

REPERTORY PLAYERS.

The Brisbane Repertory Theatre Society again presented Bernard Shaw's play "Candida" at the Theatre Royal last night, when a large audience manifested its approval of the fare provided. The play is in Mr. Shaw's customary satirical vein, and is pregnant with sparkling dialogue. In it the strength of weakness and the weakness of strength form the principal pegs on which to hang a series of elaborately embroidered cloaks. It presents difficulties for even experienced artists, and there are many traps for the unwary. It says much for the Brisbane Repertory Society that they acquitted themselves with credit, if not with distinction, in interpreting a by no means easy play. Mr. Eaton, as the Rev. James Mavor Morell (a Christian Socialist), carried out the role allotted to him with commendable restraint. Admittedly carried away by the exuberance of his own rhetoric as a lecturer he impressively fails to deny the soft impeachment of his wife, "Candida," and surrenders gracefully to the imprisonment of his popularity and ability by admitting finally that it was due to the sheltering care of his every need, first by his parents, and secondly by his wife—in short, that he was still an infant needing mothering. As "Candida" Mrs. Stokes was altogether delightful. Her characterisation was a splendid piece of work, and the methods she adopted were in complete harmony with the role—calm, unruffled, absolutely sure of herself, and, incidentally, sure of her husband; by turns indulgent and vastly amused at the idiosyncrasies of her baby of a husband, notwithstanding his rhetorical brilliance, and equally skilful in outmanoeuvring the ultra-devotional rhapsodies of a tame poet, Eugene Marchbanks. Mr. Devereaux, as the poet, was well placed, and his mild-mannered, flabby sentimentality, with sudden outbursts of pseudo courage, was quite satisfactory. Miss Major, as Miss Proserpine Garnett (a typist), kept her audience pleasantly intrigued, and provided not a little of the comedy in a quiet, self-possessed way. Mr. Burgess (father of "Candida") had control of many mirth-provoking passages, and proved an acceptable humbug who suited his attitude on social questions to the business needs of the moment. Mr. Guyatt, as the Rev. Alexander Mill (a curate), added his quota of fulsome adulation of the Christian Socialist in the most approved Oxford drawl, and was really diverting in his reluctance to see the typist home after she had explained that she was only "a beer-totaller and not a champagne-totaller." The production was in every way a success. It

duction was in every way a success. It will be repeated to-night.