Mercutio's jest, or Hamlet's dying moan :

OPENING OF THE NEW TYNE THEATRE AND OPERA HOUSE.

Yesterday evening, this magnificent building, the progress of which we have noticed at intervals during its erection, was of ened with the most brilliant success, an immense audience crowding the spacious interior from floor to ceiling, and continued applause greeting the proceedings of the night. This occasion may be said to mark the commescement of a new epoch in theatrical matters in Neweastle, for undoubtedly by far the largest number of persons ever present, at one time, at a dramatic performance in this town, assembled together last night, to witness Boucicault's "Arrah-na-Pogue," and the other entertainments provided, and the extraordinary capabilities of the new theatre were tested most successfully in the presentation of one of the most difficult of modern dramas to put upon the stage, and also before the footlights in the accommodation of the in.mense audience which occupied the auditorium. Two hours before the time fixed for opening the doors crowds had assembled in front of the Theatre, some waiting their time to get front scate, and others busy watching the labour still in progress on the building. Bunting was displayed in gay profusion from the front win towa, and lines of flags also spanned the street. A few minutes after the time appointed the doors were opened, the great pressure outside rendering the step absolutely necessary. A tremendous rush at once ensued, but so ample are the means of ingress to every part, and so excellent the arrangements for receiving the money, that a continuous stream was in a few minutes pouring into every door of the Theatre, without hitch and with scarcely any pressure. Passing into the interior the audience were as quickly seated, and then came the mement for a look around. The result was, without exception, a burst of delighted approval from all. Exclamations of "What a glorious house," "How wonderfully bright and rich in colour," and "How light and elegant it is," circulated from side to side, and a nost appreciative verdict was given upon the arrangements before the curtain. The house, indeed, did present a most magnificent appearance. The grand sunlight in the centre of the ceiling cast a flood of softened brightness into every nock and corner of the building, and set off to great advantage the exquisite barmony of colouring which prevails throughout the interior. The delicate lace like pattern covering the front of the dress circle, upper circle, and gallery, the bright scarlet coverings of the scats in the lower tier of boxes, the crimson hoe of the walls behind, the roft blue tints of the gallery walls, ceiling, and interior of the private boxes, were seen in all their beauty and freshness, and the effect was unanimously pronounced to be one of unrivalled galety and magnificence. Quickly the audience poured in and took their scats, and by seven

