



THE GRAND.

Thursday "Polly Primrose"

So far but one attraction has been looked for the Grand next week, and it is "Polly Primrose," in which Miss Adelaide Thurston will again be seen in London. Miss Thurston will be remembered as the star in "Sweet Clover," and also as the young lady who played "Bobbie" in "The Little Minister," here some years ago.

Paul Wiltach's new comedy, "Polly Primrose," is a story of old Georgetown, the aristocratic suburb of Washington, about 40 years ago. The scenes take place in Primrose Mansion, a stately old colonial pile. When the author and the scenic artist went to Georgetown to make sketches for the scenery, Miss Thurston accompanied them. They found an auction sale on in one of the old houses, and there they purchased the old mahogany and rosewood furniture necessary for the play. Everything on the stage in "Polly Primrose" is carried by Miss Thurston's company.

This includes many rare specimens of old furniture, especially a quaint old pinning, a curious rosewood what-not, some exquisite candle scones, a number of Hepplewhite and Chippendale and Queen Ann rush bottom chairs, and a superb tapestry Aubusson center rug. With correct scenes of the ante-bellum period in a play that has been voted one of the rare treats of present theatrical offerings, Miss Thurston's engagement here promises to be one of the best opportunities theatergoers will have this season to see a well-written and well-presented production.

A very large audience again greeted "Red Feather" at the Grand last night. Tonight the company play in Hamilton.

Dan Daly's brother, Timothy, a Boston merchant, died last Monday, making five deaths in the family within nine weeks.

Peter F. Dalley will pass under the management of Klaw & Erlanger at the close of the present tour of Weber and Fields.

Edna May has been loaned to George Edwards by Charles Frohman for the forthcoming revival in London of "La Poupée."

Towards the close of next season, Wilton Lackaye expects to be seen in his own dramatic production of "Les Misérables," and also "Othello."

If Margaret Anglin can be induced to return to New York from London, Henry Miller may produce "Camille" for a short season with her in the title role.

Mazie Fulleite has been engaged for the company that is to appear in "The Prince of Pilsen" in London. She will be the San Francisco girl in "The Song of the Cities."

Minola Mada Hurst, of "The Medal and the Maid" company, was recently married at Buffalo to a Philadelphia merchant named Worth. Mrs. Worth says she will remain on the stage.

Waggoners & Kemper have added Jessie Millward to their string of stars for next season. She will open in New York with a play from the German, its title not having been decided upon.

Far up in one of the very tip-top boxes at the recent revival of "The

Two Orphans," in New York, sat a woman whose name has become a household word, yet only a few saw her to recognize her, says a New York paper. It was Kate Claxton, the original Louise, almost the only Louise. Her loyalty to "The Two Orphans" has been exceeded only by that of Jefferson to "Rip Van Winkle." Although fortune may not have been so kind to her—for it is the popular theaters which see her now—she has made sure of at least a little niche in the history of drama in this country. That is one reward for steadfastness in clinging to a single part. Few years have passed since 1874 that Miss Claxton has not played the part through the country. The total number of her performances must far exceed those of Charles Warner in "Drink," and they are more than 5,000. Rose Eytinge, the original Marianne, was also one of the audience.

One of the original audience remarked that no one who went to the Union Square Theater on Dec. 21, 1874, was likely to forget it, even if the play had not been "The Two Orphans." The last curtain did not fall till after midnight. During the evening there had been a severe sleet storm and the pavement was covered with ice. The first of the audience pouring out, in a hurry to get home, promptly sat down as soon as they reached the sidewalk.

Those who came pressing after sat down, chiefly on those who came out first. There was a sharp rise in arnica quotations the next day.

J. H. Stoddard began his stage career in Edinburgh nearly 60 years ago. He was only a slip of a lad, but he had taken no elocution as soon as he could talk, and when he recited Shakespeare for his father, who was a theatrical manager, he rather surprised that gentleman, and was at once placed in the company for small parts. Before J. H. Stoddard was 25 years of age he had played the whole round of Shakespearean star parts, including Hamlet, Richard III., and Othello, with Bob Acres, Clifford and a few others of that style, from the eighteenth century comedies, thrown in.

