

contributed by Mr. Grady as Mr. Seabrook, a naïve old gentleman who was very fond of telling people exactly what



MISS NETTIE MARSHALL.

he thought of them, and being shortsighted, often "nearly made a mistake." The title role was played by Mr. Cummings who had the sympathy of the audience from the beginning, though the part did not seem to suit him as well as light comedy. The same may be said of Miss Byron as Stella Darbisher, who was, however, charming as always. That she is fully capable of this rather heavier part than usual was shown by her parting with Swift in the last act, which was a very convincing piece of acting. Mr. Shaw, as George Gardiner ("My Dear George"), Miss Haynes, as Mrs. Seabrook, and Miss Douglas, as Mabel Seabrook, were all excellent. Miss Marshall, whose portrait also appears in this issue, had, as Lady Staunton, very little opportunity for the display of her talents. These are great, as she has shown in other plays, particularly as the Slavey in "Our Boys," the most delightful play the company have yet put on. In fact the company was so uniformly good that it is almost impossible, and perhaps invidious, to single out any one of them for special commendation. The students showed that they enjoyed the play and appreciated the efforts of the players by applauding loudly at the fall of the curtain after each act and by occasional interruptions of the same nature.

After the first act Mr. Cummings came before the curtain, and, when quiet was secured, read telegrams from Brockville, telling how Varsity II. and III. had won in that town and so were in the finals for the Intermediate and Junior Championships. The reading of these was received with tremendous applause, and soon after a sign was lowered from the "gods," asking the somewhat unnecessary question, "What's the matter with Varsity II. and III.?" Then several gentlemen wanted to know if anything was the matter with Captains Tanner and Beatty. These inquisitive spirits were told that the consensus of opinion was that the aforesaid captains were perfectly well, both in body and mind.

At the end of the third act the curtain was run up again and the whole company appeared. Mr. Cleland, the treasurer of the committee, climbed over the rail of the box, amid great applause, and set down on the stage a beautiful tree of white chrysanthemums. The applause

was redoubled when Mr. Cummings placed it in front of Miss Byron. There were to have been bouquets presented to the ladies of the company at this time, but no member of the committee could be found to follow Mr. Cleland's lead on to the stage. The flowers were given to Mr. Cummings after his speech at the close of the play, and doubtless found their way to the ladies for whom they were intended.

At the fall of the curtain on the fourth act there were vociferous cries of "Speech!" and Mr. Cummings very kindly raised himself from the dead and thanked the students for having kept such good order and having paid such strict attention. He intimated that it was at once a pleasure and an honour to have the opportunity of playing before them. The curtain then fell for the last time and it is said the "God Save the Queen" was sung. At all events it was heard by few, as all the students were anxious to get out and see what the others were going to do to celebrate Hallowe'en.

Thus ended "Varsity Night at the Theatre" for 1897, the most successful night Varsity has ever had. The committee are to be complimented on the bold step of taking (and filling) two galleries instead of one, and also on the excellent arrangements which made it possible to maintain good order among the crowds, which filled both galleries, not only for the performance, but also for the musical programme. Everything passed off without a hitch, and the whole affair may be said to have been a tremendous success.

After the close of the performance, all rushed outside on to the road, where nothing was heard but "Varsity, this way!" "School of Science," "Osgoode here!" etc. Again was the procession formed, this time larger than ever. Along King Street, up Yonge, went the howling crowd, now breaking into a run, now pushing and struggling in densest masses.

When College Street was reached, the boys stopped at Bishop Strachan School, and by the glare of the burning effigy of Guy Fawkes, Trinity serenaded the darkened windows of the Ladies' School. But just here, I might



THOMAS J. GRADY.

whisper, that some of the keener-sighted boys declare they saw several blinds drawn aside, and heads peeping out;