

## NOT ON THE SHOW BILLS.

DISTINGUISHED ACTORS TELL SOME GOOD STORIES.

Actor Willard is reminded that "Ells Full" Marshall P. Wilder, Hillard, Nat Goodwin, Dixey, Burgess, Southern, Murphy and O'Neil all had experiences.

A cockney gallery god furnished the material for this amusing reminiscence of mine. It was during my early days on the stage and I was playing a part in a holiday pantomime called the "Seven Devils." At one point in the piece the devils one by one sink through a trap on their way, presumably, to the nether regions. On this night, however, one of the demons failed to materialize at the theatre, and at the last moment one of the supers was pressed into



"THANK THE LORD, 'ELL'S FULL."

service. In the hurry and excitement his bulk had not been considered and when the other six had safely descended it was found that the fat super was many sizes too large for the opening in the trap. There he stuck in spite of the combined efforts of all the devils to pull him through by the legs. This of itself was intensely funny, but when one of the gallery boys in a tone of intense relief, sang out at the top of his voice, "Thank the Lord, 'Ell's full," there was a universal shout of laughter in which everybody in the building joined, with the single exception of the fat super.

EDW. S. WILLARD.

Most of my experience with stage mistakes have been stupid rather than funny, but I remember one little incident which was almost pathetic as well as amusing.

It happened when I was a boy and belonged to a snap company—barn-storming around the country.

The manager of the show was also leader of the orchestra of three pieces and played first fiddle.

The stage consisted of a platform held up by wooden horses. One night I was dancing away at my very best before a most appreciative though perhaps rather noisy audience, when suddenly two of the stage props gave way and down went one end of the platform. Quick as a flash the manager lifted the fallen end and placing it on his shoulder, went on coolly playing his fiddle and shouted excitedly to me to go ahead with my jig.



DIXEY DANCING ON HIS MANAGER'S BACK.

Well, the sight of that old fellow there, bent double, holding the stage up to prevent spoiling the performance, I shall never forget as long as I live.

The spectators shouted and applauded and went away telling everybody that it was the funniest scene they had ever witnessed.

HENRY E. DIXEY.

It was when I first went on the stage that I had my funniest experience. We were then playing around in the small towns and I was fired on, as we call it, to "Hold the stage" while the carpenters set the next scene.

My part was a small one and mainly consisted of explaining some of the characters in the play, from which remarks the actors came on and took their cues.

On this particular night I had finished my allotted speech and waited vainly for the appearance of the men to follow me. No one came. I walked nervously to the left wing and peered into the first entrance but not a soul was to be seen. I walked to the right and glanced up and down but not even a stage hand was in sight. I knew very little of the farce and what to do I didn't know, so I marched back and forth on the stage with grand gestures, muttering a few words now and then as if to give the appearance of reality to my performance, but the gallery gods "were on to me" and enlivened the scene by calling out various things such as "It's about time you went off." "Oh, you'll be sorry for this when you get sober," etc.

Finally, after what seemed hours, but which was in reality only a few moments, the players appeared, the scene went on and I made my escape.

It seems that the trap door behind the scenes had been left open by mistake and one of the young women had fallen through. She fell on some soft stuff and was not injured, but everybody, including the stage hands, had run down stairs to see her, for-

getting all about me and that I was holding the stage.

NEIL BURGESS.

The funniest part of my funny experience was that I played the joke on myself. One night when Wesley Sisson and I were running the Criterion theatre in Brooklyn several years ago we were sitting in the box office attired in dress suits, silk hats and patent leathers, congratulating ourselves on the strength of the big house the current piece was drawing, when a boy rushed up to the window and gasped out the startling news that some hoodlums were carting off one of our big twenty-four sheet bill boards.

Accoutred as I was I dashed out into the street, not even stopping to put on my overcoat, although there was snow on the ground and the weather was biting cold.

After a chase of at least half a mile the boy and I caught up with the robbers, and sure enough there laid the big bill board facing downward resting on the sides of the truck.

After being pelted with snowballs by small boys, and nearly mobbed by the half-grown thieves, I at last succeeded in wresting the reins from the driver and started lickerly split back to the theatre.

When the board had been taken off and lifted up against the wall, what do you think it read? "Positively last week of Booth and Barrett at Sinn's New Park Theatre."