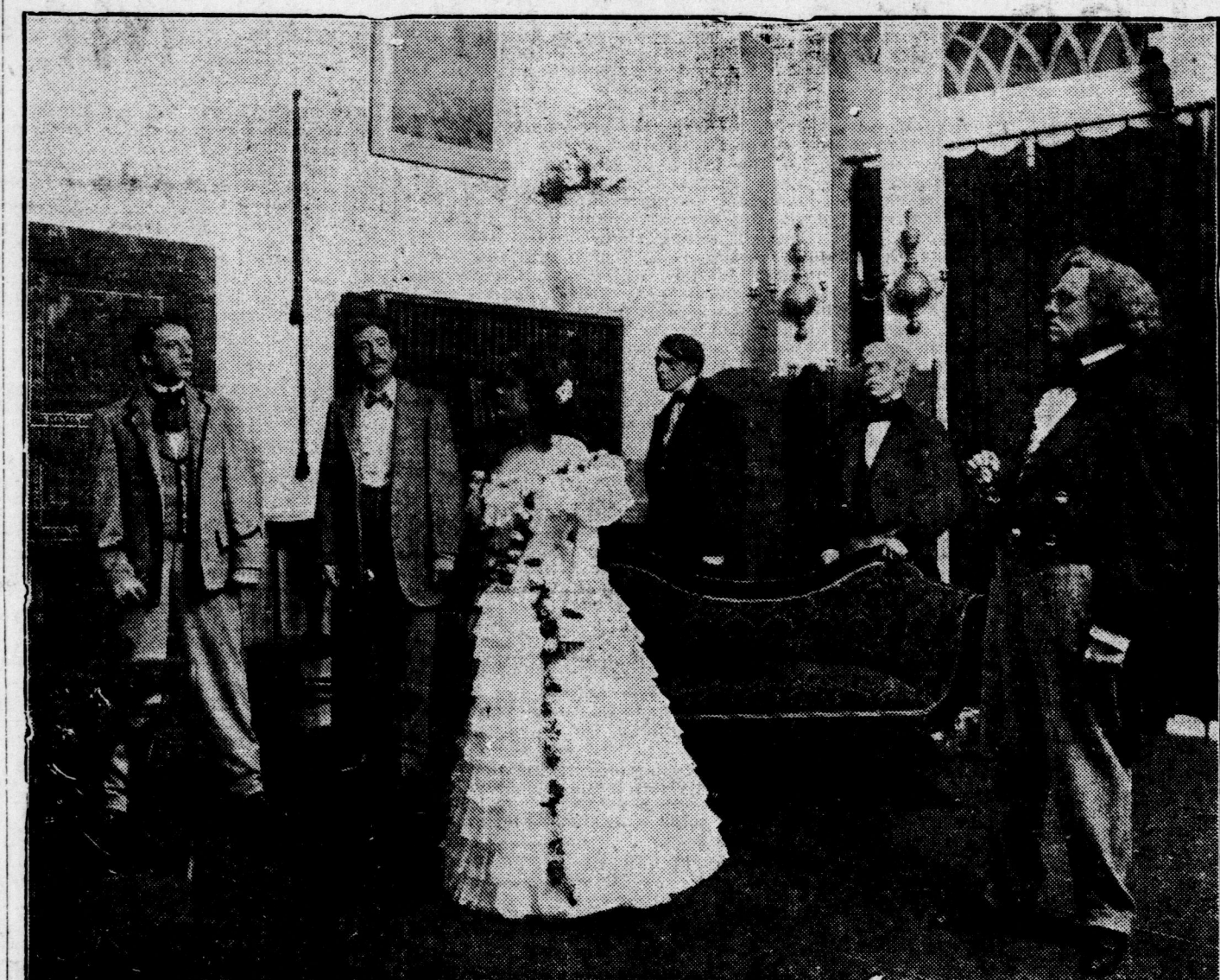
J. H. Stoddard is most emphatically an actor, as distinguished from a comedian or tragedian. He believes that a man in his profession should be able to assume any part at short notice. He is an old man now, and is playing a character supposed to be about his own age, in "The Bonnie Brer Bush," but it is only a few years since he played a bumptious in his teens, and he looked the part as naturally as he does the Domine in which he is touring the country today. It is a matter, not only of make-up, but of acting the part. Mr. Stoddard con-

cedes the importance of grease paint and wigs, but places a great deal more stress upon artistic carrying out of roles.

