



TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The managers of the Opera House have been trying to induce the Denman Thompson company to come to St. John and put on *The Old Homestead*. This play depends largely upon its scenery, and the company say that the St. John Opera House stage is too small to put it on effectively. This is the reason given for not coming here. *The Old Homestead* has been wonderfully successful. It ran for several years in New York, and at the Boston theatre had a run of eleven weeks. It will be put on here again this fall, and next July will open in Chicago. Mr. Val. P. Akerley, who is a member of *The Old Homestead* quartette is visiting friends in this city.

Monday evening there will be a benefit at the Opera house for Mr. J. L. Duffy. The *Shamrock and Rose* will be put on by amateurs. Mr. Duffy is one of the most successful amateur actors in the city. An Irish play without an informer lame, pitiful looking, and held in general contempt would be a novelty. It is apparently essential to the success of a drama of this kind, and when one is put on in St. John Mr. Duffy is always in demand. It is a character in which he has been very successful, and has given performances that had nothing amateur about them. He has many friends among the theatre-going public, and the audience Monday night should be a large one.

The ever popular H. Prince Webber, manager of the Boston Comedy Co., arrived on the Wednesday night boat, for his annual vacation. He has just completed a prosperous season of 45 weeks, his company having given 270 night and 27 afternoon performances, since opening here last August, making a total of 297 entertainments for the season. Mr. Webber has re-engaged the same excellent company for this year and expects to appear here about Aug. 20th. He will be, as usual, well patronized, for he likes to come to Boothbay and Boothbay people like to have him here.—*Boothbay (Me.) Register.*

We possess several authors in this country who have come into prominence in the production of their own works, says the N. Y. Press. Principal among them are Augustin Daly, Bartley Campbell, Edward Harrigan, William Gillette, Richard Mansfield and Ramsay Morris, all of whom have been somewhat successful. The first two have been content with writing, rehearsal and management; the others not only write but perform in their plays. Strange though it may seem, Augustin Daly was at one time an actor and, as he declares smilingly, "a very bad actor, too." It only required a few performances to convince the young player that he had no promise of success on the boards. He promptly threw up his contract and devoted himself to criticizing the art whose practical illustration was denied him. Success in this vocation was instantaneous. At the age of twenty-four Augustin Daly was dramatic critic for no less than six New York newspapers. His reviews were caustic but clever, and attracted general attention by their author's evident knowledge of theatre as well as dramatic art. He was commissioned to write a play for Miss Bateman, then one of the chief stars of the American stage. Instead of venturing on the construction of an original theme he chose the subject of Dr. Mosenthal's gloomy poem "Deborah," on the basis of which he wrote *Leah, the Forsaken*. It is over thirty years since this play was written, and it has remained a favorite drama with emotional actresses ever since Miss Bateman achieved success in it. Since that event Augustin Daly has written every form of play, from roving melodrama to high comedy, without attempting to act in them.

Edward Harrigan's ability in acting is well known. But few people are aware that William Gillette and Ramsay Morris are actors in different phases of the drama. Both are graduates of the old Madison Square company. When that house was under the direct management of Marshall Mallory the quaint humor and grotesque appearance of Mr. Gillette were regarded so favorably by the audience that the young comedian drew a high salary. Harrigan's comfortable income, Mr. Gillette devoted his leisure hours to play writing. He chose the War of the Rebellion for his theme. Several previous attempts at war dramas had ignominiously failed, and Gillette's effort was looked on with universal disfavor among theatrical people. But he had saved up some money and, disappointed in obtaining a financial partner in his scheme, he resolved to produce the play himself. He engaged the Madison Square for the summer season and produced his play. It was a great success, and has remained in favor both in England and this country ever since. Thereafter William Gillette devoted himself to play writing. He wrote a version of "The Private Secretary" about the same time that Mr. A. M. Palmer engaged an English actor at heavy salary and agreed to pay large royalty for the London adaptation of that German farce. Mr. Gillette's translation was put on at the Fifth Avenue simultaneously with the Madison Square production and performed with great cleverness by the author. It occasioned the acrimony between the rival managers similar to that which excited by the production of "Goggles," which forestalled and destroyed the financial value of "A Pair of Spectacles." Mr. Palmer was in a high state of indignation over the Fifth Avenue performance of a farce which cut him a large amount of money, and his dramatic newspaper organ heaped vituperation on Gillette's head. The manager's ire was increased to boiling point one day when he received a letter from Mr. Gillette requesting a box for the Madison Square performance, with the cool statement that he