o'clock there could not have been far short of 3,000 persons in the house. The dress circle was completely filled by a brilliant and fashionable company, mostly in evening costume. The pit presented one dense mass of occupants, numbers standing at each side throughout the entire performance. The capacious gallery was packed to its fullest extent, and the only part of the house where accommodation was to be had was the upper circle, which, although well filed, still had room for more. Within a few minutes of the time appointed for the commencement of the proceedings of the night, Mr. George Stanley, the leasee and manager, stopped forward in front of the curtain, and was received with enthusiastic cheering. When the applause had subsided, Mr. Stanley, who had not had time to change his business suit for evening costume, delivered the inaugural address as follows :- Ladies and gentlemen, -I am proud and happy to welcome you to this new theatre. It has been a long time in course of erection; but, when finished, will, I believe, in comfort and converience, be fully equal to any theatre in the kingdom. (Cheers.) I have to apologise for my appearance, but I have been hard at work until the out h minute of the eleventh hour, and am compelled to come before you as you see me. (Loud cheers.) Though all the substantial work is done, the building is yet uninished, and I must ask you to suspend your judgment on the appearance and surroundings of the house for a short time longer. In a few days bence it will be completed, and I hope will give general satisfaction. Of the work of the architect, Mr. Parnell, I need not speak; the theatre itself is thu best recommendation to his professional ability and skill. (Cheers.) To the enterprising contractors for the building, Messis, J. and W. Lowry and Walter Scott, I am under deep obligations; not only for the substantial and workmanlike manner in which they have fulfilled their cortract, but also for the energy and earnestness with which they have exerted themselves to enable me to keep faith with the public by opening to night, (Applause.) My best thanks are also due to the other tradesmen engaged in the erection of the building-Messra. John Abbot and Co.; Messra, Richardson and Co , painters and decorators ; Mr. Preston, alater; Messrs, W. H. Walker and Sons, Percy Iron Works; Mr. Moor, cabinetmaker; Messra. Walker and Emley, Neville Iron Works; Mr. Chandler, upholsterer; Mr. Alder, sn.ith; and Messrs. Russell and Sons, gasfitters and plumbers. All these gentlemen have cheerfully exerted themselves to complete their different parts of the work in time, and I desire them to accept my public acknowledgment of their services. (Applause.) To the intelligent foremen of the contractors, Mr. John Mitchell, Mr. Atkin, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Grisdale, and Mr. Nichol, I must mention my great obligations, as to their indefatigable labours I am chiefly indebted for being able to open to-night. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Day, the able machinist, and Mr. Middleton, the experienced foreman of Messra. Jones and Co., theatrical engineers, have had the direction of the main portion of the works behind the scenes, and to their skilful labours and exertions I am indebted for what I believe is one of the lest stages in any theatro in the United Kingdom. (Applause.) My old friend Mr. Fox and his son have placed me under deep collections for the beautiful act drop you will shortly see; and to Mr. Browning, the chief scenic artist, and his assistants, I am greatly obliged for their cordial and valuable co-operation in prolonged labour of preparing the scenery for the first night, (Cheers) It is not unusual in such a work as this for disputes and differences to arise-sometimes between the workmen and their employers, and at other times between rival tradeamen; I am glad, however, to say that not a wrong word or unpleasant observation has been exchanged during the progress of the work, but that one common feeling, from the humblest hod-carrier to the chief contractor, has been always evinced to complete it, not only soon but well. I look back on the exertions of the past three months with satisfaction, and shall ever remember with pleasure the cordial encouragement and support I have had from the intelligent artisans, to whose labours I am indubted for this large and handsome building. With respect to the future. I have only this to say, that I will do my utmost to make ince for pleasing instruction and amuse ment. (Oheera.) I will not weary you with a programme of my intended arrangements, but will rather leave my efforts to speak for themselves. I have secured the assistance of a numerous, able, and experienced dramatic company. I must ask your indulgence for the entertainments of this evening. The production of such a drama as "Arrab-na-Pogue, "even in an old established theatre, is no slight labour; but in a new theatre, and with a new company, the effort is greatly mereased. (Cheers.) What you will see to-night will, I fear, be little more than a full-dress rehearsal. All I can promise is, that whatever is defective shall be reme died, and whatever is good shall be improved. I desire to say but one word respecting the position of the drama in Newcastle. I do not think there is in the United Kingdom a district like Newcastle, Gatesboad, and their suburbs, which has but one theatre. It may be a matter of opinion how far two theatres can find support; but judging by what other towns do, and the intelligence and spirit of the people of Typeside, I believe that sufficient patrons of the drama can be found to support both theatres successfully. (Loud cheera.) I am certain, however, of this, that towards the other theatre and its respected lesses I have no feelings of antagonum. All I recollect of Mr. Davis is, that I have fulfilled three engagements under his management, and I never received anything at his hands but the most fair, courteous, and gentlemanly treatment, (Cheers.) I trust be may be long spared to conduct the theatre in Grey Street with continued and increased success. (Continued cheering) And I promise him and my brother shareholders of that establishment that they shall find in the Type Theatre a manly and generous rival (Cheers.) Fair competition in theatrical, as in all other matters, is beneficial both to the parties engaged and the public. I cannot say that I am a native, and to the manuer born, but for some years past I have been closely identified with Typeside. Thirteen years ago I played my first engagement at the Theatre Royal, and for the last ten years have been almost constantly engaged as actor and manager in the North of England. There is scarcely a town in the two counties of Durham and Northumberland that I have not visited in the exercise of my profession, and for the last seven years I have conducted a place of amusement in this town. When I first opened that establishment I was literally, as well as profession dly, a poor player; though strong in faith, like many more, poor in pecket. To the prolonged and generous support of all classes of Newcastle citizens, but more especially to the intelligent and independent artisans, I am indebted for all I now possess. They not only enabled me to clear myself from the liabilities caused by previous nafortunate speculations, but also to maintain myself and family in comfort. The entire savings of my life are invested in this building, but I feel assured that if my management deserves your support it will continue to receive it. (Applianc.) But whether granted or denied, the grateful recollections of the generous aid I have always received from the people of New castle will never be forgotten. Everything that contributes to the moral, mental, and material welfare of this energetic, independent, and generous population, shall always, to the extent of my means, have my warmest encouragement and sympathy, for I can truly say with one of your local poets-"Type river, running rough or smooth, Brings bread to me and mine, Of all the rivers, north and south, There's none like coaly Tyne."

