

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

An excellent entertainment was given last week in the Centennial school hall under the auspices of the Summer School of Science, the great attraction being the violin solo played by Mr. Norman Ogden, of Boston, who has been staying in St. John for a short vacation. It will be remembered how delighted everyone was with his playing when he was here last June, and he was no less popular on this occasion, both the solos being enthusiastically received. The first piece "Gabriel's Music," a bright gavotte, by Hilpert, was perhaps the most popular of the audience, while Mr. Ogden gave as his second selection "Tost's 'Good-bye' which displayed a rare amount of musical taste and skill. It is to be hoped that before long we shall have an opportunity of hearing this talented young performer at the Opera house.

Another nice instrumental number was an andante for the violin played by Mr. W. Bowden, who is, by the way, leading second violin of the Philharmonic orchestra. Mrs. Babbitt's pianoforte solo was, as usual, very good, as was also Mrs. W. Jones's rendering of Tost's "Good-bye." The readings and recitations were given by Miss Brown and Miss Alexander, Miss Brown's last piece being David Milr's "Scotchman at the theatre." Miss Alexander was especially happy in her clever presentation of various attitudes, given by special request.

The congregation of the Mission church were much surprised at having no voluntary played at the service on Sunday evening last. It seems that the Rev. Dr. Williams, who is officiating there at present, had forbidden Mr. Currence to play after service, because, in his opinion, it tended to the church being regarded as a mere concert hall and was conducive to irreverent behavior on the part of those listening to it. Of course a clergyman has a perfect right to give any orders he wishes in his church, but, at the same time, to put a stop to all organ voluntaries seems to be a very extreme measure and hardly fair to an organist, while it certainly is not good policy on the part of the church which is dependent on its offertories for support. I believe that matters have been compromised and arranged, so that in future the organ voluntaries will be played as usual.

Owing to the weather the artillery was unable to attend the Stone church last Sunday. They will do so, as well, tomorrow morning. The band will also hold their church parade tomorrow morning at the Mission church, when the band will take part in the service. Staggall's "Te Deum" will be sung, and Weldon's anthem, "O Praise God in His Holiness." During the collection Handel's march from "Scipio" will be played by band and organ. All the music has been carefully rehearsed.

The Amateur Minstrel club will commence their rehearsals under Mr. Gustave's direction on Tuesday evening. All the choruses have been carefully prepared and copied out, ready for the singers, while the new scenery for the after-piece is proceeding under the able hands of "Pumpkin-Jones."

The military bands are improving very much and the music was very good at the inspections on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The priest in charge of the mission church has made a slight change in the 11 o'clock services, so that meeting will be chorally rendered on the third Sunday of each month.

Mrs. W. S. Carter returned from St. Stephen last week and was welcomed back to her place in the Stone church choir on Sunday.

The congregation of St. David's Presbyterian church are very pleased at having been able to obtain the valuable services of Miss Emma Goddard as organist. Miss Goddard has been studying the organ for some time under Mr. R. Perry Strand.

It is understood that Mr. Currence has been offered and declined the position of organist of St. Andrew's Kirk, which has a very good choir of professionals. Should Mr. Currence decide to leave St. John, he will be very much regretted, particularly by the Philharmonic orchestra, as conductor, of which he has made such immense improvement to it in all directions, in strengthening it in all parts, beside obtaining the assistance of many new instruments, particularly in the wind instruments, both wood and brass.

The new organist of St. James' church officiated last Sunday for the first time. LONGBER.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Thos. E. Shea and his company appear at the Opera house Monday night in "Tangled Up." When this piece was put on a few weeks ago it took the house by storm. Nobody knew much about it and the fun was unexpected, but nevertheless enjoyable. The comedy is at times boisterous, but there is refinement about it that makes it somewhat different from the average modern article. Every member in the company contributes to the general fun-making, and not a part is spoiled by efforts to force the humor. It is not necessary. A careful interpretation of the lines does the work, and Mr. Shea's company are thoroughly acquainted with them.

Boxes cost from \$5.25 to \$21 in English theatres. A seat in the parquet is worth \$2.62 1/2 and a seat in the first balcony costs \$1.75. Full dress is de rigueur in boxes, parquet and first balcony; dressing rooms are provided for both men and women, and bonnets in the places above mentioned are not allowed to be worn. The dressing-room attendant with whom you leave your wraps expects a fee (which varies from four cents up to a quarter), and you pay about six cents for your programme. Women in gowns of black and white aprons and caps conduct you to your seat, while between the actives and coffee are served, 25 cents being the price for these delicacies. A smoking room and bar are attached to the theatre, and it is the usual thing for men to leave the ladies to go down stairs to revel in a wee nipple and an odoriferous cigarette.

