

MUSICAL & THEATRICAL

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

There has been but little in the musical line this week. Most of our musicians are out of town. I was at a "musical evening" the other night, where I heard Mr. Anglin sing several songs. Mr. Anglin possesses a fine baritone voice, highly cultivated and sings with great taste and feeling. He is staying in St. John on his honeymoon trip. Miss Helen Furlong also played two violin solos, her rendering of Hauser's beautiful "Berceuse" being especially good; this young lady, a pupil of Miss Norman Ogden, gives every promise of becoming a really good player.

The management of the Amateur Minstrel club are hard at work preparing the choruses and orchestra for their performance which is expected to take place in November.

The Philharmonic club propose giving a concert at the Opera House about the end of August.

Mr. Anglin will be sorry to learn that Father Davenport will be unable to visit St. John, as he had intended, on his way from England. He hopes to be able to do so later on in the season.

UNIQUE.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Little Louise Hamilton has been the attraction at the Opera house this week, with a change of bill nightly, and songs, dances and specialties without number. Miss Hamilton is what Artemus Ward would have called "an amusin' little cuss." As an entertainer she is a great success. She begins to make friends the moment she appears, and soon has an audience at her beck and call, so to speak. In the *Little Detective* Monday night, Miss Hamilton was seen in five different characters. She was a very little detective, so little in fact that when the diminutive actress sassed the villain and "done up" the Jew, it was impossible to look upon the performance at all seriously, but the audience was in good humor and everything went. The songs and dances were excellent, many of them being far above the average. The company gave good support.

Mr. Thos. E. Shea comes to the opera house next week with a series of sensational dramas, opening Monday evening with *Escaped from Sing Sing*. He promises a strong company, and that the plays will be put on with due regard to scenic effect. With the exception of *Monte Cristo* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, none of the plays in his repertoire have been put on in St. John. *Monte Cristo* is always a favorite, and with the new plays should ensure good houses during the week.

A Halifax admirer of Miss Jenny McGarry, elocutionist, sends a long list of press notices received by that lady on the occasion of her London debut. They are all most favorable and show that Miss McGarry is winning laurels abroad. Her success as an artist in Scotland was unprecedented, in Edinburgh, notably, where criticism is cool and impartial. In London more recently, Miss McGarry is making her way both socially and professionally. Her first appearance was in a more private circle, but what may be called her London debut on June 7 was an undoubted triumph. The London press, which is by no means gentle with all debutantes, speaks for itself in the following from criticisms in the London papers: The *Daily Graphic* says: "Yesterday afternoon at Prince's Hall Miss Jenny McGarry made her first appearance as a reciter before a London audience, and at once created a very favorable impression. Her voice is highly flexible, and she has it well under control, while her features and gestures are dramatically expressive." The *London Globe* says: "Her selection of subjects showed catholicity of taste, and her rendering of the pieces displayed variety of endowment. Miss McGarry has sympathetic intelligence and a considerable mastery of technique." Such papers as the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Era* and others speak of her in the same strain. Later dramatic notices announce that Miss McGarry is to appear on July 7, at a Belgrave square residence, to take part in a concert under the patronage of the Duke of Cambridge.

Harrison's orchestra carried all before them on their Nova Scotia tour, judging by the notices of the entertainments in the local papers. The *Windsor Journal* in a long account of the performance said: "It is not often that our people have the opportunity afforded them of listening to as fine a treat of music as that furnished by Harrison's orchestra, of St. John, in the Reform Club hall here, on Thursday evening last. The entertainment was fully up to the high expectations formed of it in advance, and although there was a good sized audience for a first appearance here, it might and should have been much larger, and would have been had our people but known its true character."

The entertainment all through was of a high order, the orchestral music particularly reflecting great credit upon the skill and taste of the leader, Mr. M. L. Harrison. A bumper house is assured to this excellent company whenever a second visit is made to Windsor, and we, with many others, hope the date is not far distant.

The *Windsor Tribune* sums up with, "There was not a dull number on the programme," and the *Kentville Star* had this to say: "A delighted audience listened to the concert given by the Harrison orchestra of St. John, N. B., in Scotia hall last Wednesday evening, and it is only fair to say of the performers that there were artists among them the superior of which have never been here. The orchestra as a whole was well balanced, and rendered their various numbers, all composed of popular music, in a most pleasing and harmonious manner. Their descriptive pieces, of which there were three, were a revelation to many of the audience as a new and delightful method of interpreting lively scenes through music."

