## PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1891.

### A LIVELY HALF HOUR.

#### IMMIGRANTS, ACTORS AND A NA-VAL OFFICER TAKE A HAND.

They Were English, You Know, and Were in for a Noisy Time, but They Couldn't Get Through the Gate-Wherein the Officer Erred.

and won't pay-come-Mr. Collins, come !" and Maggie, who is one of the best known people about the I. C. R. depot, caught hold of officer Collins by the coat and endeavored to pilot him in the direction of the restaurant, in which effort she resembled a very small tug boat towing a four masted ship, more than anything else.

This was the first of a very exciting half hour at the depot, Monday evening. The man who wouldn't pay for his supper morning, and had been painting that part of the town in the vicinity of the depot a bright vermilion hue, all day.

know," he assured the officer, when requested to settle up. "This is a ---- of a blooming country, any'ow, if you cawn't get a bite to eat without paying for it."

"Come now, settle here or I'll lock you up," threatened the officer, while the men enjoying a good hearty meal at the tables, thrown in.

"All right, you can lock me hup it out into the street.

The crowd that had been watching the building. affair wandered off in all directions, and the officer was walking towards the gate, when the front door opened and eight or ten immigrants burst in with a whoop-la on them.

good deal more important with his short jacket and ornaments, and he certainly looked much better. Standing off and throwing his hands in the air, as he was

The government officer evidently felt a

perhaps accustomed to do on the deck of his vessel, he repeated his determination to go through, and caught hold of the door. "Mr. Collins, come ! Man got supper But he wasn't on board ship, nor in command of anything in particular at that time, and he couldn't do as he wished. Officer Collins caught hold of him. So did Officer McDonald who put in an appearance about that time.

But although they pulled and hauled at him the government man did not let go his hold on the door, and excitement reigned supreme. Then a big English immigrant with a very full face and short black whiskers took a hand. He caught was still in the restaurant. He was one of the navy man and gave him a jerk that the 37 immigrants who had arrived in the made him stagger, and he kept him on the run all the way to the ticket office.

"Let me go, I don't know you," said

the officer, who evidently wanted to dis-"I'm not agoing to pay for it, you claim all acquaintance with the immigrants. "Yes, let 'im go," said the actor, who had worn his uniform coat, and was evidently anxious to see a rumpus, while the little curly headed tight rope walker

tried to keep him out of it. The immigrants now felt themselves so much inferior to the government officer seemed delighted with the entertainment that they let him go in disgust, but the excitement was at an end for the present.

All hands were cooled down somewhat, you want to, you know," said the immi- and a compromise was effected by officer grant, whereupon the officer hustled him McDonald consenting to show the Englishman where to go after he got outside the

Then everybody wanted to know who the man with the uniform was, and the immigrants gave their opinion from an English standpoint, which was to the effect that that astonished everybody. They all had the greatest crime he had committed was a hold of each other, and were shouting like in allowing a civilian to wear his coat. fine fellows, while some puffed away at Although his being called an immigrant, large pipes, in bold defiance of the notices was enough in their opinion, to aggravate stuck up all over the building. They pull- him to the point of committing murder, the ed and hauled at each other, and sang out fact that his coat had been on the back of at the top of their voices, and the appear- another, long enough for him to lose his ance of the officer seemed to have no effect | identity, was something that struck their loval souls with horror, until one radical

They were not the common run of immi- ventured to assert that there were plenty grants, if they were immigrants at all, for of immigrants as good as he was and that if it wasn't for such high strung officials as and had arrived by the Polynesian at him, there might not be so many immigrants. This met with the approval of all.

HE RECALLS SOME INCIDENTS IN ST. JOHN'S THEATRE HISTORY.

The Men and Women Who Used to Play With Lanergan -- Where They are and What They are Doing-Mrs. Lanergan in Boston-The "Ticket of Leave" Cast. The building of the new Opera house necessarily brings back recollections of the time when St. John supported a firstclass theatre, and supported it handsomely, too, for sixteen or eighteen weeks every year, performances being given nightly during that time. Part of this was, in a great measure, due to the popularity of Mr. J. W. Lanergan, the manager and proprietor of the Lyceum theatre, who was undoubtedly the best general actor St. John has ever seen, and whose personal popularity was only second to his professional.

