



TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Thrilling melo drama and roaring comedy find more favor than anything else with theatre goers now-a-days, and Mr. Thos. E. Shea is well aware of the fact. He also knows how to make use of the knowledge. This week at the Opera house his plays were all popular, new and old, and the company far above those usually found supporting a star. In some of the plays it was necessary to have more than the star part for Mr. Shea to make his work receive more recognition than that of others in the company, so well were the plays put on. But he was equal to the occasion, and was the star, first, last and all the time. Mr. Shea is versatile in all the word implies, and to this is due much of his success. In *Escaped from Sing Sing*, *Tangled Up* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, he has ample opportunity and rarely fails to give a surprise. In each play his transitions are made with a different object in view, but whether for fun-making purposes or for strong dramatic effect, the result was equally successful. In *Sing Sing*, as Dick Fernley, married to an adventuress and last off, imprisoned, his nature changed, his desire for revenge, his daring acts, the meetings with his wife, his coolness in trying situations, and in the last act his hope of a reconciliation Mr. Shea portrayed every phase of the character with a faithfulness that brought out the heroism for which it was created. Miss Stahl did not do justice to Eliza Sedley, the adventuress. Contrasted with the work of Mr. Shea, it lacked the force necessary for such a part. It was not always easy to believe her an adventuress, even when her words proclaimed her true character, and her outbursts seemed insincere. In *Tangled Up*, however, Miss Stahl profited by this fault, and gave a finished performance.

The comedians of the company caught the popular fancy, and gave the opera house patrons more new songs, all well sung, than have been heard there in one week since the house opened. Most of the plays were of that class which specialists do not interfere with, and these diversions were as a rule introduced with a regard to time and place that made them enjoyable. For instance, the Bowery scene on Monday evening, was a whole variety show in itself, but it was nothing more than people would expect to see in such a place.

Wednesday evening Mr. Shea and his company furnished more fun than the large audience knew what to do with. *Tangled Up* can supply ridiculous situations so rapidly that there is no time for the audience to think of dignity. Mr. Shea, as the strategist, a young man with nerve enough for all purposes and ability to use it to advantage, is the central figure of the play. His sincerity under all circumstances, melted the most indifferent in the audience; an artistic rendering of the lines and wonderful control of the muscles of the face did the rest. Every member of the company added something to the general fun-making and did it in a way that made buffoonery seem something else.

The summer season, theatrically speaking, is almost over, the sound of the "call" is heard through the land and the Thespian are beginning to gather to put in rehearsal the attractions which are hoped will gather in the shakels during the coming season of 1892-3. This being presidential year the early starting companies will be fewer than usual, as the campaign affords excitement enough and the American citizen as a rule prefers the hurry and bustle of ward meetings, the noise of the brass bands, the flare of torchlight processions and all the "hurrah" incidental to an election for the chief executive to the ordinary every day amusement that the theatre offers.

At the Tremont, Pauline Hall, with her opera *Puritania*, has been in possession ever since the close of the last season and will remain so until the curtain rises up on the next. *Puritania* is a very well written work, both as regards the music and the libretto, and should outlast many of the comic operas which have been heard of late years.

Here in Boston we have had a summer season at two theatres, the Museum and the Tremont. At the former for the last five weeks has been played a very bright little comedy called, *By Proxy*, and it will run for two weeks longer, to be followed by Roland Reed in a new piece, and the regular season of this house will open September 5 with Henderson's new play, *Agatha*, taken from his novel *Agatha Page*. The play made an immense success in London and was secured by Manager Field for American representation. The Museum company is almost a new one, and it is to be hoped that it will have the effect of drawing better business to the house than was the case with the old company.

The Boston theatre started off on its 38th season last Monday with Cleveland's minstrels, and Cyrene the famous high kicker. Monday next Richard Golden appears with *Old Jed Proddy*. Following him comes the new play *Across the Potomac* in the original cast of which our old friend Jack Bunny had a place. Dockstad's minstrels will also appear at this house.

Bowdin Square Theatre will open on August 29th with Park Taylor the Irish comedian, and the Park will open its doors in the same date presenting Helen Barry in a new play.

The Hollis Street runs up its curtain on September 5th to the opening overture of

Thatcher's minstrels, and next Monday the Globe shows burnt cork in the shape of Gorman's minstrels, to be followed by the new musical bit *The Isle of Champagne*.

The Tremont will begin the regular season on September 5th with the Manola-Mason company, and they will do good business here as Jack Mason is a strong favorite and Annie Clarke, late of the Museum, is a member of the company. Some way I feel as if this combination though are not to be among the winners during the coming season.

