

THEATRICAL NOTES

The Moore & Livingstone Co., and the Lumere Cinematograph have played to good business at the Funke this week. It is the best repertoire company and the best—tograph or—scope that I have ever seen, though the young man who announces the moving pictures leaves out one of the syllables. Cinematograph does not do full justice to the sonorous taste of Frank Zehring, who christens the machines as soon as they are unpacked. It is said of the managers that as soon as they get a new, untamed, nameless machine of the genus—scope they wire Frank or, bet'er still, cut across lots to Lincoln, and it will come to Frank Zehring the first time he calls it. He ought to be more careful with the man who announces the pictures. For I have heard a really fine name decapitated, or disemboweled, as in the case of Cinematograph. I do not suppose it would

Horn can sing and play the guitar very acceptably. It would be easy to distinguish a good company from a poor one by the poor enunciation of the latter. The average actor might as well speak a foreign tongue as the English hei lines are written in, he mouths it so. To make sure of not being intelligible, actors have a habit of wearing false beards which conceal the lips. The breath which is used in speaking the dead language is blown through whiskers till it sounds like the wind blowing through dried sedge grass, a sound not without a certain, somnolent soothing, but it does not fulfill the purpose of the author of the play. It may have been due to the whiskers which waved and rustled in front of Mr. Moore's mouth when he spoke, instead of originally poor enunciation, in which case The Courier begs his whiskers' pardon.



take more than a day for the average actor speaker to learn to pronounce correctly the names of Frank's god-children. Anyway it is worth trying. I had the pleasure of hearing the Moore-Livingstone company in "A Desperate Game" on Wednesday night. Jack Allison has an old, spontaneous humour, the personal flavor that a comedian must possess if he succeeds in amusing. He dances with ease and grace. He and his wife, Maud Warner, do a turn of grand opera burlesque that is worth the price of admission several times over. As "Martha Jane" Maud Warner was snappy and healthful. Chas. Horn as the Jew Mastabaum was not able to freshen a type very much overworked, the true spirit of which is rarely presented. Mr.

don. But he could not be heard on Wednesday night, and I have never seen him play in front of the bushes. There has been no stronger comedy organization or a funnier comedy than "The Nabobs; or Dodge at the French Ball" as presented by the Henshaw-TenBroeck company, seen here this season. Every member is an artist, many of whom have done good service with one or more leading comic opera companies. Little need be said of the organization which for six years has been pronounced by the press and public the cleanest and funniest of farce comedy companies. It has been brought up to date so that their new comedy, which will be seen here, will be brimful of new

THE LANSING THEATRE

JOHN DOWDEN, Jr., Manager.

They're Coming Back! Return of the FAVORITES.

One Night Only.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23.

John E. Henshaw

May Ten Broeck

And Their Metropolitan Company—in Their Latest Musical Comedy Success—

"THE NABOBS"

OR

"Dodge at the French Ball."

Prices—\$1.00, 75, 50 and 25.

Seats on sale at theatre Box office.

THE COURIER. \$2 PER YEAR.

FUNKE OPERA HOUSE

FRANK C. ZEHRUNG Manager.

One Night Only,

Monday, February 22nd.

THE COMEDIAN

MR. **JOHN DILLON,**

And His Really Excellent Company in Mr. Dillon's Comedy

"WANTED THE EARTH"

Act 1—J. D. Smith's New Jersey Farm.
Act 2—DeSmyth's Fifth Avenue Home, New York.
Act 3—The Queen's Restaurant, Niagara Falls (Canada side).

Prices—\$1.00, 75c, 50c and 25c.