

ourselves towards the front, and it was quite like waiting at the entrance to the old Academy gods in Montreal.

The manager arrived a little after seven, and the door being opened we made a rush in, and I being near the first, and following the others, found myself with three or four of the first in a little dressing-room with a gate and little room off, before which we lined up in order to get our costumes. Being third or fourth and tall, I got a very good costume of a gay hussar, of which there were ten. It consisted of helmet (tin, with big crest—figures later), a sword, or rather sabre, of tremendous length, a wooden spear with a tin point and little pennon, a pair of enamelled leggings, a pair of tight blue trousers, a white vest and dark blue coat. When he gave us the costumes, a man took our hats, as a precaution against theft, and we each had a box number which he gave us when we donned the costumes, and handed him our own clothes to take charge of. The other men, about a dozen, had peasant costumes, and Simms looked very well in a sort of brown canvas costume, knee breeches and Alpine hat with ribbons around it. After we were dressed, we went upstairs, and found ourselves "behind the scenes," where all was confusion of shifting scenery, hurrying men and general disorder. I loafed round there for a while, talking to the other gallant hussars, until the time came for the opening scene, in which we had to march on and off again. We practiced this all right, and myself and another man had to march off together before the others did, "to relieve the guard" the manager told me, though there was no guard to relieve, and I regarded the whole thing as being run regardless of reason and without proper guardianship of details. Well, anyway, up went the curtain, the audience applauded, the singing commenced, the gallant officer led us in, all out of step; of course we perambulated across the stage and stood in a row, facing him at the left of the stage with our wooden and tin spears gracefully pointed in front of us.

He then said, with an Italian accent: "Two boys go off." So I stepped out with my comrade, and we marched across the stage and out at the other wing, "to relieve the guard." The

others stayed on a little longer, and then came off also.

That is all we did in that act, and the play, or opera, went on while I looked through the chinks in the scenery, examined the electric lights, and wondered at the amount of rouge and powder the chorus girls and others had on them. When the second act came, I marvelled at the celerity and dexterity with which the scene-shifters handled the large pieces of scenery and straightened things out generally. In this act we were on for a whole scene in the village square, when I had to sit on a little bench, with an antiquated French chorus girl and look gay. Afterwards we got up to welcome the hero, and three big, fat German chorus girls immediately sat down on the bench and said "soldiers should stand up." I was glad to see the old bench break down under them soon after with an awful crash which landed one on the floor. While I was standing up, I saw my room-mate in the second gallery, but he did not make me out until the last act. After going off in this scene we did not go on again until the last act, though one time I went on with some of the others, but got fired off again, because it was a scene in which a stray soldier was captured by bandits, and were not supposed to be looking innocently on. It was rather slow till the last act, but this was the exciting part.

We went on twice. The first time we marched in two abreast, marched to the front of the stage, and then filed off to each side, five in a file, where we stood until the end of the scene, when we reversed the marching and went off. We had to rehearse this several times before, and I, being the tallest, had the honor of leading one file in the march, which my room-mate said looked very well from the audience. He made me out in this scene, and waved frantically with his handkerchief—the people around him must have thought him funny—and I held mine up to my nose in return. After marching off we were to wait behind the scene: at the foot of a little steep stair, ready to rush on and arrest the murderer, the manager detailing myself and the other leader to do the arresting, the others to stand on each side; he said to rush in when we heard the fall, and each lay a hand on the mur-