Comparisons, while sometimes odious, are often interesting, and a comparison between the box office receipts of the Lyric Theater, New York, on an average night in February or March, 1904, with Wilton Lackaye in William A. Brady's production of "The Pit" as the attraction, and receipts at the Grand Opera House in 1882 and 1883 falls under the latter classification.

In the far-off days of 1882 and 1883 Grand Opera House boxes ranged in price from \$10 to \$50, orchestra parlor chairs, as they were then termed, were only \$1; the orchestra chairs were 75 cents, and the side stalls and the front balcony were also 75 cents. The orchestra circle, the balcony and general admission were 50 cents, while the gallery was but 25 cents. The entire house held about \$1,200.

In September, 1882, Collier's Dramatic Company in "The Lights of London" played at the Grand Opera House and drew from \$721 a performance to a little over \$1,200. Clara Morris in "Miss Merton" varied from \$850 to \$1,200, and Brooks & Dickson's company in "The World" ranged from \$200 to \$800. The Strakosch English Opera Company



SCENE FROM "POLLY PRIMROSE," AT THE GRAND NEXT THURSDAY

"Piff, Paff, Pouf" Makes a Hit in New York

(Special Letter to the London Advertiser.)

New York, April 9.—There will be no complaint in New York regarding the paucity of stage material this week, there's something new at every quarter, no matter which way one turns. Indeed, the great city has witnessed what might aptly be termed a production of "Piff, Paff, Pouf" on Saturday night and reached its apex on Monday evening, with five entirely new plays of various sorts, not to mention the revival of "The Prince of Pilsen," at Daly's Theater for four weeks prior to its transfer to the Shubert.

The production called "Piff, Paff, Pouf," took place at the Casino, and the piece "won out" in spite of its weird and uncanny title. The music is by Jean Schwartz, the lyrics are by William Jerome, and the book is by Stanislaus Stange. Of the last two, the latter is the more important, for there isn't very much to be said. The story is thin and of no special moment. But, the songs are gracefully and cleverly written, the score is capital from first to last, and the production is the finest that Manager F. C. Whitney has yet made known to this city. One of the features of the entertainment, called the Radium Ballet, participated in by the English "Pones" imported to this country some years ago, scored an unmistakable sensation. The entire house, including the stage, darkened, and the little dancers in the costume of Pierrot, appear upon the scene. The material of which the dress is made takes on an iridescent glow, causing a very striking and mystifying effect, and at the same time establishing one of the most distinct novelties of the year in New York amusements. "Piff, Paff, Pouf" will doubtless run straight through to warm weather at the Casino.

Of the remaining crop of stage works some were worthy of approval and others were not. In the category last named the most notable is undoubtedly held by a strange concoction called "The Shepherd King," put forward by Wright Lorimer at his own expense upon the stage of the Knickerbocker Theater. There is no questioning the liberality exhibited by Mr. Lorimer in supplying the "Shepherd King" for his long "cherished ambition" to be recognized as a star actor. He has "spent his money free," as Samson Livingston says in "The County Chairman," but this condition only serves to demonstrate all over again that something besides expenditure is required in order to capture the public regard. "The Shepherd King" is built about David, the Witch of Tudor, Saul, King of Israel, Goliath and other Biblical characters of that era. An attempt has been made to build a strong romantic drama in these

surroundings and involving these personages, but the result is not met with distinguished or distinguishable success.

Charles Hawtry's new piece, by F. C. Burnand, called "Saucy Sally," turns out to be like the Irish boy's new breeches, which were made out of his father's old coat. "Saucy Sally" is a straight adaptation of an old French farce, and although this fact is no reflection at all upon its value, it goes to show that F. C. Burnand wears borrowed plumes and claims as his own the fruit of another's growing. The piece has a very funny central idea. The leading figure in it is a sports young man, named taking frequent voyages upon his ship, the Saucy Sally, when in reality he is employing his days of absence from home in carrying on various flirtations and kicking up his heels generally. In his efforts to escape detection he becomes involved in numberable lies and many puzzling complications, and of course, is finally caught, "with the goods." It is all exceedingly mirth provoking, and Hawtry's own personation of the coquish young husband is as fine and delightful a piece of light comedy acting as we have seen in this neighborhood in a very long time. An exceedingly pretty and attractive piece of ingenu characterisation is contributed by Frances Belmont, the handsome and gifted leading lady of the Hawtry company. Miss Belmont has improved with almost startling rapidity during the past year.