wished to see how much worse the English version was than his own. Amazed into admiration by Gillette's audacity the Madison Square manager sent him the desired box. But Mr. Palmer absented himself from the theater on the night of the performance lest, haply, meeting Gillette in the foyer they might come to blows.

William S. Gilbert, late of Gilbert & Sullivan, whose biting satire has manifested itself in plays and poems alike, is a magistrate in an old-fashioned English village, though few of his admirers have heard it. The famous librettist seems to enjoy his few emoluments as justice of the peace for Middlesex, too. His appearance is described by one who recently saw him on the bench as that of a well-to-do gentleman farmer rather than a bright humorist. Handsome and well built, with hair fast turning gray, Mr. Gilbert has, despite a certain severity of expression, made himself very popular among the officials of the court and the constables generally, one of whom is never tired of saying to newcomers: "You wouldn't think, to look at him, 'e 'ad such a lot of humor." Like a true genius, Gilbert behaves with becoming modesty. It is cited to his everlasting credit that one cold morning he arrived before the court was open. Instead of making a fuss to be let in, as most judges would do, he quietly walked in and down, waiting his chance with the rest. On the bench he speaks very sparingly, but when he does make an utterance it is to the point, and is worth listening to. During the hearing of a case he is ever making pen-and-ink sketches on the sheet of foolscap before him, not of the people in court, but of fanciful heads. These sketches are much sought after, and when the court rises are eagerly scanned by the officers and loungers. But while so occupied Gilbert is keenly alive to all that is taking place, as he shows by occasionally stopping from his drawing to put a question to the witness.

Augustus P. Dunlop sums up some phases of the Shakespearean situation as follows: What a peculiar genius the Immortal William appears to the one who quietly sits down and fishes in the sea of literature! To begin with, he couldn't write his name so everybody could read it; those that can say he spelled it Shakespeare or Shaksper just as the humor struck him. In his will he varied the spelling three times, and although neither his father or mother could write at all, his relatives spelled his name Shaxpur, Chacksper, Shagspere and Shakspeare, and literature has an absolute monopoly on Shakespeare. No letter, or book, or copy, or MSS. of any kind written by him has come down to us. He writes in the preface of "Venues and Adonis" that it is his first and fixes it with a quotation from Ovid. This was while he lived at Stratford and was a lad of 29. *Hamlet* was very likely his first play produced, and then he was 22. Yet *Hamlet* was taken from a foreign play not then translated into English, and he must have been the greatest linguist of his day, because many of his plays are based on Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian and French books not then turned into English.

He must have had a deep technical knowledge of law, an easy familiarity with the most abstruse proceedings of English jurisprudence. He must also have been a classical scholar, that never went to school, for he has used Sophocles, Horace and Virgil, Lucretius, Seneca and Euripides, evidently as easy as rolling off a log. He lived in London twenty-five years and wrote thirty-seven dramas, 154 sonnets and three poems and accumulated a fortune, the income of which was equal to \$25,000 a year, and yet when he left London to make beer for sale, and lent money to his old acquaintances in Stratford, he gave literature the grand shake and never mentioned any of his plays, half of which had not been produced (*Macbeth, Tempest, Julius Caesar*). In his will he left a "second best bed," but never mentioned a book, a play or a mss., and he was very close at that and certainly did not give them away. William—whatever his name might have been—knew his business, and don't let any one make a mistake about that.

A family up town had some theatre tickets which, not being able to use, they turned over to a green servant girl, who said she had never been to a theatre, says the New York Tribune. After receiving directions the girl started out. About nine o'clock the family was surprised to see the girl back, and called her in the room to see what the trouble was. "Why, Mary, didn't you find the place?" was asked. "Indeed I did, and it was a foine place, and a gentleman showed me a seat near the front." "And why didn't you stay? What did you do?" "Well, ivery whan were looking at a foine picture in front, and the place was full of foine ladies and gentlemen, and some people came out and began talking family matters, and so I thought I better come home."

