

TALKS OF LANERGAN.

H. PRICE WEBBER RECALLS SOME INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

Lanergan Acted Quickly on Disturbers—Incident at the Lyceum—A Description of Some Favorite Plays, and Who Appeared in Them.

Soon after the Ticket-of-Leave Man had its run at the Lyceum, Mr. Lanergan produced Augustin Daly's play of Leah, the Forsaken, and it made the same impression in St. John, which it did in New York and Boston.

The cast of characters at the Lyceum was as follows:

- CHRISTIANS. Lorenz.....J. B. Fuller Rudolf.....J. G. Hanley Father Herman.....W. H. Danvers Jacob.....T. H. Burns

- JEW. Leah.....Mrs. J. W. Lanergan Sarah.....Jennie Anderson Nathan.....J. W. Lanergan Abraham.....N. T. Davenport

Mrs. Lanergan's Leah was a fine effort, and as for the Manager's Nathan it was a masterpiece, for he bent all his energies to he task, and although the character is a very difficult one, he succeeded in making it the part of the drama.

The theatre always contained large audiences, and Mr. Lanergan's plan of selling season tickets for a moderate sum was a good move, for it secured for him a certain number of the best people in St. John, who were only too glad to be able to have the same seats nightly.

The beautiful play of the Lady of Lyons was usually given at least once during each season, Mr. Lanergan himself taking the part of "Claude Melnotte." On one occasion, when this piece was up, an incident happened which I will relate.

At the beginning of the fourth act Melnotte is discovered, when the curtain rises, writing at a table. A fellow in the audience yelled out: "Put in a word for me!" Mr. Lanergan jumped from the stage, collared the offender and put him out of the theatre; then quietly returned to the stage and resumed his speech in the drama as if nothing had happened, amid the tumultuous applause of the audience.

Another incident took place in the same theatre, although it was not while Mr. Lanergan's season was in progress, but when the Peak family, the well-known vocalists and bill-players, were giving one of their fine concerts. A lady and gentleman came on to sing the duet from the opera of Juliet, beginning,

Wilt thou be gone, love, Wilt thou be gone?

when, just as they had got thus far, a man sitting in the parquet, who had evidently been seeing "something through a glass darkly," bawled out: "Don't hurry yourself; I'll be here when you come back!" This remark rendered it perfectly unnecessary to finish the song on the part of the artists, who had to laugh themselves, for it was really ludicrous.

The Long Strike, with its famous telegraph office scene, was also a very successful production, and many citizens will remember Mr. Fuller's admirable performance of the character of "Moneypenny," the cranky old lawyer, as well as Mr. Lanergan's "Noah Learoyd," the leader of the strike, and Mr. W. Scallan's Irish sailor, "Johnny Reilly."

This was the first time a St. John audience had witnessed a real telegraph message sent and an answer received on the stage. The causes that lead up to the necessity of the message being sent are so natural and realistic that a thrill of anxiety always passes through the spectators for fear the despatch, which will save an innocent man's wife, cannot be sent; and when it finally does go, the relief of the people who witness it gives vent in a perfect furore of applause.

The principal characters in this piece was played by the following artists:

- Noah Learoyd.....J. W. Lanergan Jim Starkie.....Frank Roche Richard Readey.....D. R. Allen Crankshaw.....Shirley France Johnny Reilly.....W. Scallan Moneypenny.....J. B. Fuller Jane Learoyd.....Mrs. Lanergan Betsy.....Susan Flood

During this season which was the one after the Ticket-of-Leave Man and Leah were first played, Mr. Frederic Robinson, now playing in Boston with Palmer's Madison Square company, made himself a decided favorite in St. John while engaged for a brief starring season. What a grand actor he is! Who that ever saw his "Farmer Allen," in Dora, can ever forget it! The voice, the look, the dialect, the costumes—it was the stern, honorable English farmer to the life. And when the rugged heart melted at the touch of his dead son's child, what a noble nature did the grand smile of the old man reveal.

Mr. Robinson's acting in this character alone would stamp him as a great actor, if he had never played anything else, and I feel a pleasure in being enabled to bear tribute to it—his great merit.

H. PRICE WEBBER.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY MONIALS WITH OUR GUARANTEE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

He Moralizes Over Domestic Matters Generally, and Hired Girls in Particular.