The programme used to be changed nightly, very few of the plays being performed more than once during the season. The only exception to this rule was the Ticket-of-Leave Man, Leah the Forsaken, The Long Stroke, and Under the Gaslight. Of course, when I say more than once. I mean more than once in succession, as Mr. Lanergan used sometimes to play a piece at the beginning of the season, one representation, and then give it again

towards the end. The Ticket-of-Leave Man enjoyed, believe, a five nights successive run, and as near as I can recollect, the cast of characters was as follows: (Please re-

member I am quoting from memory, for I have no programmes to refer to, or even newspaper notices): Hanley

ì	Robert BrierlyJ. G. Hanley
	Jem Dalton N. T. Davenport
	Melter MossW. H. Danvers
l	HawkshawJ. W. Lanergan
1	Mr. GibsonJ. B. Fuller
1	Green JonesA. W. Young
	BurtonT. H. Burns
1	Sharpe H. R. Lampee
	Maitby
	*May EdwardsMrs. Lanergan
1	Emily St. Evremonde Mrs. Young
1	Mrs. Willoughby Louisa Morse
1	Sam Willoughby Mary Sherlock
	*Confederate of HawkshawJ. H. Browne
	I will not be positive about the Sam
	Willoughby on its first presentation. For
-	the next year the piece was performed by

WEBBER TO THE FRONT. Mr. and Mrs. Young. Mr. Lampee lives in Boston; Mrs. Lanergan also resides in that city; Mrs. Davenport and Miss Morse are still acting-although I will not be sure about the latter.

Mr Fred. Dorman, of St. John, was always Mr. Lanergan's chief stage carpenter. He was always there, and the manager reposed a large amount of deserved confidence in him. Mr. Dorman made all the sets for the piece, and was most successful in that department.

H. PRICE WEBBER.

ANOTHER ENLARGEMENT.

Charlotte Street Firm that Wants Room and Knows How to Make It.

If Messrs. Coles, Parsons & Sharp make many more additions to their building they will be through to Sidney street. Their last move in this direction was to the extent of 50 feet, but even now they have enough stock to fill even a larger building and one is puzzled to know how they managed to carry it before the addition was made. The firm has one of the largest show rooms in the city, and the windows on the side of the building make all parts of the interior equally well lighted. They have also adopted an excellent plan for saving floor room. The floor is raised some feet at the back part of the store which in reality makes two show rooms one some feet above the floor of the main store and the other a little below, but they are all so arranged as to make one large well lighted show room.

The work shop is now on the second floor of the new building, and is easy of access from the office or the repair room on the floor below. The arrangements of the different departments are so complete that everything is before the purchaser, and it is but a step from one department to another.

An increase in business has warranted all these changes, and a good deal of business can be done in a building running 150 feet back from the street. The firm are now agents for the Burrill, Johnson Iron Company of Yarmouth, of whose reputation it is unnecessary to speak. The excellence of their stoves is well established and in Coles, Parsons & Sharp they have a firm that can do them justice. Up to a short time ago the firm dealt in stoves and kitchen hardware exclusively, but recently they have been selling fine goods in the way of table and pocket cutlery.

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are if	as not	good better
than	any	other.
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at best	all	the Grocers.

# "OUT OF SIGHT"-

The latest phrase used on the high-toned stage. At the "HOLLIS," last week, the actress who danced so fine, in telling of her different dresses and costumes, said: 'Come to the theatre and see me. I am making a great hit; my dancing is superb, and my costumes-well, they're OUT OF SIGHT." Now that's what you can say if you try the OAK HALL CLOTHING HOUSE, your clothes will look,-well, "Out of Sight," as the actress' did.