While the Cleveland minstrels were playing in Norwich, Connecticut, recently a touching incident occurred which shows how those who apparently carry the lightest heart in their efforts to amuse often force their gaiety through sheer will power.

It will be remembered that during the first part of the entertainment John Queen and Barney Fagan are introduced and take their places on the end. On the night in question Mr. Fagan was standing in the wings made up and ready to go on. The orchestra was beginning the music that was his cue, when a messenger boy handed him a telegram. Mr. Fagan tore open the yellow envelope and read:

"Father is dead. Come home at once. MAY."

For an instant Mr. Fagan put his hand to his eyes, then, the music having finished, he crumpled the bit of ill-omened paper in his hand, shut his teeth, and went on. Strangely enough, the first lines put to him by the interlocutor read as follows:

"Well, Barney, how is your father?" "He's gone." "Gone? Do you mean that he is dead?" "Yes, he's dead." "Well, he's had an upright life." "Yes, and he died upright. He was hung."

Those in the wings who were aware of the circumstances watched Mr. Fagan closely, but all the change they could detect were the hard lines in his face and set jaw, which showed even through his make-

up. All through the scene he carried out his part bravely, but when it was over he came into the wings and broke down, crying like a baby. And there were many who cried with him.

The Washington Herald publishes this list of the natal years of well-known actresses:

- Mary Anderson, Sacramento, Cal., 1859. Belle Archer, Easton, Pa., 1860. Sarah Bernhardt, Paris, 1844. Agnes Booth, Australia, 1843. Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Stamford, Ct., 1830. Marie Burroughs, San Francisco, 1866. George Cayvan, Maine, 1858. Kate Claxton, New York City, 1848. Rose Coghlan, Peterboro, Eng., 1853. Lotta Crabtree, New York City, 1847. Helen Dauvray, Cincinnati, O., 1858. Fanny Davenport, London, Eng., 1850. Effie Ellsler, Philadelphia, Pa., 1858. Rose Eyttinge, Philadelphia, Pa., 1837. Mrs. W. J. Florence, New York City, 1846. Effie Germon, Augusta, Ga., 1845. Eteleka Gerster, Kaschan, Hungary, 1857. Minnie Hauk, New Orleans, La., 1853. Bijou Heron, New York City, 1863. Francesca Janaschek, Prague, 1890. Mrs. W. H. Kendall, Lincolnshire, England, 1847. Clara Louise Kellogg, Sumter, S. C., 1842. Lillie Langtry, St. Helens, Jersey, 1850. Catherine Lewis, Wales, 1856. Pauline Lucas, Vienna, 1840. Minnie Maddern, New York, 1865. Sadie Martinot, Yonkers, N. Y., 1857. Margaret Mather, Detroit, Mich., 1861. Maggie Mitchell, New York City, 1832. Helena Modjeska, Poland, 1844. Clara Morris, Cleveland, O., 1846. Christine Nilsson, Sweden, 1813. Adelina Patti, Madrid, 1843. Annie Pixley, New York City, 1856. Mme. Ponisi, Huddlesfield, England, 1825. Ada Rehan, Limerick, Ireland, 1860. Mlle. Rhea, Brussels, 1855. Adelaide Ristori, Italy, 1821. Maria Roze, Paris, 1846. Lillian Russell, Clinton, Ia., 1860. Mrs. Scott Siddons, India, 1844. Ellen Terry, Coventry, England, 1848. Lydia Thompson, London, England, 1838. Emma Thursby, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1857. Rosina Vokes, London, England, 1854.

About the Halifax Minstrels.

HALIFAX, Aug. 18.—On the invitation of bandmaster James Hopewell, of St. Patrick's band, a PROGRESS representative attended a rehearsal of St. Patrick's Minstrel troupe at the cosy St. Patrick's hall, on Barrington street, Monday evening. The doughty Hopewell, who has had the tutorage of the now celebrated minstrel troupe since its birth, five years ago, was head and ears in work conducting chorus rehearsals for the two big shows the troupe is to give in the St. John Opera house on the 30th and 31st of this month. He says it is his intention to give two distinct performances—an original negro minstrel show, all black face, and one of the Irish shows in which the company has achieved its greatest successes.