George Augustus Sala keeps the public and now again he gives the journal the privilege of a peep into it. One of the stories recorded in it related to an incident in the life of David Garrick. Once when that modern Roscius was visiting in France, he took a country airing on horse-

back with Preville, a Parisian actor. The latter performed the part of a drunken cavalier, and was applauded by his companion. One thing, however, Garrick thought was wanting—he did not make his legs drunk.

"I will show you an English blood," said Garrick, "who, after having dined at a tavern, and swallowed three or four bottles of port, mounts his horse on a summer evening to go to his box in the country."

He at once proceeded to exhibit all the stages of intoxication. He called to his servants that the sun and the fields were turning round him whipped and spurred his horse until the animal reared; at length he lost his whip; his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups; the bridle dropped from his hand, and he appeared to have lost the use of all his faculties. Finally he fell from his horse in such a deathlike manner that Preville cried out in horror, and hastened to his side, could get no answer to his questions. Preville wiped the dust from his face, and asked again with emotion and anxiety whether he was hurt. Garrick half opened one of his eyes; hiccupped, and called for another glass. Preville was astonished; and when Garrick started up and resumed his natural demeanor, the French actor exclaimed: "My friend, allow the pupil to embrace his master, and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him."

An amusing incident happened three weeks ago in France, says a New York paper. An adaptation of "The Tempest" was attempted in a provincial town. The actual tempest scene of the first act was simulated by fifteen supernumeraries, hidden beneath the huge green canvas which represented the surface of the ocean. The duty of the supers was to bob up and down at intervals and thereby copy "the swelling of the voicetful sea" and produce the fearful effects of its billows. On the first night everything went well and the rustics were duly terrified by the tempestuous waves that threatened to dash over the stage. Business, however, fell off toward the end of the week and the manager, having little money on hand for emergencies, decided to reduce the supers' wages from one franc to half a franc per night. Thereupon the waves called a meeting and concluded to go out on strike. That evening when the curtain went up the winds howled furiously over the scene as usual, hailstones hurled as before on the stage, but the great green sea remained motionless and silent. "Swell and roar at once," cried the manager, angrily lifting one corner of the canvas and anxiously apostrophizing his supers. "Mon Dieu! bob up lively there or you'll spoil the scene!" "All right, sir," said the spokesman, "here we are ready for the work; but not at the price. We can swell and roar and bob up and down all right, but not for fifty centimes. Give us the franc you promised or not a wave will toss tonight." The audience heard the anxious dialogue proceeding from underneath the sea and roared with laughter. "Sacre! hissed the manager furiously, "there isn't enough money in the house. Brutes! Pigs! Imbeciles! I will pay you sixty centimes if you begin at once."

"Jamais!" cried the waves, "we will not take less than eighty centimes." "Well," groaned the unhappy manager, "I will give you seventy." "No," growled the billows, "we said eighty, and without that amount you shall have no waves." The manager had to yield. Immediately there commenced a swelling and a tossing and roaring of the ocean which was without parallel in vigor. The result of this enthusiasm on the part of the waves was disastrous. At one exciting period in the storm the canvas on which the ocean was painted suddenly burst through the roughness of its handling, and the sweaty heads of the supers dashed through their ragged covering. The manager was dismayed, but the spectators were delighted. The accident made the reputation of the performance and thereafter the theatre was crowded.

