



MUSICAL CIRCLES.

This week has been too dull, musically for me to write anything like a satisfactory letter. True there were two concerts on Friday evening but they came off too late in the week for any notice from me.

On Monday evening the attendance at the Oratorio practice was very good indeed. Most of the evening was devoted to "The Lay of the Bell."

A person who has just seen Marie Tempest in Dorothy in Boston says that the opera is staged almost exactly as our amateurs put it on here.

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To make a rapid change. The Easter music was repeated in most of our churches on Low Sunday, and was enjoyed very much.

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TALK OF THE THEATRE.

It certainly does one good to get away from a small centre of amusement and have the cobwebs brushed off of one's mental corners by the breezy atmosphere of places like Boston and New York.

The great centre of culture should, I suppose, have first place, and in Boston I attended several theatres. At the Hollis street theatre I had the pleasure of seeing the great sensational drama of Blue Jeans.

At this same theatre I saw the great American comedian, W. H. Crane, in his wonderful portrayal of the Senator in the play of the same name.

Everyone who goes to Boston has to attend the Museum, and the play running there now is no exception to the general run of excellent plays put on in this house.

In the great metropolis farce-comedy seems to have full sway, and such pieces as Nerves, Betty and the 400, A Straight Tip, All the Comforts of Home and kindred pieces fill the houses and please the great American public.

At Foster & Bial's the great and only Carmencita sways and swings her graceful form, clicks her castanets and kicks her tambourine with all her old-time abandon and ease, and all New York goes to see her.

At the eden musee her great rival Otero displays her lovely face and figure, and her charming voice is heard to advantage in her native Spanish songs, and her feet trip in and out in rhythmic measure to the music of the Spanish orchestra which accompanies her.

Palmer's theatre has on its stage the man who, to my mind, did the best work I ever saw in New York, in the person of E. S. Willard, whom I saw in his wonderful impersonation of Cyrus Binklain in the Millionaire.

In presenting Michael Dacitt at the Institute Tuesday evening, the dramatic club of the Y. M. S. of St. J. labored under many disadvantages. It was an amateur performance from beginning to end, yet some of those who took part showed ability that must have prompted a desire in the audience to see them in parts in which they would have an opportunity to shine.

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by an amateur would place the best professionals at a disadvantage, and when the orchestra fails to furnish any incidental music whatever, and the actors opportunity to appear at their best.

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HOWELLS, WILSON, GLOVER.

An anecdote apiece about three more or less distinguished people.

Gossip is a solution; biography is the precipitate. The former needs no excuses, more than the latter.

When it is not malicious or silly it does no harm; on the contrary it is generally interesting and frequently helpful. Sometimes it gains us an insight to one's character; again, it gives us an excuse to take a loved or honored name upon our lips and vent enthusiasm in a roundabout way.

Mr. William Dean Howells is amusing his friends at present with a reported conversation of which he was the subject. It came about in this wise: When the Boston Folk-lore society leased the Chinese theatre on Harrison avenue—"for one night only"—Mr. Howells escorted his daughter and a friend to the performance.

When the time came to return, and had to fall back on a herdic. The driver demanded a certain sum, the novelist thought it was more than the fixed tariff, and the janitor of Mr. Howells' hotel was called to arbitrate.

It chanced that the herdic man had partaken of refreshments, during the evening, and was in an expansive and benevolent mood. The janitor had done him a good turn, and he was bound to reciprocate.

Mr. Howells paid it. It chanced that the herdic man had partaken of refreshments, during the evening, and was in an expansive and benevolent mood.

For bracing up the nerves, purifying the blood and curing sick headache and dyspepsia, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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recognize it. "Do you know much about him?" he went on. "Yes."

"What kind of a man is he?" "He's a very nice man."

"You just ought to see the place where I picked that fellow up!" said the herdic man, in a confidential undertone. "It was in one of the toughest neighborhoods in Boston—down in the Chinese quarter. You want to look out for him. See?"

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A \$10,000.00 Stock of Brussels Carpets, AT COST PRICES.

