

# "77"

## Influenza—Cold in the Head

Is an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nose. Commences with tingling, itching and dryness of the nostrils, followed by a watery or mucous discharge; frequent sneezing; dull pain and sense of weight in the forehead; increased secretion of tears; occasional chilliness, and Fever.

If not arrested, the Catarrh spreads to the throat and respiratory organs, attended with Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Tickling Cough and Oppressed Breathing.

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# COLDS

him. I know I can't live. Just tell the truth about me, and make sure that the boys will not despise me too much. I have done my duty by them and by the flag," says he. I broke down and wept, I'll admit, and I'm prepared to say that there's no living soul but has some good in them. And then there's the duty of deciding what's to be done if Bond recovers. Ought we to give him away? I say no.

According to Maxwell the bugles just then blew for a forward movement, and soon all were lying on the firing line shooting at the Filipinos. Maxwell made another awkward pause, and one of his auditors said:

"Well, I suppose Bond really died and you fellows did the right thing by him even in death."

"Die?" said Maxwell. "Great Scott, no! At least, not then. Less than two hours after Peters had told that story Bond came stealing up to the firing line and there he lay next to me all day working like a demon. 'I thought you were dying,' I said to him. 'The devil, no,' he replied. 'It was only a little wound. Scarcely bled at all. When Peters wasn't around the doctor told me it amounted to nothing but urged me to stay in the rear for one night. This morning he put a little plaster on the broken skin and here I am again. Did Peters tell you a long story about my mysterious past? Did he? I thought so. I told him that yarn purposely. I thought it about time to call him off and make him a laughing stock. Pretty good story, wasn't it? Any truth in it. Thunder, no. I knew I was not hurt. Even if Bond shouldn't happen to be my real name, there's no occasion for getting up such a yarn as that. What's that? Am I hurt? Yes, old man, I guess I am.'

"I saw that he had been wounded seriously this time. I supported his head on my knee, gave him a drink of water, his eyes became fixed and between his gasps he said to me:

"Maxwell, I guess you had better tell Peters to write that story home after all, just as I told it to him. I thought I was dying or near to it last night when I talked to him. I'm going—now. Be sure—to tell him—to write—"

"Was he really a murderer and bank robber?" asked one of Maxwell's listeners. "The army records do not show that he was," was the response.

### The Hen's Delusion.

Ephraim Knox lived in the center of his native village, and his hens wandered here and there at their own sweet will, to the frequent annoyance of his neighbors. Ephraim, however, was no respecter of persons, and considered his hens "as good as anybody," and desirable visitors.

When it was decided that the town library should be built in a vacant lot "next door to him," Ephraim was filled with pride and joy, and he and his hens superintended operations from the first.

Ephraim's brother Seth was not devoted to hens. One day he was passing the site of the library with a friend and stopped to view the progress of affairs. Ephraim's hens were there, cackling away as if their lives depended on it. Seth looked at them in disgust.

"What in the world are these hens making such a noise for, do you suppose? There ain't any grain in there," said the friend.

"Well," remarked Seth, dryly, "they've had the oversight of 'most everything in town. You know the corner-stone of the building was laid yesterday, and I calculate that speckled hen over there thinks she laid it!"

## Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONES.

In St. Peter's church on Christmas day the music was of an exceptionally high order, a full orchestra under Prof. Williams was present and supplied excellent music. Miss McCarty sang a solo for which W. C. Bowden played a violin accompaniment.

In Trinity and Stone churches there was also special music rendered in a very pleasing manner. As a rule, however, there was very little preparation in this line in any of the churches.

Mr. Ford's opera progresses favorably and those who are to take part are enthusiastic over its prospects.

Neil Burgess and his company in "The County Fair" did not play Christmas week.

Wansworth Harris is playing in Quo Vadis. The company is at present playing Boston.

It is now definitely announced that "Son Foy," the Chinese musical play will receive its first Boston presentation on Jan. 7.

G. S. Willard has decided not to give his new play, "Love in Idleness" during the Boston engagement as there has not been sufficient time for preparation.

Stuart Robson's leading lady this year is Maud White who was formerly with Charles Frohman. Miss White has been in the support of Roland Reed in The Turtle.

Marguerite Sylva's success in Kirke La Shelle's light opera success, "The Princess Chic" has been such as to induce every manager in whose house she has played thus far this season to book her for next season at increased percentage.

Frank Daniels is doing an unprecedentedly large business in the extreme northwest.

In Seattle last Monday, the house was entirely sold out in three hours for the entire engagement. On the second morning, the only morning newspaper in the town announced an extra matinee for that day. Though the rain poured down all the morning the entire house was sold out by noon.