2

most of them had been in Canada before, Halifax, bound for different parts of the West, after a visit to the old country. Three of the party were in the show business, having come from England to fill engagements on the Pacific coast, and one was a naval officer on his way to join a vessel in the Behring sea service. But they were all one when full of Pond street syrup, and a more boisterous lot never struck the depot.

"We're going through 'ere to our car," query. "We can't get through? Queer thing if we cawn't. Come on boys."

began a stump speech on the officiousness of some police officers and the beauties of Vancouver Island, which could be heard in all parts of the hall. Then he started to go in the direction of the gate. But he didn't get very far. Officer Collins caught him where the short ribs are generally supposed to be located, and there was a foot race to the front door, which was won by the immigrant by about two feet. The rest of the crowd looked on in wonder and admiration. The orator poked his head in at the door two or three times and then stayed outside.

But this did not end the excitement by any means. In fact it was only the beginning, for a short, stout man, with short black whiskers, a light overcoat, and an officer's cap, began to spread himself in great style. He wanted to get through the gate, you know. By all things blooming, he had come through that way in the morning and what was to prevent him from going through now. The obstacle sat in a chair and cooly rubbed his brow with his hand. But he wasn't cool very long.

"Now, see 'ere, I'm going through this 'ere door to the car."

rules."

"Well, 'ow am I going to get to the car?" "Go around the yard."

"But, I don't know the way, I'm a stranger 'ere. Let me through ; my ticket's paid for, you know.

"So's mine !" chimed in one of the actors, with stripes and crown on the arm of his coat, as if this was a most unusual occurrence.

"Well, I don't care whether it is or not. You'd better keep quiet or go out of the depot," said the officer, warming up. "You immigrants, have been making trouble all day."

This statement brought things to a climax. "I'm no immigrant." said the loud in-

### DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else. Some people don't know when a fellars tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the

moths what was in his bosses wife's fur said one of them in answer to the officer's tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't thot what we'se tryin' to kill him

And one of them, before starting off, too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugersand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet or which was the pepper. Anyhow it takes a good lot a pepper to kill moths, on'y they shouldn't a made such a fuss over it. They all said they'se blinded, but I guess it was somethin' the matter with their noses, 'cause they made such a time what you'd think they'se all goin' to bust. Some people can't do nothing without gettin' excited, anyhow, 'cause if Mrs. S. hadn't a swung the tippet around and hit

the boss right in the face, jest as if he wasn't sneezin' bad as any of 'em, he wouldn't a tell against the stove and burnt himself, 'cause when he did he wanted to get away as soon's he could and jumped one foot right inter the pickle barrel. Gosh! there's a awtul splatter, but it wouldn't a been so bad if he'd took his time to get his foot out again, 'cause he upset all the pickles when he did, and the wom n said what their dresses was ruined. Then acorse they wanted to get outer the way of

the boss, and upset the scap what hadn't no wrappers on it, and then went "I say you're not. It's against the and stept on it, jist as if it wouldn't make 'em slide like fun, and they went round jist as if it was a skatin' rink with a lot a clarinetts for a orkestra. Acorse Bill and me didn't say nothin' except for 'em

to keep to the right, and 'cause that's where the soap and pickels was, the boss made a rush for me and Bill, ony we jumped over the counter, and got out without upsettin' anything, except the show case and the scales, and some bottles a candy, which pa hadter pay for. Bill

didn't pay nothin', but he didn't git no JOHNNY MULCAHEY wages.

#### The Boy on Our Farm.

The Boy lives on our Farm, he's not A feard of horses, not An' he can make 'em lope, er trot, Er Rack, er pace, er run ! ometimes he drives two horses, when He comes to town an' brings A wagonful o' 'taters nen, An' roastin' ears an' things.

A horse is, to a t !

Rachel Noah, who played "Sam." "Who, that ever saw Mr. Lanergan's "Hawkshaw," can ever forget it ?. It was admirable in every sense of the word. And what a call there was at the end of the first scene of the fourth act, when "Brierly" writes the note to give information about the robbery which has been

planned, and, after writing it, despairingly says

it ?'

