use of Baby's Own Tablets, and then she changed her little into a well and a smiling child." Sold by druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box. Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Dr. Williams, Ont.

DISADVANTAGES BRING TRAIN OF ADVANTAGES

BY REV. CHARLES F. AKED D. D.
(Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York.)

And Moses put forth his hand and laid hold of the serpent, and it became a rod in his hand—Exodus iv. 2.

He put forth his hand, and the serpent, dangerous, destructive, deadly, became a rod, a stay, a support, a defence. In the hand of a strong man the poisonous thing became beneficent.

This is God's way in nature. The supremely destructive forces of the universe are among the supremely great and supremely blessed of the educative agencies of life. Man can only enter into conflict with them, and, entering with them, has grown strong and wise.

Where nature is prodigal of her bounty, where a suit of clothes grows on every tree and a dinner is found under every bush, man slumbers. Where nature enters into conflict with man, his mind is quickened, his hand is strengthened, his heart is purified, his soul is saved.

But these forces of nature have their terrors. They crush, maim, blind, burn, destroy, overwhelm, appal. And so man becomes not only a stronger and cunning man, but a better man. He is educated by adversity, and his heart is educated by the loss of his head. He learns pity. He enters into compassion. He develops philanthropy. The shipwreck launches the lifeboat. The plague is stopped because the bacteriologist has lived and loved and died.

God's way in nature, God's way in history, is God's way for each of us in our own life. Let us grasp the serpent, then, it may be a rod to us.

This is the story of all glorious conquest of adverse circumstance. Strolling along the bank of my native Trent, I have seen a parable—with your hand and line in his hands. Some townsman, magnificently equipped with outfit that must have cost a little fortune,

lung his line in vain. The shadows of evening fell and his face lengthened, and there was never a fish in his creel. And beside him a ragged rascal of a village schoolboy, playing truant, with bare feet and unwashed hands, with his home-made rod and two-penny tackle, swinging out the roach and dace or greedy perch at almost every swim. These things are written allegorically.

It is not the costliest outfit which takes the biggest fish.

Cardinal Wolsey, Daniel De Foe and Henry Kirke White—would be impossible to name in a breath three men more utterly unlike each other—were all the sons of butchers. Jeremy Taylor, one of the greatest of English preachers, Richard Arkwright, the real founder of our cotton industries, and Turner, the painter, were all barbers. John Bunyan was a tinker, Robert Burns a plowman, Ben Jonson a bricklayer, Livingston was a weaver, Stanley a workhouse boy, Carey a cobbler, Copernicus was the son of a baker, Kepler came from a German inn, Whitefield was a barman at the Bell Tavern in Gloucester, Haydn was a wheelwright, Hildebrand a village carpenter, George Stephenson was an engine fireman and taught himself arithmetic on the side of colliery wagons. Wilkie learned art with a piece of chalk and a barn door, West made his first brushes out of a cat's tail, Watt constructed his first model out of an old syringe, Humphrey Davy experimented his scientific appliances from kitchen pots and pans, and Faraday hid from glass bottles, Elihu Burritt mastered eighteen ancient and modern languages while earning his living as a blacksmith.

Believe, then, that neither feeble hand nor cramping poverty, nor crushing sorrow, nor accomplished sin, nor evil habits need paralyze the aspirations of your essential manhood, nor quench its immortality. Put forth your hand, my brother, and the serpent shall become a rod.—Charles F. Aked.

"The Mikado" and the Japanese

London, May 18. — Quite a little comment has been occasioned in London concerning a gentle "tip" given to Mrs. D'Oyley Carte not to go ahead with her revival of "The Mikado," with the result that she has abandoned the project.

The source of this "representation" has not been disclosed, but it can only have been the stage censor, George Redford, who in turn represents the lord chamberlain, the official whose word is law so far as productions on the British stage are concerned. No authorized explanation has been forthcoming, but it is generally assumed that the reason for this refusal to let Londoners hear "The Mikado" is political in its nature.

As Americans do not need to be told, England and Japan are allies at present, and present the powers that be imagine that offense might be given to the Oriental nation were "The Mikado" allowed to disport himself again on the stage of the Savoy, as he did for some 400 nights in the glorious past of that theater. This decision has been brought about by the fact that "The Mikado" represented in the world-sung opera is not the present ruler of Japan, but only one of his remote ancestors, and that the opera itself has been played constantly in the British provinces during the three years that the Anglo-Japanese alliance has lasted without any international "incident" having resulted.

Probably the difference, to the mind of officialdom, lies in the fact that the Savoy—where, after many years of waiting, the famous operas which were originally played there are now being revived—is a "West End" house. Possibly the Japanese ambassador might have chanced to visit one of the performances. Horrors! No doubt, however, the real reason for this act on the part of the lord chamberlain is the approaching visit to London of Prince Fushimi, who is coming to return that of Prince Arthur of Connaught to Japan, but in the opinion of the London public—which badly wants to see "The Mikado" again, the possibility of this distinguished emissary's taking umbrage at the "innocent merriment" of Mr. Gilbert is not great enough to warrant the abandonment of the promised revival.

