

## My Funny Experiences.

BY HARRY LAUDER.

When I am asked to say or to write about my stage experiences I always refrain—at least, I have refrained hitherto—from saying much of "first-night" sensations or the feelings that possess a novice on making bow to what I might call "his special" audiences. Why I am inclined to be backward on this point I can scarcely tell; probably the true reason lies in the fact, that, like every other artist who is keen to "get there" every time, I have always been too intent on my work to pay a great deal of attention to my own particular feelings at what brainy people call "psychological moments."

When I Visit Australia.

To tell you the truth, I worry myself much more off the stage than I do while on it. I have just signed a contract to go to Australia for a tour of six months in the year—well I won't tell you the date, but I am busy packing my hat-box. So far so good. I know quite well—and I must not be accused of silly vanity in making the statement—that I shall "make good" in Australia, but ever since I signed that blessed contract I have been worrying and wondering what measure of success I'll have on my opening night at Melbourne. When the opening night does come I'll forget all about myself, my hopes and fears, and my anxieties; I'll simply lose self-consciousness, as I always do, in the character I shall portray. And then to one when I have finished that night I won't remember any special sensation at all apart from my determination to sing and to act right bang up to the top of my ability. In passing on to recall one or two my "special" audience experiences, let me say here that I am looking forward to a glorious time in the Commonwealth quite outside my professional duties. I have long wished to see the islands down under, and I have many personal friends there.

A Momentous Occasion.

The most momentous moments of my professional life was when I appeared before the late King Edward at Lord Savile's magnificent seat, Rufford Abbey. A Royal command is, of course, the great aim, and heartfelt desire, of every public performer, and you can bet I felt very proud indeed when I was asked to appear before our late beloved monarch. Was I excited? Yes; but my excitement was not so much owing to the fact that I was due to sing before the King as to the circumstance that I might be prevented from doing so at the last moment. I will explain. The driver of the big motor-car which conveyed my son John and me to the Abbey lost his way in the darkness, and we had to make a long detour, and then crack on full speed in order to arrive at the Abbey in time for the hour of the performance. We just got there with some minutes to spare and I had to dress post-haste and literally tumble on the stage.

Before the King.

The King, sitting close in to the temporary stage, started to laugh as he saw me, and when I noticed the broad smile on his honest, handsome face, I felt just as right as rain and went through my performance just as if it had been the stage of the London Tivoli. It certainly seems strange singing before a mere handful of people, but when one of your audience is the King of Great Brit-

ian, you don't worry much about the smallness of the "house."

As I was about to dress Lord Savile's servant came to the door and said the King wished to talk to me.

"Tell him I'm just awa' to put on my trousers!" I jocularly exclaimed thinking, of course, that His Majesty would expect to meet me in ordinary attire.

"His Majesty desires to you to come as you are, Mr. Lauder," was the servant's reply.

"A' richt, then," said I; and I was marched—kilt, plaid, glengarry, wig powder, and paint—direct to His Majesty's presence. Exactly what King Edward said to me at Rufford Abbey that night I couldn't tell you for a pension, but I remember I expressed the hope that he was feeling fit and well, and then he shook me warmly by the hand and kept laughing all the time he was speaking.

The gift I received from Edward VII I rank as my most cherished possession.

IN NEW YORK.

The first time I went to America I was nervous indeed as to what sort of a reception I would get. It was all very well to keep telling myself that there were enough of Scots in New York to give me a good send-off, but alongside of that I said to myself that there were enough Englishmen in New York to give visiting English artists the same—and everybody knows that more than a few of these have "caught the next boat home!"

Of course, I also knew that I had already achieved a big popularity all over America. The output of my gramophone records told me that. But still, as I say, I was dreadfully nervous before I went on to the stage. Just at that exact moment I "lost myself," and if you ask me to tell the truth, I must say I remember nothing more of my opening show in New York until my wife read out to me in the papers next morning that "Harry Lauder was the real guy and no error. He had New York at his feet inside of two minutes last night."

AT THE PANTOMIME.