The Columbia falls in line on the usual 5th of September with a new piece called *The Light Wing* to be produced by the Frohman Boston stock company.

Among the items of interest in the dramatic world is one that will please many, and that is the announcement of Lotta's return to the stage. I hear also that Louis Aldrich and McKee Rankine will appear in a new piece called the *Kentucky Colonel*.

If you ask anybody whether he has seen Henry E. Dixey in *Adonis* in "Seven Ages," or in his latest success, *Lorenzo in The Mascot* at Palmer's Theatre, the inevitable comment will be, "Hasn't he beautiful legs!" says a New York paper. No two men's descriptions of Dixey's nether limbs agree. In *The Mascot*, in the first act, the legs are aristocratic and cultured, but dignified withal, like a Spanish grandee's. Dixey glides over space, and the left leg follows the right in stately rhythm. But Lorenzo gets excited, and at once they become defiant legs. Now he pleads with the mascot and they're suppliant limbs. But now Lorenzo crosses them, and they seem as caressing as ivy plants. Then they become restless, the orchestra plays minuet time, and Dixey's legs instantly fly out of sight and gracefully touch the floor again. Dixey's jumping hurdles. He gyrates, he prouettes, he jumps, swaying his body and swinging his arms, and those legs preserve their rhythm. In two bounds he clears the stage, and his legs gracefully bend, and that's why his jumps have the elasticity of the rubber ball. In the last act Lorenzo's legs are covered like Croton pumps in the winter time.

As he soulfully plays the baritone they become the contortionist's legs. They wind around the instrument so that you hold your breath for fear that they'll become tangled in a knot and the curtain will have to be rung down. And when Lorenzo wants to throw dice for the drink the aristocracy of his limbs looks through the bag covering, and you feel that if his old friend Matheo were a student of legs, rather than of faces, he could detect his master by his limbs. Yes, when the observant theatergoer has watched Dixey in *The Mascot* he's a graduate in leg culture.

The Empress Elizabeth and her daughter, the Archduchess Valerie, were once among the most assiduous patronesses of the Burg Theatre in Vienna, both the royal ladies being great admirers of Frau Wolter and Frau Schrach, two of the best actresses in Europe. Having one day made up their minds to visit both ladies at their summer residences in the g.lorious Saizkammergut, the Empress and her daughter privately started off from Ischi. They had no escort and were dressed as quietly—not to say as dowdily—as any of the small tradesmen's wives and daughters of Vienna, and in due course they reached the chateau of Fraunstein, which is situated on the banks of the Wolfgangsee. This is the abode of Frau Schrach, who had been presented to the Empress during the previous winter in the studio of the well known artist Angeli, who has painted several pictures of Queen Victoria and who, at the time of the presentation of the favorite actress to her sovereign, was engaged in transferring her lineaments to canvass—an operation which the Empress watched for a couple of hours with the greatest interest.

Well, the Empress immediately plunged into an animated conversation upon theatrical subjects, displaying an intimate acquaintance with what went on behind the scenes of the playhouses, and questioning Frau Schrach upon all kinds of stage mysteries.

But the hour grew late, and there was still Frau Wolter to be visited, and she lived at Weissenbach, on the banks of the Albeisee. So the "good-byes" had been said and the imperial ladies had got outside the door, when the Empress turned back and smilingly asked Frau Schrach: "How much is it from here to Strobl?" "Fifty kreutzers each, Majesty." "Well, then, Frau Schrach, I am under the necessity of asking you to be so kind as to lend me a florin, for I've forgotten to bring by purse with me!" The money was duly produced, and the imperial lady finally departed, remarking as she tripped gaily off, "Don't forget I owe you a florin."

A still greater surprise was in store for Frau Schrach, for on the following day who should make his appearance at Fraunstein but Kaiser Franz Josef himself, who after a short chat with the fascinating actress, produced from his purse a florin, which he handed to his consort's entertainer of the previous day, with the observation, "One should always pay one's debts, you know!" The florin is now a brooch and is worn by the fair actress with much honest pride.

Mr. Kelly's Unique Offer. Mr. Michael Kelly of St. Martins, has moved to St. John and opened a grocery store on the corner of Broad and Carmarthen streets. Mr. Kelly is one of the best known men in St. John county. His success in St. Martins as a country merchant, and his remarkable facility for mental calculation have surprised everyone who is acquainted with the fact of his unfortunate infirmity, total blindness. He makes a unique offer in this issue of PROGRESS which should be read by every one.

