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**MATINEES
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THE PLAY YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR

LIEBLER & CO. PRESENT THE INTERNATIONAL SUCCESS

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

**MOST SUCCESSFUL AMERICAN PLAY EVER PRODUCED IN ENGLAND
300 PERFORMANCES AT TERRY'S THEATRE, LONDON**

A PLAY BECAUSE OF ITS ORIGINALITY AND DICKENS-LIKE SWEETNESS OF HUMOR, GENIAL WIT AND WHOLESOME PHILOSOPHY, APPEALS TO ALL CLASSES OF THEATRE GOERS



"MRS. WIGGS"



"MISS HAZY"



"MR. STUBBS"

NEXT WEEK THE GREATEST DRAMATIC SENSATION IN FIVE YEARS "THE CLANSMAN" WITH ORIGINAL CAST AND COMPLETE PRODUCTION DON'T MISS IT

"CUDDLEDOWN TOWN."
One of the prettiest scenes in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is at the close of the second act, when "Little Tommy" in his night-clothes, comes out of Mrs. Wiggs' house, crawls into "Lovey Mary's" lap, and asks her to sing him to sleep. As she croons the lullaby to the little fellow, "Lovey Mary" discloses a voice whose qualities of sweetness and tenderness have been known heretofore only to her most intimate friends, but she sings so softly that sometimes the words are almost inaudible. Here they are:

Cuddledown town is near Cradleville,
Where sand men pitch their tents;
In Drowsyland,
You understand,
In the State of Innocence.

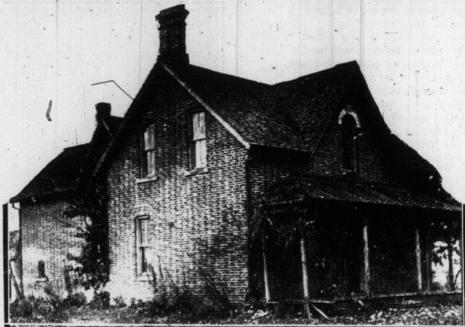
"Tis right by the source of the river of Life,
Where the Grandma Storks watch over,
While honey bees,
'Neath funny big trees
Croon lullabys in sweet clover.

"Tis a wondrous village, this Cuddledown town,
For its people are all sleepers,
And never a one,
From dark 'till dawn,
Has ever a use for peepers.

They harness gold butterflies to sun-beams,
Play horse with them a-screaming,
While never a mite,
T'bout the night,
E'er dreams that he's a-dreaming.



Scene from "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," at the Grand this week.



RESULT OF DYNAMITE EXPLOSION NEAR CHATHAM, ONT.

Recently, the home of a Mr. Rumble, near Chatham, was partially destroyed by a party, or parties, who, apparently sought-thru feelings of revenge, to wipe out the entire Rumble family. Fortunately the explosion was premature and none of the occupants of the house were seriously injured.

Oh, Cuddledown town is a village of dreams,
Where tired little legs find rest,
'Tis in God's land,
'Tis holy land,
Not far from the mother's breast.

And many a weary grown-up man,
With sad soul, heavy, aching,
Could he lie down,
In this sweet town,
Might keep his heart from breaking.

As a compliment to "Lovey Mary's" soothing tones, "Little Tommy" usually goes to sleep before the song is over.

What Schoolboys Should Know.
The public school is intended to give the boy and girl of to-day the ground-



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OLD SOLDIER AND CRACK MARKSMAN.

"Shooting Jimmie" Wilson of Stratford, Ont., a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, and an army veteran. Mr. Wilson has won much distinction thru his prowess with the rifle.

work of an education. Every boy or girl who spends five or eight years in the public schools ought to come out with a practical knowledge of mathematics, United States history and the English language. No one would expect them to be experts in any one of these branches, but they should be able to determine how many tons of hay there are in a stack or how much a wagonload of corn will bring at 53 cents per bushel, and be able to write an intelligent letter to the local paper.—St. Joseph Gazette.

Polar Expeditions.

Polar expeditions during the last hundred years have been far more numerous than most people imagine. According to a Canadian paper, which has been making a calculation, there have been since 1800 no less than 578 expeditions with the north pole as objective, and 61 directed toward the south pole. Britain leads with 107 northward and 25 southward, and Russia is second with 105 attempts to reach the north pole and one to reach the south pole. The United States has sent 84 expeditions north and 12 south.—Westminster Gazette.



Unreasonable Woman.
Wife—Now, see here, Jim, if yer don't provide for me better I shall quit—so I warns yer.
Husband—Provide better? Well, I like that. Why, ain't I got yer three good jobs o' work this last month?—London Sketch.

Weeding Out the Dead Material.
"We talk about reviving the sport of the arena in our town."
"Indeed!"
"Sure. Some day we are going to herd all of our mossbacked rear citizens together and have a grand killing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



"BRING IN YOUR HORSE." Master Elmer Hooper, a young Thornhill blacksmith.



RELIC OF EARLY DAYS.

Old Lambton Mills, on Humber River below the dam.