I INTEND to sell out my Entire Stock of BRUSSELS CARPETINGS, during the Spring months. Intending purchasers will do well to call early and make selections. Hotel keepers will find this a grand opportunity to buy.

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Ladies' Night Dresses, 65c. to \$3.60 each. Chemise, 48c. to \$3.40. Drawers, 28c. to \$2.20 pair. Skirts, 35c. to \$1.65 each.

The above in slender, women's, and over-sizes. Materials are fine cotton and Berkeley cambric, untrimmed and trimmed with embroidery, Smyrna, and Valenciennes lace.

INFANTS' SHIRTS, 17c. to 45c. each. FLANNEL BANDS, 27c. and 30c. each. SILK EMBROIDERED SHAWLS or SQUARES, \$1.35 to \$2.00. LONG SKIRTS, 55c. to \$1.45. SHORT SKIRTS, in several sizes and variety of styles, 38c. to 82c., for size 1. DAY SLIPS, \$1.20 to \$2.10. NIGHT SLIPS, 50c. to \$1.00. SHORT CASHMERE CLOAKS, silk embroidered, \$3.00 to \$4.50. LONG CASHMERE CLOAKS, silk embroidered, \$3.70 to \$5.00. CHILDREN'S FANCY and PLAIN MUSLIN PINAFOREs, sizes from 1 to 5, prices from 57c. to 90c. for size 1.

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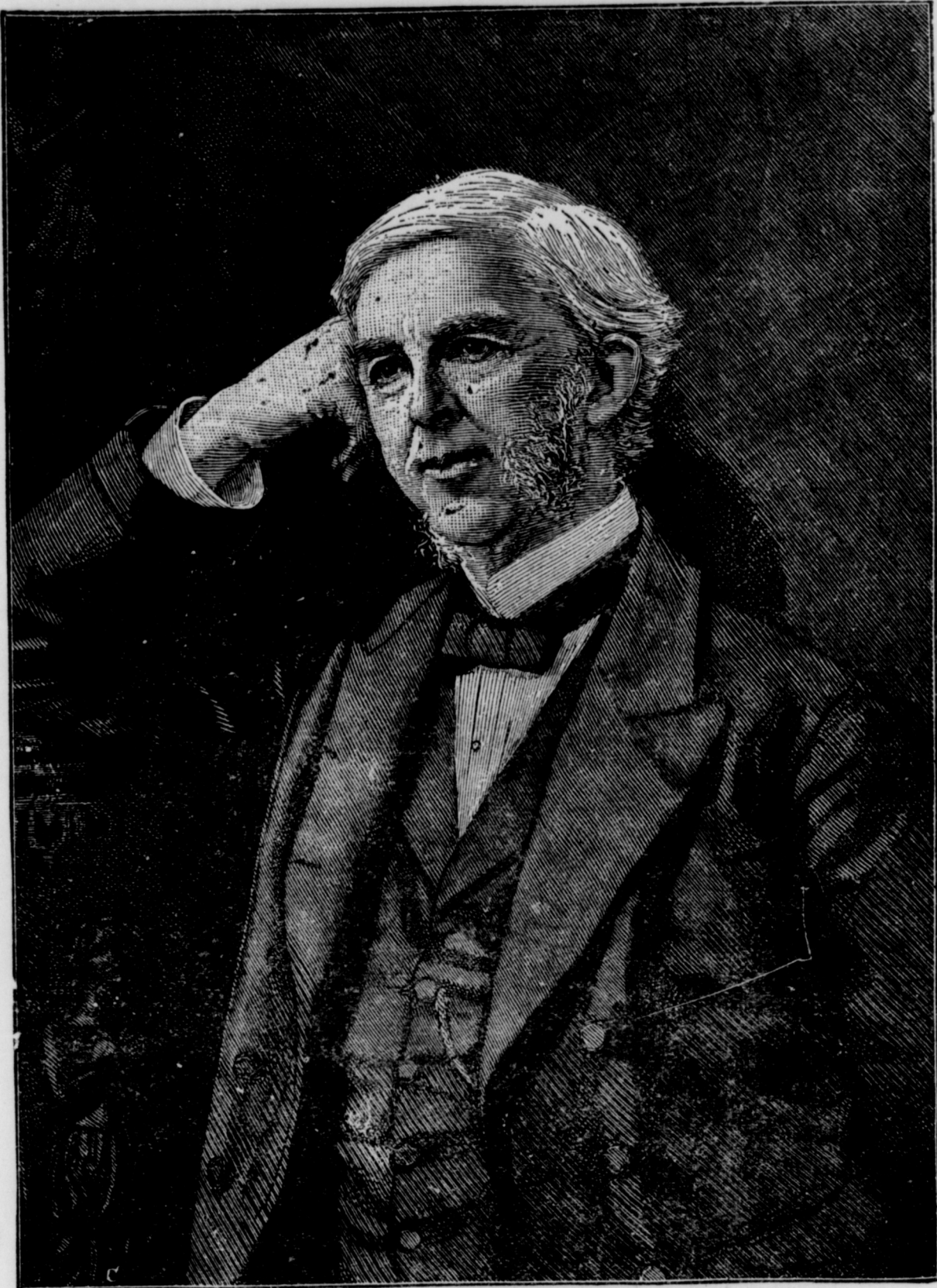
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GRAND MILLINERY OPENING. LADIES selecting SPRING HATS, will do well to call at MRS. L. B. CARROLL'S STORE, as she has all the London, Paris, and New York styles. Grand Millinery Opening on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Will open new pattern bonnets. 149 UNION STREET.