ROBERT F. HILLARD.

Before I ever went on the stage I used to take part in amateur affairs in my mother's parlors in Boston, and I bothered Charlie Thorne to death to get me a place in some company.

My friends also said they were convinced I had talents. So finally, Thorne secured me a position in a company then playing a piece called *A Bottle*. Providence was to be the place where I made my debut, and the part assigned me was the old-time gentlemanly villain who comes to the village and captures the heart of the rustic beauty.

I had rehearsed several times and was sure I knew it all.

The heroine was to rush on with a scream and I run after her; but she hadn't rehearsed the scream with me so when she dashed on and gave an unearthly yell it nearly frightened me to death.



NAT GOODWIN'S ADVENTURES.

I stubbed my toe, fell sprawling, and lost one of my sidewhiskers. I couldn't utter a word and didn't do so during the whole performance. They thought I would gain courage as the piece progressed, but during the third act the orchestra came in with a few thrilling bars of music and I completely lost my head, and I dashed out of the theatre to find the depot and take the next train for Boston.

As I entered the cars with make-up on, a black streak on my cheek from blackened eye-brows, and my wig at one side, passengers thought I was staring mad. On reaching home I rushed into my mother, who thought I was going to be a second Booth, begging her not to send me on the stage again, but to get me a position in some store.

NAT C. GOODWIN, JR.

I don't know whether mine will be very funny to tell about it, but it certainly was funny to see. I was playing the part of a rough country lad in the *Maister of Woodbarrow*, who by the sudden death of three relatives is installed at the old Manor house at the head of the family.

The priggish old butler who has relegated to himself the right to instruct me in all the intricacies of the gentlemen's toilet so exasperated me on one occasion that I drew off one of my slippers and flung it at his head.

Well, on the night in question we were playing at the lyceum at the time. Augustus Cook, the butler, got a little too far down toward the footlights, and when he dodged the slipper it sailed out into the auditorium barely missing the head of a stout gentleman seated about half way down the aisle.

There was a laugh at this of course, but it grew into a roar when the baldheaded man, whose face rivaled an Italian sunset in the brilliancy of its coloring, hastily arose, picked up the slipper, put it in his pocket and stalked indignantly out of the theatre.

It was too near the end of the scene to make it worth sending the butler for another slipper, so I hopped around on one foot until the curtain went down.

EDW. SOTHERN.

Of course you know Maze Edwards. He used to be treasurer in the Fifth avenue box office and is a very little man like myself. One day as I went in to get some tickets, he was standing at the window selling, his head just coming up to the ledge of the window. Mine just came up to the edge outside, and in my naturally deep voice I opened up and said, "Give me two seats in C, please."

"Stand up," he called angrily, thinking I was a tall man who had stooped down to buy him.

"Stand up yourself," I answered quickly, at which recognizing the joke, we both laughed heartily.

Merrily yours,

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

My funniest stage experience did not happen on the stage at all. It happened

when I was billed for Topeka, Kan. When my train arrived in Topeka half a dozen gentlemen came into the car and said to me, "Is this Mr. Murphy?" to which I replied it was, whereupon, with a few pleasant remarks, they led me out to a carriage near the depot. It was a frightfully rainy day, and I remember thinking it extremely queer that any one should meet me with a carriage; but having played to big houses all around there I concluded it was a little act of courtesy on the part of Topeka citizens.

We drove to the hotel and the rest of my company went to theirs. Immediately upon our arrival in the parlor I touched the bell. Upon the boy answering my summons I turned to my companions and said, "Gentlemen, what will you have? a glass of beer, wine, cigars or anything you choose."

The faces of the men, as I said this, were a study, and they exclaimed. Why, I don't know what you mean, Mr. Murphy. "I mean simple courtesy," I returned. "It is certainly customary to offer a glass of wine in return for such a welcome as yours."

"This is an outrage," cried one of them, "that you should come here tonight to lecture on temperance and talk about drinking." To which I answered that I was going to do nothing of the kind.

"Are you not Mr. Francis Murphy," they asked.

No, I am Joe Murphy, the actor," I said smiling, and they dashed out of the door in search of their right visitor.