The address was received with rounds of cheering, and Mr. Stanley after repeatedly bowing his acknowledgments Shortly afterwards the curtain draw up, and unfolded

to view the new drop scene, painted from original sketches by Mr. Charles Fox. The subject chosen is the mouth of the Type on a breezy afternoon. Typemouth Lighthouse, Priory, and Castle, with the bold rocks towering above the famous " Black Middens," stand prominently out on one side, while behind and towards the centre the eye ranges up the harbour and takes in the Collingwood Monument, the High and Low Lights, North Shields, South Shields, and the pler on the extreme right. In front a variety of vessels are seen entering and leaving the harbour, including a Dutch schooner outward bound; a steamer going Into port ; an English belg tacking close in; and small craft, ileating wreck, and busy sea-gulis diversify the scene. A richly gilt semi circular framework surrounds the picture, and at the base the Newcastle arms, with the motto, " Fortiter defendit triumprans," is displayed, supported at each corner by figures of Old Father Tyne and Neptuce. The picture is bold and free in treatment, and the colouring harmonises admirably with the gay appearance of the interior. The audience broke out into peals of applause when the drop scene was uncovered, and in answer to the loud calls from all parts of the house Mr. Stanley led Mr. Fox to the front, and that gentleman received the warm congratulations of those present. After a short interval the drop scene was drawn up, and discovered the dramatic company on the stage prepared to sing the National Anthem. The audience rose during the rendering of the piece, and loud acclamations greeted the lady and gentleman who took the principal parts. Upon the fall of the drop scene again, Miss Juliet Desborough stepped in front to deliver a

poetical address by Mr. Glynn. The popular actress received an ovation of extraordinary warmth, and it was some vainutes before the repeated acknowledgments of the lady produces the processary stillness. Miss Desberough

You'll feel, I'm sure, it all my consace takes To be the first who here the silence breaks, First to uplift my voice, where ne'er till now Was heard the tyrant's threat, the lover's vow.

The light and ringing laugh, the captive's group,

Where never yet did mimic hosts engage, Kings "strut and fret their hour upon the stage," Nor love, war, wine, their maddening influence shed, And send the hearers weeping to their bed. My heart would fail, my tongue its utterance stop.
I'm like a criminal before the drop, (points to seems)
But when I turn the scene behind to view. My heart warms to the place, and warms to you. Kind recollections, with kind thoughts combine, And bid me, once more, welcome to the Tyne. ot for the first time do you welcome here, Nor do I, for the first time, now appear, A suitor for your favour, constant ever To honest, patient, faithful, true endeavour In art or science; and although our views Are but to interest, instruct, amuse, A k laure hour or two of well-carned case. We pledge ourselves to do our best to please. We have no history to marshal forth But since the Drama, in the hardy North, First found a home and shelter, what a roll Of glittering stars might nil the blazing scroll Who held our grandsires captive by the spell Of genius ever varying! I might tell Of Kemble, stalking through the senate hall, Froud as "the noblest Roman of them all;" Of Siddons, pale with grief, her white arms bare, Her step irresolute, disheverled hair, Though tallen from her high estate, in mien, Thought, act, and cesture, every inch a queen. Nor abould Macready be forgotten here, Rolla, Virginius, Brutus, Manfred, Lear Here both the Keans, the father and the son, Fresh laurels gathered and new triumphs won; Subtle Iago's treacheries and wiles, bhyroca's revenge, Glo'ster's perfidious smiles, The Moor's blind outrage on his guilt ess wife, Or Louis, crouching neath th' assassin's knife! Bave passed before you: Your applause to win, The gentle Paucit, and the stately Glyn. As Cleopatra, or as sweet Pauline, Lyons' fair flower, or Egypt's dusky Queen, l'ass ty in measured step. In olden times, What peak of laughter greet the morry mimes, Dowton and Munden ; Johan and his Nell ; Crack in the "Turopike Gate;" I need not tell Ut Luton, as Paul Pry or Lubin Log, Of Matheurs, or his son, a sad young dog Of tongue so ghb and spirit still so sprightly, Figlish and French in turn amusing nightly; Of authors must I speak in humble tone, Here in Newcastle you have found your own, No mean ones either. Let me try to trace Some brief tut bright examples of the race, Quit the Tyre Mercury's soportic page, "Croboore of the Bill-hook" now first appears, Of Irish dramas, which in later years Drown us in tears or keep us pale with fright, Just I ke the drama which you'd see to night. Doubleday, too, whose word could sway the storm Of thousand voices raging for Reform, Whore volumes scattered broadcast o'er the nation, "Government," "Currency," or "Population," Could yet find time to usher into life "Great Marius" and "The Italian Wife;" And travelled Chariton bring you from afar The gallant young barbarian, "Ingomar." I now must say one word for those who wait, Re hind the curtain, the decrees of fate, You, like the Romans in the circus, give The sign which dooms us, or which bids us live; You all remember well that pretty regue, "The Colleen Bawn," now "Arrah," called "na pogue." (Curtecys.) For "Shaun-the-Post," my husband, let me say A single word, your kind accord to pray; And for "O'Gracy" also, while I can, A finished, "fine ould Irish gentleman."