And what a roar of delight went up from the audience when Lanergan, who, as the detective, was disguised as a pretended drunken navvy, and was supposed to be asleep at the table, jumped up, and pulling off his false whig and beard, said : "I will-I, Hawkshaw, the detective !" I can tell you that as I sit here writing this, I can recall the scene so vividly that it seems real.

The last time I saw Mr. Lanergan, which was at Bar Harbor, only a few months before his death, we were speaking of this very performance, and he told me that he liked the character of "Hawkshaw" as well as any he had ever played, and mentioned the fact that Mr. Taylor, the author of the play, had put so much natural business in the part that it was almost impossible to separate the real from the unreal, and the detective carried the actor with the force of

feeling implanted, in the character. The gentleman who played "Jem Dalton," Mr. N. T. Davenport, was a brother to the late Judge Devens, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, who died about two weeks ago. Mr. Davenport was a decided favorite with St. John theatregoers, and was in Mr. Lanergan's company for several seasons, Mary Sherlock was his wife

Mr. W. H. Danvers was the well-known "heavy man" for a number of years, and will be well remembered in your city. Mr. Fuller was the "old man" of the party, and an excellent actor, always welcome

Frederick Bock, who did the part of "Maltby," is still acting, and played in Boston a short time ago.

Mr. A. W. Young was an English light Dear Sir,comedian, and his "Green Jones" was de-This is to certify that I have cidedly the best impersonation of that suffered intensely from RHEUdifficult character your citizens have seen MATISM in my ankles for over while his wite's "Emily" was charming. twelve years, and I take great Mrs. Lanergan's "May Edwards" was one of the neatest characters she ever pleasure in stating that two applications of played, and she had to perform a great many, for where the bill was changed so SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM often the burden of the work was laid on immediately relieved me, and one her shoulders. She was always pleasing. bottle entirely cured me. Mr. J. H. Browne was the stage man-ELIZABETH MANN. ager for Mr. Lanergan, and was never Stanley St., City Road called upon to do a great deal of acting, Two horses is "a team," he says; only in what are known in the profession An' when you drive er hitch, The right un's a "near" horse, I guess, Er "off"—I don't know which, The Boy lives on our Farm, he told Me, too, 'at he can see, By lookin' at their teeth, how old as "character" parts, and in some of these | SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM is prepared in Canada only by he was remarkably good. W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN. Mr. Thomas H. Burns has since become King Street, St. John, N. B. an excellent comedian, and was very much I'd be the gladdest boy alive liked when at the Lyceum. For sale by all Druggists. Figure 1 and the set of a strate of the set Of the cast I have spoken of, Messrs. | Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50. Hanley, Davenport, Fuller, Danvers, Browne and the worthy manager, Mr. Lanergan, are all dead, and I think also is the GREATEST DYSPEPSIA CURE of the age. Testi-K. D. C. COMPANY, New Glasgow, N.S., Canada The Boy lives on our Farm ! -James Whitcomb Riley.

#### The Old Story.

The great question with the woman is how to get along without a girl. You often go to your friend's house and one of the principal topics is the girl question. Your "I have written it-but who will take friend does not keep a girl yet her house always looks neat, her cooking is always good. How does she get along. The secret is this, she lets Ungar call for her washing, He does her laundry rough dried and return it to her home in good order.-A.

> "Nature's nectar, fit for the immortal gods," is what they say of it. Common mortals like pure honey, and with lemon juice some consider it indispensable for la grippe or colds. You can buy the pure Honey and lemons from J. S. Armstrong & Bro., 32 Charlotte street.

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KERR'S WHAT?-

dividual, getting indignant, "I'm a government hofficer, and I want to go through." "I don't care if you were ten government officers, you'll stay where you are." Upon this the government officer began to take off his light overcoat, and the crowd confidently expected to see him strike the police officer. But he didn't. "Give me my coat," he said to the actor with the ornaments on his sleeve. They exchanged.

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