Well it seems some big temperance society there was to have Francis Murphy, a well known temperance lecturer, there on that same evening. The other Murphy's train arrived some five minutes after mine, and he was obliged to carry his valise through the rain to a near hotel, unaccompanied and alone. I afterwards became acquainted with him and we enjoyed a good laugh over the mistake.

JOSEPH MURPHY.

I was playing "Monte Cristo" at the California theatre, San Francisco, several years ago, when an incident occurred that furnished more amusement to the audience than any of which I have ever known.

The house was packed and everything went along swimmingly until the middle of the last act.

At this point, having already disposed of one of my three mortal enemies, I engage the second in a fight with swords and as he falls to the ground pierced through the heart I step quickly beside the body and raising the index and middle fingers of my right hand toward heaven I exclaim, "Two."

Hoyt's farce comedy, "A Bunch of Keys," was playing across at the Bush Street Theatre, and as I afterward learned a catch line of the piece was just then in everybody's mouth. I had scarcely uttered the exclamation when a gallery god fiend with all the force of his lungs, aided by a high pitched voice, shouted, "WELL YOU DON'T GET IT."

That I was confounded the audience could plainly see from my expression, and this of course added to the exquisite humor of the situation.

As the laughter increased instead of diminishing I nodded to the stage manager who rang down the curtain until quiet was again restored.

JAMES O'NEILL.

## A COLD-BLOODED BRUTE.

How Ismail Pasha Amused Himself on One Occasion.

"When Ismail Pasha, the extravagant Khedive of Egypt, reigned over that historical land," said an acquaintance of the notorious ruler, "he had in his garden a large cage of African lions. Noble brutes they were, and until the event of which I speak I never tired of looking at them. One day while walking with his highness in the garden the keeper, accompanied by a pretty little girl, entered, carrying a basket of meat for the lions. The khedive and I walked toward the cage to see the beasts eat. They were hungry and pounced upon their food with a ravenous fury that chilled me. Standing close by the stage with her hands resting on the bars was the little child, her long golden hair at times blown by the breeze inside the inclosure.

"Why do you permit your daughter to go so near the lions?" the Khedive asked of the keeper.

"Oh," replied the keeper, "they are so accustomed to her they would not harm her."

"Then open the door and put her inside," said the khedive.

"My blood froze at the command, for command it was. I tried to speak but could not. I was unable even to move. The keeper, with the submissiveness of those who know their lives will pay forfeit if they disobey, made with his eyes a plea for mercy. But seeing none in the khedive's face he kissed the little one tenderly, lifted her up, opened the door, placed her inside, and as the door swung to he turned his face away and groaned. The little one, though she did not stir, was not afraid. The lions appeared surprised, and as the largest and fiercest rose and walked toward her I thought I should choke. Happily the father did not see the beast. The khedive alone was unmoved and stood gazing at the scene calmly and with the curious smile I had so often seen play upon his features when watching the dance of a ballet. The lion went up to the child, sniffed of her, looked at her for fully a half a minute, then lay down at her feet and beat the floor with his tail. Another lion approached. The first one gave an ominous growl and the second lion went back. The others crouched low and each second I expected them to spring, but they did not. This continued I think about five minutes, the big lion never taking his eyes from the girl and ceaselessly lashing the floor.

"The khedive by this time was evidently satisfied and turned to the keeper and commanded him to thrust a live lamb into the cage through another door. With a celerity I have never seen equaled the keeper caught a straying lamb and obeyed. As he did so every lion sprang upon the lamb.

"Take out the child!" the khedive commanded, and scarce had the words escaped him ere the keeper, who had already run to that end of the cage, jerked open the door, snatched the little one out and clasped her in his arms. The khedive laughed, tossed the keeper a coin, and, taking my arm, walked on."—Chicago Post.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union street.

## THE "NOBLE ART."

A Few Pointers That the Most Pensive May Find Useful Some Day.

It is a singular fact that the beginner is almost sure to put himself in an attitude which combines every possible fault. He plants himself firmly, braces up every muscle, and holds his hands high. Now, it is impossible to be too easy and unconstrained, or to let the limbs play too freely. It is only at the moment of striking or parrying that the fist should be clinched tight and the muscles contracted. The left foot should be in advance, with the sole flat on the ground; the right foot about half an ordinary pace in rear, with the heel slightly raised, and the toes in line with the left heel; care being taken not to bring the left foot too far to the right, which would destroy the balance.