Even the traiter "Feeny" here must claim Your kind reception, Irish but in name, And the two levers; but the very part They play commends them to each gentle heart. When Iy the ivy on the Castle wall, The Hero climbs, -all shuddering lest he fall, licatow one thought on those, I neg of you, Who made the Castle, and the ivy too: You'll find them ably done, though I must say, All carpenters are not so bright as Day ; And as for cunning there is ne'er a Poz No sharp as he who drew these trees and rocks. Once on a lime the cautious campy Scot Was Lo great favourite upon this sput, And Wesigate wits and burs were meant, no doubt With walls and battlements, to keep him out; But 'gainst our Scott you can't bear any malice, When he for you, with Loury, built this palace; And though you may take cold upon the Moor, pon Moor's benches you may sit secure. The painting, from the ceiling to the floor, Such a Breun study you no er saw before : The bed which our roor Hero's form enfolds. Is likewise medelled by the best of Moulds. But I conclude, lest haply cheers ironical Now, like the gallant knight, Lord Marmien, I cry with all my breath, "On! Sanley, on!"

formed Mr. Levey's beautiful music to the satisfaction of the authence. A very short space intervened before the curtain rose and disclosed the first scene of "Arrah na-Pogue," and

burgest I'm speaking the Newcastle Chronicle. Repeated cheers procted the points in the address, and at its conclusion Miss Desborough retired amidst loud applause, The band then commenced with the overture, and perthe beautiful set representing Gloudslough, the Valley of the Seven Churches, and the ruins of St. Kelvin's Abboy elicited a burst of applause. We may at once say that the late hour at which the performances closed last night precludes us from entering at length into a description of the beautiful scenery placed before the audience in the piece, but we will notice it more fully at a future day. "Arrab-na-Pogue" has not previously been produced in Newcastle, and as the story of the piece is not familiar to mest of our readers, a short abridgment may not be unacceptable. The scene of the plot is laid in Wicklow, and the time is the troubled period at the close of the eighteenth century. Beamish M'Cout (in this case impersonated by Mr. C. H. Fenton), a young landowner, who has been involved in some of the complications of the times, has returned from his banishment on the Continent, and is bloing in the cottage of Arrah-na-Pogue-"Arrah of the hiss'-bis foster-sister, in sopes of prevailing upon Fanny Power, of Cabinteely (to whom he was paying his addresses previous to his banishment), to marry him privately, and return to the Continent with him as his wife. When out on the mountain side with some of " the " his late tenants, he meets Michael Feeny a scoundrelly informer and process server (Mr. Fred Irish), who has been collecting the rents that ours were his, and cases him of the money. Arrah (Miss Juliet Desborough) has to be married next day to Shaun-the-Post, a carman, and M'Coul gives his protectross a present of bank notes from his booty, in token of his gratitude. Feeny becomes aware that Arrab has the notes which were taken from him, and suspecting also that M'Coul is hid in her house, he obtains a warrant from Colonel Bagenal O'Grady (Mr. J. F. Young), a fine specimen of the noble-hearted Irish gentleman of the old school, against Arrah, and has her e, when the rejoidings on the occa sion of her marriage are going forward. McCoul escapes, but leaves his cloak behind him, and Feeny thus affixing the stigma to Arrah of having sheltered a young man in her house unknown to Shaun, a most exciting "situation" is produced. Shann nobly sacrifices himself to defend the fair name of his bride. Ho declares the close to be his, and also asseverates that it was he who robbed Feeny. Shaun is threwn into prison, tried, and condemned; and Fanny Power, believing M'Coul has been false to her, as Arrah has been to Shaun, casts off her lover and accepts The O'Grady. Ultimately Arrah explains that she bid the presence of her foster brother to save her lover from the dangers of a "guilty knowledge" of his presence, which would have made him amenable to the law. O'Grady rides across to Dublin to the Chief Secretary (Mr. E. Butler) for a pardon. M'Coul has just preceded him to avow himself the real criminal, and Fanny Power succeeds him to beg for the culprit's life. Pardon is granted to both Shaun and M'Coul, but before the document arrives at Bally betagh, where he is confined, Shaun has escaped from the cell, and is making his way on to the roof of the watchtower, where Arrah awalts him, by means of the thick tvy which clothes the wall of the ancient building. As Arrah sits wailing the impending fate of her husband, she