



TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Josie Mills company has proven somewhat of a surprise to St. John theatre goers. It came with good wall paper, but few advance notices, and people did not know what to expect. Then again the prices were announced as popular, and a good show was hardly expected. The company made a favorable impression the first evening, but it was not until *The Silver King* was put on that its full strength was seen. In it Mr. Haystead made his first appearance, and although his interpretation of Father Christmas is somewhat different from that of Lytell, with which St. John people are more familiar, it was an excellent performance and there was more fun in his "Dear Boy."

Since the engagement opened Mr. Chapman has been seen in all sorts of characters from the irreproachable hero, to the worst kind of a tramp. In all of them he has shown himself an actor of more than ordinary power. As Denver in the *Silver King* he was much better in the latter days of the play, hardly making the best of his opportunities when he found himself a murderer. In this piece, Mr. Henry Lee was at his best as the cool, calculating burglar and murderer, and that he made the desired impression upon the audience was fully evidenced by the reception he got before the curtain.

The company will no doubt be greatly strengthened next week by the arrival of several new comers, and in the way of actresses it needs it. Miss Mills stands out alone in the female parts, and her abilities as an actress are not confined to any particular role. She gave an excellent impersonation of Mrs. Denver in *Silver King*, and in the *Governess* was equally good, while her *M'Liss* Tuesday evening was the only redeeming feature of the performance. The rest of the company give good support. That Miss Mills is proving a popular attraction was shown Monday evening when the announcement of another week's engagement was made. The applause was almost equal to a curtain call.

It has been Opera, Opera, Opera for the last fortnight here and musical Boston has had a rare treat. Artistically the engagement has been a great success, pecuniarily I do not think it has, for except on very few occasions has the great auditorium at the Mechanics' hall been filled, and the expense attendant on such a company as the management brought here is enormous. Of course on the Patti nights people tumbled over each other to hear her and that is about all they did hear word speaking of, for the cast, on the occasion when the great *Diva* sang, was very inferior to those offered to the public and other performances. It certainly is wonderful, and to me, very hard to understand, why people and people who ought to have more sense too, rush after Patti; undoubtedly she is a great, a phenomenal singer, she must be that or she would not have lasted as she has done, but all the same her voice is going, it is not the same as it was not by a large majority, and the critics are not slow in letting her know it too. The general opinion is that of all the operas given the *Faust* was the finest, and it is generally conceded that the four principals cannot be surpassed on any stage today. Just think Emma Eames as Marguerite, Jean de Reszke, the Faust, Edward de Reszke, Nephtoteles, and Lassalle as Valentine. Miss Eames is a lovely singer, with a voice clear, pure and strong. In the beautiful music in the garden scene she was perfect, and the trio in the same scene sung by her, and the de Reszke Bros., was something to be remembered with a tinge of sorrow, for it is doubtful if three such artists will be found to give this music as they did. Everyone, of course, has heard of the wonderful brothers and their friend the baritone Lassalle. What a trio they are, giants in every way physically, for they each stand over six feet, musically, for the voices are unsurpassed in the operatic stage at this time, and dramatically, for either of them could have been a great actor had he not chosen to be a great singer.

As a matter of interest, I give you the operas and casts for this week which will give your readers some idea of the kind of artists who have been delighting us for the last fortnight. Monday night, "The Master-singer," the principal parts in which will be assumed by Messrs. Albert and Pettigiani and Messrs. E. de Reszke, J. de Reszke, Lassalle and Montaroli. Mr. Seidl will conduct. Tuesday night, "Semiramide"—Mme. Patti, Miss Fabri, Messrs. Novara and Guille; conductor, Arditi. Wednesday night, "Lohengrin"—Miss Eames, Messrs. E. de Reszke, Magini-Coletti and J. de Reszke; conductor, Vianesi. Thursday night, "La Traviata"—Mme. Patti, Misses Bauermeister and Klein, Messrs. Del Puceto, Novara and Valero; conductor, Arditi. Friday night, "Don Giovanni"—Messrs. Albani and Pettigiani, Miss Van Zandt, Messrs. Lassalle, Rinaldini, Serboini and E. de Reszke; conductor, Vianesi. Saturday afternoon, "Faust"—Misses Eames, de Vigne and Bauermeister, Messrs. E. de Reszke, J. de Reszke, and Lassalle; conductor, Vianesi. Sunday night, "L'ucia di Lammermoor"—Mme. Patti, Miss Bauermeister, Messrs. Del Puceto, Novara, and Valero; conductor, Arditi.

At the theatre there have been some changes and there will be some more. The *Lost Paradise* has completed its run of one hundred and three performances to splendid business all through, and the company, which has got to be looked upon as a home one, bade us good bye. They will be followed by *Jane*, which was seen here before.

The great war play *Shenandoah* has played a fairly successful engagement at the Grand Opera house, and they will be followed by minstrelsy.