The knees must be very slightly bent, just as in dancing. And mind carefully that when you advance, the left leg must always step out first; when you retire, the right leg must step back first. When you move to the left, the right foot takes the pace, the left foot following it. When you move to the right, the left foot is first shifted, then the right. All this is very important, for if the legs and feet get confused their owner must lose his balance, and become powerless either for attack or defence.

A slight blow will suffice to knock him down. You require to step forwards, backwards, sideways as lightly and quickly as possible, always keeping the right foot in rear of the left. Thus when you deliver a blow the whole weight of your body is thrown into it; when you receive one, you give to it, as it were, and much of the force is lost. Or, if you step back very smartly, it falls short altogether, while, your left foot being still in advance, you are ready to step up again at the instant and deliver your return before your opponent can recover himself. The left arm must be in advance, playing backwards and forwards easily, the fist about on a level with the centre of the chest. The right arm held across the body, but not stiffly.

Keep the chin down and the mouth shut. If you want to know the reason for this recommendation being printed in italics, you may have your mouth open, just for once, and get somebody to give you a slight tap on the jaw. But you had better take the hint without trying the experiment.—From Cassell's Book of Sports and Pastimes for June.

## The Professor at the Breakfast Table.

Landlady—"Mrs. Languid will not come down to her meals any longer on account of her dyspepsia. She has such a disagreeable feeling of fullness after eating, poor dear."

Professor Oldboarder—"Pray, give her my congratulations, Mrs. Livermore, and assure her that I hope I may acquire a similar feeling."—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.

## A Spring Freshet.

Young and fresh and fair was she,  
Young and even fresher, he  
And signed a lover's plaint;  
Fresh the leaves upon the trees;  
Fresh the gentle evening breeze,  
Fresher, though, than all of these  
Was the paint  
On the porch where love's confessions  
Made and left profound impressions.



**Islay Blend**  
Is the Finest Six Year old Whisky in the World.

ALWAYS ASK FOR ISLAY BLEND.  
TAKE NO OTHER.

Sold by all the leading wholesale and retail dealers.

**DAVID CONNELL,**  
Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St  
Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs at short notice.

**WHIPS!**  
You can get your choice, at a small advance on cost, of a large and fine assortment; bought very low for cash, at

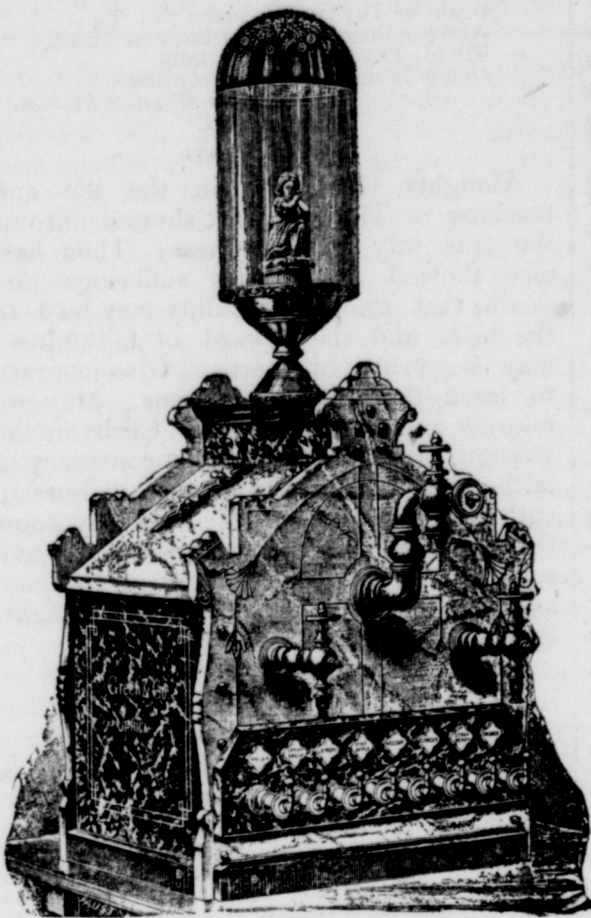
**-204-  
W. ROBB'S, UNION STREET.**

## MONEY

is one of the things you want boys, and one of the things you can get if you will do a little work for PROGRESS every Saturday morning. We have told you

