

full tribute of affection that comes chastely eager from ruby lips. There is a sad yearning tenderness, too, about it, something that might have inspired Swinburne to sigh

Oh how blissfully bliss true bliss is,
But meanly mean are unknissed kisses."

Lawyer O'Finerty for the Defence.—" Gentlemen of the Jury look at the delicate peach bloom on Madam Patti-Tullochi's cheek as she stands there! Look at her frail, nervous frame, then wonder how she has succeeded in withstanding the terribly active career she has led since she made the Milanese theatres ring with the plaudits of delighted thousands just five years ago!"

Colony Creek Journalist.—"All Europe has been searched to secure the eminent stars now travelling with 'The Tricky Troubadour' Company. The most eminent artists of Italy, France and Ireland have been secured. This aggregation cannot be equalled, from the call boy up to Mons. Dolikart-Billmanni, a tenor noted for his smile and for his capability to capture more high C's than any other tenor in the market. Probably one of the greatest artists with the company is Signor Ferte who fills the important role of 'Count di Luna.' His rendition of 'Il Balen' is one of the genuine treats of the opera. His listeners always wait with delightful expectancy for the low notes of this wonderful bass singer."

Mr. Michael Caesar O'Flynn in the Bird's Hill Weekly.—"Mlle. Arnoldi's rendition of the beautiful part of *Leonora* last evening in the top hat of the Town Hall was received with rapturous applause. Commencing softly, like the gentle murmur of some wayside brook, inviting, as it were, the hearer to slumber, she sang of her love in the tower. Then gradually increasing the warble in light staccato movement, she spoke a volume with pleading expression; like a wild feverish dream now sinking to a delicate respiration, now thrilling with ponderous sweep of vocal music, deepening like the rush of descending floods, she trilled an agony and a passion, only pausing at sundry periods to let the piano catch up with the show. Then slowly decreasing, in tone and volume, her swan-song died away to the faint, trembling sound of rain-drops dripping through the leaves of sighing trees, till nothing lived between it and silence. Then, as the harmony floated away, and not till then, did her audience know that the agony was over, and that the climax of the evening had been reached."

Extract from a Winnipeg Interview.—"The soprano and contralto prima donnas, Mlle. Arnoldi and Mme. Patti-Tullochi, travelling with 'The Tricky Troubadour' company, expressed to the reporter their great admiration for Winnipeg. Seldom in their travels had they come across such a beautiful town. Mme. Tulloch said that Winnipeggers should flatter themselves for their metropolitan tone. Rome, it was true, had its Torso, Naples its little Chiaja, London its Hyde Park, Paris its Bois, but Winnipeg has its H. B. flats and its wonderful street. She had seen nothing to compare to it except the Riorja del Scapula, St. Petersburg. They also admired the wonderful intelligence of their audiences here. At this juncture the carriage was announced, and the two fascinating actresses gathered up their poodle dogs and proceeded for a drive in the shady groves of Dufferin Park, leaving the reporter charmed with the interview."

Stony Mountain Quarterly.—"It has become a fashion with carping critics and professional humorists to sneer at the age of the average ballet-girl. Such jokes are out of place if applied to the beautiful troupe now travelling with The Tricky Troubadour opera company. It cannot be said that out of the glorious history of ninety years on the stage, Mlle. Vestri-Taafilini still steps jauntily forward to amuse an audience. Time with its heavy hand has not yet added this perennially youthful corps of ballet girls to those historic ruins of Terpsichore, who shone at their best half a century ago. Ninon de L'Enclos may have charmed the world at eighty, and Dejazet may have danced all Paris into delight at ninety, but Taafilini and her curvetting corymbes and pirouetting nymphs have not yet passed the heyday of their youth. Not at all!"

COSTUMES.

LEONORA.—A white satin ball room dress, very décolleté in the back, entrain; bodice à la Pompadour; delicate shoulder straps of point d'alençon, the whole surmounted by considerable swan neck, and superb shoulders de rigueur above a low corsage trimmed with reverses of creamy silk velvet, hauled aft with white tape, supplied at a ridiculously low figure. Made up blonde, with noir yeux and the general swing and get up of the Emma Abbott school of Operatic singers.

AZUCENA.—A thing of regal form and splendor, dressed in gorgeous Indian outfit, with numerous decorations, medals and bright regalia; black hair and handsome make-up.

INEZ.—Pale blue satin dress cut décolleté, no train, dark hair.

MARIICO.—In Troubadour costume, tights, crimson plush don-jet, short mantle, slouched hat and feather, with hand organ and monkey.

COUNT DI LUNA.—Slouched felt hat, top boots, doublet, long cloak, Mephistophelian mustache.

FERRANDO.—Military make-up, à la the Moor of Shakespeare's Othello, with fiercely curled mustache, clanking sabre and spurs, enormous epaulets, medals, decorations, eye glass, white linen leggings.

RIEZ.—An English dude masquerading as an Indian chief.

Guards burlesque military uniform, ballet girls, Indians, comic policemen, stage band as usual.