Apropos of Sarah Bernhardt's fainting fit on the stage in London recently a curious story is related by one of her friends. It seems that during her last engagement in New York, Mme. Bernhardt heard, through a member of her company, of a remarkable fortune teller. She immediately sent a ticket for one of her performances at the Metropolitan to the soothsayer, an aged colored woman, commanding her to appear behind the scenes at the fourth entrance of "Leah." Punctually at the time appointed the old negress hobbled down from her seat in the gallery and rapped at the stage door. By order of the actress she was at once conducted to the dressing room. The negress was born in New Orleans and could talk in a patois of French, which fact being ascertained by Mme. Bernhardt, she ordered every one out of her room and sat down alone to hear the fortune teller's predictions. The old woman adjusted her cards and began prophecies of the future. Bernhardt interrupted the tedious recital impatiently. "I don't want to hear anything about art," she said, haughtily, "I know what I can do and what I shall do. I wish you to divine only what my death shall be and when." The negress once more shuffled the cards and studied them intently. "Madame," she said, slowly, "I see here that you will be dead within twelve years." "Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Bernhardt, angrily, "it is enough! I shall not want to live longer. But how, woman, what form of death? Shall I die in bed, or on the stage, or by accident in travel?" "I see your deathbed," continued the negress. "You are wasted away to a mere shadow. You find it difficult to breathe. You are choked by a dreadful cough." "Malheur! Malheur!" cried Bernhardt terribly, "I know it! I shall die of the terrible consumption! Here, imp of darkness, take this, thrusting money into the soothsayer's hand "Get you gone!" And Mme. Bernhardt pushed her fiercely out of the door. For ten minutes the frightened maid who sat outside, heard sobs and inarticu-

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late cries within the dressing room. Presently she was told to enter, and Mme. Bernhardt went through her preparations for the fifth act with imperturbable countenance.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONES.

They Are Very Valuable to Business Men and Others.

Numerous instances could be given of the number of business questions that can be disposed of in a single talk over the wires within the minimum time of five minutes. Probably the best on record is that where two business men, one in New York and the other in Boston, discussed and settled four entirely distinct affairs in one minute and a half. Two of the matters dealt with involved large sums of money, but the men were able to lay their heads together, figuratively speaking, so well, although literally they were so far apart, that it took them but a few seconds in each case to decide on what should be done.

It can readily be imagined how many telegrams would have been required to do the same amount of business, leaving entirely aside the question of time, which is so often of the first importance. Every day cases occur where the long distance telephone enables business to be done that the telegraph cannot aid, and where the only alternative would be a long and expensive journey. For instance, not long ago a New York man was notified that his draft on a house in a town far up in the interior of the State had been allowed to go to protest, and in order to protect his interests he was on the point of undertaking a journey that would have kept him away from his office for three days, when a friend advised him to telephone to the bank which held his draft.

He did so immediately; the bank informed him of the state of affairs and recommended a lawyer in the town to take the job in hand; he had an interview by telephone with the lawyer and gave him instructions to proceed, and the same afternoon the lawyer reported that he had got out an attachment and that the draft would be fully covered. The time spent by the New York man over the affair might have been an hour, and the total expense was for three conversations, one with the bank and two with the lawyer, as against an absence from town of two or three days and travelling expenses amounting to \$40 or \$50. The actual saving of time and money is by no means the only recommendation in favor of long distance telephone communication. Often it renders possible the transaction of business which could be done in no other way, and many a time a five minutes' conversation pays for itself a thousand fold.

To manufacturers having their head offices in New York, branches in other cities and towns and factories somewhere in the country the service has become practically indispensable; the periodical daily talks between the chief of the firm and the manager of the factory or branch office place all their affairs so thoroughly in touch with each other that no manufacturing concern who has once adapted the service to its needs would be without it for a single day were the cost twice what it is. Bankers, brokers and lawyers form another large class of patrons, but it was among the manufacturers that the long distance telephone first "caught on," and they have steadfastly availed themselves of it from the time of its establishment as a commercial means of communication.—*Mining Engineer.*

Polite Photographers.

The knack which French photographers, and especially those of Paris, possess in relieving their sitters of a constrained and distressed look while sitting for their portraits has long been the envy and perplexity of photographers of other nations. A well-known West-End photographer, on a recent visit to Paris, took pains to study the means by which this very desirable result was reached. He reports that it all lies in a very simple device, which well illustrates the nature of the Frenchman. When a lady, for instance, is sitting to a photographer for a portrait, the operator does not in a perfunctory manner, coldly request her to "Look pleasant now, ma'am!" He says to her, in the most natural and graceful manner in the world: "It is quite unnecessary to ask madam to look pleasant; she could not look otherwise!"

The lady, of course, acknowledges the compliment with her most gracious and high-bred smile. "Click!" goes the camera, and the picture is obtained, revealing the sitter at her high-water mark, as it were.

The Festive Drummer.

