

## HOW THEY FOOL, ETC.—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.

a great pitch of patriotic enthusiasm. Yet, we see only a London drawing-room, with four or five of the dramatic persons looking from a balcony window at the various regiments which are supposed to be passing in the street below. But we hear the brass and life and drum bands playing the farewell marches, the sharp peremptory commands of the officers, the continuous tramp of the men as they file steadily past. That impressive tramp, tramp, of marching soldiery investigated, is simply produced by a couple of assistants behind the scenes, who "mark time" on the boards, and another couple who do the same in a shallow box containing cinders.

In the next act are introduced some telling "winter effects." Here we have the interior of a rudely constructed hut, occupied by the English officers at the seat of war in the Crimea; this is a built-in scene with a "practicable" door, the only entrance to the hut, on the right hand side of the stage. At the beginning of the act the wind is heard shrieking and moaning outside, and when anyone enters or leaves the hut he opens the door just sufficient to let him pass through, then quickly closes it to prevent it being blown inward. In the momentary opening of the door we hear the wind shriek louder, and catch a glimpse of the white waste outside, with the snow driving in clouds against the door.

Rather elaborate preparations are necessary to faithfully reproduce this effect. The outside of the hut door is first profusely covered with pads of cotton-wool. Then there is placed opposite to it, in the side-wings, one of the large riddles used by builders' men to sift sand and lime, and which resembles the frame of an ordinary door strung with wires. Two men stand behind the riddle with a plentiful supply of bran and salt mixed, which, every time the door is opened during the progress of the storm, they toss rapidly through the wires, aiming always at the door. The wires cut through the bran and salt, and give the compound the flaky appearance of drifting snow, the bran being used to soften the heavy swishing sound of the salt.

To further emphasize the severity of the Crimean winter, when Hugh Chalcot, late the lounge about town, rises yawning from his couch, and prepared for his morning toilet, he finds that the water in the bucket has frozen over-night. Now, no stage-manager would, for a moment, think of putting real ice in that bucket, he has choice of two simple and inexpensive expedients, by which he can produce the desired effect, even in the dogdays. He may cover the bottom of the bucket with a layer of sand, place a common dinner-plate on the top of the sand, then fill the bucket three parts full of water. Or, instead of the sand and plate, he can fix two cross bars of thin wood between the sides of the bucket, above the surface of the water. "Ice, as usual," remarks Chalcot, as he taps the plate—or the laths—with a crowbar, to convey the idea that the substance is ice. When a more vigorous blow breaks the obstruction, and the water splashes over the sides of the bucket, the illusion is complete.

EX-MANAGER.

### THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARY."

MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON, the author of MONTREAL LIFE's new continued story, "Lady Mary," is more widely known in England than in America, although a native of this continent. Her maiden name was Alice Muriel Livingston, and she was born at Livingston "Manor House," on the Hudson river, near Poughkeepsie, 30 years ago last June. In 1894 she married Mr. C. N. Williamson, founder of Black and White, a well-known paper, and has since resided at "Hill Farm," Walton-on-Thames. Mrs. Williamson was educated privately, and at 21 went on the stage and acted with Mr. Daniel Frohman's company and others. She later starred

with her own company, and in 1892 went to England as correspondent for a syndicate of United States papers. She then began writing for Black and White, The Sketch, and other journals of the metropolis. Her recreations are traveling and reading. She has published "The Barn Stormers," a novel embodying some of her stage experiences; "Fortune's Sport," in 1898; "A Woman in Grey," in 1898, and "Lady Mary," which is now appearing in MONTREAL LIFE under a special arrangement. Mrs. Williamson's career is looked upon by critics as presenting a rich promise of great distinction in the future.



### TWO SPHERES.

WHILE eager angels watched in awe,  
God fashioned with His hands  
Two shining spheres to work His law,  
And carry His commands.

With patient art He shaped them true,  
With calm, untiring care;  
And none of those bright watchers knew  
Which one to call most fair.

He dropped one lightly down to earth  
Amid the morning's blue—  
And on a gossamer had birth  
A bead of blinding dew.

It flamed across the hollow field,  
On tiptoe to depart,  
Outvied Aeternus, and revealed  
All heaven in its heart.

He tossed the other into space  
(As children toss a ball)  
To swing forever in its place  
With equal rise and fall;

To flame through the ethereal dark,  
Among its brother spheres,  
An orbit too immense to mark  
The little tide of years.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

### ZOLA'S REAPPEARANCE IN SOCIETY.

LAST year, M. Zola disappeared from the stage of Parisian life as suddenly and mysteriously as if, to follow out the theatrical simile, he had gone down the trap. In the interval he wrote "Fécondité," bought socks under alarming linguistic conditions in the Buckingham Palace Road, and witnessed from afar the upshot of his sturdy campaign for Dreyfus. Meanwhile, passers-by flung stones at the windows of his deserted house. But now he is back in the glare of the foot-lights again, or, to be more correct, of the electric light, for his first appearance in Paris was at the first night of Wagner's Tristan and Isolde, a few days ago. Very little curiosity was manifested by the crowded audience in the presence of his well-known figure among them, and this, I take it, is a good sign, tending to show that the terrible passions aroused by the "affaire" are beginning to calm down. As a matter of fact, Zola's appearance at a Wagner premiere in the heyday of his popularity would have aroused much curious comment, for, as he has often told the world, he has no musical ear. I think it probable that his visit to the Opera was in the nature of an experiment. If so, it succeeded perfectly; perhaps too well, for the experimenter was hardly even noticed, still less hooted or "conspued."