is joined by Michael Feeny, who presents his distusteful attentions, and receives the rejection he has often met before. He sees the escape of Shaun from the window of his cell, and as he climbs up the ivy-covered wall threatens to dash his brains out with a hoge stone if Arrah will not consent to be his. The heroine holds out, however, and Shaun gets to the roof of the tower, where his first business is to topple Mr. Feeny into the lake below. The colonel then arrives with a full pardon for the innecent Shaun, and all are made happy. The plece is acknowledged to be Mr. Boncicault's finest work, and abounds with powerful situations. Last night it was done full justice to by the excellent company assembled by Mr. Stanley, and indeed it is very questionable whether it has ever been better presented in the provinces, As Arrab, the beroine, Miss Juliet Desborough was surtassingly fine, and added one more character to her repertoire, in which few actresses of the present day will have any chance of disputing her supremacy. Her conception of the part was purely natural, and bore about it a charm of indescribable grace and freedem; there was no self-consciousness, no hyper-sentimentalism, about it. The "Arrah" presented to the audience was a simple Irish peasant girl, with all the warmth, imagination, and impulsiveness of the Celt displayed with breadth and true artistic feeling; but the portrait never assumed to claim sympathy by a mawkish overstraining of the feelings, or any appeals of cultivation or refinement. The colouring given was just and true throughout, and Miss Destorough carried the andience warmly with her from her first appearance until her parting words at the close of the plece, repeated plaudits testifying the public approval, Miss E. Brunton, who filled the part of Fanny Power, is a young lady who promises to be a great acquisition to the company; her performance of the wayward lady of Cabinteely was spirited and easy, and before the had been two minutes on the stage she and managed to put herself upon favourable terms with the audience. Miss Erunton has an excellent voice, dresses and looks wells, and is bound to be a great favourite in Newcastle. Not one of the immense audience who crowded the theatre last night departed without being deeply affected by Mr. J. O'Sullivan's magnificent delineation of the part of Scano-the-l'ost. In characters of this description, Mr. O'Sullivan has al ways been considered to stand without a rival on the British stage; but never did he lay stronger claim to stand alone as the great exponent of Boucicault's portraits of the Irish peasant than last night, when, as Shaun-the-Post, he gave a delineation of extraordinary power and beauty. Personally, Mr. O'Sullivan is the beau-ideal of the bold, athletie, handsome mountain boy. His face beams with humour, and wild, rollicking mirth peeps out at every twinkie of his eye. His brogue is that of rich, sonorous sort which delighte i the beart of Charles Lever; and the tones of his voice, whether in speaking or singing, are clear and flexible. His rendering of Si oun was a veritable portraiture finished with the utmost mir steness. Every detail was complete, but still so suborninate to the general effect as not to disturb the harmony of a picture painted with a bold and powerful hand. To many English people, the generous impulses, respect for plighted word, veneration for clan connection, and elevated motal feeling, so magnificently depicted by Mr. O'Suinvan to the hero of Boucleault's drains, may appear to be an evendrawn, or even untrue representation of the Irich character; but those who know the true born son of Erin-Corkacian, Galwegian, or native of Eblana-will the orse the portraiture to the letter, and accept Mr. Obullivan's Shaun as a grand typical illustration of a class still very turnerous in the sister tale in spite of "troubles" and congration. Perhaps Mr. O'sullivan's threst and most artistic effort in the piece was his management of the situation at the close of the hist act, where Shann demonstrates the depth of his love for Armh and the extent of his confidence in her innocence by putting himself in the

place of the (to him) unknown plun-terer of the rascal

Feery, and running the risk of incurring the almost cer-

tain penulty of death. Nothing could be finer than the

manner in which he worked up the interest of the scene to

a climax, and when he avowed himself the robber there

were few dry eyes among the audience. The trial scene

was a capital medium for displaying his versatility; the

ignorant simplicity, humour, and deep feeling of the "poor

boy" by turns were touched oud brought out with life like

distinctness, and the sympathies of all in front were strongly

eplisted in favour of the innecent condemned. Mr. F. Irish.