The very worst "first night" that any variety artist can put in, from the point of view of nerves that is to say, is the opening night of a pantomime. And the horrors of the evening are added to tremendously if the performer is the "star attraction." He or she knows full well that practically the whole of the success of the production rests upon him or her making good right away. I do not think I am exaggerating matters when I say that all leading pantomime artists put in many hours of excruciating mental anguish before the panto is exposed to the public. Speaking personally I can say that I will never forget the feelings that surged in my breast for some days and nights before I make my appearance as "Roderick M. Swankey," the first pantomime character I created.

This was at Glasgow six or seven years ago. The ordeal—for such it was—had to be gone through before my own townspeople, and this fact didn't improve matters, although, to be candid, no artist could ask for a better audience than a Glasgow crowd. They're the best in the world.

A Good Catch-Phrase.

As you will know, a very necessary feature in modern pantomime is a good catch-phrase. Well, for days

aye, and weeks—beforehand I had rummaged my brain to get hold of such a phrase but to try as I might I couldn't hit upon anything that pleased me. Right up till the afternoon of the production night I was still undecided. As the time wore on I became more and more so, and was in a most unenviable state of mind, and I can assure you.

Then just as I was entering my motor-car to drive to the Theatre Royal a friend came up and remarked, "My word, you're looking well!" That did it. Here was the very phrase I had been looking, struggling, gasping, for—I said nothing. An hour later I was carried by two Japanese chair-bearers on the stage of the old Royal. Nobody in the audience knew who was behind the curtain of the chair, but when I popped out my head grined broadly and remarked, "My word! ye're lookin' awfu' well!" the house rocked with laughter. I had "got em" right away with that simply little phrase. Instantly the audience and I were friends, and my success from that moment was assured. There is a "first-night" experience for you! Simple, isn't it? Nothing in it, eh? Perhaps you may think so, but let me tell you that it is simple things that often make a success and a reputation.

### Great Crime-Tracked.

Detective Eustace Was London's Sherlock Holmes—Inspector on Metropolitan Police Force Captured the Celebrated Anarchists Polti and Farnana by a Clever Ruse—How He Got the Robber Who was Looting in a Nunnery.

After twenty-seven years' service, Detective-Inspector "Eustace," of the "W" or Brixton Division, London has retired on pension from the Metropolitan Police Force. During the course of his exciting and varied career he has always shown a very satirical and extraordinary adaptability to peculiar situations ending always in the all important result—success. To slip over the early career of Inspector Eustace in the force, memory recalls 1894, when he was concerned with Mr. Quinn, the present superintendent of the special branch of Scotland Yard, in the eminently dangerous tracking down of the two desperate foreign anarchists, Polti and Farnana, who were ultimately condemned to 10 and 20 years' penal servitude respectively for possessing explosives. Polti was arrested carrying a bomb at Backfairs Bridge, with the intention of blowing up the Stock Exchange, and Farnana, who was known to possess a revolver, was apprehended in a lodging-house at West Ham. After a ladder had been placed against a wall, Eustace mounted it, and, peering through the window of the room where Farnana was suspected to be, saw that it was occupied by some half dozen foreigners. Descending, there was a consultation among the officers, and, as a result, the downstairs door was forced open with a jemmy. Mounting the stairs stealthily by the light of a bull's-eye lantern, the officers reached the bedroom door. This, to their surprise, was unlocked, and Eustace, opening it laid full length on the floor, holding his lantern above him until he had focused the rays upon each of the sleeping men in turn. One lay with his face concealed by his arm but a cap hanging at the head of the bed indicated that he was the "wanted" man. To make sure, however, Eustace stepped softly to the bedside, plucked a long hair from his own head and with it tickled the man's nostrils. As he did so the hand descended to remove the cause of the irritation, and in a flash he was recognized and pounced upon, the bed-clothes wrapped round him and, before he or the other occupants of the room realized what had happened, Farnana was standing in the street. While his clothes were being brought to him he became frantic with rage, shrieking in French, "It's your chalk—not mine. Until two days ago I was prepared for this. To-night I was not. It would have been a sweet death, you parasites, if I could have blown you up with my self." The importance of the securing of these two misguided fellows was never minimized by the Home Office. They granted the officers concerned special reward of £250.

