



IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Oratorio! Oratorio! that is all the talk amongst the majority of our musical people. By the kind invitation of one of the board of management I was present at the rehearsal last Monday evening and thus had an opportunity of hearing the chorus and orchestra rehearse the major part of their work. Certainly the chorus is much fuller in volume, with a marked improvement in the individual attack all round than has been the case for some years. As far as I could judge, the parts are also very fairly balanced though it is somewhat difficult to do so in the present practice room. All the performers seem to have taken very kindly to Mr. Bristow's beat and I do not think that the effectiveness of the performance will at all suffer from the late change of leader. The orchestra has been much strengthened and seem to have got up their work very well. Taken all together the rehearsal of last Monday was most gratifying and gave promise that the coming performances will be the best that the society has ever given. With regard to the soloists every day seems to bring forth some further commendation from private sources. Several visitors both from the States and upper Canada have spoken most highly of Mrs. Walker, and I am delighted to find that she is to sing "I know that my Redeemer" this being the solo that won her such ungratified praise in New York, from the critics who are not wont to say many good words about any Bostonian performers. Everything that could be done by the society to make these concerts a great success has been done and it now only rests with the public to rally to the society's aid and leave not a single empty seat for either nights.

I enjoyed last Sunday evening's service very much, having by good luck gone to Stone church though I did not know that the music was to be anything out of the common. The psalms were chanted, Morley's canticles were sung and the anthem was Dr. Boyce's splendid composition "Where shall wisdom be found." The chanting was good, in fact too good, the staccato precision with which the sopranos took the pointing being a little too mechanical. The canticles went very well, though the magnificent was taken much slower than Mr. Morley used to play it himself, and in my opinion spoilt the brightness of the composition. Of course I know that no two conductors have exactly the same idea of tempo. Dr. Boyce's anthem was performed excellently, though there was a tendency in the sopranos to—shall we say—an excess of tone! in the upper notes, which was not pleasing. Through the whole service was the clever manipulation of the organ by the talented organist, Mr. Ford, who excelled himself, especially in his playing of No. 9 of Mendelssohn's songs without words, which he gave during the offertory. "Comparisons are odorous," as Mrs. Malaprop says, but I cannot help saying that Stone church now stands easily first as to organist, and, shall I say choir too?

I was going to say something about the concert in Main street baptist church last Tuesday evening, but as I read the following lines, penned by the paper itself, on Wednesday morning, the wind was so completely taken out of my sails, that I am afraid any remarks of mine would not be of much interest. The lines were: "It would be hard to bestow any eulogy on any one participant with justice to the others, and the Telegraph will only say that every number on the programme was faultlessly rendered."

I am glad to find that Miss Goddard is improving in health. The enforced rest by medical orders having been beneficial and I hope soon to hear that our talented pianiste is fully restored and able to take up her full work.

Congratulations to two musicians who deserted the lives of single blessedness last Wednesday. I allude to Mr. and Mrs. George Calkin and sing a little song of hope for their future happiness and prosperity.

Tones and Undertones.

Maude Powell, the famous American violinist, is to give a lecture at the World's Fair, on "Women and the Violin."

Asked what he thought of Verdi's intention of crowning his artistic career by writing a "Romeo and Juliette," Gounod is reported as saying: "I know nothing about it but if it is true, I augur from the great master of the Italian school one more masterpiece."

Herr Richter, the famous conductor, has a fine tenor voice, although comparatively few people have ever heard it. On one occasion, however, he sang the whole of the leading part in a new opera in Munich. On the night of the production the tenor engaged was taken suddenly ill, and there was apparently nothing for it but to postpone the performance. But the conductor knew the part, and another musician being at hand to take his baton, Herr Richter filled the absent artist's place.

Lottie Collins is a glowing exception to the majority of foreigners who fill their pockets with American dollars and then go away and point the finger of scorn at American follies or faults. A reporter called on her at the Tivoli after her return to London and asked her which she liked better, English or American audiences. "Well, it's impossible to say," replied Miss Collins, "but, capitally as the song went here, I think that it made four times the splash in America. And, naturally, I can't be expected to run down American audiences to please the English. There are differences between the two. In England, when you've made a hit, you must stick to that song or line, but in America they want a fresh novelty for every season. In England they love their "chestnuts."

Among the apparent inconsistencies of human nature is the coupling in the same person, of abilities in music and mathematics says an exchange. Nearly all the great composers were apt at figures, and now and then one finds an arithmetician who is a good musician as well. Such a one is a professor in one of our Eastern colleges. He seems almost to live for geometry and calculus, confesses that he takes little pleasure in romance or in visual beauty, has no eye for color but a keen one for line and form, and, in fact, would seem to be a man who was incapable of the emotional force required for the performance of music; yet, next to mathematics, music is his greatest delight, and not only does he play correctly, but he plays with remarkable expression—"like an angel," as a brother professor says.

