

week?" answers in trumpet tones "There at my feet!" then, handing a ring to a secretary "This to De Chavigny—he knows the rest—no need of parchment here—he must not halt for sleep, for food in my name MINE, he will arrest the Duc de Bouillon at the head of his army!" and then to the baffled villain—"Ha! there, Count de Baradas, thou hast lost the stake!"—it seems to me that this constitutes the grandest denouement possible. And then Pâtheson's was such a noble Richelieu! When I saw that picture of the Boston college students as they appeared in the *Tempest*, I could not help regretting anew, what all regretted at the time, that the finale of our Richelieu had not been photographed.

In one of the scenes of the play Orleans and Beringhen came on the stage to meet Baradas. All wore handsome wigs and moustaches. As they removed their plumed hats a very audible smile stole through the hall. Cold chills stole through two of the grands seigneurs on the stage. Orleans thought his wig or moustache must have got awry, but was reassured by a whisper from Beringhen not in the text of the play—"Take care now or you'll rattle him!" Baradas overheard this and grew pale with the certainty that it was his splendid curls which were out of position. Beringhen was the coolest of the three, though he should have been the most nervous, for while the others only *thought* they were being laughed at, he *knew* that he was. His hat was a little too small and when he took it off the wig came with it and fell to the floor. Amidst the titters he stooped, picked it up, and replaced it as unconcernedly as though nothing had happened.

A similar accident occurred during the performance of "The Last Life." The student who took the character of Philip Lawler, the villainous Irish land agent, was adorned for the occasion only with a handsome pair of Dundrearies. At the proper time the "brothof a boy" of the Shaun the Post

or Larry Donovan description who is always the hero of this kind of play, was to give the villain the rough handling he richly deserved. Unfortunately Matt. O'Halloran was only too *ready* to perform his task, with the result that Mr. Philip Lawler was ignominiously despoiled of his beautiful whiskers—which was going beyond stage directions altogether. During the rest of the play he appeared clean-shaven, some lines being interpolated by way of explanation.

Driving twenty miles one day to visit a friend, I was greatly disappointed at finding him away from home. Too tired to return at once, I sat down to rest for a couple of hours in his library. The first book I picked up was "The Letters of Charles Dickens" edited by John Forster. Soon my disappointment was forgotten under the charm of reading. What a delightful correspondent he was! And how affectionate with his friends! At last I came to a letter from Paris telling of a play he had just seen, and giving a very complete description of the plot. And this play is—*Les Mémoires du Diable*! Heigh-ho! I am back at Ottawa again, listening to Tom Tetreau's Mephistophelian laugh and admiring the skilful stage effects which have been contrived to set off the "devilish good acting." Tetreau enjoyed the very unusual honor of being the "leading man" in both English and French plays that year, and of appearing in both before vice-royalty.

It is not quite two years since the talented vocalist Rosa D'Erina honored the town where I am living with a visit. For the first time I realized the full beauty of Moore's Melodies. But there is a song which I love better still and to my great delight it turned out that some one had specially requested her to sing it. Every time I hear it sung my thoughts go back to the days when I heard it first—not sung, but played and became enamored of it. It is a St. Patrick's night. We are all gathered in the hall, every head turned towards the bandgallery where stands