St. Patrick's minstrels number 60 people, all of whom are on the stage in the first part. Of these 35 are instrumentalists, 4 end men, 4 soloists, 12 boy chorists and the interlocutor.

Among the end men is the clever comedian and dancer, Mike Higgins, whose fame as an Irish, Dutch and negro, minstrel is recognized throughout the entire dominion.

The St. John visit will be their first show away from home; but from an unprecedented success that has crowned all their efforts in Halifax they feel confident of meeting big houses in St. John. In seven shows given in the Academy of Music here they netted \$5,000. On St. Patrick's night, 1889, they played to an audience of 1540 in the academy, where the seating capacity is 1100. This was the largest "house" in the history of Halifax theatre going.

The costumes used in the dressing of their overture cost \$4,000; and besides the strong features of their first part they have without doubt, the four best clog and jig dancers in Canada; and make a special attraction of their afterpieces. For the St. John performances, instead of the orthodox minstrel afterpiece they will put on an Irish musical comedy and a negro burlesque, both of which have been especially written by Mr. Higgins for these shows.

They are rehearsing all new songs and have a barrelful of tunny original gags to tickle the resiliencies of their St. John friends. They intend making a street parade each day with the full strength of Mr. Hopewell's band, which, next to the Leicestershire regiment band, is the largest and best in Halifax.

A Good Painter.

The card of Mr. Cornelius Gallagher appears in this issue of PROGRESS, and tells the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of painting at a reasonable price. A man's work is best judged by what he has done, and those who have employed Mr. Gallagher can give good testimony as to his skill. One of his best pieces of work was put on the convent buildings, formerly known as Reed's castle.

To The Cricket.

The chiming seas may clang; and Tubal Cain May clink his tinkling metals as he may; Or Pan may sit and pipe his breath away; Or Orpheus wake his most entrancing strain Till not a note of melody remain! But thou, O cricket, with thy roundelay, Shall laugh them all to scorn! So wilt thou, pray, Trill me thy glad song o'er and o'er again: I shall not weary; there is purest worth In thy sweet prattle, since it sings the lone Heart home again. Thy warbling hath no death Of childish memories—no harsher tone Than we might listen to in gentlest mirth, Thou poor piebald minstrel of the hearth. —James Whitcomb Riley.

City and Drum Concerts.

The City File and Drum band is an institution that is beginning to make a noise in the world and attracts large crowds to hear it. It gave the second of a series of concerts on Haymarket Square Thursday evening, when a good programme was rendered under the direction of Mr. Jos. Woodland, the bandmaster.

20th

Century "Kandy Kitchen," 12 Charlotte street.

The Guessing Contest for that beautiful Parlor Clock and Bronze Ornament closes to-night. BE ON TIME.

IT MAKES ONE A TRIFLE DIZZY.

But It May be a Very Valuable Book For Anybody Who Understands It.

A pamphlet that comes all the way from London, where it is published by W. Reeves, has reached PROGRESS in the hot weather. The author is F. J. Wilson, "Missionary of Comprehension," and the title of his work is "New Thoughts, from a New System of Thought in the Science of Association, and the Key to Disclose the Ideal in the Real, it being the substratum of all intelligence as based on the Tint, the Speckle and the One." The title explains itself, possibly and no doubt the book does also, but that will be learned later when the weather becomes suitable for an attempt to grasp its profundities. Among the gems of truth found in a cautious glance at the pages are these:

"Conformation is conditionation, conduction and circulation. Rarefaction is dispersion, abyssination and attenuation. Which substance (the particle organic and the deific) is the house built of consciousness, through impression by questionment, as the universe of each of us—the I of each self.

"A frame-work is an inframe frame, and entrance is the inframe of four anulets in advance. So with comprehend, to comprehension, to comprehensionist, to comprehensionism."

The author very justly complains that in notices of his works the word "intentionalists" has been used instead of "intentionationists," who, as everybody ought to know, are the seekers of the why of all motion. The pamphlet has, among its illustrations and diagrams, engravings of the smileshine of comprehension, the seeds of evil, the triumph of comprehension, the pavement of the temple of On as the radiations of the rose, the ideal analysis of the intervality of an animated primordial molecule and the realm of comprehension.

The work is a very remarkable one and the price is only sixpence.

The Bay Chaleur.