The officer was often occasioned in capturing culprits. On one occasion he had to descend from a roof to a back room by means of a rope, and was enabled thereby to see the "mint" in operation. A dog barked and one of the men, looking out of the window, remarked, "Oh, it's all right, it's only a cat!" Mr. Eustace gave the signal to the men who were supporting him, and the raid was successfully carried out.

Many other similar stories could be told of his during and enthusiasm in his work, but probably his not in singular and dramatic adventure was in connection with a nunnery in East London. The complaint from the nunnery was a great mystery as to the systematic disappearance of

money from a locked drawer in a room while the window was kept fastened and the doors were locked. The thefts occurred so frequently, and in so mysterious a manner, that the fervent Mother Superior was driven to the belief that the Evil One himself was at work. It was under these circumstances that Inspector Eustace was called in. He was accommodated in special apartments with two nuns to keep guard outside the door. For the purposes of detection, Inspector Eustace employed his best secret endeavors whilst the nuns were in chapel. His patience was quickly rewarded, and in a most extraordinary manner. Whilst crouched in his observation corner he discerned a shadow moving cautiously along towards the Mother Superior's room. In his progress, the owner of the shadow was bound to pass Inspector Eustace and be aware of his presence. Realizing instantly that he was in dangerous quandry, the officer acted as though on a flash of inspiration. Near by was a pedestal minus a statue. The inspector mounted it and posed as a statue. The thief, as he proved to be, crept along until he caught sight of the new figure on the pedestal. He gasped in fear of what he thought was an apparition, and fainted, falling heavily. And that was Inspector Eustace's opportunity. Leaping down, he gripped his man, and finding him in possession of master keys of the whole establishment, convinced all concerned that the artful criminal had been robbing the nunnery for years during the times the nuns were at their devotions. Originally he had been employed to effect some repairs on the premises, and in this way had obtained the impressions of the keys.

On two occasions Inspector Eustace was himself arrested on suspicion of being on enclosed premises at night with felonious intent, when the real facts were that he was on criminal-catching bent.

### A Child's Laxative Is "Syrup Of Figs"

They love to take it and it doesn't harm the tender little stomach, liver and bowels.

If your little one's tongue is coated, it is a sure sign the stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When your child is cross, peevish, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally; if breath is bad, stomach sour, system full of cold, throat sore, or if feverish, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the clogged-up, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure. They also know a little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow.

### Murderous Act of Bandit Leader

Juarez, Mexico, Feb. 7.—The nine Americans and forty or fifty Mexicans, whose fate has been a mystery since the destruction of the Cuernavaca tunnel last Wednesday, were suffocated. This information was received here this evening at the headquarters of the Mexican Northwestern Railroad. The tragedy is laid at the door of Maximo Castillo, the bandit leader.

Railroad men here and in El Paso are furious at Castillo's act. On Tuesday twenty-two of his men were captured and executed by the rebels, and the next day, apparently in revenge, he captured the train, ran it into the south end of the tunnel, about 200 feet and there set fire to it.

The passenger train entered the death trap from the north, probably travelling at its usual rate of about 15 miles an hour. When the engineers discovered the trap it was too late.

Castillo's failure to send back warnings of his deed is regarded as the most cruel and murderous act of his career of outlawry, and there is a disposition here to criticize General "Pancho" Villa for not having crushed him long ago.

The missing Americans, all employees of the railroad are: M. J. Martin, of Buffalo, N.Y., superintendent of the Chihuahua division. Bernard Schofield, superintendent of terminals at Juarez. Lee Williams, assistant manager of commissary.

H. F. Marders, express agent. E. J. McCutcheon, engineer. U. E. Webster, conductor. Edward Morris, road master. Thomas Kelly, conductor. James Burgess.