Sum times I think if Pa and Maknowed wot a worry they was to me they would appreshiate me morn they do. They hav no noshun uv the trubbel they woz to me, I gess. They say I orter luv em coz they bring me into the world, which means I spose that they picked me out from among a hull cargo of kids they mite hav had and landed me here strickly fer my own benefit and on my own account.

My land, but such a picnic as we've been havin' about our hired girl. Pa put a notice in the paper for a girl, and the first one that struck the homestead was all hat and bussel. There was allers sumthin' rong or givin' way about her hat er bussel. Wen the hat was strate the bussel was crooked, and wen the bussel was leedin' a quiet life the hat was on a bender. I drawed her picture, as follows:—



Her name was Maria. She didn't stay. I gess it must uv been orful lonesum down to the barricks, the way them sojers cum to our place. It appeared to be a general engagement, Pa sed. So she was disbanded.

The next one was a broonet. Her name was Lizzie. She was married. She sed she liked us, and was willin' to bring her husband round to bord.



She objected to havin' her vittles in the kitchen. She sed she was allers 'cus-tomed to be alluded to as one uv the famerly. Pa got mad at her one mornin' and called her "a hole in the daylight," and she packed up and left.

The next girl which come was Mary. She blonged to the Salvashun Army and played the bugel. Wen she wasn't too busy down to the Army she would call round and see us quite offen.

She was allers askin' pa if he was saved, which made pa nervous. She called him dere brother. She sed she was on the road to glory; so ma told her she'd better get a move on.

The last one we got was a terror to snaix. She was uv Italian ex-tracks-hum but her fokes was Greek, Pa sez. She broke sum dishes and two chimbleys, but she knowed her place, ma sez. Her name was Bridget.

P. S.—Good land! Since I retre the abuv she's left fer Italy. She was allers talkin' uv Italy and its sumny shores.

Ma sez theres six towels gone, and two piller-shams, and two sheets and a toasin' fork.

"Thank God," sez pa, in feelin' accents. "Wot fer?" sez Ma. "Coz she left our coat uv arms," sez Pa. "It's bad enuf, Mandy, to have no pedigree, but think wot it would be to live in Fredericton without a coat uv arms."

JIMMY SMITH. Fredericton, Feb. 10.

TO THE MAN WHO NAMED THEM.

A Grateful Stranger Speaks of the Street Placards.

The stranger who visits St. John since the New Year, observes with palpating joy too deep for mere spoken words, that some Samaritan has been abroad, armed with a stepladder, and a tack hammer, and named the streets of this peerless city by the sea. Perhaps he may have used a pastepot instead of a tack hammer, but be that as it may the result is a happy one, and the weary pilgrim who erstwhile stumbled along in outer darkness, as to whether he was in the Market Square or on King street east, feels inclined to drop upon his knees before the first black and white placard upon which his eyes rest, as before a shrine, and bless the man who did the good work, even as Sancho Panza blessed the man who first invented sleep. I don't know who that man was: his name has not been given to a grateful public, but then neither has the name of the architect of Cologne Cathedral descended to posterity, so the St. John man need not feel badly about it, only, whoever he is and whatever his estate, I pledge him with the fullest glass of spruce beer within reach, and a fuller heart.

"The man who labelled the streets of St. John! May he live long and prosper. May his shadow never grow less! May his children rise up and call him blessed, and may both the census enumerator and the tax collector both pass him by when making their rounds!" Selah. * * *

the use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that this For sample package send three cent stamp to

LIKES THE AUBURN KIND.

"BILDAD" SUGGESTS A GIRL EXHIBITION NEXT FALL.

He Defends the Red-Headed Girl—She Is Industrious, Affectionate, and a Good Judge of Poultry—What the Pages of History Reveal on the Subject.

Sir, I beg to say a word on behalf of the red-headed girl. She is a beacon on the stormy coast of life—she is a rainbow hung across the murky sky of fate—she is to the world of the soul what the sun is to the material world, a thing of infinite light and warmth and gladness.

Sir, the term "red-headed" is a misnomer, applied to a certain type of girl by her envious sisters. Who ever saw a red-headed girl? As well might we say that the dandelion and the marguerite are red, or that Phœbus, as he floods the earth with his golden glory, is merely "painting the town red."

Sir, the red-headed girl is an object of envy, because her nature provides what her name implies. She is the synonym of warmth, of goodness and of cheer. She has more real affection in her system than all the brunettes or cold-blooded tow-heads and twilight drabs between here and Florida.