about it before, how bright, active boys, in the city and country, make money for themselves by selling PROGRESS. There are some places in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island where PROGRESS is not sold. We want boys in each of those places to sell PROGRESS. One of our boys sells over \$10 worth of PROGRESS every Saturday morning. Others sell \$8, \$6, \$4, and down to \$1 worth, and even less than that, but they all make money. The more papers they sell, of course the more money made. We do not care if you only order two copies at the start—the next week you can order more if you want them, and the next week more. To show you just how easy it is to get customers for PROGRESS, we will tell you this story: A little boy in Kingston, Kent county, sent to us asking if he could get some PROGRESS to sell. His father helped him along, by sending a note saying he would be responsible for what papers his boy received. We sent him five copies the first week, before the next week had passed we received a postal card from the boy asking for thirteen copies, and the next week he sent for eighteen copies. He has only been selling the paper three weeks, and his list of customers has grown rapidly. He makes 24 cents every week selling those 18 papers—not much for a man, but a good deal to a boy. PROGRESS wants just such boys in every man's town and villages in the maritime provinces. We want them in such places as Marysville, Canterbury, Harvey, Centerville, Buctouche, Hillsborough, Chipman, Yarmouth, Kentville, Bridgewater, Lunenburg, Wolfville, and a score of other places that cannot be mentioned here. Send us a letter or a postal, and don't forget to ask your father or some responsible person to send his name as a reference. Remember that you do not require any money to start. If you are the right kind of a boy you will pay us at the end of the month, and that will satisfy us.

Address EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher PROGRESS, St. John, N. B., for any further information.



## Ice Cream Soda.

Go to White's, 83 King Street, for Soda, Ice Cream, and Choice Confectionery. We manufacture all our Goods, and can vouch for their quality. Purity is our motto.

The finest Drink in the World—so cool and refreshing.

## OUT DOOR WORK NOW!

Many persons who have been thinking of painting the exterior of their houses, should not think about it any longer but decide whom to give the job to, before the hot weather comes—and the flies.

We give careful attention to all outside orders, and execute them with all possible promptness.

**—A. G. STAPLES,—**  
Plain and Decorative Painter.

**NOTHING LIKE** making your "Ads." catchy. Have them prominent. Make everybody look at them.

**MOST** advertisers have made success by using illustrations and cuts in their "ads." Do you?

**MEN** who advertise and want good advertising, have original designs for their "ads."

We originate designs. Make wood cuts and electros, Reproduce, enlarge, and reduce engravings of all kinds

**"Progress" Engraving Bureau,**  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

HOTELS.	
<b>HOTEL STANLEY,</b>	ST. JOHN, N. B.
J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor.	
<b>BELMONT HOUSE,</b>	ST. JOHN, N. B.
The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Buggies taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day.	J. SIME, Proprietor
<b>QUEEN HOTEL,</b>	FREDERICTON, N. B.
J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.	
<b>VICTORIA HOTEL,</b>	ST. JOHN, N. B.
D. W. MCCORMICK, Proprietor	
<b>ROYAL HOTEL,</b>	ST. JOHN, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor	
<b>ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,</b>	28 to 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Modern Improvements. Terms, \$1.00 per day Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts.	W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.
<b>HOTEL DUFFERIN,</b>	ST. JOHN, N. B.
FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.	

**ICE CREAM! I SCREAM!**  
LADIES, ATTENTION!

THE Subscriber wishes to inform his lady customers, and the public generally, that he is now ready to fill their orders for Ice Cream, in any quantity desired. Vanilla, Lemon, Strawberry, Pineapple, Ginger, Chocolate, Coffee, Almond, Pistachio, Tutti Fruiti, etc. Prompt attention given to all orders sent to the Lorne Restaurant, 105 Charlotte Street. T. C. WASHINGTON, PROPRIETOR.

**CAFE ROYAL,**  
Domville Building,  
Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.  
DINNER A SPECIALTY.  
Pool Room in Connection.

**WILLIAM CLARK.**