The festive drummer, who is everywhere known and knows everybody, is a rather numerous individual, the number of traveling salesmen in this country aggregating fully 250,000. Of the 400,000,000 tons of freight annually shipped on American railroads 300,000,000 tons are set in motion by the drummer. He daily spends about \$1,750,000 which he charges up as "expense" to "the house," and his stories, which we often season well with his art, are always full of interest. Altogether he is the best natured man on the footstool and we all like him. Long live the drummer! —*Norwich Com. Record.*

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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:—

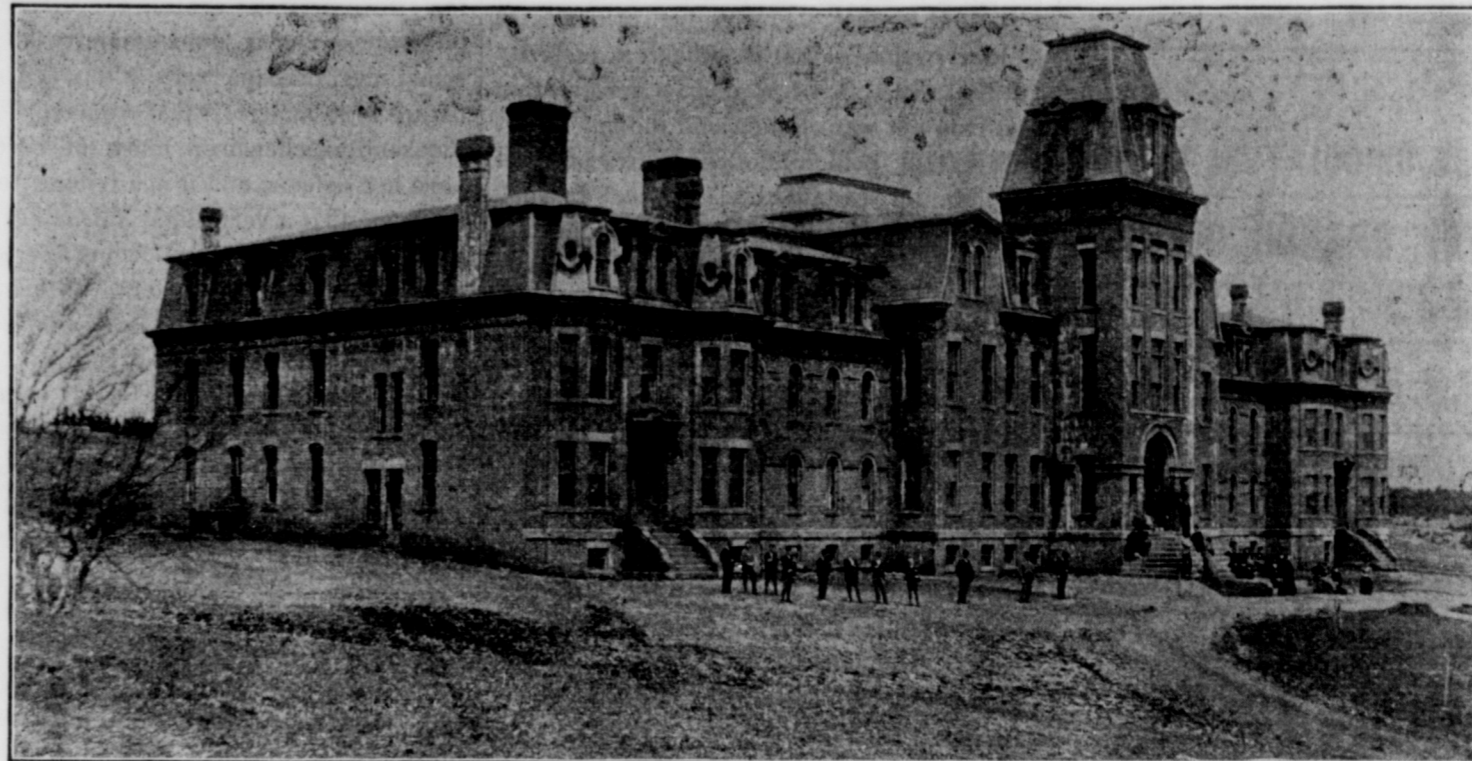
Nationality.	Make.	Started.	Finished.	Proportion.
American	Columbia	129	104	80.6 p.c.
Machines	Victoria	58	45	77.6 p.c.
	All other makes	52	32	61.5 p.c.
English	QUADRANT	28	23	82.1 p.c.
Machines	All other makes	60	46	76.6 p.c.