Sir, I grant that the red-headed girl is apt to be impulsive. I grant that she cannot be recommended for dudes and consumptives. But she is square, she is honest, and if she loves you all the jibes that calumny can devise, or jealousy invent, will not daunt her loyal heart, nor make her unloose her staunch embrace.

Sir, the pages of history are lurid with the deeds of red-headed girls. The tresses of Joan of Arc aroused the patriotic fire of a prostrate France. Queen Elizabeth's hair was so combustible that it led to the invention by Bacon of asbestos for curl papers. Nelson conquered France and Spain on the sea, but the woman who conquered Nelson had hair the exact shade of seven cent sugar.

Sir, the red-headed girl is a worker; she is whalebone from stem to heel. She is a cyclone on wash-mornings. She can cook, she can sew, she can sweep and dust and scrub, and she can lay her dimpled finger on the ribs of a spring chicken and tell you the exact century in which the fowl was born.

Sir, I admit the red-headed girl is liable to get cross and slake her fist in close proximity to a man's nose if he don't toe the mark. But then, she will be over it in a jiffy and smiling through her tears as the sun shines through an April shower. Heaven preserve us all from the girl who gets mad and stays mad.

Sir, there is to be an exhibition in St. John next autumn and I would suggest a girl department. This is a measure of reform that I have always advocated. Let there be a matrimonial fair, as it were, and let there be prizes offered for style, action, disposition and general utility.

I would suggest that the exhibits be classified about as follows:

Sweet 16 Class—Open to the maritime provinces. (Hard-shell deacons and bald-headed men generally will be rigidly excluded from this section.)

Eligible—Open to all between the ages of 16 and 35, widows included. (Competitors must be posted in Astra's manual of courtship.)

Nursery Stakes—Open to the dominion, management of children to govern awards. (Competitors must be proficient in the philosophy of the feeding bottle and the rudiments of paragonic.)

Free-for-all—Open to all born since Waterloo. (The judges in this class will be clad in armour.)

Hoping that by this means the supremacy of the red-haired girl will be placed upon a lasting foundation, I beg to close with the words of the poet:

While the lamp holds out to burn The vilest sinner may return; While the pie is on the shelf The bachelor may help himself.

BILDAD.

A Literary Milkman. A lawyer of this city received a letter from his milkman the other day which deserves to rank among the classics. It reads as follows:

My Dear Mr. F.—As it must be an annoying thing for you to have your conscience continuously ruffled over so small an amount as my milk bill for the past three months, and as mental troubles of this kind often lead to graver disturbance in the moral regions, I feel it my duty to say, that I will be glad to sink my personal feelings in the matter by accepting the amount whenever you may see fit to pay me.

You say that my milk is watered. In strict confidence I don't mind telling you that such is the case. This is the true explanation of the superiority of my milk. A dash of cold water in the pail immediately after milking is death on the microbes and removes deleterious vegetable matter. The possession of this secret has been most valuable to me in my business and I trust you will not give me away.

Another reason why I would humbly solicit the payment of my bill, is that a source of constant discord between myself and my wife would thus be removed. I have been firmly of the opinion that the amount you owe is \$5.40 or thereabout, while she tenaciously clings to the view that you got three extra pints and that the amount due is \$5.49. I mention this as I know it would not entirely relieve your conscience if you paid \$5.40 when the correct amount was \$5.49. With best wishes for your welfare, I remain, kind sir, cordially yours, E. K.—

For the Library Frequenters. The fourth bulletin of new books has just been issued by the Free public library. It is as interesting as it well can be. The new books are very representative and show that a master's mind has made the selection. The greatest works of the year are found there, as well as the newest novels. The latest pride of Chairman Ruel and others interested in the institution is Phillips' Imperial Atlas—1890—which is a wonderful work, rich in information and beautiful in appearance.

is the GREATEST DYSPEPSIA CURE of the age. Testi-K. D. C. COMPANY, New Glasgow, N.S., Canada

How to Keep up With the Weather.

"Well, this is great weather," remarked a man on Charlotte street yesterday. "It would take a fellow to be a lightning change artist like the people at the Bijou to be able to change with the weather. But that isn't the worst of it. If a fellow could only afford to get clothes to suit all kinds of weather he might manage to make the changes. And by the way, old man," he added, turning to his friend, "it must take a small fortune to keep you in clothes, you have so many different rigs, and all in the latest style, too."

