

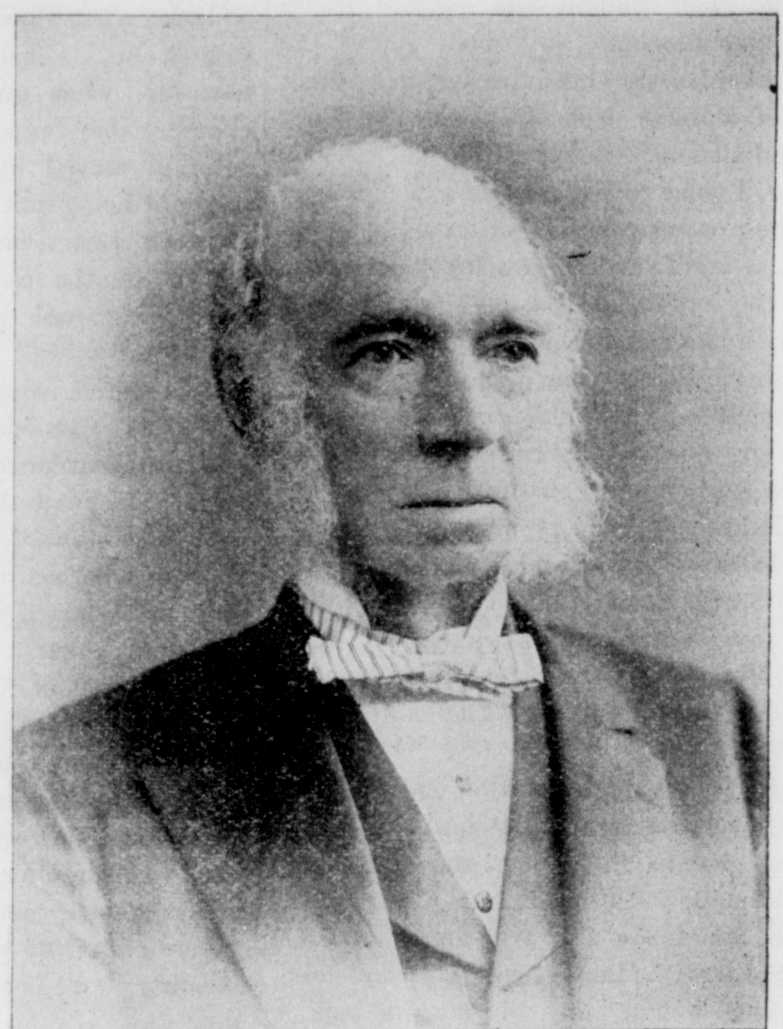
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

AUDITOR GENERAL JAMES S. BEEK, OF FREDERICTON.

Nearly a Quarter of a Century in His Present Responsible Position—What Fredericton was like in Olden Times—A Life of Honorable Usefulness.

A familiar figure on the streets of the Capital City for more than half a century has been the gentleman whose portrait we present to our readers in this issue.

Mr. Beek was appointed Auditor General of the province in November, 1867, four months after the Confederation of Canada.



AUDITOR-GENERAL JAMES S. BEEK.

Mr. James S. Beek is an Irishman by birth, having been born on the first of June, 1814, in Bandon, County of Cork.

As a boy, Mr. Beek attended for a short time the public schools of Fredericton, but most of his education was the result of private study, both before and while he was serving as a merchant's clerk.

stated, filled his present honorable and responsible position. In politics Mr. Beek is a Liberal-Conservative, and in his younger days was an active partizan.

and little dreaming that anyone would be found to rise up and vindicate the defunct poet, by solemnly correcting me.

FORCED TO EXPLAIN A JOKE.

A Critical Reader Finds Fault With A Correspondent's Quotation.

I don't know of a more melancholy task that can fall to the lot of the newspaper man, than to be obliged to explain a joke in merciless black and white, and now, thanks to a gentleman who signs himself first "Poloni-

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I would regard it as a special favor if you would kindly inform your Moncton correspondent, that it is the offices of Hamlet's step father, and not Hamlet's father's body that is "Rank and Smells Heaven," as per his letter in your issue of the 7th inst.

"Now, you know, really, "Visitor," it was not at all nice of you to go and give me away to the editor that way; and at the same time patronize him gently by implying that he knew no more about Shakespeare than I did, and so let the "solecism" get into his paper without ever discovering it.