who took the part of Michael Feaux, received a reception

of great warmth upon making his first appearance, and it was sometime before he could "get leave to speak" from his admirers. His pourtrayal of the part of the villain Feeny was a treat of the richest kird, and was heartily enjoyed by everybody present; his "get up" was of itself a study, but listle does Mr. Irish depend upon that sort of thing, his resources of genuine acting being so great. The rich humour of his by play in Mr. Feeny's agony when robbed, was beautifully contrasted with the fiendish joy exhibited when he soon poor Shaun condemned by his evidence to die; again, dramatic force of the most intense kird was shown in the situation on the top of the tower in the last scene, where he insists upon a favourable answer from Arreh as the only means of saving the life of her husband. Mr. Irish has established himself more firmly than ever in the favour of Newcastle playgoers by this first-rate performance. Mr. J. F. Young was an excellent representative of The O'Grady, and imparted to the character all the dignity and warmth naturally belonging to such a man as Boucleault describes the gallaut colonel to be. Mr. Young is to congratulated upon having made such a highly successful debut in Newcastle. Mr. O. H. Fenton made a most favourable impression in the part of The McCoul. This gentleman has a remarkably fine veice and an excellent appearance, and is a thorough master of stage business. He was warmly received by the audience last night after the ice had been successfully broken in the first scene, and Mr. Stanley has been extremely fortunate in securing such an efficient gentleman for his line of business. Mr. Daley acted the very small part of Winterbottom with such comic force that we look to see him make a great hit when fitted with a part that will more fairly display his evident ability. The minor character of Oiny Farrel was also excellently done by Mr. Claremont, who contrived to put an immense deal of business into it. Mr C. W. Morgan gave great promise of excellence in the part of Sergeant Brown, but the role is too small to afford him scope for display. Mr. Butler was very good as Secretary Windham; and Mr. Daniels was efficient as Major Coffin.

The applause of the audience during the performance of the drama was loud and continuous, and sometimes rose to positive enthusiasm as the fine acting presented roused of a bitch, and with all the ease and quickness boards, until towards the close of the third act, lay was necessary. The scene was then produced, and although it was wonderfully worked, considering all things, yet a night or so will make a great improvemert in the manner of its presentation, and in the finish with which it is placed upon the stage. Altogether, the success of the performance was of the most flattering kind, and the most favourable comments of all upon the secury, the house, and the company, were showered upon triumph of the theatre on the night of its first and greatest trial, and there can be no doubt now that a highly prosperous career lies before it. The performances concluded of "The Area Belle,"

the great mass of those present. At the close of the first act there was a general recall, and the act drop rese again upon the tableau of Shaun's self accusation. At the close of the second act, Miss Desborough's touching pourtrayal of the agony of poor Arrah on the condemnation of her husband made a profound impression, and in obedience to a unanimous recall Mr. O'Sullivan and Miss Desborough appeared in front, when a handsome bouquet was thrown to the representative of the fair Arrab. Mr. Irish was then called for, and came forward and bowed his acknowledgements. At the conclusion of the piece the applause was enthusiastic from all parts of the house, and the curtain rose again on the final tableau. The drama "went" with wonderful smoothness; in fact, without the semblance of a stock piece performed on well accustomed when preparations had to be made for the great scene of the drama-the tvy-covered wall of the castle, with the escape of Shaun. This singular effect involves some extremely complicated mechanism, and in order to get a chance of successfully presenting it to the public, a short Mr. Stanley as he passed along. The active and energetic marager has indeed reason to feel proud of the unalloyed last night with a ballet divertissement and the capital farce

spinors, has assessed an engagement at the true and Exposition form Nove street, efforts are Topple-trick The Contentions of the sald to be a base of 12,100,101 d. in. 1 THE ROPE ACCORDS. - THERE CHILDREN KINGS. Dr. Randing, all Min Tollany Statch. Studies. of the Compl. Furthers Bulling, Sprc differs tringing to our fourie more car to place . They man spen and sole of the first gail as a trade ball passed they replaced to the helping and a the III TO be the complete try William I bear present through. The

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