Levassor, who was the best French representative of the amusing "singing-speaking" style of entertainment, was always ready to help any work of charity. On one occasion he performed for a charitable society, and the receipts were so large that the managers determined to compens-

ate him for his services. At the conclusion of the entertainment, therefore, the parish priest brought Levassor a basket of moss on which lay a large egg made of sugar. The weight of the egg revealed to the Artist the delicately-disguised intention of the donors to offer him a fee. Breaking the egg, he said, "I am very fond of eggs, but I never eat the yolk. Keep it to feed the poor" and he returned the roll of napoleons enclosed in it.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Lucier's Minstrels appeared in the Opera House Monday and Tuesday, and gave two good performances.

Tyrone Power's company opened in the same house, Thursday evening, in the "Texan." It is a genuine pleasure to note the interest and attendance that the reputation of a good actor and company succeeded in creating in this city, which for months has been fairly persecuted by an almost unbroken succession of worse than indifferent companies. The reputation of Mr. Power and Miss Crane preceded them, consequently the audience that greeted them was large and representative. Such a finished, enjoyable, performance has not been seen in the Opera House for a long time, and I doubt if it has ever been equalled there. The undoubted talent of Mr. Power and Miss Crane won applause that amounted to enthusiasm.

Gilbert's English Opera Company is winning splendid praise wherever it has appeared. It has been wonderfully successful in Maine, and should be in the provinces, of which the bright and talented prima-donna is a native. They appear in the Institute Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Price Webber's host of friends in the provinces and New England states will regret his misfortune in Truro, where his company's outfit was destroyed by fire. No one for a moment imagines that the accident will have any permanent effect upon the company. Webber's energy and ability to adapt himself to any and all circumstances will bring him out on the surface again, but at this season, with dates full, such an occurrence is a drawback. Progress hopes that the only result will be to crowd his houses wherever he plays for the next year. The man who is always ready to help others should be helped when he needs it.

The Gilbert Company in Fredericton. FREDERICTON, June 7.—The Gilbert English opera company gave its first performance—the Bohemian girl—to-night to a good house. Everyone who was present went away pleased with the opera as a whole and captivated by the talent of Miss Carvell and her support.

As the opera is time worn and as familiar to operatic goers almost as Uncle Tom is to the patrons of the drama. I will not attempt any description of it but since the company appears in St. John, Moncton, Halifax and other places in the near future greater interest will be taken in the success of their appearance here.

Judging the company as such I may say that Mr. Gilbert has undoubtedly made an admirable selection. Every member of it is a worker, a singer, perfectly acquainted with his or her part. The result of this is a chorus that is strong and united, giving active support to their principals and much strength to the performance.

Of the prima-donna, Miss Carvell, it may well be said that her personal appearance is attractive and her voice charming. I was agreeably surprised at its volume, and the ease and freedom apparent in the notes of higher register. Though Miss Carvell is too young to have had much stage experience she is graceful and unconcerned, quick to acknowledge a cue and willing—almost too willing—to respond to the demands of a pleased audience. Her most salient point, from a critic's standpoint, is a lack of vigor and expression in dialogue, though in opera that should not, perhaps, have the same consideration as singing. But time and experience will go far toward remedying that and other minor defects that are only worth noting inasmuch as they mar the perfection of the performance.

Of the rest of the company, especially Mr. Lloyd, the magnificent tenor, I cannot give too hearty praise. Their work was effective, pleasing and artistic, and the finish and completeness of the performance were due in a large measure to the talented support they gave Miss Carvell. A Fredericton audience has rarely left the City Hall so well pleased with an operatic performance.

The name of Charles H. Hoyt's new play is "The Milk White Flag." The first production will be made at the Boston Museum, and over 200 people will be required.

Mrs. Kendal is the youngest of a family of twenty-two, her brother, the late Mr. Tom Robertson, being the eldest. Her father, grandfather, and uncle were all actors, and she herself made her debut at the age of three, in the character of the blind child in the "Three Poor Travellers," on the stage of the Marylebone Theatre. "Kendal" is only the stage pseudonym of

herself and husband, whose real name is Grimston.

Stuart Robson has closed his season, and is going to spend the summer in Cohasset. Mr. Robson's only play next season will be the "Comedy of Errors," on which he will spend \$25,000 for new scenery, costumes and accessories. It is seven years since this comedian was last seen as the Dromio of Syracuse.

In reading over some of the papers of Ben De Bar's estate the other day a St. Louis reporter discovered an interesting fact, that Charles Fechter played "Hamlet" and the "Corsican Brothers" in the Mound City to a \$65 audience, while "Uncle Tom's Cabin" brought \$3,800 into the box office a few days later.

Pauline Markham, who is suing for large damages for a broken leg in Louisville,

was photographed so extensively a decade or so ago that nearly everybody became familiar with her languishing eye and Madonna like face. She is now past 45 years of age, but still a fine looking woman. There is not a wrinkle in her face.