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Oliver Wendell Holmes.

it was regrettable that the part did not call for more work from him.

The Boston Ideal Comedy and Pantomime company open at the Institute, Monday evening, for a season of one week. Manager Scott says he has a first class company, chosen to suit the tastes of a musical people.

A number of St. John amateurs are making arrangements to run a series of minstrel and variety entertainments in Berryman's hall, and claim to have material for a good company.

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rag. My stage costume includes everything, down to the underclothing. When I've put that on, I'm not George Wilson any more—I'm the man whose name comes opposite mine on the play bill!"

"The American Dancer," Amelia Glover, will be remembered by all who have seen Russell's comedians in The City Directory. She is a kitchensh young person with frizzled hair, large and expressive eyes, a mouth that suggests thoughts, and other attractive features which appear when she dances.

A modest young editor of a Sunday paper was prominent in the club's reception committee, and when it came to defining each man's special duty on the great day, he was told off to take charge of the fair Amelia. He escorted her from the cab to her dressing-room; helped her to locate the lunch and otherwise did the honors to her complete satisfaction. Then she retired to make up; and after a dreamful interval the editor was notified that all things were ready and he might assist the radiant vision to materialize on the stage.

So they two started down the stairs. At the first landing, six feet from the floor, they saw a gas-tube covered with a wire globe. It was over their heads, of course. They lingered an instant at the turn of the stairway. The editor was trying to think of the pretty things he ought to say, when suddenly the Glover spoke:

"I wonder if I'm in good shape today?" she inquired. "Simultaneously there was a whish-sh and a flash and a mischievous giggle; and the modest newspaper man realized, after he had recovered enough to think it over, that the American dancer had kicked the globe half way to the roof!"

Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure everything—and so, between the experiments of doctors and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you lose faith in everything.

And you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the risk of its doing just what it professes to do.

That's what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., does with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

If they don't do what their makers say they'll do—you get your money back.

Prompt Payment. The following letter explains itself: Sheppard Homans, Esq., President Provident Savings Life Insurance Society of New York.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept my hearty thanks for the prompt manner in which you have paid claim under policy No. 35834 in full on the life of the late R. S. Bustin. It being only nineteen days from the signing of the claim papers till your cheque was issued, which was handed to me to-day by your agent, Mr. A. Macbeth.

Yours truly, EDWARD HARVEY, Guardian of Infant Children. Stanley, Feb. 25, 1891.

Mrs. H. I. Miller, of Chattanooga, has in her possession the first gun made for the confederate government. The gun was made by Mrs. Miller's father, W. S. McElwaine, at Holly Springs, Mass., in the summer of 1861. It was carried through a part of the war by a young man of Holly Springs, a friend of Mr. McElwaine.



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