William Collier's latest piece, "The Dictator," supplied by his use by Richard Harding Davis, is certainly quite the best vehicle this young American actor has ever found for his purposes. For some reason not entirely evident upon the surface, Collier seems hard to fit—unless, indeed, his judgment in the selection of plays has habitually gone wrong. His certainly missed "Checkers," what was written for him and which has proved a great success even without his services. On the other hand, he has proved a number of failures of which he is quite very well before the curtain arose upon them. His raising over all this and coming down to "The Dictator," we find Mr. Collier very heavily placed and saying quite the best bit of his career. The piece is about a young man who gets into so much trouble in New York that his friends smuggle him off to South America, where he fares still worse until the ultimate straightening out of his affairs and the rectification of his mishaps. This sounds a little like the plot of "The Yankee Consul," but the story works out so

very differently that one would barely notice any similarity between them. "The Dictator" produced on Monday night at the Hudson Theater, where it will remain indefinitely. In addition to Collier's personal success, solid hits were made by Edward Abeles and John Barrymore, the latter of whom is going to make an actor after all, in spite of the fact that a few short months ago he didn't look to have a living chance.

At the Savoy we have "The Superstition of Sue," which may be described as a face suffused by melan- choly. The author of this work and the possessor of a sense of humor all his own and not likely to be wrested from him in a peevish, Sue, the superstitious, won't marry because she is asked on Friday, the thirteenth day of the month—and there you are. A fine backbone you'll find in an evening's entertainment, and when you say it you are entirely correct. "The Superstition of Sue" won't do.

Eleanor Robson, who is outclassing all the stars of the season before this community, began the fifteenth week of her New York engagement in "Merely Mary Ann," when she removed from the Criterion to the Garrick Theater. She has played through seven weeks at the Criterion, and previously, through a similar period at the Garden Theater. The chances seem to be that she will make it "three sevens" at the Garrick—a pretty good record in this season in New York equaled only by Kyle Bellew in "Raffles," the Amateur Cracksmen, and William Gillette in "The Admirable Crichton."

It is a trifle early to foretell with accuracy what will become of "An African Millionaire," the new piece at the Princess Theater. It is one of those pieces in which the principal actor plays several characters—what the press agent used to describe as "a protean drama." "An African Millionaire" is pretty good material of its kind, but it is a question if the public is quite ripe for works of this description at the present moment. H. Reeves-Smith is the actor who appears down to "The Dictator," we find Mr. Collier very heavily placed and saying quite the best bit of his career. The piece is about a young man who gets into so much trouble in New York that his friends smuggle him off to South America, where he fares still worse until the ultimate straightening out of his affairs and the rectification of his mishaps. This sounds a little like the plot of "The Yankee Consul," but the story works out so

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will remain in Boston until July, going thence to the Grand Opera House in Chicago for a summer run. The piece probably won't close at all prior to the New York opening in September.

LEANDER RICHARDSON.

drew from \$200 a performance to \$500. Lawrence Barrett, in his repertory, including "Hamlet," for which he took in \$823, had to be content with from \$400 to \$1,170. Gus Williams was generally reached \$1,000, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence frequently fell as low as \$300 and soared sometimes as high as \$1,000.

Joseph Jefferson drew from \$400 to \$1,200. Lotta varied according to the play she gave, but generally managed to draw at least \$600. John T. Raymond averaged about \$600, while Miss Annie Pixley in "Mills" frequently drew \$1,000.

McKee Rankin does not seem to have drawn in much more than \$400 a performance in "49," while Booth's Theater Company seems to have been particularly unfortunate, for their receipts rarely went above the \$500 mark. Mary Anderson could generally put at least \$800 to her credit, and although her "Ingomar" matinee for the authors' fund brought in only \$375 on April 12, 1883, "Ingomar" subsequently drew \$1,150. Magenta's receipts were \$1,000 to \$1,200, and the lowest limit seems to have been reached when the Callender minstrels gave a matinee that brought in the noble sum of \$50.50.

