

A quarter past seven saw all at the theatre where everything was in readiness. I must say that everything would not have been in readiness but for the efforts of our business manager, who quickly convinced those concerned that we were not to be imposed upon.

They have a very pretty Opera House at Guelph. It is quite new, and is finished tastefully in light blue and yellow, and, save for its being rather poorly equipped with scenery and properties generally (doubtless on account of its recent erection), we found it satisfactory for our performance.

The curtain rose to a fairly good-sized audience composed chiefly of the fashion and beauty of the city. We were not greatly disappointed at not having a packed house, as we had not counted on it at Guelph. The piece went well but was not quite up to the standard of the subsequent performances. This was owing to there not having been a really good rehearsal before we left home on account of some members of the company having been very busy with examinations up to nearly the last moment. In consequence the piece dragged a little in one or two places. However, the audience had a good laugh and a pleasant evening, and that was the main thing.

A weary party assembled at the Wellington after the performance, and went (more or less early) to bed. With the prospect of catching the 6.20 train next morning there could be no staying up late. It was a fearfully early hour for those who had been as busy as we the day before. But it could not be helped, and rather subdued and melancholy we were soon *en route* for Woodstock.

The "call" had said 5.30, and the hideous hour seemed to have its effect, for Woodstock safely attained the company retired to rest till luncheon after which it amused itself in various quiet ways. Mr. Saunders, however, with Messrs. Cleworth, Osler and Props made their way to the theatre, there to strike terror into the numerous attachés by the rapidity of their questions concerning "borders," "flies" and "floats."

Financially this town was not an unqualified success; in fact it furnished the smallest audience of the tour, but the members of the cast were on their mettle and the audience proved itself to be kindly appreciative. A number of gentlemen came behind the scenes to tender their congratulations on the excellence of the performance, and we retired to our hotel—the Oxford—tired, but far from down-hearted. Any hastily formed ideas about bed and rest were quickly dispelled by the arrival on the scenes of a number of festive spirits—jolly good fellows all—in whose company we enlivened the night with song and story till an early hour.

Brantford was reached at 10:30 a.m. Friday, without any event of importance happening, i.e. no hats or overcoats were lost in the frantic endeavors of the gentlemen to carry the ladies' luggage from car to car. We heard the usual remarks on landing at the station: "De English blokes," from the small boy, and "Palmer's Stock Co." from the better educated of the community, standing about the platform, but we really couldn't help the predominating caps, and the professional bearing, which must have called forth these compliments, so leaving our admirers in happy ignorance we boarded a trolley. Brantford is ahead of the other towns in this respect,—and duly registered at the Kerby House.

The rest of the morning was passed in booming the show. The genial manager of the house, with *The Magistrate* on his back, followed by Mr. Saunders manfully bearing that painful importance of his, made numerous calls on the good people of the town and were extremely lavish in distributing their cards (dodgers). The ladies and the more fortunate male members of the troupe enjoyed a very pleasant drive, and were loud in their praises of the beauty of the vicinities. Beyond Mr. Posket's sitting on a deceptive

baggage truck, turning a somersault, and leaving a large mark on the hotel wall with his head, the rest of the morning passed off quietly. The afternoon was spent in strolling about the town, and accepting our friends' numerous invitations. The officers of the 38th entertained several of the party in their new quarters, and Mr. Bithomaster bewildered the crowd with various feats of magic. In comparison with the houses in the other towns, the Brantford theatre is small and rather cramped, perhaps because it labors under the advantage of being more ancient, still behind the scenes it is more than ordinarily well equipped, and we were made thoroughly comfortable. A good audience was in front, in fact the most enthusiastic of the trip. We may flatter ourselves that *The Magistrate* never went better. We all assembled in the parlor at the hotel afterwards, sung ourselves hoarse, were charmed by Mr. Cleworth's recitations, and were convulsed at the actions of Lugg-Harris, who really gave a very creditable performance of *The Magistrate*, without the assistance of the rest of the cast. The Brantford Seargeant of Police was a delighted spectator and was so pleased with his reception that he must needs see our sleeping beauty, Mr. Business Manager, much to the latter's alarm. "Axeas," said Mrs. Posket as the ladies said good-night, "we rely on you to keep the men in order," "certainly my darling" said Axeas submissively as he winked the other eye.

In Hamilton we suffered under disabilities in the way of competition against a host of good attractions, local and otherwise, still the house was not bad numerically, and was extremely fashionable. The piece lost something in briskness owing to a mistake in having the stage set too roomily; still it went well and the audience was not slow to show its appreciation of Pinero's subtle points. The rigid rule governing our personal arrangements was released on this the last day of the tour and the majority of the company accepted the hospitality of friends. At the home of our popular comedian, Mr. A. B. Pottenger, a most enjoyable "Tea" was tendered us, and we had an opportunity of meeting some of Hamilton's fairest. Luncheon parties were also in order, and on Sunday afternoon we were again entertained by Mrs. O'Reilly at "The Willows." It was with feelings of sincere regret that we found ourselves on the train speeding towards Toronto and a return to the every day life. The trip was most successful throughout and one and all found enjoyment even in the inevitable worries attendant upon the travelling Thespian. Among our pleasantest memories will be this tour which, we hope, was of a nature to reflect credit on Trinity and her institutions.

The ladies of the caste have earned our sincerest gratitude and appreciation. Their artistic portrayal of their several roles was commented upon in accents of highest admiration in every town, and the cheerfulness and patience with which they endured the various vexations and trials of "one night stands" was such as to gain for them the lasting regard of every member of the club.

Upon mature deliberation, the red ribbon has been awarded to Brantford. The officers of the 38th and others were most kind, the former in placing their quarters at our disposal, and Manager Fillinaster has earned our appreciation not only for the way in which he "boomed the show," but also for his successful efforts to make our stay genuinely enjoyable.

Through some mistake, the "call", as posted in Hamilton read:—Ladies and gentleman of the company will assemble at the waterfront at 6.55 p.m., when a row-boat will leave for Toronto.