There are many of Shakespeare's plays with which I am unfamiliar—in fact I think about 30—but if you wish to puzzle me in either Hamlet, King Lear, Romeo and Juliet, or The Merchant of Venice, you will have to—as the boys say—get up very early in the morning. I haven't got my Shakespeare at hand, but if I mistake not, the proper quotation is:

"O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven." And it is the opening line of King Claudius (of Denmark) soliloquy. Well, my little joke—which you are pleased to misquote, saying I spoke of the body of Hamlet's father, instead of his shade—was taken from a burlesque of the play, which I once read, and which pictured the ghost as rising from the lower regions and bringing with it a strong odor of sulphur.

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

OLD TIMES RECALLED.

DAYS WHEN LANERGAN REIGNED AT THE LYCEUM.

Who Won Popular Favor in Well Known Plays—An Incident at an "Octoroon" Performance—How "East Lynne" Impressed a Jolly Tar.

In speaking of the drama of Leah the Forsaken, in a former letter, I forgot to mention an important fact that may not be generally known, and that is, when the play was first produced at the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, in 1862, Mr. Lanergan was the original "Father Hermon" in the cast; Miss Kate Bateman being the "Leah," Mr. J. W. Wallack, Jr., the "Nathan," and Mr. Edwin Adams the "Rudolf."

A very great favorite at the Lyceum was Jessie Brown a dramatization of the incident in connection with the Relief of Lucknow, during the Hindoo rebellion and the mutiny of the Sepoys, and it was in annual demand. The piece is emphatically one for a British audience to fully sympathise with, but I saw it at the Boston theatre, with the author, Mr. Dion Boucicault, in the character of the Nana Sahib, and a wonderful performance it was.

The Nana Sahib.....W. H. Callings Randal McGregor.....N. T. Davenport Geordie McGregor.....W. H. Danvers Rev. David Blount.....J. B. Fuller Sweeney.....W. J. Wiggins Cassidy.....T. H. Burns Aschmet.....F. Bock Jessie Brown.....Mrs. Lanergan Amy Campbell.....Mary Sherlock Alice.....Madeleine Hardy Mary.....Mrs. Brown

At that time the 15th Regiment, under the command of Col. Grierson, was in garrison, and a detachment of troops was always allowed to attend and assist in the production of the piece. Some Highland pipers from the 78th Regiment, also gave valuable assistance.

The Octoroon was another strong drama that the Lyceum manager was fond of producing, and is to the present day one of the best drawing bills that can be offered. Introducing the three races—white, Indian and negro—filled with strong situations and climaxes, winding up with one of the most beautiful and effective tableaux, it makes a powerful and lasting impression, and people never weary of seeing it. It always had a strong caste at the Lyceum, as the one appended will clearly demonstrate:

Salem Scudder.....F. Hardenberg Jacob McClosky.....J. W. Lanergan George Peyton.....H. Crisp Wah-no-tee.....S. H. Fosberg Ratts.....Shirley France Mr. Sunnyside.....J. B. Fuller Pete.....J. H. Browne Col. Bantlester.....T. H. Shannon Lafourche.....H. R. Lampee Paul.....Rachel Noah Zoe.....Mrs. Lanergan Dora Sunnyside.....Susie Chuer Mrs. Peyton.....Louisa Morse Dido.....Mrs. Browne

The gentleman who played "Salem Scudder," Mr. Frank Hardenberg, was the favorite character actor of the Boston Museum, for many years, and, I think, only was with Mr. Lanergan the one season; Mr. Harry Crisp was also the popular juvenile man from the same theatre, and was well liked in St. John.

Speaking of the Octoroon reminds me I was playing the piece a few years ago in Littleton, N. H., and in the auction scene, where the Octoroon is sold, the villain of the play, "Jacob McClosky," bids high for her, and, finally, not to be beaten, calls out: "Twenty-five thousand dollars!"

An individual in the audience, evidently carried away by his feelings, and being unable to restrain his impatience, yelled out: "Thirty thousand!"

All eyes were at once directed at the offender, and the chief of police took him by the collar, and he made a hasty exit, remarking as he did so: "I don't want to be an actor if there is no more appreciation of spontaneous feeling!"

I saw him the next day and he proved to be a book agent, and said he was sorry he had interrupted the performance, but his feelings overpowered him. As he did not have the perfume of "Araby, the Blest," lingering around him, but smelt strongly of five cent gin, and was in a maudlin state of sentimentality, I freely forgave him.

Perhaps the most popular comedian of all that Mr. Lanergan had was the late Mr. W. Fiske, generally known as "Mose" Fiske. After the Lyceum season was through, in 1868, Mr. Fiske, in company with Mr. W. H. Callings (mentioned in the cast of Jessie Brown) went to Halifax for a few weeks and produced East Lynne, among other pieces. The night this play was advertised, Mose was standing at the theatre door, when one of Her Majesty's gallant sailors came up and said: "I believe you play the East Wind to-night; how does she blow—pretty stiff?"