At the Hollis street E. H. Sothern has given us two weeks of delightful enjoyment in the *Dancing Girl*. It seemed rather strange to see Sothern in anything but comedy, although in the *Maister of*

Woodbarrow he showed us what he could do in the more serious veins, and in his part in this new play he has distinctly proved that he can play a serious part and play it more than passing well. Miss Virginia Harned, the leading lady, has a splendid part and one that suits her abilities; she plays the heartless grasping woman to perfection. The Kendals come next week for a return engagement in their repertoire.

Melodrama at the Globe, where they are playing *The Still Alarm*, with our friend Will Harkins as the hero, and the phenomenal child Little Tuesday in a scene introduced especially for her.

Tears and laughter at the Park, but mostly tears, for we have said good-bye to Aunt Abby, Taggs, Cold Molasses, and the rest of the happy family that have made the *County Fair* a drawing attraction for thirty weeks.

At the Boston *Evangeline* the perennial is playing, and Maffit still wanders in and in his original part of the Lone Fisherman.

Sol Smith Russell, pleasantly remembered by many in St. John. I do not doubt, is playing at the Tremont in his new play, *Peaceful Valley*, and in his part of Hosea Howe has one that suits his quaint peculiarities and odd vein of humor.

Carlton's *Princess of Eric* continues to please at the Museum, but it will be withdrawn at the end of next week I understand. There will be some changes in this house next season. Annie Clarke will retire from the stage, just think of it, the Museum without Annie Clarke I fancy she can not gracefully make up her mind to play old women and prefers to leave the field altogether. Miriam O'Leary also will retire and betake herself to the cares of domestic life. Charles Barron will still remain, he could be spared, but I don't expect he thinks so.

The pretty Bowdoin square theatre gets its fare share of patronage, and the policy of the management in billing a new attraction every week is a good one, and one calculated to have an appreciable effect on the box office.

There are few actors whose personal appearance and winning ways seem to appeal in a particularly forcible manner to the ladies. De Wolf Hopper, who was here last week, is one of them. It is not unusual thing to hear an enthusiastic woman talk in a most flattering way about this comedian's hair. For, albeit the color is a burnished red, there is a curl to De Wolf's locks that a woman likes to see. It is not pleasant to pull down idols or shatter ideals, but the truth is that naturally De Wolf Hopper's hair is so bare of hair that a billiard ball beside it has a fuzzy look. There isn't a stray strand upon its surface. Without his wig he is said to be a fright.

There is another actor who is many a woman's ideal of all that is handsome and interesting and fascinating. Few of them can resist Robert Mantell. They rave about him and laud him to the skies. The way his long, brown hair falls back from his brow, not curling, and yet not straight, but fluff, wavy, and all that, is too much for them. And yet to prove that all is not gold that glitters requires but a close inspection of Mantell's hair. You can scalp him with a wooden tomahawk and without shedding a drop of blood. This ideal of the stage is very shy when it comes to real hair. He, too, finds it necessary to help nature out with a wig.

But Mantell's wig is a work of art. It fits well. Its color is natural and its set is firm. It is said that Mantell never takes it off. He even goes in bathing with it, and when he comes out runs his hand through it a few times and there you are.

A Novel Entertainment. One of the most interesting entertainments yet given at the Opera House is promised for Tuesday evening, March 29. It will be given by a number of the inmates of the Halifax School for the Blind, and the programme will include addresses, band, choir, and other music. The object is to extend the usefulness of the school, which although is in a flourishing condition, having received the liberal financial endorsement of Nova Scotians, finds it unequal to the demands made upon it by those who wish to take advantage of the free education it provides. During the tour entertainments will be given at Sackville, Moncton and Fredericton.

An Elegant Store. Very prominent and among the best advertisers PROGRESS has, are Messrs. Daniel & Robertson, London House Retail, on Charlotte street. They evidently solved the problem of how to build up a successful business and hold on to it. A look over their stock will prove what they advertise viz; that only fine qualities of imported goods enter into their trade. They evidently believe in selling goods that only large importers like themselves can successfully handle. Not knowing the names of the different materials shown, PROGRESS cannot give them, but the ladies will no doubt find this out themselves when they visit Daniel & Robertson's establishment where many novelties for spring are to be shown.

Spring is at Hand. Mr. Chas. K. Cameron evidently thinks that spring and warm weather are at hand, for new millinery is his advertising topic this week. Mr. Cameron keeps a large and fashionable stock and proclaims the fact with the persistence and tact of a successful advertiser.

THE QUEER CHINESE. Their Land Belongs to Heaven—How They Build Houses.

The Chinese have been obliged to permit strangers to dwell in their country. They never have become accustomed to the "white devils," as they call them, and strenuously object to Europeans or Americans owning land there. In no other point does their conservatism show such tenacity as this. And the trouble rests with the government.