Charles Frohman has decided to remain in London until next August.

Edna Wallace Hopper is reported to be the latest addition to the vaudeville ranks.

Walter Hodge will be one of next season's stars, appearing in Frank London's "The Man Outside."

Wilson Barrett recently completed a new play entitled "Lucky Durham," and it will soon be presented in London.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will play a joint season of twenty-four performances in London this summer.

Isabelle Evesson will be seen in "Cousin Kate" next season. The rights having been purchased from Charles Frohman.

Mrs. Pike's tour this season is one of the longest in point of distance covered that she has ever undertaken, and her season also is one of the most important in her career, as she is closing her itinerary the last of May in Chicago.

A Buffalo paper says: "Babetto," bewitched Buffalo theatergoers. Her magnetic personality, her pretty little tricks, her glowing voice, and her gay spirits, transported the large audiences and warmed the cockles of the managers' hearts. Miss Scheff, or "Madame" Scheff, as the devoted members of the company refer to her, is idolized by those who play with her.



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Miss Ida Hawley is in constant danger of fracturing the commandment to abstain from the worship of other gods—or goddesses. "Madame Scheff is altogether lovely," she said to me on Tuesday afternoon, and her face exhibited her fondness for the young Viennese. Miss Hawley is Babetto's understudy and plays the part of Violette. She has played the title character several times when the star was indisposed and her relations with Mrs. Scheff are very intimate and very cordial. By the way, Miss Hawley is a Toronto girl, the daughter of Mr. John Hawley, a substantial business man of the Canadian Queen City. She is ambitious to be a light opera star and is well fortified by experience in good companies, a fine voice, youth, beauty, a pretty figure and excellent health, to take a place in the stellar firmament. Babetto and her merry company left Saturday night for Chicago to play a four weeks' engagement.

Miss Jessie Millward has signed for next season in a character costume play.

Daniel Frohman has arranged for a tour of Ellaline Terriss in America.

Clara Bell Jerome has joined the Francis Wilson company and is playing Javotte in "Erminie."

Edward Stanley is out of "The Tenthredon" company. His place has been taken by George Welsh.

"Grandma" is the title of the Clyde Pitch play in which Mrs. G. H. Gilbert will make her farewell to the stage.

Edna Wallace Hopper will make her debut in vaudeville at the Orpheum in Brooklyn on the afternoon of April 11.

Cecilia Loftus will open the season at the New Lyceum Theater, New York, next year in "The Serio-Comic Government."

The Montana court has dismissed the divorce suit of Rose Coghlan against John T. Sullivan, with costs charged to the plaintiff.

Miss Clara Lavine, very popular in Boston, will probably have an important role in one of Henry W. Savage's coming productions.

Jules Murray has purchased from Charles Frohman the rights of "Cousin Kate," and early next fall he will present Isabelle Evesson in the play for a tour of 40 weeks.

Miss Isabel Hall has signed for the London company to play "The Prince of Pilsen." Miss Hall has been singing the high soprano role in "Winsome Winnie" with Paula Edwards.

The orchestra committee of the Pittsburgh Art Society have elected Emil Paul conductor of the Pittsburgh Orchestra for three years, beginning with the season of 1904-1905. Mr. Paul was not a candidate for the position.

Emil Paul, now living in Vienna, is about 42 years old, and was born at Cernovitz, Austria. He came to the Vienna Conservatoire of Music when a young man, where he was a pupil of Hellmesberger, Dessoff and Anton Bruckner. After several years as a member of the Imperial Opera House Orchestra at Vienna, he went to Berlin to conduct an orchestra. At Berlin Hans von Bulow took a deep interest in him.

From his early days Paul was a violin player. Under the tutelage of Hans von Bulow Mr. Paul underwent a season of most deliberate study of the pianoforte, ultimately going with von Bulow to Hanover in the capacity of second leader of the famed Von Bulow Orchestra.

After a short activity at Konigsberg Mr. Paul went to the Court Theater

of Mannheim, where he made successful propaganda for Liszt and Wagner. Paul was also the first conductor to bring to a successful composition of Tschalkovsky.

