

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

BOBBY GAYLOR, who comes to The Victoria June 3, is an Irish comedian considerably above the average. He does not rely upon offish dress and outlandish Irishisms to portray his part, his dialect being inimitable. In a legitimate comedy line there is no doubt but what he would make a success. "Sport Mc-Allister" is a go from the start, with plenty of bright and catchy songs and good clever dances, and the risibilities of the audience are affected throughout. Mr. Gaylor himself does some good dancing. The company is quite acceptable, and said to be somewhat above the average.

James J. Corbett is not by any means a great actor, but he can do what a great many actors cannot—draw big houses. However, he surprised many who expected to see nothing more than a repetition of Sullivan's "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands."

Mrs. W. J. Florence is receiving many favorable criticisms for her acting in the *Mighty Dollar*.

Our Boys, at The Victoria next Thursday night, will likely draw out a large audience.

ABDUL THE BAD MAN.

CHICAGO, MAY 15—"By the beard of the prophet, I'll have to be held! As the tiger goeth about slaying when the nights are warm and the doors of the unwary are left ajar, so will I bound among you presently and spill the souls of men and of women. The back of my head is hot and my heart swells within me. I am the mighty man of the desert, and the bones of those who let me lie like the hulks of baaes and camels on the tracks of the caravan. Get out of my way, good people, for this is my night to howl!"

It was Abdul, the son of the Cairo innkeeper, that spoke, and all who sat in the German village heard him say it. For he stood upon a little table in the court yard under the frowning battlements of such a feudal castle as sent robber barons and their lanzknechts out in other days to pil-

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lage the Swiss trading bands, and as he spoke he fired a stone mug at the head of a German waiter who was going busily across the yard with a tray of beer.

Nearly everybody arose when Abdul spoke and made way for him. There was a delegation in from Algiers and they declined to engage. The scar-faced prince from Java stuck his crease up his sleeve and awaited developments. Two of Buffalo Bill's rough riders in blue shirts and sombreros, with long six shooters strapped to their hips, hitched back their chairs. Men and women from down town backed into corners and all the waiters except the man who had dodged the stein moved away.

This waiter was a little, short fellow, with a small yellow moustache and big blue eyes. He looked like one of the good-natured boys who put on red neckties and cutaway coats embroidered with inch-wide braid and promenade along Lincoln park on summer Sundays. It was good fun to see him amble out of a medieval castle with a tray of beer mugs over his head.

He said nothing after dodging the stein until he had placed the mugs on the table to which they had been ordered, collected the price and wiped off the tray with a towel. Then he sailed over to Abdul, the son of the Cairo innkeeper, and said:

"What t'row you det stein for, heh?"

"Leave me in quiet, oh! thrice reckless one!" said Abdul. "It is not with small men, but with strong and mighty, that I will contend."

The little waiter did not understand what Abdul, the son of the Cairo innkeeper, said and he continued to speak: "What you t'row dat stein for, heh! What you tink I am yet—brick wall, heh? Donnerwetter! I show better drick den dot alretty."

Before Abdul, the son of the Cairo innkeeper, could prepare for the onslaught, the German waiter had caught him around the legs and hauled him

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from the table. The laughing crowd in the inclosure saw a funny wrestling match after that. The blue-eyed German waiter wound one arm around the Arab's shinbone and drove a pudgy hand into his long, black locks. They fell together and the ribs of Abdul cracked, and he cried: "God be good to me in a strange land. I'm slain." Then the brisk little German carried his foe over to the drawbridge of the robber baron's castle just as a man carries a hat-rack upstairs, and slammed him in the moat. After which he retired five paces and pegged beer mugs at him with the dexterity of a rifleman.

Abdul, the son of the Cairo innkeeper and adopted son of the desert; Abdu', the slayer of lions and the lapper-up of men's blood, climbed out of the moat with stuff that looked like spinach streaming from his cloak and shot out into the darkness just as the last beer mug in the German's locker hit him on the shoulderblade. The mild little man turned to the first table and said: "What is it chents? Dree beer? Oh, ho! dot's all ride; I used to pe a biano mofer, ain'd it?"