"No it doesn't," said the other. "I'll bet it doesn't cost me any more for clothes than it does you. I'll tell you how I do it."

"How?" "Get your clothes at Wm. J. Fraser's Royal Clothing Store, and you can get two suits for the price of one, and you can always depend upon being in style."

Read First and Then Write.

Messrs. Estey & Co., is the first firm to speak for a special advertisement in the enlarged PROGRESS on the page reserved for that purpose. It is perhaps superfluous to say much about the goods of the firm—which is a persistent advertiser, and makes its facts known in this way. Both mill and railroad supplies and rubber goods of all kinds are included in Estey & Co's stock. Belting, oils, packing, saws, ladies' and gentlemen's and boy's rubber clothing. In fact, everything of this nature is included in the assortment. First read the advertisement, and then write for information.

The Man Who Boards.

Did you ever see a hapless boy who "boards out" trying to sew on a button or darn his socks? It is a sight to make angels weep, and that boy's mother laugh. But the boys who send his washing to Ungar's Steam Laundry, will not have to wear out the selvedge edge of his soul with any such work, because they make a specialty there of mending young men's clothes, and the youth of the period is happy, so that he has no need to marry before he is out of his teens, so that he may have someone to darn his socks, and trim the ragged fringe off the edge of his cuffs.

Not Too Bad For Winter Time.

A freight car gets along pretty lively sometimes. Progress has had a practical example of this recently. A carload of paper was shipped for it from a western Ontario town and arrived here via Grand Trunk and Intercolonial in exactly five days. Not too bad for winter time.

J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. have just received:

BROWN BREAD FLOUR, WHEAT GRITS, DESSICATED WHEAT, BARLEY FLAKES, WESTERN GREY BUCKWHEAT, PURE BEES' HONEY, GOLDEN SYRUP. 32 Charlotte street.

Rubber Goods

- ICE BAGS (with Screw Cap). RUBBER WATER BOTTLES. Rubber Ear and Eye Syringes (soft rubber). RUBBER POWDER INSUFFLATORS, with Soft Bulb and H. R. Tube. RUBBER SYRINGES, all sizes, HOME FOUNTAIN, HARD RUBBER FITTINGS. RUBBER BANDAGES. WATER PAD TRUSSES, etc.

FOR SALE BY F. E. CRAIBE & CO., Druggists and Apothecaries, 35 KING STREET.

SABBATH HOURS—9 30 to 10 45 a. m.; 2 to 4, and 7 to 9 p. m.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN.

Dear Sir,—This is to certify that I have suffered intensely from RHEUMATISM in my ankles for over twelve years, and I take great pleasure in stating that two applications of

SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM immediately relieved me, and one bottle entirely cured me.

ELIZABETH MANN, Stanley St., City Road.

SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM is prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street, St. John, N. B.

For sale by all Druggists. Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50.

Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simson Bros. & Co., and Forsyth, Sutcliffe & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerry Watson & Co., Montreal, P. Q. Write for pamphlet of people we know, who have been cured by Scott's Cure.

CANNED Salmon. Lobsters. Oysters. Corn. Tomatoes. Peas. Beans. Peaches. 1400 Cases In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

In a Fit about what to get for Spring wear. We've got a thing or two to tell you. You want a suit, you want an Overcoat, and you're going to have them both; you're not going to pay any more than necessary for them. If you go to Oak Hall Clothing House for your spring outfit, you will get clothes worth the money you pay for them, and can truly say, when you try on one of their custom-made suits made to your measure, that you are in a perfect fit.

WOOD AND SLATE MANTEL PIECES. Artistic Open Fire Places. Tile Facings, Tile Hearths, Register Grates, Brass Andirons and Fenders, and Open Fire Place Fixtures, of Every Description. EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 PRINCE WM. STREET.

SILVER-PLATED WARE FOR TABLE USE, COMPRISING THE LATEST PATTERNS OF Useful Articles, T. McAVITY & SONS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

This is What the Model Grand has in the way of improvements—Low closet, with reservoir and pipe shelf; the ventilated oven door attachment, high shelf, mantle closet. These improvements are put on ten different varieties of this Stove. It is the talk of the women. COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, Charlotte Street.

Children want KERR'S Girls want KERR'S Boys want KERR'S Ladies want KERR'S Everbody wants KERR'S KERR'S CONFECTIONERY. PICTURE FRAMES