

## Theatrical Notes.

A SAILOR who had just come into port with a full pocket paid Stephen Kemble £30 to have a performance of *Henry IV.* all to himself, with Kemble as "the old boy with the round forecastle, built like a Dutch lugger, and lurching like a Spanish galleon in a heavy sea." He chose the music to be played by way of overture, saw the play through, and gave vigorous expression to his appreciation of the Falstaff of the occasion. Mr. J. C. Foster, an American manager, taking his case at his inn in Bucyrus, Ohio, was aroused by a stranger entering the room, playbill in hand, and accosting him with, "You play *Richard III.* to-night? Now, I have never had an opportunity of seeing it, and, unfortunately, I must leave town this evening. How much money would induce you to play *Richard III.* for me this afternoon?" Thinking his visitor was joking, Foster said he would do it for twenty-five dollars. "And how much for *The Rough Diamond* as well?" "Ten dollars," quoth the amused manager. He did not know whether he was amused or vexed when the stranger plunked down thirty-five dollars, with the remark that the performance must commence at two o'clock sharp, and took his leave. Upon telling his company the bargain he had concluded, the notion of playing Shakespeare's tragedy to one man so tickled their fancy that they at once consented. Two o'clock came, and with it the audience. Choosing the best position in the hall, and placing his feet upon the back of the seat before him, he settled down to enjoy the tragedy, applauding heartily, and at the conclusion calling the Richard before the curtain. Then the farce was gone through with equal success, and the delighted audience left in time to catch the 6.45 train.

When the Louth manager, says *Chambers*, came with a long face to Macready, as he was dressing for *Virginus*, and, in answer to the tragedian's inquiry if it was a bad house, replied, "Bad house, sir? there is no one!"

Macready asked: "What! nobody at all?"

"Not a soul sir, except the Warden's party in the boxes, and one or two in the gallery and pit," responded the manager.

"Are there five?" queried Macready.

"Yes, sir, there are five."

"Then," said the actor, "go on at once; we have no right to give ourselves airs."

And in his own opinion he never played *Virginus* better than he did to an audience he could count on his fingers.

On that terrible bitter Tuesday night in January, 1881, when few who could help it cared to traverse the London streets, the combined audiences of all the theatres would not have made a decent gathering for the smallest of them. Mrs. Bancroft felt she would have liked to ask the weather-beaten few who had battled their way to the Haymarket to forego what they came to see and take tea with her on the stage. Giving more practical proof of his sympathy, Mr. Toole straightway invited his "gods" and his pitties to take their case in the stalls, and regaled them with hot spiced ale; whereupon they sang, "He's a jolly good fellow!" and a merry evening was enjoyed on both sides of the footlights.

It is not easy to eclipse the gaiety of the Parisians; but in 1832 they voted the play was not the thing when cholera was ravaging the city, although publicly advertised. "It has been noticed, with much astonishment, that the theatres are the only places—no matter how crowded—where not a single case of cholera has appeared." One night the company of the Odcon found themselves confronted by one man. This was too much, or rather too little, for their patience, and they insisted upon his taking back his money. He stood upon his rights and insisted upon the play being played. The law was on his side and the actors were obliged to act; but they did their very worst until the audience hissed his hardest; then the manager handed him over to the police for disturbing the performance, and closed his doors.

## A YOUNG FINANCIER.

He was a wise youth, although not very old. One day his father brought him home a little bank to keep his savings in.

"Now, Willie," he said, "we'll start a bank."

"I choose to be cashier," interrupted the boy.

"Very well, you can be cashier, and I will be the board of directors. Then you and your two sisters and your mother and I will be the depositors. Now, I'll put these five new shillings in to start with. What will you do?"

"I'll put in my seven pennies," he responded. His mother dropped in a couple of shillings and each of his sisters a sixpence. During the next two weeks numerous deposits were made and all ran smoothly. Then one morning *pater familias* found himself short of change, and abstracted a sixpence from the bank for his fare. But the eagle eye of the young cashier detected the shortage, and he promptly took what was left. The next morning Willie's father, wishing to instil a little more business knowledge into his head, said,

"Now, Willie, suppose one of the depositors wished to draw out some money, what would you do?"

The boy simply pointed to the bank, on which was the following placard:—

"PAYMENT SUSPENDED."

"Why Willie, what does this mean?" inquired the father.

"Directors overdrew their accounts, so the cashier hooked it with the rest," was the laconic response.

"You don't mean that you have taken the money that was in there, do you?" in a tone of pained surprise.

"Yes."

"But don't you know that that is not honest?"

"Honest!" exclaimed the boy, scornfully, "did you ever hear of a cashier letting the directors get the best of him? I fancy not I know a little business. When the directors begin humbugging with the finances the cashier always sees that he gets his share."

"My boy," said the father, admiringly, "some day you will be a great financier, but first you have a few things to learn. Now come with me to the bedroom."

"Father," replied the youth, persuasively, "can't we compromise this matter in some way? If you won't prosecute I'll see that the bank resumes payment, and won't say anything about the directors drawing out money on the sly."

It was compromised on that basis.

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