A summer outing on the shores of this beautiful Bay Chaleur is a time never to be forgotten, writes a correspondent. We have had such a delightful pleasure party here, thus far through the hottest weather, that we desire in some way to keep the charming place ever green in memory. The poet of the merry party was appealed to, and herewith we send you an offering for publication, in which our reminiscences will all be truthfully preserved:

COME BACK TO THE BAY CHALEUR. Oh! come once more to the Bay Chaleur, To Madiso right and fair; Where the green leaves sing to the laughing waves, And the wild rose scents the air; Where the white syringas wave their arms, And the acacia to the door; Her golden tresses bend and cries, Come back to the Bay Chaleur.

From the chateau in the gloaming sweet, To the pier where the barges lie; Come roam again with the star of love In the first in the twilight sky. Where the light looks back from the golden west, Like faces passed on before; And the white sail dips in the distance dim, Come back to the Bay Chaleur.

Oh! come once more where the green fields reach, To the blue of the summer sea; And the foam wreaths dance in the moonbeam's glance, Where the winds blow cool and free. Where the wild gull flies from his nest afar, And ever the deep-voiced shore Sings to the heart as the bright days go, Come back to the Bay Chaleur.

Oh! come once more where the light canoe Glides over the gleaming crest; Of the plashing waves and the church bells chime Chants ever of blessed rest; Where the red pine the branches bend, And sigh for the days of yore; Of friends afar o'er the sand sea bar; Come back to the Bay Chaleur. CYPRUS GOLDE.

Nippe in the Bud.

Among the advertisements PROGRESS received from New York last week was one headed "Cash for Brains." It was taken in the usual way by PROGRESS special agent in that city and sent to us for insertion. It is no doubt a good rule for every word in an advertisement to be scanned just as closely as the paragraphs in the reading column of the newspaper, but sometimes it is not possible to do this, especially when the advertisement does not require to be read by the proof-reader because it is in one electro-plate. PROGRESS is aware that this is but a slight excuse for permitting such a misleading announcement to appear in its columns, but it has been removed, and will, we hope, not find its way further to the public in any shape. It seems to us that the extraordinary character of the offers in the advertisement was enough to defeat its very purpose, because no sensible person would for a moment think that the advertiser would perform what he promised to carry out. It is a satisfaction to know that the United States post office has refused to deliver letters to the concern, and that if any persons were misled by the advertisement in PROGRESS, the letters sent to the American Publishing Co. will be returned to them by the New York post office.

Go Around the World.

Rev. F. E. Clark, D. D., who has just started on a journey around the world in the interests of the Christian Endeavor society, was to sail from San Francisco for Australia on the 19th of August, and will

THE ST. MARTINS SEMINARY. The Largest and Best Equipped School Buildings in the Maritime Provinces. THE FACULTY: AUSTEN K. DE BLOIS, M.A., Ph.D., Principal, German, Logic, Psychology, REV. CHARLES W. WILLIAMS, M.A., Ethics, Apologetics, Bible Study, MARY A. TUCKER, B.A., (Wellesley), Preceptress, English Literature, History, Greek, JAMES H. TREFFRY, (Dalhousie), Mathematics and French, GEORGE E. CHIPMAN, B.A., Latin and Greek, LIZZIE B. HUGHES, (N. B. Normal School and U. B. Seminary), English Language and Science, ANNIE E. VAUGHAN, (N. E. Conservatory of Music), Piano and Organ. TERM OPENS SEPT. 15TH. For Calendar and all other information apply to the Principal at St. Martins, N. B.

HOUSEKEEPERS ATTENTION! Having none but experienced and competent workmen, we are fully equipped to do all kinds of Furniture Repairs and Upholstering. If Your Furniture needs Repairing let us send for them, and you will have it made equal to new. All goods called for and delivered. AMLAND BROS., 22 Waterloo Street, nearly opp. Peter Street, up stairs

PRIDE IN A LITTLE ROMANCE. A "Crusty Old Bachelor" who Got Interested in a Love Match. The man who has a vein of sentiment, and is not ashamed of it, had a little romance, or what he chose to regard as a romance, to tell about the other evening. One of his office rooms, as every one knows who has been in his office for the last ten years, looks out on a court.

Directly across the court are the windows of a millinery shop, and on the upper side of the court those of an electrical establishment. They are all on the same level. "I used to notice when I looked out into the court," he said, "a young woman in the millinery shop who worked away industriously at the window. Over in the place where they made electrical appliances was a good-looking fellow, who was always whistling or 'humming' a popular air. He seemed to go at his work as if it were not work, but play. One day when I was standing at my window I saw him look over at the milliner's window. At that moment the girl who was turning a hat around to look at it with a critical eye, raised her glance. He gave her a little friendly nod, and smiled at her in a frank, good-natured way. I thought I could see her blush, and she held her eyes down after that, while he went on working and whistling merrily.