Mlle. Duse, the great Italian actress, who is shortly to appear in London, has a wonderful power of facial expression. At one moment she appears to be a girl of sixteen, at the next, without any attempt at make-up, she exactly resembles an old woman of sixty. She is an actress who feels her part intensely. "If I played Camille two nights in succession," she once said, "especially the death scene, I should die. I am sure I should die; the part is so real to me." One of her greatest admirers is Alexandre Dumas, who saw her in Rome, and declared he had never seen an actress to equal her.



MISS CARRI TREVELYANN-CARVELL.

Miss Carri Trevelyann-Carvell, prima donna of the Gilbert English-Opera Company, whose portrait is given herewith, in a native of Saint John. She was originally a pupil of Ronconi's. Subsequently, following the custom of singers, she studied with others of note.—Madame Long, Fraulein Mungler, Miss Katharine Lincoln, and the famous Parisian Maestro and Gedeone Olivieri.

Gedeone Olivieri is one of the most eminent—perhaps the most eminent—vocal teacher in Europe. Among those whom he has trained and put upon the stage, he numbers such celebrities as Melba, Nordica, Emma Eames, Marie Van Zanol, Jean de Reske, Edouard de Reske and La Sella.

As to Miss Trevelyann-Carvell's professional prospects, Monsieur Olivieri has said, without the slightest hesitation, that in his opinion she will eventually rank among the great singers of the world. On every side, she has received unstinted praise, both as a singer and as an actress.

Physician Heal Thyself

TORONTO, June 5th.—A physician of the County of Leeds has written to a friend in this city about his complete cure of an aggravated form of diabetes by Dodd's kidney pills. The doctor in question would not for the world have his learned brothers of the Ontario Medical Council know that he had given concealment to a patent medicine. He humorously admits that some of them would deem it unprofessional conduct for him to take the pills; and to be cured by them—why that is the grossest breach of professional etiquette. But cured he has been, and he is now prescribing them to his patients. Modern physicians admit that diseases such as dropsy, diabetes, bright's disease, neuralgia, rheumatism, female weaknesses, and kindred blood troubles are caused by the deranged action of the kidneys, and that these diseases are only to be cured by an agent that acts directly on the seat of disorder. This is why Dodd's kidney pills have proved a certain cure to all who have tried them.

To correct the faults of man, we address the head; to correct those of woman, we address the heart.—Beauchene.

It Was a New Idea Then.

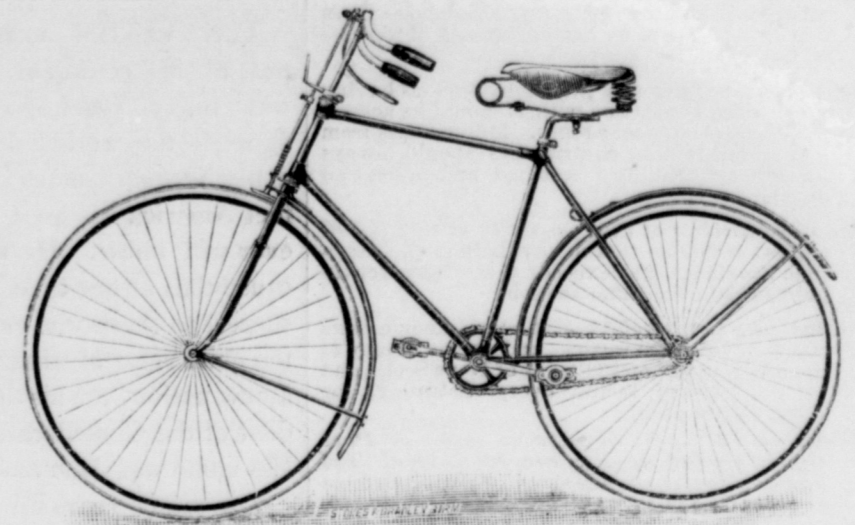
April 15th was the anniversary of the publication of Dr. Samuel Johnson's "Dictionary of the English Language." On April 15th, 1755, the long-expected work, which had taken seven years to prepare, was given to the world. Andrew Millar, the publisher, acknowledged the receipt of the last page by the Doctor by the brusque note: "Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the 'Dictionary,' and thanks God he has done with him." To this the Doctor replied: "Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find (as he does by this note) that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything." No doubt Johnson had made a severe demand on the publisher's patience, in spending seven years on a work which he had promised to complete in three, thus keeping Millar out of four years' interest on the £1,575 copyright money which he had paid the Doctor for the dictionary. Very little of this really went into Johnson's pocket, nearly the whole of it being swallowed up in the expenses of amanuenses.

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The Annual Meeting will be held in the College Hall at 10:30 a. m. on Wednesday, 21st June, 1893. A week earlier than in former years. The usual reduction in fares expected.

R. J. WILSON, Secretary.

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