De Wolfe Hopper's kisses are among his funniest attractions; when Madame Cotrelly was in the company he could bring down the house by kissing his hand and pressing it to her rosy lips. E. J. Henley's Gloriana kisses are anything but icy, and works have also been a feature of Mr. Robert Hilliard's kisses. It was Mr. Harry Hilliard's explosive kisses in the opera Polly, when Miss Russell was airy fairy Lillian, that made kindling of the wood mantle over the domestic hearth. Teddy Solomon stopped in the middle of the dress rehearsal and refused to lead the orchestra. The most extraordinary kissing is accomplished by Marie Tempest when occasion requires. She has a trick of placing her thumb-nails to her lips and kissing the space between them, making a distinctly audible sound. To all appearances she has the tenor's face between her hands and

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her lips pressed to his, whereas there is the length of her hands between them. Tenors as a class do not take kindly to the Tempest kiss, but she is the prima donna and it goes.

Actors who have been privileged to perform in presence of the most august tribunal in England declare that it is extremely difficult to play with requisite spirit before an audience composed of the Queen and her court. This aristocratic assemblage is entirely conservative in manifestations of pleasure. The Queen and her ladies witness the finest passages of comedy and tragic acting without being moved by them, and when the play is ended, quit the improvised theatre without rewarding the actors by a smile of approval or a token of applause. There is, it would seem, much of the medieval spirit of contempt for actors evinced during these performances at Windsor. The Queen herself often compliments her entertainers, and, as in the recent case of "Buffalo Bill" and Nate Salsbury, gives a trifling jewel to the principals; but the nobles and ladies in waiting show no such condescension. The player feels keenly that his audience at Windsor Castle regards him merely as a puppet or speaking automaton for a passing entertainment, and feels a sense of indignity in the silent and indifferent contempt of the aristocratic women and lordly gentlemen before whom he enacts his character.

Nor is this haughty treatment softened by the supper that the queen graciously orders provided for the players. The condition of the actor, so strongly evidenced in the *Hamlet* interlude, comes with painful memory to both comedians and tragedians when they sit down after the performance to a supper of bread and cheese and beer. This bill of fare for the royal refreshment of actors is traditional and, like all matters of royal taste, cannot be changed to suit improvement in the state of the modern stage. It is known to her majesty as well as her subjects, that actors of the style of Henry Irving, Wyndham and Ellen Terry, fare as richly as the residents of Belgravia. But hospitality in the queen's household is governed by ancient formula, and now, as in times gone by, the actor is regaled merely on bread and cheese and beer.

Outing in Germany.

Walking is the great German method of taking an outing. Even those who can afford a wheel or a horse, walk. It may be because the compulsory military service of Germany makes a trained walker of every able-bodied son of the Vaterland. But I think it is because the German's simple tastes lead him to choose the most natural and therefore the most healthful method of exercise. This view is borne out by the fact that walking is the favorite exercise of school boys and youths below the age for military service. It is naturally stimulated by the admirable condition of the roads, and by the care taken by the authorities to preserve the beauty of the rural surroundings of towns and cities.

I once heard Carl Schurz say that every German at some period or other of his life wrote poetry. I believe there is more or less poetry in every German's soul. He loves nature. Does he love nature because he walks abroad among the fields and through the woods, over mountains and down into the valleys; or does he walk because he loves nature? Both! These tastes are mutually strengthening, with, however, an innate love of nature predominating. Many an afternoon, as a boy, when at school at Wiesbaden, I have walked to Biebrich, some five miles distance, had a bath in the Rhine, and returned on foot. The railroad fare was a pittance, but we preferred walking. On our way to Biebrich and on our return we met at various points many of the teachers of our school. Both the teachers and the taught had the same love for the same exercise.—*Gustave Kobbe in Christian Union.*

An Easy "Bull's-Eye."