Thus far the project of Mrs. D'Oyley Carte—no is, of course, the widow of the famous manager of the Savoy in the great days—has been the biggest of successes. It was something of a question, it may be remembered, whether this would prove the case—many folk believing that the famous operas would be found to have suffered with age, but in spite of the rival attraction of modern musical comedy the Savoy has been crammed nightly ever since the revivals began. The first one, by the way, was "The Yeomen of the Guard," which Gilbert declares to be his personal favorite; then came "The Gondoliers," and at present "Patience" is the attraction. How attractive the famous operas are proving may, in fact, be gathered from a statement which has just been made by Mrs. D'Oyley Carte in connection with the blacklisting of "The Mikado."

It appears that both the dresses and the scenery for this revival were in an advanced state of preparation, and reckoning their cost and considering the special popularity of "The Mikado," the proprietress of the Savoy believes

her self £25,000 out of pocket, owing to the lord chamberlain's decree.

Meanwhile what does the veteran author of "The Mikado" think of this latest ineptitude on the part of Mr. Redford? "At present, you will observe, he has nothing to say, but it will not be surprising—in case the feeling on this subject among playgoers does not result in a reversal of this decree—if Mr. Gilbert has something very definite and very biting to say" regarding the prohibition of his opera. It would astonish no one, in fact, if the official representative of the lord chamberlain came in for the severest "dressing down" he has received since George Bernard Shaw poured out the vials of his wrath against this "archaic official" in connection with his refusal to license "Widowers' Houses." Need less to say, Mr. Gilbert will be considerably out of pocket should "The Mikado" not be produced at the Savoy, but it is possible—though not probable—that the somewhat irascible librettist may refrain from commenting on the action of the lord chamberlain's office owing to the fact that he is himself in an official position. He is, of course, a magistrate and "sits" regularly in the Edgware Road police court. It is, however, true that Mr. Gilbert would not lack for material did he decide to free his mind on the subject of Mr. Redford and all his works. Perhaps the censor will be abolished some day—as he has been abolished in France—but until then he will presumably go on prohibiting such works as "Monna Vanna" and "John the Baptist" (which Sothern will not be allowed to give here), while allowing a freedom to music hall performances such as would be tolerated in no American city. If Gilbert ever makes another "little list" of persons "who never would be missed" from the scheme of existence, he is likely to give the British stage censor a leading position therein.

EARLY CROP OF RATTLES.

The first snake story of this fiscal year, and probably the most important one, has been brought in by Perry Sears. On January 21 he killed eleven rattlers which he found in a bunch while riding the Sears range of Camp creek. He rode to the top of the rocky ridge to get a better view of the surrounding country for cattle.

On reaching the summit he saw something that made him forget the cattle. A few feet in front of his horse lay an immense rattler and near by was another nearly as large. He shot the heads off both of them, and then he began to see snakes in all directions. When he finished the killing eleven snakes lay about without heads.

He skinned three of the largest, the skins measuring when he got back to the ranch house from 5 feet to 5 feet 7 inches.

CECIL RHODES' GRAVE.

On a plain metal slab fastened down with six heavy bolts on rough-hewn granite appear the words: "Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes." The dates of his arrival in and departure from this world are absent. An empire-builder's grave! But comparatively few of the English-speaking race, the race it was his passion to serve, will ever look upon this simple mark of sepulture, away, in the lone Matopos wilderness, as a desert in the darkest continent—rather will they remember and revere him by the living

monument he has left, that splendid character-strengthening interchange in the form of scholarships for the young men of Great Britain and America, a tie designed to bind these nations closer. Alone, this gift to posterity stamps Rhodes as a man, big-hearted and generous, a man who labored for wealth not for wealth's sake, but for the abundant good of his race. Like Tassili sleeping under the wide and starry sky, on Vaux, that far and lonely Samoan mountain, Cecil John Rhodes draws and long will draw to lonely Matopos the hearts of men in loving remembrance.

There is now being built at Juvisy, in the outskirts of Paris, a station which it is believed will, when finished, be the largest in the world. At Juvisy all the lines meet of the Paris Lyons-Marseilles kind of the Orleans systems, about thirty pairs of rails being interlaced. From this point radiate the lines which carry traffic to Southern France, to Italy, to Spain and to Portugal. The new station covering all these rails is to be built on the latest principles.

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A cat named Pinky has died at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., leaving an estate of \$30,000 to a sister cat. Each of the cats inherited \$30,000 from B. F. Dille, an eccentric millionaire.

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The negro Baptists are taking steps to found a national university. A promise of \$25,000 toward starting it is announced.

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