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Hither and Thither

MADAME PAULINE DONALDA, the Montreal singer who continues to win London triumphs, has written an article for *The Girl's Realm* on "How to Succeed as a Singer." The list of qualifications is somewhat formidable, including a voice



Mme. Donalda.

(not as described by personal friends), a strong constitution, brains, some dramatic talent, and, finally, a good supply of money before entering upon extended operatic study. The last-named condition is frequently forgotten by youthful aspirants and, according to Madame Donalda's estimate, the exactions of such preparation are a very serious consideration, about three hundred dollars a month being the sum to be expended. This includes the expense of board and lodging, vocal lessons, dramatic, dancing and language instruction. The expense of dress is also an important item for the singer who is yet to win popular favour. Madame Donalda writes an entertaining and thoroughly practical letter, expressing a preference for the Italian method of producing the voice.

Nat Bradley's Last Race

(Continued from page 14)

With scarcely any report the revolver's small, glittering cylinder spat out its tiny shot, and the jockey's right arm, flecked with blood, fell to his side.

"That's how to win on the post, Nat Bradley!" And the next moment Dick Crafton had scuttled out by the back way.

IV.

The jockey was on a chair in the room, the girl by his side binding the wounded arm.

"Is it easier, Gran'dad?" asked the weeping, overwrought child.

"Ain't she 'on her toes,' Hettie!" He smiled; his pale face all lit up. "She won't want much riding, and—"

"Gran'dad, you're never going to—? You musn't!"

"You're hurting my—right wing, dearie," he said, smiling again. They were at the gate now. "Oh, yes, they'll let me. I'll try so as they sha'n't know."

Light as a spider on its web, Ladybird felt the touch of her jockey's hands on the rein, and, leaping from the lad's hold, broke into an easy canter.

Although some of the closer observers of the start had noticed that old Nat Bradley was at last beginning—and very visibly, too—to show signs that his long service as a rider was drawing to a close; yet Ladybird in herself had given him no trouble whatever.

The horses were coming over the slight hill now, Fairy Light rushing down it pell mell—a youngster on her three-year-old back riding for all he was worth. Bellman, the topweight, was second; Ladybird—sweeping along, Bradley steady as a rock, his white face set as in a mask—a handy third.

"He's got such a pull in the weights, dash him!" murmured Ladybird's owner.

Somebody lower down the course

SIR HENRY FOWLER, a veteran politician in the British House of Commons, has recently been elevated to the peerage with the title Viscount Wolverhampton. Sir Henry is a Liberal of the old school and enjoyed the warm friendship of Mr. Gladstone. For some years the former was Lord Mayor of Wolverhampton, the city from which he now takes his title. His daughter, Mrs. Felkin (Ellen Thorneycroft-Fowler), is well-known as a popular novelist, her first publication *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, achieving swift success about nine years ago. The new peer is a strong Methodist and is said to be the first member of that church to receive such a distinction. Dr. Charles Fowler, a brother of the viscount and a minister of the Methodist church, came to Canada many years ago, where he married and continued in the service of his church until his death at London, Ontario, where his widow and a daughter now reside, while a son, Mr. Joseph Fowler, is practising law at Sudbury.

* * *

THE new company at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, has been pleasing the public greatly by producing English musical comedies of the better class, *Dolly Varden* being this week's attraction. During the races, *The Country Girl* and *The Runaway Girl*, both full of sparkling songs and mirthful situations will be the programme. *The Runaway Girl* has not been heard for some time in Toronto, which has almost had time to forget *Listen to the Band* and other stirring lyrics. At the Princess Theatre, Miss Roselle Knott, the Canadian actress, is to play during race week.

certainly did remark: "Old Bradley can't ride for nuts now. Why don't he bring the mare along? He's got Bellman beaten as it is."

Half-way up Nat was seen to raise his whip.

The onlookers expected now to see the mare shoot forward to win her race under its sharp reminder.

But Nat Bradley's whip-hand fell lifelessly at his side; his body seemed to twist curiously in the saddle. And Ladybird's young owner gave a wild shout of alarm.

"What's that old fool Bradley doing?"

The girl stood for a moment, bound in a spell of torture, watching Ladybird dragging herself with her splendid stride up to the feather-weighted three-year-old's quarters.

Then with a wild laugh she ran from her lover's side, fast as her quivering limbs would carry her.

"Hettie!" he shouted, moving after her.

But she only looked back at him to laugh again and run faster!

"She's a-laughin' when she wants to cry," said a woman in charge of a stewed-eel stall. "Pore thing's got the hystrikes."

A moment more, and they had forgotten all about her.

Their eyes were fixed on the great white number-board, which was telling them what Hettie Bradley had known when she flew past them to clasp her grandfather in her arms, to drag him home—to kiss him and nurse him till he was well.

This is what the woman at the eel-stall read on the big, glaring board:

Ladybird 1
Fairy Light 2
Bellman 3

Half a length. Bad third.

Mr. Richard Crafton read it too, and knew that his luck was out, and that the order of things would now have to be reversed.

He would have to ask Nat Bradley to keep silent about that sharp little scene in his cottage previous to the race, and to let bygones be bygones.

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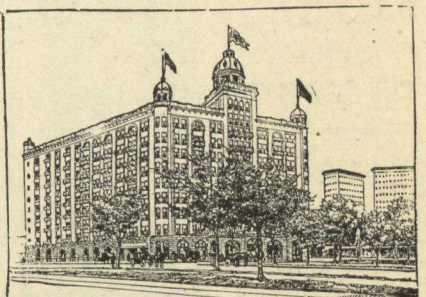
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