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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- A. C. M. LAWSON, (N. B. Normal School), Preparatory Department.
- L. E. MAUD FRYE, Short-hand and Type-writing.
- YORK A. KING, Telegraphy.
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The Reformation of Criminals.

The Queen of Greece is president of a sisterhood devoted to the reformation of criminals, and visits personally the condemned prisoners in Athenian prisons. After public religious instruction is finished the ladies of the association make visits to the prisoners, whom they insist on seeing alone without the presence of the guards, and talk with them on matters pertaining to religion and repentance.

Great Reductions in Millinery.

To manufacturers having their head offices in New York, branches in other cities and towns and factories somewhere in the country the service has become practically indispensable; the periodical daily talks between the chief of the firm and the manager of the factory or branch office place all their affairs so thoroughly in touch with each other that no manufacturing concern who has once adapted the service to its needs would be without it for a single day were the cost twice what it is. Bankers, brokers and lawyers form another large class of patrons, but it was among the manufacturers that the long distance telephone first "caught on," and they have steadfastly availed themselves of it from the time of its establishment as a commercial means of communication.—*Mining Engineer.*

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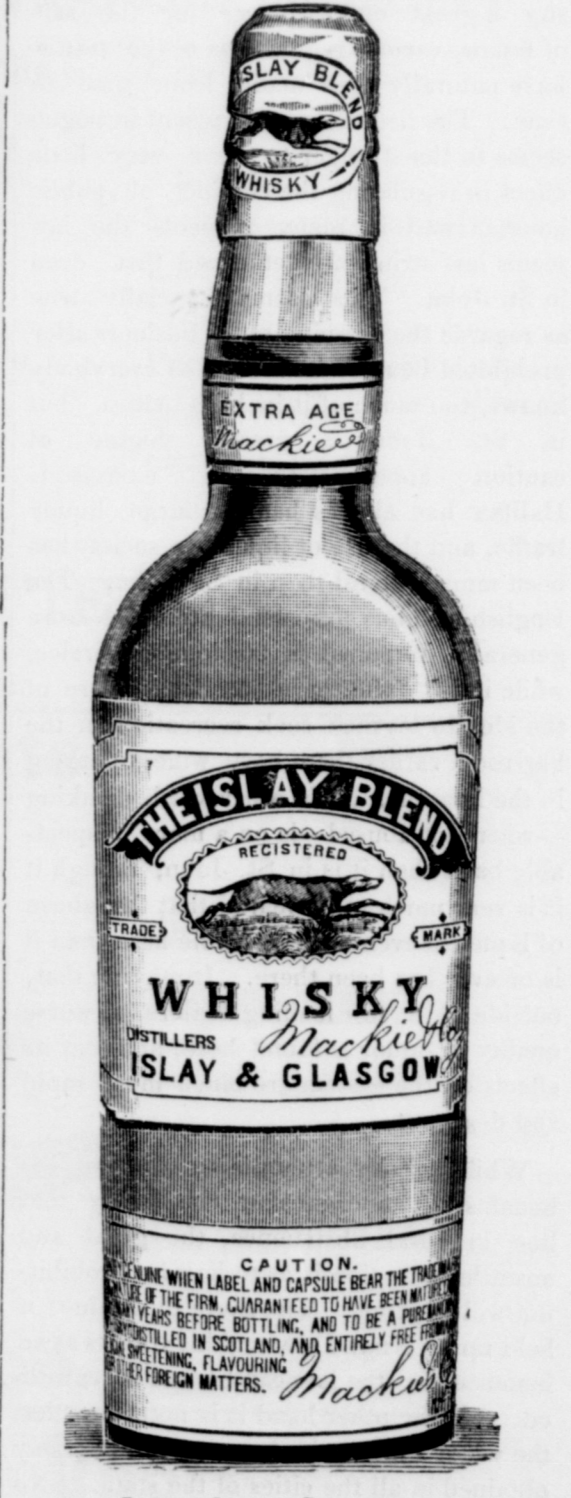
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