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VOL. 18. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 11, 1892. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. TERMS—\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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Gillespie & Sadler. Chatham, Sept. 15th, 1891. MUSIC! PROF. SMYTHE'S CLASSES will reopen December 30th 1891.

NEWCASTLE - Mondays and Thursdays CHATHAM - Tuesdays and Fridays DOUGLASSVILLE - Wednesdays and Saturdays. December 23rd 1891.

General News and Notes. For Sore Throat and Lungs, apply Dr. Kendrick's White Linctament.

What man is will always depend upon what he believes God to be. See by Ought.

God never sends people to fish in deep waters who have broken nets. Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the scalp free from dandruff, prevents the hair from becoming dry and harsh, and makes it flexible and glossy.

Miramichi Advance. CHATHAM, N. B. - FEBRUARY 11, 1892. A Cardinal Sin. CHAPTER XXIV. BROKEN DOWN.

The first person to greet Made-moiselle Francesca was the manager. "I knew you would come-- would not deceive me and put me in such a hole." He spoke in a tone of such heartfelt relief, that the puzzled look came again into the singer's eyes.

"Of course; why should I not come?" she said; then she passed swiftly on to her dressing-room, leaving the manager a happy man again, able to go to Madame Mirabella and inform her that her services as stop-gap would not, he was thankful to say, be required after all, toning down the disappointment by expressing his undying gratitude for the prompt and kindly way in which she had offered to help him in his difficulty.

Since yesterday morning he had felt himself to be a particularly ill-used man. There were several things about which he wanted to see Made-moiselle Francesca, and she was invisible. Neither Mrs. Melville nor Josephine was silly enough to give an outsider a hint that Frances had disappeared. He was told she was out, and the hour of her return was uncertain.

Accustomed as he was to the eccentricities, vagaries, and pleasant little ways of many of his prime donne, he could only shrug his shoulders and wait patiently; but not without wondering if Made-moiselle Francesca, who had hitherto been a paragon of consideration for a manager's exigencies, was going to fall into figuety ways.

It was only when the best part of Saturday had gone by that he began to get alarmed, and insisted upon knowing what had become of his star. The confused replies given him by the ladies told him that something was wrong, and, by asking them point-blank and expatiating on the difficulties any concealment on their part would lead him into, he learned that Made-moiselle Francesca's whereabouts was a thing unknown.

Still he trusted her, and waited almost till the eleventh hour; then all he could do was to find a substitute--the best that could be obtained at so short a notice. But it was a terrible thing to be forced to do on the opening night of the season. It is no wonder that even his seasoned heart leaped within him when, just as all hope had vanished, Made-moiselle Francesca appeared.

"I should never have heard the last of it," he said, as Frances left him; "never! Hang it, if I don't think they'd have hissed the roof off!"

Now all was right. The exasperating speech he had been framing was superfluous. The fictitious hoarseness and cold, for which he intended to entreat his patrons' indulgence and sympathy, need not be described. She was here, and the peril was past.

He had noticed she did not look quite herself, but attributed her changed appearance to natural excitement. She was still a young hand--not quite stage-proof. He had found no time to inquire as to her health; the moments were too precious to waste on such conventionalities. If she had been ill he knew she would find strength to do all that was needed. He was no stranger to the fortitude displayed by the profession, when suffering from the severest bodily or mental ailments. If she was well enough to come at all, playing her part properly was a natural sequence. He heard the overture commence with a contented spirit.

Meanwhile Frances, accompanied by Mrs. Melville had reached her dressing-room. Everything was in readiness. Her maid had looked to the smallest detail. Her nimble fingers were ready to equip her mistress. There was little time to spare, so the Abigail could waste no time in talking. But even she wondered at the strange look on Made-moiselle Francesca's face--at the pre-occupied, mechanical way in which she let herself be robed--at her unusual silence--at the absence of any kind word. But no doubt the hurried toilet she was compelled to make accounted for everything.

The last fold was barely adjusted when she was called. Without a word or a sigh she left the room, and in a few moments Mrs. Melville heard the storm of applause which greeted the reappearance of the favorite of last season.