In the fall of 1889, when Arthur Nikisch was called from the Gewandhaus Orchestra, at Leipzig, to take the position of conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Paul succeeded. When Arthur Nikisch returned to Leipzig, Mr. Paul was called to the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1891. Mr. Paul succeeded him, and remained in that position for five years, or until the end of his fixed contract.

Mr. Paul went from Boston to New York and took up the work, and the orchestra left by the lamented Anton Seidl. Mr. Paul also was elected conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, succeeding Anton Seidl. During this time Mr. Paul conducted all the Wagner operas given by the Maurice Grau Opera Company in New York and in leading cities of the country, including Pittsburgh.

This brings us to the 1902. At this time Mr. Paul's wife died in New York, and as his sons were being educated in Germany, he returned to Europe and did not accept any position for a number of months. During the last eighteen months, Mr. Paul has served as "guest conductor" throughout Europe. When Henry J. Wood came to this work, four seasons ago, Mr. Paul, by Mr. Wood's invitation, took charge of the Queen's Hall concerts, of which Mr. Wood is conductor.

Mr. Paul also has been conducted by the Gesellschaft der German Operas given at Convent Garden, London.

The Pittsburgh invitation to Mr. Paul came at a time when he was considered the foremost conductor of orchestral societies in Europe, namely, the Philharmonic Society of Berlin and the Philharmonic Society of Hamburg.

The New York Tribune tells the story of the presentation of "The Two Orphans" in its latest revival, as follows: It will be found interesting by local theatergoers.

All about as to the success of the revival of "The Two Orphans," at the New Amsterdam Theater, under the direction of Mr. A. M. Palmer, has been dissipated by the result. The house has been packed every night, the work of the housegoers rushing to see the piece of which they have heard so much, and their seniors to revive old memories and make comparisons. Those, of course, are odious, but inevitable. Is the present star cast, compact of luminaries, as good, individually and collectively, as the stock company of thirty years ago? The answer to the question, asked is only too clear. In the case of one of two individuals the new cast is better than the old one; as a whole it is decidedly inferior. The fact that it is made up of stars is one obvious explanation. The intelligent and sympathetic co-operation characteristic of a good stock company is wanting, or, at least, is not so well shown.

But, nevertheless, the representation is one of most uncommon merit, particularly in the latter days—days when the stock company is not so well worth the seeing. Everybody knows that the piece itself is one of the best of the old repertoire. The dialogue is well worth the seeing. The dialogue is not so well spoken. But the story, packed with incident, is set forth with a clearness and a rapidity, with steadily increasing interest to a splendid climax, which is reached by a swift and satisfactory, and tolerably reasonable conclusion.

The last act gives the "enthusiasm" of the coldest heart, and sends the audience away in a glow of contentment. No time is given for the enthusiasm to cool between the solution of one crisis and the fall of the curtain. The spectators retire with the best impressions still fresh. The most conspicuous success of the new cast is won by Clara Morris, the only player in it endowed with genius. In her small part of Sister Genevieve she has the advantage of being practically alone upon the stage—that is, so far as artistic rivalry is concerned—but her acting would have been

pre-eminent in any scene. Her wonderful eyes and mouth have lost none of their emotional potency, and the truth of her pathos is as irresistible as ever. It was not only on the first night that she received the most applause. On Wednesday night the applause was notably light—although the crowded house was evidently well pleased—until she monopolized the Saltpetre scene, and with half a dozen lines, set many a heart to beating. It was a superbly acted scene, and the apparent ease of it made the efforts of some of her associates to that superbly acted scene seem like a poor substitute for the courtly and oratorical farcical, and Annie Irish as the Marchioness was almost insignificant compared with the superbness of Panny Morant. How the latter made the house ring with her "All Paris shall be searched from end to end!"

Miss Hington, though often crude in speech and action, played some scenes with notable force and sincerity. She proved herself fully the equal of Kitty Blanchard, Grace George, in spite of her loud vocal outbursts, could not endure comparison with Kate Claxton, nor could Ella Proctor. Other companies, in London and elsewhere, have the latter was born for the part. Mr. E. M. Holland, a far finer comedian than the late Mr. Robson, was nevertheless less satisfactory as Pierrot, because he imported to that burlesque a sort of Mephistophelian intelligence and purpose which was not appropriate. But the revival is a notable affair, and we shall not be likely to look upon its like again, for some time, at all events.

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