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Women's Plain Rubber Shoes, good hape and finish. Now only 49c. pr.  
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Women's "Rubber Leaf" Brand extra quality Rubber Shoes. Now only 68c. pair.  
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Men's Storm Rubber Shoes in the very highest qualities, such as "Protection." Regular \$1.25 pair . . . . . Now \$1.10 pair  
Ladies' Highest Class Rubber Shoes both with Ideal and Cuban Heels; and Child's and Misses' Rubber Shoes of all kinds, all at Reduced Prices.  
Ladies' "Rubber Leaf" Brand extra quality Waterproof Button Gaiters, now only \$1.80 pair.  
Ladies' "Carnival" Button Gaiters, which represents the very highest quality; all sizes from 3 to 7, with half sizes, at \$2.45 pair.

### We Can Suit You to Underwear

And we can suit you to prices of same.

Ladies' Cream Ribbed Fleece Vests and Pants, only . . . . . 24c. garment  
Ladies' Cream Ribbed Fleece Vests and Pants. Reg. 40c. & 45c. Now 35c. garment  
Ladies' White Ribbed Fleece Vests and Pants. Reg. 60c. & 75c. Now 50c. & 60c. gar.  
This White Fleece Wear at 60c. garment is heavy and certainly wonderful value.  
All Ladies' Stanfield and other Wool Underwear at 20 per cent. under regular prices.  
Lot of Ladies' Stanfield Vests, sizes 3 only. Reg. \$1.30 value. Only . . . 75c. each  
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### Our Sale Price for Men's Stanfield Underwear are:

Sizes	34-36	36-38	38-40	40-42	42-44
Prices only	89c.	95c.	\$1.05	\$1.10	\$1.15

### We have a Lot of Odd Garments in Men's Scotch Lamb's Wool Underwear

which we offer at 25 per cent. off Regular Prices, and they were good values at regular prices. You will never be sorry if you purchase from this lot.  
Men's Jaeger Heavy White Fleece Underwear. Reg. 55c. value. Only 45c. garment  
Boys' White Fleece, all the sizes from 20 inch to 34 inch, offered during Sale at all round price of 30c. garment.  
Boys' Scotch Lamb's Wool and Stanfield Wool Underwear, and Girls' Wool and Fleece Underwear, all greatly reduced.  
Ladies' Flannelette Underwear of all kinds at cost to clear.  
Lot of Ladies' Moire Undershirts, odd lines, offered to you at prices that ought to be quick clearers. Prices 60c., 75c. and \$1.15 upwards.

## HOSIERY

Women's Black Ribbed Fingering Hose. Special values for this Sale at 13c., 22c., 27c., 34c., 40c. and 50c. pair.  
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Call and inspect our stock of Dress Tweeds, Whipcords, Serges, Lustres, etc., etc., and see how you can save money on our prices.  
Dress Muslins, Lawns, Linens and Zephyrs in White & Colored, all offered at Sale Prices.  
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Ladies' White Silk Blouses at surprisingly low prices. Prices are \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.70, \$1.90 and \$2.50.  
Ladies' Black Silk Blouses at \$1.70 and \$2.65 each, only.  
Lot of other Blouses in stock will be offered cheaply during Sale, to which we shall add a lot of samples of New Spring and Summer Blouses. See our Blouse Offerings.

### CLEARANCE OF LADIES & MISSES HATS and CAPS.

Lot of Ladies' and Misses' Felt Hats, only 25c. each to clear.  
Lot of Ladies' and Misses' Wool Rinking Caps. Clearing Prices only 20, 25 & 35c. ea.

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All heavily reduced to make a complete clearance.  
Big Lot of Ladies' and Children's Belts. Get our prices on these.  
Ladies' Hand Bags from only 18c. each.  
EMBROIDERIES and LACES—If you are making up any white work, remember we are making a straight 20 per cent. discount on all our stock of Laces, and large reductions on a large lot of White Swiss Embroideries.

Men's and Boys' Eastern Caps, fitted with knitted bands for the wintry weather. Now only 55c. each.

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