"Later I noticed that his nod used to be returned with a smile. When they were about to go way in the evening they would give each other a farewell nod. In the winter when the days got short, neither of them worked at the window after four or five o'clock, but when I was detained at my office I used to be on the watch for the six o'clock whistle just to see them come to their windows and nod their heads across the court.

"This went on for more than a year, and I got interested in the two young people and began to weave romances about them. In the coming spring when I wanted to have some work done in my office I went over to the electric shop to see about getting the young man to do it. When he was in my room afterward I saw him go to my window and glance across the court. He had to make several trips there, for the young woman's eyes seldom strayed over to my window. Finally, however, he caught her eye, and she gave a little start of surprise and then blushed very perceptibly, as young people do who are caught unawares by those with whom they are interested.

"When my young electrician turned around he must have seen the interested expression on my face, for the color came up and spread all over his face until it was as rosy red as the side of an apple.

"She's a very modest and pretty girl," I said to him, encouragingly, for my curiosity was getting the better of my discretion.

"Indeed she is," he said, blushing again. "How long have you known her?" I asked, in a tone calculated to invite his confidence.

"Oh, I don't know her," he answered hastily, and his face got scarlet this time. "You see," he added shyly, "we have seen each other so long at those windows that it seemed natural for us to nod at each other."

"I was a little disappointed at this, for I couldn't make much out of the romance. Afterward, however, I saw that they kept up the exchange of smiles across the court and occasionally the young electrician would glance my way and give me a greeting with his curly head.

"This went on for nearly two years and then I noticed that the young woman's face was missing from the window. The electrician did not seem to mind it, however. In fact he seemed more lighthearted than ever. I could hear him singing away in a pleasing voice by the hour and I really got to dislike the man for not seeming to care whether his little milliner came back or not. You see, I am romantic.

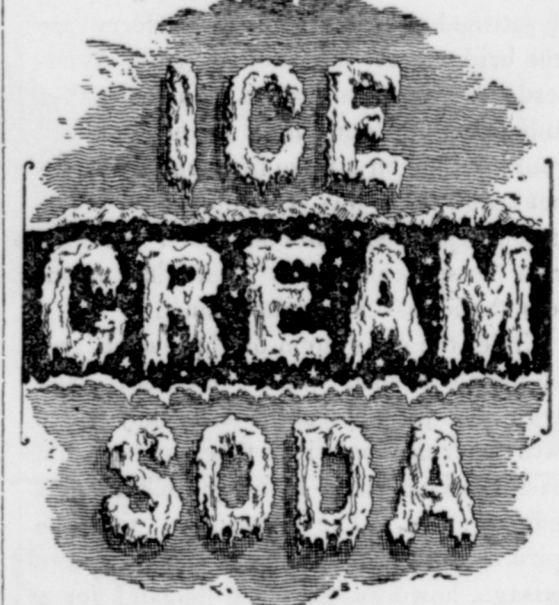
"Well, the next summer was so hot that I used to take a ride down to Coney Island and back every Sunday afternoon to try to keep cool in the breezes of the ocean. On one of these Sundays I saw the little milliner, looking as bright as a ripe peach, sitting alone in the stern of the boat. She was neatly dressed with a pretty bonnet on her head, and she was attractive-looking enough to be one's wife. Pretty soon a man came along the deck carrying in a glass arm chair and holding in his hand a flag of water. Then, when he turned his face, which had been hidden behind the child's big hat, I saw that it was my electrician.

"Catching sight of me, he nodded and smiled, just as he had often done across the court, and I walked straight up to him, and shaking him heartily by the hand congratulated him with genuine feeling. When he introduced me to his wife he was as proud as an emperor, and I never spent a better afternoon than that on that day, chatting with that couple. You may talk about your love and matchmaking, but I never saw two people who seemed to care more for each other than they did.

"If I had known that they were going to be married I should have sent them a wedding present—and a handsome one, too—but, as I hadn't been allowed to do that, I just went out the next day and bought that baby a locket and chain and sent it over with a pleasant note to the happy young electrician by one of my office boys, and a few minutes later, when I saw that man's beaming face, nodding at me across the court, as he held my little gift in his hand, I felt—well, I felt like a fool for being a crusty old bachelor."—New York Tribune.

Photography

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