

MUSIC AND THE STAGE

Montreal has been at no loss for good things of late in the way of dramatic representation. Mr. Henry Thomas, as lessee and manager of the Academy of Music, keeps the stage-loving public in a humour in which enjoyment alternates with expectation and disappointments rarely cloud the spirits. In successive weeks we have had "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Hubby" and "A Mere Cypher," "Paola," and "Captain Swift," which is still running to good houses. "Paola" (the F. C. Duff Opera Company) was, on the whole, a success. If the overture was not all that could be desired, its defects were fully compensated by what followed. The music was pronounced appropriate and pleasant to listen to and the chorus well drilled, large and attractive in its personnel. The costuming was superb, the stage appointments were faultless, and the scenery was in the best style of Messrs. Graham, Goatcher and Young. Harry Paulton as *Sapolo* is inimitable. He has the faculty of making one laugh by simply looking at him and he uses it to good purpose. Miss Louise Beaudet was as winsome and vivacious a *Chilina* as could be imagined, and she sings and dances prettily. The *Paola* of Miss Lenore Snyder was another delightful presentation. She is gifted with a beautiful voice, which she uses intelligently and with good effect, and she adds a refreshing touch of *naïveté* to her speeches. Mr. Clem Herschell had a phenomenal makeup and did all he could with his part, and Mr. McLaughlin and Mr. Clifton could hardly be improved on. The whole company in fact was admirable, and those who witnessed its play in Montreal can understand how it attained such popularity at the Fifth Avenue.

"Captain Swift," which began its course at the Academy on the 21st inst., with a good company, in which Arthur Forrest and Rose Eytinge are the leading figures, is one of those plays which do not depend on startling situations or melodramatic romance for effect; it is truer to nature than that. It may arouse sympathy in one direction and shock it in another. It may leave the audience dissatisfied at the close with the outcome of the story. It may stir up a genuine pity—which is not maudlin either—for a very pronounced scoundrel; but the scoundrel is such an attractive and daring individuality that everybody in the audience easily forgives himself for forgiving that same scoundrel. It should not be inferred from this that vice is in any way made attractive in the story told by the author. On the contrary it points a very healthy moral. It illustrates how a man's misdoings, no matter how carefully the tracks are covered up, will discover him in the end; and it also tries to teach that the physical courage and daring which all admire are not sufficiently redemptory to blot out a career of crime.

"Out in the streets" is the attraction at the Theatre Royal this week. The story deals with a scapegrace who deserts his wife and child, leaving them to the tender mercies of the police, and finally, to secure a fortune, commits numerous crimes, in which he manages to implicate the innocent. The part of the hero, *Harry Farley*, is admirably portrayed by Mr. N. S. Wood.

At the annual meeting of the M.A.A.A. Dramatic Club, the following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing season:—President, S. M. Baylis; vice-president, J. B. H. Rickaby; treasurer, S. Brodie; committee, J. D. Miller, E. S. Shephard, D. H. Reynoldson, H. K. Wright and G. S. Shephard. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were found to be of a satisfactory character and were both unanimously adopted.

Johann Brahms has received the decoration of Cross of Knight of the Order of Leopold.

The Wagner family received \$13,000 as their share of the profits arising from the recent Bayreuth festival.

Mr. David Laurie, of Glasgow, has been offered \$12,500 for the famous "Alard" Stradivarius violin. It is dated 1715.

Hamish McCunn is composing a cantata, entitled "The Cameronian's Dream," to be first given in Edinburgh some time next year.

Vogl, the tenor singer, has concluded arrangements to sing at the Munich Court opera during the next ten years at a salary of \$8,000 a year.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, for the first time in twenty years, is about to attempt an opera on a serious subject, intended for D'Oyley Carte's new theatre in London.

In the new play, by A. R. Haven, "Josephine, Empress of the French," Mlle. Rhea's impersonation of the beautiful and unhappy Empress wins all hearts—especially the feminine.

The announcement that Prof. Franz Kullak was about to close the school of music in Berlin established by his father, Theodor Kullak, seems to have surprised the Berlin musical world.

Karl Goldmark, the composer of "The Queen of Sheba," has just finished a symphonic poem entitled

"Prometheus Bound." It will be heard in Vienna some time during the winter.