A waggish broker, who is widely and popularly known on the Stock Exchange, is sojourning in the country, and he made considerable fun for himself and his associates last week. He is by no means noted as a marksman, and when he took half-a-dozen of his town associates round to the back of the house one morning and showed them a bullet embedded in the bull's-eye of a target, neatly painted on a barn door, the natural inquiry was—"Who fired the shot?" "I fired the shot at a distance of two hundred yards," said the waggish broker, earnestly. "Oh, pshaw! Nonsense! Pooh-pooh! You couldn't have hit the barn at that distance," were the comments of his friends. But the waggish broker was persistent, and he suggested that perhaps some of his friends would like to bet.

Yes, two or three of them were willing to wager almost anything, from a dinner to a hundred pounds, that the young broker did not fire that shot. He took two bets—one of a dinner for the men, and another for a case of champagne. Then he brought out two witnesses—two distinguished men—who very soberly declared that they had seen him with a rifle, standing at a distance of two hundred yards away, put the bullet where it was.

The credibility of the witnesses was above suspicion, and the bets were paid by the losers. During the merry-making that followed, the waggish broker confessed that he had painted the target on the barn after he had fired the shot.

The "QUADRANT" as a Roadster



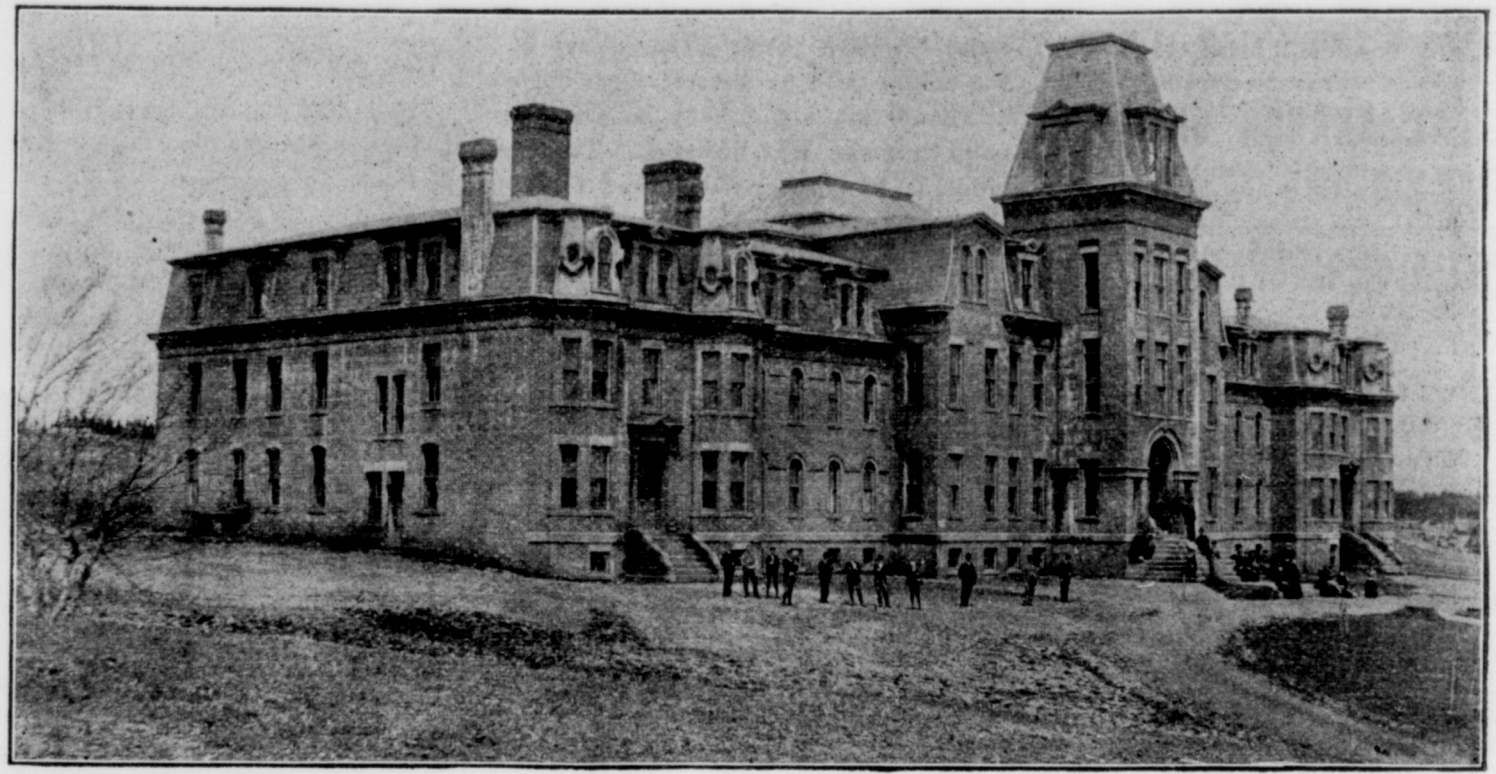
May be estimated by the following items, which have come casually under our notice in the newspapers. No doubt a very large number of similar cases would be forthcoming if we sought for them. The following gives the results of the 100 miles Road Race at Philadelphia, 1891:—