The Chinese government denies the right of a foreigner to purchase one square foot of its territory. Indeed, only upon the will of the emperor is conditioned the holding of the land by its own subjects. All real estate the government holds, belongs primarily and solely to heaven, and thus, by divine right, to the emperor as heaven's vice-regent, and his subjects can only lease it in perpetuity. When a foreigner endeavors to purchase land he is informed that "it is not in the market." But the real opposition comes not from the holders of the ground, but from the Mandarins and literati. These try by every means to thwart the efforts of foreigners to buy and of the people to sell.

The idea of the Chinese that the land of their celestial kingdom is the property of heaven is strange. But, then, many of their customs and methods of life seem even more peculiar to us. Their method of building is a queer one. When we build a house we surround it with a flower garden. In China they reverse the arrangement, and surround their flower garden with a house.

The subject of placing the kitchen on the top floor is now being agitated by wealthy New Yorkers. The Chinese are way ahead of us in this. The kitchens are never found on the ground floor. Not only this room, but all their living rooms are located at the top of the house. The parlor, sitting room, dining room and kitchen above, while below they place their sleeping rooms.

It may be for the purposes of greater seclusion or because of a lack of desire to see what is going on in the street, but their most attractive rooms—the rooms which we always place in the front of the house—the Chinese have facing the rear. If the house is built around a court, as most of their houses are, the attractive rooms face that.

They never avoid the subjects of death, but recognize that it must come to all. Instead of shuddering at the thought they familiarize themselves with it by free discussion from early childhood. The coffins they make the most elaborate affairs, and are frequently purchased long before the death of those for whom they are intended. It is no uncommon sight to see a magnificent coffin standing against the wall in a prominent place in the drawing room of some of the best houses, the subject of the admiration of visiting friends. Indeed, an elaborate coffin, with a handsome and beautifully engraved plate, with nothing but the date of death left to be filled in, is deemed an appropriate gift from a dutiful son to his sire.

By the custom of the land a husband may not show sorrow neither at the death nor at the grave of his wife. He must be calm and stoical. In private he may, of course, indulge his grief as he chooses, but in public his face must be grave and calm. Their mourning color is white. They beat tom-toms as the only expression of grief which is permitted, and their funerals conclude with a sumptuous feast in honor of the deceased.

Instead of keeping their teeth white, after marriage the women stain them black. —Mail and Express.

Coming, but Not Sudden. Oh, the good time is a comin', you must hope to see it start. When the sermon and doxology won't be so far apart; An' the man with the collection won't strike one piece of silver, and a doxology without whippin' of him! It will be with us some day, For we kinder hear it hummin'; But it's mighty far away, An' it's mighty long a comin'!

Oh, the good time is a comin', you must if you can. When the office with a lantern will go looking for the man; And the man, when caught, and taken by a whirlwind of surprise, Will not see his friends forsaken, and resign before he dies!

It will be with us some day, For we kinder hear it hummin'; But it's mighty far away, An' it's mighty long a comin'! —Atlanta Constitution.

Where to Get Your Medicine. If you call a doctor at night and he makes out a prescription where are you going to get it filled? Mr. McKinney, the well known druggist on the corner of Charlotte and St. James streets, answers that question in his advertisement today. He resides over his store and an electric bell will rouse him any hour of the night.

A Good Musical Paper. PROGRESS has received the February number of the *Canadian Musician*, a new magazine published at Toronto. It is a model of typographical excellence, and has many good features musically, one of which is a bright letter from Halifax, accompanied by the portraits of two well known musicians.



EVERY SKIN SCALD, & BLOOD DISEASE Cured by CUTICURA. EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the FOSTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PASTER. 30c.

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To the Electors of Kings Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:— At the request of many voters in the Ward I shall be a candidate for Alderman at the election on the 5th of April next.

Should you send me to the Common Council I shall look after the interests of the Ward and the City generally to the best of my ability.

RICHARD O'BRIEN.

To the Electors of Prince Ward.

AS the election is now approaching, the subscriber begs to offer his services as

Alderman for Prince Ward

during the coming year, and if elected will do his best to promote the interests of the ward and the city generally.

A. H. BELL. St. John, N. B., March 16th, 1892.

McKinney's Night Dispensary.

TO THE PEOPLE.—Please notice that I have removed my Drug Store to the corner opposite the old stand on Charlotte and St. James streets, where I also reside now, and will be prepared to fill prescription orders all night and all day, giving the same my personal attention. Customers during the night will please note Electric Bell on shop door which communicates with my residence.

JAME MCKINNEY, Druggist.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Liquor License Act, 1887.

NOTICE is hereby given that I will attend at the City Hall, in the City of Saint John, N. B., on WEDNESDAY, the Thirtieth day of March, inst., at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of taking into consideration all applications that have been duly made for license to sell liquor in the City of Saint John, under the Act, and of hearing and determining all such applications, and all objections duly made to the same, according to law.

All persons concerned are requested to attend at the above time and place of meeting.

Dated at the City of Saint John, this, the twenty-first day of March, A. D. 1892.

THOMAS W. PETERS, Mayor.

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J. & A. McMILLAN Has Them.

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