Adipose tissue has always been the prima donna's enemy, and few of them have escaped it. Piccolomini, during the latter years of her career, grew to enormous size, and some of the other Italian singers were just as unwieldy. But it later came to be the German soprano who was regarded as the one person certain to be fat, whatever else she might be.

Amalia Materna sang "Iolide" at Vienna and "Kundry" at Bayreuth when she had become such a monster of flesh that her appearance would have been ludicrous under any other circumstances. Rosa Sucher had grown very stout during the latter days of her career, and Theresa Malton is also assuming rapidly the heroic proportions commonly associated with the Wagnerian heroine. These women were examples of the stout German singer striking enough to keep alive the tradition that Wagner needs fat interpreters, or that the proper performance of Wagner music makes singers stout. Whatever the relation between cause and effect may be, it is certain that the German women have taken the pre-eminence in avoirdupois associated thirty years ago with the soprano from Italy.

The actress has a much better opportunity than the singer to escape the burden of flesh. She can reduce herself by any one of a number of methods and suffer no disadvantages. But the singer hesitates to trifle with her physical condition in any way. The body, that is such, is always sure to produce a rich voice, and when they are feeling well and in good voice, the singers are adverse to doing anything that may exhaust or weaken them in any way.

### TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The holiday season opened auspiciously for both theatrical companies, and bumper houses greeted the performers on Christmas at matinee and night.

At the New Mechanics Institute W. S. Harkins presented Miss Jessie Bonstelle and supporting company, scoring for that much sought after and popular actress a decided triumph. Miss Bonstelle played the title role in Victorien Sardou's brightest comedy, Madame Sans Gene, a sprightly thing, bubbling over with mirth, jolly, abounding in remarkable situations and calling for elaborate stage effects and beautiful gowns. Miss Bonstelle played her part in an admirable manner, winning hosts of new admirers, and sustaining the reputation made here last season. Ample testimony of her popularity was given in the enthusiastic reception she received. Miss Bonstelle's talents were given full justice in this department upon several occasions last year, and it is not necessary

to repeat what was then said, her youth ability, personal appearance and wonderful versatility all combining to make her not only an actress of power and merit, but assures as well her personal popularity.

In Mr. Emmett King the company has a wonderfully clever man combining a handsome personal appearance with exceptional dramatic ability. In Sans Gene his role was not particularly well adapted to exploit his talents, but indifferent as it was it showed plainly that he is capable of looking after work that calls for something heavier in acting. Mr. Stuart made a splendid Napoleon, though physically he is as little like that great man as can well be imagined. However, one forgot that in view of his excellent work. The balance of the support was excellent in every way, the stage sittings were elaborate and altogether the production was a great success artistically, as it was assuredly so financially. Denise was played later in the week.

The return of the Valentine Stock Company gave the numerous friends made here last season an opportunity to extend a warm welcome when they re-opened on Christmas day at a matinee performance of "The Fool of the Family," a bright little comedy that introduced the new people in the company in as happy a manner as possible. The house was crowded; which satisfactory state of affairs was more than repeated at the evening performance of "Hamlet," hundreds being turned away. The latter piece was of course the great event of the day, introducing in important roles, as it did, two new people, Mr. Everett King, in the title role of the Melancholy Dane, and Nora O'Brien as Ophelia.

The piece was staged with all that careful attention to detail which marked the production of the company last season and in every detail was historically correct. Much had been heard and much said of Mr. King's work in Hamlet consequently much was expected of him. It is not too much to say that the very highest anticipations were fulfilled. In personal appearance Mr. King is an ideal Hamlet, in fact a more perfect one in that respect cannot well be imagined and what a world of passionate power he threw into his work! All the emotions of the mad young Prince of Denmark, were portrayed with an intensity that was wonderfully real. His work has won for Mr. King a high place in the regard of theatre goers, and easily places him in the position of the best Hamlet ever seen in this city.

Miss O'Brien's beauty has been referred to before in this department, and all claims regarding her, as an actress and otherwise, were fully justified. She won golden opinions on every hand. She was an ideal Ophelia.

Miss Kate Blanche, was warmly welcomed, and it is needless to say, that in her hands the role of the queen mother was given a dignified and conscientious interpretation.



EDITH'S CHRISTMAS.

As the king, Mr. Charles Hagar was excellent, as was the support throughout. The performances for the week were "The Fool of the Family" and "Hamlet."