| Nationality. | Mk. | Started. | Finished. | Proportion. |
|--------------|-----------------|----------|-----------|-------------|
| American | Columbia | 129 | 104 | 80.6 p.c. |
| | Victor | 58 | 45 | 77.6 p.c. |
| | Machines | 52 | 32 | 61.5 p.c. |
| English | QUADRANT | 28 | 23 | 82.1 p.c. |
| | 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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 L. E. MAUD PYTE, Short-hand and Type-writing.
 YORK A. KING, Telegraphy.
 MRS. M. M. SCRIBNER, Matron.

TERM OPENS SEPT. 15TH. For Calendar and all other information apply to the Principal at St. Martin's, N. B.

Jewish Vacations.

Of these there are, first, the Sabbatical institutions of the Old Testament, viz., the weekly Sabbath, the seventh moon or Feast of Trumpets, the Sabbatical year and the year of Jubilee. Besides these there were the great feasts, Passover, Pentecost and Tabernacles, together with the two of later times—Purim and that of the Dedication. The time spent in these observances required frequent and in some cases protracted suspension of labor. To the Jews living in the remote districts of Palestine, particularly the pilgrimages to and from Jerusalem, together with the time spent in the actual celebration of the feasts, which in the case of the Passover and Tabernacles was each eight days, meant an amount of migratory recreation and rest from the ordinary occupations of life, year by year, greater proportionately than that obtained in the vacation of these days.

A Woman's Bookcase.

When a woman will she will, and that was how the first book case was made of a packing box and matted by a clever woman who couldn't afford a suitable place for her beloved books in any other way. After getting the box fitted with shelves at small expense, she covered it herself with peacock blue matting, edging it everywhere with the split half of an old fish rod, nailed in place with fancy brass headed nails. From a brass rod at the front she hung a curtain of white cheese cloth, with a border of yellow daisies, "brown-eyed Susans" the children call them, which she worked herself in coarse, long stitches.

A Philanthropic Doctor.

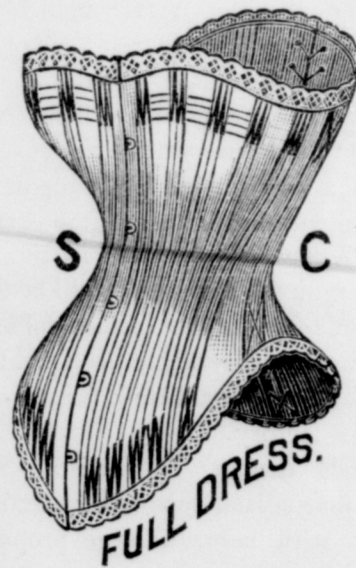
A Russian journal reports a case of a philanthropic physician. Visiting the peasants of his districts, he found that in many instances their sickness was caused by hunger. To the most needy he prescribed "six poods of pure rye flour in doses of two poonds a day." He ordered the medicine to be got at a drug store where it would be issued free of charge every day. The good doctor made arrangements with the druggist to supply the flour at his own expense.

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THE St. John Globe published in its issue of July 9, '92: "White Hellebore Powder is the best substance for killing currant worms. Apply with a dredging box."

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