The Isben Method is a new class of dramatic literature. The plays from which it takes its name deal altogether with social problems and have been written by Dr. Isben, the Scandinavian playwright, a selection from whose works, translated into English, was published some months ago by Walter Scott. A Mr. Palmer intends to produce one of them, "The Pillars of Society."

Our illustrious fellow-countrywoman, Madame Albani, had the honour of singing before the Queen lately at Balmoral, and her sister, Miss Lajeunesse, accompanied her. Madame Albani sings every year before the Queen, who greatly admires her singing, and has a very great personal regard for her. The Queen does not pay Madame Albani for singing, but has given her on each occasion some memento of her visit.

Joseph Haworth, who is the star in Steele Mackaye's drama of the "Reign of Terror," has a souvenir of the late John McCullough which he prizes as he would a gem of purest water. It is a letter written Oct. 29, 1887, a short time before the celebrated tragedian's death, saying: "We will write our names on the immortal pages of Shakespeare. They look better there and will live a good deal longer. Let me guide you up the dark, steep path to fame. There are none who can follow you."

THE PEARL BRACELET.

I.

THE VISION OF BEAUTY.

Love knew her beautiful; and yet that night
Truth limned her than all fancy's dreams more fair.
Blithely, she moved towards me, up the stair,
Vestured in opal, while the steadfast light
Glowed on smooth arms and bosom lily-white,
Like sun on gems. Before that vision rare
Of loveliness I stood, my heart in snare,
She proud, yet shamed to have so tranced my sight.

Meseemed her soul had reached its angel flower,
Though still she dwelt in this deathgated land.
Soul-stricken by her radiant purity,
I faltered words, forgotten to this hour,
And bending low, with deep humility,
Kissed the warm whiteness of her ungloved hand.

II.

THE BRACELET.

To deck her child, the richest of white roses
Nature had culled; and as her vicar I
Wreathed them with fern, then while the maiden shy
Stood smiling on me, pinned the happy posies
In her soft gown, where, as the wave discloses
The pearly shells that on the shore-edge lie,
The lace foamed back and showed the ivory
Of that dear nest wherein arch Love reposes.

She bound three rosebuds in her shimmering hair;
Then gloved her arms, and held them out to me,
Eyes veiled. I clasped the bracelet on her wrist,
Gold and five pearls, and bade her see it there.
She looked and blushed, and shyly for my fee,
Proffered her lips, whose rosiness I kissed.

III.

HER PROMISE.

"Pearls, set with gold," she murmured; "once again
Thou givest me pearls. See in thy ring I wear
Are pearls, like dew tangled in golden hair,
I love them, being thine and now am fain
To love them less, that these my love may gain
Thou givest me now, thy newer gift and rare,—
Oh, what am I that thou canst think me fair,
And my weak soul on soul of thine sustain!

"Pearls! dear they say that pearls betoken tears,—
How old-folk fancies cling about us still!
Thou wilt not, Love, bring any tears to me?
Yet if thou shouldst, and Fate's cup bearing years
Brimful of grief our mutual goblet fill,
Whate'er thou drinkest I will drink with thee."

IV.

IN THE MORNING.

Sleep's bride, upon her spotless couch she lay,
In one hand's dainty nest her cheek; dream flushed,
For spake by night thoughts that by day were hushed,
Smiles round her mouth's ripe rose, like bees, dit play,
Or like, in the east, the first coy beams of day,
And in the tresses her pure brow that brushed
Were yet the roses, faded now and crushed,
Had crowned her in the hours of revelry.

Gently her bosom heaved, and one nude arm,
Whose goddess-grace no marble could excel,
Fronted the rising sun, whose glances warm
Upon its unconcealed beauty fell;
And as the lord of day the pure flesh kissed,
He touched with flame my bracelet on her wrist.

Detroit.

ARTHUR WEIR.

Humorous

"WERE you at the party last night, Bromley?" "No, my wife went, I stayed at home and took care of the baby."
"Well, what kind of a time did you have?" "Rocky!"

BOBBY, I notice that your little sister took the smaller apple. Did you let her have her choice as I told you to? Bobby: Yes, I told her that she could have the little one or none, and she choose the little one.