The opera was that good old popular Philistine, "Il Trovatore," that marvel of melody linked to a ludicrous libretto--hackedney, barrel-organs, but ever living. Let the advanced school shudder at its vicious constructions and inartistic method; let them condemn its solos, duets, and trios; let them persuade us for a while that page after page of monotonous declamation is the only true form of art--that a leit-motif is all the melody we are entitled to ask for--still our old friend will survive. Make it penal to produce him, say for ten years; fine and imprison every one who hums a bar of him--then bring him out and see the effect. His strains will fall upon ears which have heard nothing but birds sounds, as the song who had just emerged, after a long day's work, from a sawpit. Ah, what a good time composers are having now! It takes a clever

man to write a fine, original melody. What a good thing that melody is not in demand! The dear old stock opera was child's play to Madlle. Francesca. During the last twelve months she had played it many times--every bar of music, every word of the libretto, every necessary action and gesture, was as familiar to her as the alphabet. If, when she stepped on the stage, she felt as one in a dream; if that feeling continued with her when she left the stage; the whole time she was facing the audience her brain seemed to be clear and in proper working order, although that power of working was limited, and lasted only as long as she was Leonora, the loving and luckless heroine.

After the end of the first act it was clear that Madlle. Francesca's previous successes were to be confirmed. The opinion expressed by everyone was that she had never sang or acted better. The absence from England had not injured her voice. A few persons in the stalls thought she was not looking in the best of health--or not in such splendid health as when she last trod these boards. Among these close observers was the eminent specialist who had once been privileged to peer into the mechanism of the throat which produced those silvery notes. He had made a point of attending to hear her tonight; as for scientific reasons, he took a great interest in her career. As he heard the wonderful power and range of her voice, he was glad to believe for once he was mistaken. It seemed absurd for any one, scientist or layman, who heard her singing like this, to think for one moment there could be even incipient mischief at work.

But when Leonora left the stage and for a while became Madlle. Francesca, she seemed to leave her senses and vitality behind her, like a handkerchief to be picked up again when she returned to the place where it was dropped. It was not long before it began to be whispered about behind the scenes that something was wrong with the prima donna. If spoken to she either made no reply or answered in words which had little relevancy to the question. She leaned wearily and apathetically against the wall of the green-room. Every one saw she was not herself, but no one dreamed what the real truth was. The manager began to grow alarmed and wish the opera was at an end. His kindly inquiries and offers of any assistance obtainable were met with the unvarying and mechanical words, "I am quite well enough to sing." She was ready the moment her cue was given; on the stage she was full of life and purpose, but each time she left it seemed to sink more into that strange, unaccountable state. So much so that at the end of the second act the manager doubted whether her part would be played out.

Poor Mrs. Melville, who was initiated by the maid into the mysteries of the ways behind the scenes, and placed in the proper spot to receive Frances when she made her exits, was growing more nervous every moment. Instead of getting better, her charge was getting worse. Her remarks she could get from her seemed more and more incoherent. Moreover, she was astonished that Allan had not yet appeared. She felt it must be something extraordinary which kept him from the theatre on this particular night. She asked the manager if he did not notice the condition Frances was in; and begged him to ask the public to excuse her from further exertions. The manager smiled at her simplicity. "But she is so ill," pleaded Mrs. Melville.

"Take her home directly it is over, and send for a doctor. I will come round the first thing in the morning. The opera will soon be finished now."

Leonora was singing her last song she had almost come to the end of it; in a few minutes her task would be completed; the rich notes seemed coming almost without exertion from her grand chest, when nature, which had until now been very merciful and forbearing, suddenly refused to suspend its laws in her favor any longer. All at once she stopped her song, and an uncomfortable feeling ran like lightning through that large audience. The conductor looked up in

astonishment. "What is the matter?" he asked. "She is fainting!" cried Mrs. Melville. "Take her home directly it is over, and send for a doctor. I will come round the first thing in the morning. The opera will soon be finished now."

When I was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

General News and Notes. For Sore Throat and Lungs, apply Dr. Kendrick's White Linctament. What man is will always depend upon what he believes God to be. See by Ought.

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NOTICE. I hereby desire to inform my friends and the public generally that I have this day retired from business and sold out the same and the good will thereof to William T. Herby, who will continue the same as my successor at my present stand on Cornhill Street. And in thanking my friends and the public generally for the liberal patronage bestowed upon me during the seventeen years I have been in business, I respectfully solicit a continuance of that patronage for my successor. All parties indebted to me will please call and settle the same with my wife. I remain, Yours Respectfully, R. A. STRANG. Chatham, Nov. 25, 1891.

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