In speaking of "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," the new piece by R. C. Carton, the New York Post says:—It may be described as a light, or, rather, farcical comedy, and is one of the most amusing trifles that have been seen in this neighborhood for some time. The laughter that accompanied it was almost continuous, and it was not possible to question its heartiness or spontaneity. Better entertainment for the holiday season could not reasonably be asked for, and it would not be surprising if it should run for the remainder of the winter.

It is not, however, one of those plays which demand serious treatment or prolonged description, although it is often exceedingly clever in its own frivolous way. An outline of the story, which may be given in a very few words, will furnish a sufficiently clear indication of its general nature. Lady Huntworth, the heroine, having found matrimony a hopeless failure, has, although perfectly innocent in thought and deed, permitted her drunken and brutal husband to procure a decree of divorce against her, as the quickest way of getting rid of him. Then, being penniless, she has taken a situation as cook in the family of a country parson, this being the experiment alluded to in the title. Her beauty and refinement soon play havoc with the hearts of all adjacent males, including the parson himself—a feeble, fawning, but well-meaning gentleman, in mortal dread of a severe maiden sister—his butler, and a cavalry captain pledged to marry a young lady whom he does not love and who has arranged an elopement with the curate. A fourth suitor is her secondarily husband, who wishes to resume marital relations because he has secret information that she has inherited a fortune.

A New York vaudeville performer has an original way of accepting applause. If the audience claps him wildly he bows in the most melancholy manner; if the applause is meager, he exclaims "Desist! Desist!" with a happy smile. At one time he was engaged at a music hall in the west, where the audience was loud and noisy. He started his entertainment with the usual "Ladies and Gentlemen." There was a howl of laughter from the audience which for one second unnerved the young beginner, but he quickly recovered himself and said, "Well, you'll excuse me calling you ladies' and gentlemen, won't you?" The result was a louder laugh and a sound of applause.

The following will be appreciated by theatre goers of the early days:  
Too REALISTIC—At a small seaport

*E. W. Lowe*

This signature is on every box of the genuine  
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town a star actress of the third magnitude appeared as Juliet.

"I cannot do justice to myself," she said to the manager, "if I don't have a lime-light thrown on me when I appear at the balcony."

"We ain't got no limelight, miss. But I think we could get you a ship's blue light," replied the obliging manager.

And to this the lady agreed. The lad who went to the shop to buy a blue light brought back a signal rocket, which was given to him by mistake. The prompter took the rocket in good faith.

Romeo: "He jests at scars that never felt a wound."

[Juliet appears. Prompter lights the match.]

"But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?"

[This was the match lighting the fuse.]

"Arise, fair sun!"

The sun—or, rather, the rocket—did rise with a terrific hiss. Juliet was knocked off the balcony, the fly borders were set on fire, and the theatre was filled with sulphurous smoke, while the audience, which fortunately was a small one, made a stampede for the doors.

Since then "Romeo and Juliet" has been looked upon in that town as a work that could not be witnessed without personal danger.

### An Exception.

"Two wrongs never make one right, said Dinmore, who was fond of quoting adages.

"Sometimes they do," amended Fordick. "If Constant Reader, for example, feels himself aggrieved by two wrongs, he will be one to write about them to the newspapers."

### Looking Backward.

"By George," said the big man with the heavy, dark mustache, who had just got back from Australia, "how time flies. Just think! I used to be the smart kid who tried to scare you out when you came to see my sister. What a little runt I was in those days."

"Yes," wearily replied the one he ad-

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dressed, you were a little runt, indeed. If you had only been big and strong like you are now!"

### Out of His Lane.

Crawfoot—Say, if you are so all-fired good at problems, tell me how far off thunder is when you hear the first roll.

Calculator—I can't do that, sir.

Crawfoot—You kain't?

Calculator—No; I'm the lightning calculator.

The general reading public have unanimously decided in favor of The Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star with the two famous premium pictures, "Christ in the Temple," and "Home from the War." It is simply head and shoulders above anything in the newspaper line. No other newspaper pretends to issue such beautiful pictures or such a paper.

"Isn't that a dream of a bonnet?" she inquired pointedly of the man at her side.

"I said," she repeated after a silence, "isn't that a dream of a bonnet?"

Again there was silence. And she inquired in a tone of reproach:

"Well, why don't you say something?"

"My dear, you seemed to enjoy it so I was afraid of waking you up."

### 'Is he a friend of yours?'

No, sir. I told my wife I had been with him the other night when she waited up for me. The next day she happened to meet him, and of course referred to what I had said. The blamed fool didn't have presence of mind enough to go on and pretend that he knew what she was talking about."

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