Mose replied that there was every prospect of a freshening breeze. The gallant tar gave a hitch and a lurch, and shouted: "Crowd all sail—all aboard!"

He proceeded inside, and was so much taken with the play, that he insisted on seeing Mr. Fiske before he would leave, at

the end of the piece. Mose finally saw him, when the sailor said:

"See here, you blubber; you told me there was a good stiff east wind; but I didn't see anything but water—for the tears were in my eyes most of the time!"

This incident Mr. Fiske related to me the last time I saw him in Providence, R. I., in 1885. H. PRICE WEBBER.

A Gross Deception.

A lady in this city has a handsome Irish setter, which has never been known to desert its mistress. Last week a lady visitor was staying at the house, and on the day after her arrival was taken by a gentleman friend for a drive. The day being quite raw, she muffled herself up well, and at the suggestion of the hostess donned a fur-lined cloak belonging to the latter. No sooner did she open the door than the setter showed every sign of recognition, and bounded joyfully along in company with the sleigh. On returning from the drive, the lady visitor took off the cloak in the hall, in the presence of the dog, and was saluted with a running fire of barks from the animal, called forth, doubtless, by the conviction that a gross deception had been practised upon him.

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.

Rector—"I haven't seen you at church lately."

Old Woman—"No, sir; I heered as how it was very unhealthful to sleep in the daytime."—Ex.

To Robert Burns.

Sweet singer, that I loe the maist O' my, sin' w' eager haste I smacked my lips over the taste O' blin'd sang.

And sae these hameless lines I send, W' jinglin' words at ilka end, In echo of the sangs that wend Frae thee to me.

In fancy, as w' dewy ean, I part the clouds aboon the scene Where thou wast born, and peer'd atween, I see nae spot In a' the Highlands half sae green And unforget!

I see nae storied castle-hall, W' banners flauntin' over the wall, And serf and page in ready call, Sae grand to me As ane pair cotter's hut, w' all Its poverty.

There where the simple daisy grew Sae bonnie sweet, and modest, too, Thy liltin' filled its wee head fu' O' sic a grace, It aye is weepin' tears o' dew W' droopit face.

Frae where the heather bluebells fling Their sangs o' fragrance to the Spring, To where the lark's soars to sing, Still lives thy strain, For a' the birds are twittering Sangs like thine ain.

And aye, by light o' sun or moon, By banks o' Ayr, or Bonnie Doon, The waters lilt nae tender tune But sweeter because Because they pour'd their limpid rune Through a' thy dreams.

W' brimmin' lip, and laughin' ee, Thou shookest even Grief w' glee, Yethad nae niggar sympathy When sorrow bow'd, But gavest a' thy tears as free As a' thy gowd.

And sae it is we loe thy name To see bleeze up w' sic a flame That a' pretensions stars o' fame Man blink askent, To see how simple worth may shame Their brightest glen!

James Whitcombe Riley.

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 cared me.

ELIZABETH MANN, Stanley St., City Road.

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Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simons 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.

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TWO PRICE SUITS, for Boys, from 4 to 8 years.

THREE PRICE SUITS, for Boys, from 8 to 14 years.

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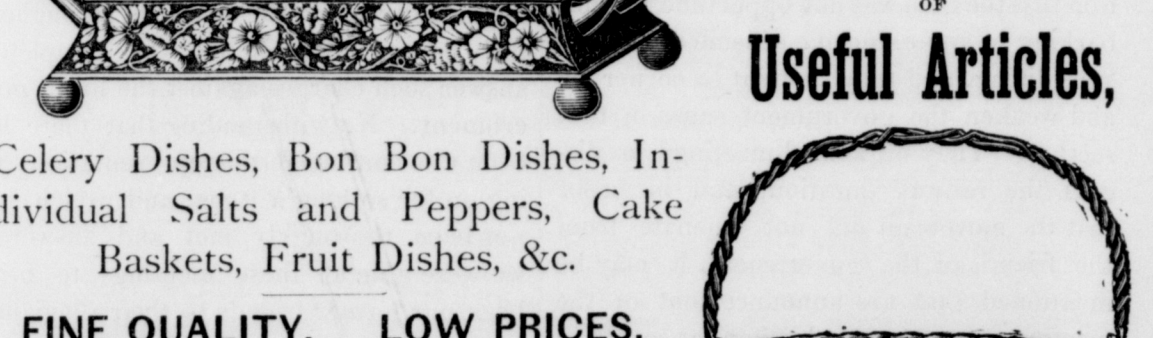
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KERR'S CONFECTIONERY.

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