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May be estimated by the following items, which have come casually under our notice in the newspapers. No doubt a very large number of similar cases would be forthcoming if we sought for them. The following gives the results of the 100 miles Road Race at Philadelphia, 1891:—

Nationality.	Make.	Started.	Finished.	Proportion.
American	Columbia	129	104	80.6 p.c.
Machines	Victor	58	45	77.6 p.c.
English	QUADRANT	28	23	82.1 p.c.
Machines	All other makes	60	46	76.6 p.c.

No information is given as to what make won, but in the previous year's race, out of over a 100 Safety Bicycles at the start, the majority of any one make were "Quadrants." The first Safety to finish was a "Quadrant," and the first lady to finish rode a "Quadrant."

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for when I last heard of 'im he was living in a common lodging-house at Liverpool—through drink, folks said it was, but I don't know. If the business is as contemptible as you say, sir, folks can soon put stop to it themselves by not giving orders to them as canvasses. I know the boss wouldn't pay money if he didn't make a nice bit out of the information. Good-day, sir."—English Paper.

Perilous Riding on the Iron Horse. "Did you ever ride on a locomotive?" asked O. G. Haskins. "I tried it once and have no desire to repeat the experiment. It was out in Colorado, where you sometimes run so close to bottomless chasms that you could drop your hat into them, and make turns so short and sudden that it nearly disjoins your spinal vertebrae. The master mechanic was an old friend of mine and gave me permission to ride over the road on the engine of the lightning express. The engineer did not appear to fancy my presence much, but treated me civilly. We were behind time, the night was black as Erebus, and a terrific thunder storm was raging. The engineer was determined to go on in time, and the way he rushed around those curves and across canons was enough to make a man's hair turn gray.

"The peculiar thing about those mountain engines is that they do not take a curve like any other vehicle. They go plunging straight ahead until you feel sure that they are clear of the track and suspended in mid air, and then shoot around and leave you to wonder by what miracle you have been saved. The trucks take the curve in the orthodox manner, but the superstructure is so arranged that it consumes more time in making the turn. With the lightning playing about the mountain peaks and half disclosing the frightful gorges and swollen torrents, the great iron Leviathan swaying and plunging along that slippery, serpentine track, I first realized the perils of railway travel and the responsibility of the sullen man who kept his hand on the throttle and his eye on the track. I stood with my heart in my throat, admiring his nerve, but not envying him his job. At the first stop I clambered back into the coach and stayed there."—St. Louis Paper.

Great Pedestrians. Wordsworth, Dickens and Longfellow were immense pedestrians. Wordsworth did the major part of his writing in the open air; a visitor who called to see the poet's study was shown a small room, the home of a few tattered books. "This," said the servant blandly, "is master's library, but his study is out of doors." Dickens liked the sights of a London walk, and was also fond of a tramp on the sea downs. Carlyle invariably covered several miles before beginning work, and enjoyed riding inside an omnibus, while Victor Hugo preferred the outside. No weather could detain Buckle from his fifteen minutes' constitutional before breakfast, and Macaulay was likewise a great walker, always accompanied, however, by a volume of some sort.

Women of Sense. This age has probably produced more vigorous minded and what is known as thinking women, than any other age in the world's history. This will in a measure account for the unprecedented large sale of the Rigby porous waterproof cloth for Ladies' cloaks and wraps. To a thinking woman the predominant properties of this cloth are sufficient to effect a sale, viz., its porous and waterproof properties, while to the female mind irrespective of its vigor the beautiful designs which are being shown will produce the same effect. In Rigby, health, comfort and elegance are the trio which have worked its success.

A Generous Offer To the Citizens of St. John by the Blind Mental Calculator. Buy your Groceries from Michael Kelly, and have your children taught Mental Arithmetic free of charge. Having very recently removed to this city, at my residence corner of Broad and Carmarthen streets, I am now prepared to give lessons in Mental Arithmetic under the following extraordinary favorable conditions: To the children of those who buy their groceries from me, the price and quality of which, will compare favorably with similar goods sold elsewhere, I will give lessons entirely free of charge. Those who cannot embrace this offer, and wish to take lessons, I will charge \$1.00 per quarter—cash always strictly in advance—for each pupil, for one lesson per week, each lesson to occupy one hour. My work has always given excellent satisfaction. For quality of work done by me I would refer the enquirer to Mr. Herbert C. Greed, or Mr. John Brittain, both of Normal School, Fredericton, N. B. Parents whose children are out of town, but who intend taking lessons after vacation will please apply at once. MICHAEL KELLY, cor. Broad and Carmarthen Sts., St. John, N. B., Aug. 2, 1892.

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