MISS JONES: How good of you, doctor, to come and talk with me! Doctor: Oh, not at all. I have listened to so much clever talk this evening that it will be quite a rest to listen to you, Miss Jones, I assure you.

"Hurry to the door, Mary, and let Mr. Smith in. He has rung twice." "That isn't Mr. Smith; it is the other young gentleman." "Well, wait a minute, then; I must change these photographs on the mantel."

As a fop was riding a very fine horse, a young lady was very evidently admiring the animal, when he stopped and asked. "Are you admiring me, miss?" "No," was the ready reply, "I was admiring the horse, not the donkey."

ANGRY WIFE (after a quarrel)? Seems to me we've been married a hundred years. I can't remember when or where we first met. Husband (emphatically): I can. It was at a dinner party, and there were thirteen at a table.

STRANGER: Did a pedestrian pass this way a few minutes ago? Granger: No, sor. I've been right outer this tater patch fer mor'n a nower an' notter blamed thing has passed 'cept one solitary man, an' he was trampin' erlong on foot.

THEY were climbing up the mountain side, and, coming to a steep place, he deemed it proper to assist her, and, turning, said: "Please give me your hand." "Oh," she replied with a blush, "this is so sudden. You must ask papa."

A LITTLE GIRL, who evidently had lived long enough to gain some knowledge of human nature, was asked by her teacher what a minute man was. "A minute man," said the little girl, "is a man who wants everything done right away."

A MATHEMATICAL EXPERT.—Teacher: If a man has two hundred pounds of ice in his waggon and one-fourth of it is lost by melting, how many pounds do his customers pay for? Boy (whose father is in the business): Three thousand pounds.

HE KNEW.—Teacher (to class in arithmetic): John goes marketing. He buys two and a quarter pounds of sugar at 11 cents a pound, two dozen eggs at 16 cents a dozen, and a gallon and a half of milk at 20 cents a gallon. What does it all make? Smallest boy (hugging himself ecstatically): Custard.

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE.—De Pole: Where do you intend to spend your vacation? De Pole: I am going to our milkman's dairy farm. There is the finest kind of fishing in that neighbourhood. "Hub! You don't take his word for it, do you?" "No, indeed. We've found young trout in his milk."

MISS LIGHTED: I was very much admired at the wedding reception last night. I noticed one gentleman who never took his eyes off me the whole evening. Miss Sharpe: Did the gentleman have a black moustache, waxed on the ends? Yes; do you know him? I know of him. He is a detective. He was there to watch the presents.

AN old bachelor, through no fault of his, was looking at a little baby, and was expected to admire it, of course. "Well, Mr. Blinkins," said the proud young mother, expectantly, "is it not very lovely?" "Yes-er—that is to say—or-um—about how old must such a baby be, Mrs. Tompkins, before it begins to look like a human being?"

FIRST OLD LADY: Conductor, raise this window; I shall smother to death! Second ditto: Conductor, lower this window, or I'll freeze to death! First old lady again: Conductor, will you raise— Irate passenger (interrupting): Conductor, hoist that window and freeze one of those old women to death; then lower it and smother the other one!

A SERIOUS CASE.—Mrs. Briske: Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out! Little Johnny (stopping his play): Yes'm. He felt my pulse an' looked at my tongue, and shook his head and said it was a serious case, and he left this prescription and said he'd call again before night. Mrs. Briske: Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent for him to see; it was the baby.

"Them city people," said Farmer Smiley, "think themselves mighty smart, but they are a durned ignorant set. F'rinstance, when I wuz ridin' long Queen street west last Saturday I seen a big sign out, 'Great sale of Jerseys, all wool.' Ha! ha! What d'yer think of that? They act'ally think that wool grows on Jerseys! Why, any six-year-old boy on a farm knows better'n that."

MR. WATTS: I was reading just now about the richest woman in the world. Mrs. Watts: I know who is the richest woman in the world without having to read. Mr. Watts: Who is it? Mrs. Watts: I am. For I've got you, darling, and that makes me the richest woman in the world, even if I haven't got a bonnet fit to be seen on the street. She will wear a new bonnet to church next Sunday.