

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The fact that the concert given by Mr. Herbert Johnston, the well known tenor of the choir of the Ruggles street baptist church, Boston, took place last Thursday evening, I regret to say precludes further notice this week.

The Oratorio society rested last Monday evening. There was no rehearsal of the society that evening because of the fact that it was the evening of Easter Monday.

On next Wednesday evening it is announced the cantata "The Magic Will," will be given in the Mechanic's Institute and for an object that appeals loudly to the generosity of every one.

The music in several churches last Sunday was generally of a very high order and inspiring of the sentiments of devotion and rejoicing so much in touch with that particular day of all the other Sundays in the year.

Tones and Underones.

"Rob Roy" will continue at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, until the opening of the summer season at that house.

William Wolf, well known in this city, will direct the season of comic opera, which E. E. Rose will manage at the Castle Square theatre, and which will follow "Rob Roy."

The audience at the Italian opera in Boston last week found many vacant seats.

The twenty-third rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was given yesterday afternoon, April 19, at 2.30 and this evening, April 20, at 8, when the following programme was given.

Schumann Symphony No. 4 in D minor. Lechner "Venezia." Esser Suite No. 2

Songs with piano. Cherubini Overture, "The Water Carrier."

Solist, Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke. Arthur Nikisch has surrendered his position as conductor at the opera house at Buda Pesth.

Timotheus Adamowski will be the soloist at the first Nikiisch concert in London.

Victor Maurel is studying the character of Caliban in "The Tempest" the music for which Verdi is now writing.

The New York Oratorio Society assisted by the Symphony Orchestra gave John Sebastian Bach's St. Matthew's Passion, on good Friday at Carnegie Hall, Mr. Walter Damrosch was conductor.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

"The Queen of Night" is the new name of a romantic drama, originally produced at Amesbury, Mass., in November last under the name, "The Victor" with Miss Maud Banks in the leading role.

At Keith's museum, it is said that Miss Nellie Ganthony is one of the best entertainers on the stage.

Marie Burroughs' divorce suit against her husband Louis Massen has been killed. The commission appointed in the matter wanted more testimony from her but she neglected to supply it, therefore the suit fails.

"The Outlaw" (Il Morte Civile) is a role in which Alexander Salvini will shortly be seen at the Hollis theatre, Boston. It is a part made famous by his father.

Augustin Daly's company will begin a short engagement at the Hollis theatre, Boston, on next Monday. They will play an entirely new repertoire of this season's New York successes.

Kyrie Bellew, the actor and leading man of the Potter-Bellew company, was injured somewhat a few days ago by being run into by a bicycle.

The new play "King Arthur" will shortly be published by MacMillan & Co.

Modjeska is in Rome awaiting the decision of the Russian authorities as to

whether or not she will be permitted to appear in Warsaw.

Sadie Martinot is back again in New York but no one knows her feeling about her recent venture.

Boston papers say Cissy Loftus "did not set that city wild" and "as a drawing room entertainer she would be a success."

At the close of Mrs. Langtry's engagement of one week at the Boston Museum she prepares to return at once to England. She has been at that theatre this week.

Joseph Hawthorn was injured in the hand by a foil and now Howard Gould has come near losing one of his eyes. The advice "they should practice oftener together" has been given them, and it is timely.

Latest news from Boston says that Mrs. Langtry, who opened a short engagement at the museum on Monday last, received a cordial welcome from a very large audience. Every seat in the house was taken and the standing room crowded.

The "Lily's" play "Gossip" is said to be flimsy in construction, without apparent motive in the conception of character, or in the development of plot beyond the contrivance of many situations in which a group of people try to do something and say something.

All Hampton, who is remembered in St. John as a comedian of Frawley's company is now playing in "Peck's Bad Boy" which will be at the Grand opera house, Boston, next week. If it is not the "All" of Frawley's company it is a man with his name.

A Miss Sara Lord Bailey, whose advance agent speaks of her as "The Queen of Elocutionists" will visit this city and give a recital in Centenary church early next month.

Mrs. Langtry's play "Gossip" appears to be the only new thing on the boards in Boston this week. The "Black Crook" and a ballet at the Boston Theatre, "Hands Across the Sea" at the Bowdoin Square, "A Temperance Town" at the Park and "A Trip to Chinatown" at the Tremont are samples.

HYPNOTISM IN BUNCO.

He Knew He Had Fallen In with Thieves, But Was Powerless to Resist.

A strange story has just come to light concerning the robbing by two clever bunco men a few days ago of Jacob Brack, a wealthy farmer of Lodi, Cal. Up to a day or two ago Brack preserved a clam-like silence concerning the manner in which he was unbosomed himself, and tells a story that has created a mild sensation and is being discussed with interest by those of a scientific turn of mind.

Farmer Brack claims that he was hypnotized by the two swindlers, and though he was warned that they were trying to rob him before he ever turned over his money to them, he was so completely under their influence from the time he first met them that he could not resist doing whatever they wanted him to do. Brack's story, coming at this late day, would be taken as a flimsy excuse for falling a victim to the sharpers were it not for the fact that he is known to be a reliable man and one who is well posted in most matters of the world, being a reader of the newspapers, and for the further and completely convincing fact that his story is corroborated by the officers of the Lodi Bank, who told him when he came to draw the \$2,000 lost by him that the men he was dealing with were trying to rob him, and that he had better leave the coin where it was.

When Brack first met the two sharpers they were driving on a road near his ranch, and they asked him who owned it, saying they wished to buy it. Brack showed them about the place, which took an hour or two. It is not known just what proposition was made by the strangers, but the next day Brack went to the Lodi Bank and told the cashier he wanted \$2,000 that he had on deposit there. He told of the men who were going to buy his ranch, and said he would have to put up \$2,000 before the sale could be made.

"Why, look here," said the cashier, "it's rather funny that you as the seller of the ranch should be called on to make a deposit."

"Well, that's all right," said the farmer; "I want the money."
"But these men are strangers to you and they're trying to rob you by some game or another," persisted the cashier. "You'd better leave the money here and give the men a check. We'll honor your check, and if anything should be wrong you can stop payment on it before we cash it."

"No, give me the \$2,000," persisted the farmer; "this is an important matter and I must have the money."
The cashier reluctantly counted out the golden pile, noticing at the time there was something strange in Brack's manner. The farmer took the bag of coin and left the bank to meet the two men. They pretended they wanted to purchase his ranch, and, cheerily enough, demanded he make a deposit instead of them.

Brack met the men. The three journeyed toward the ranch and met a third man, who had what purported to be a roll of greenbacks worth \$10,000, and also a lottery game that he was carrying around through

the country with him. The fact that a man would be out on a country road in the lottery business did not strike the farmer as being at all strange. The other two strangers accosted the new one on some flimsy pretext, and the latter was soon explaining his game, which seemed to interest Brack's companions more than it did the farmer. After examining into the lottery scheme one of the sharpers with Brack said he knew a plan of beating it—a trick a lottery man had put him on to. If the farmer would put his \$2,000 in with \$2,000 that he (the sharper) had, they would win the whole \$10,000.

The farmer says that though feeling and almost knowing from what he had read in the newspapers at various times that an attempt was being made to swindle him, he consented to play against the third man's game and put his coin into a tin box with that of the swindler who really had \$2,000. After the money had been put into the box, Brack says he wished to take his share back and leave the men. When he reached for it, however, he found that he was powerless to get it in his grasp, as he could extend his hand within a few inches of it and no closer, some mysterious power seeming to hold it back. The boxes, of which there were two, were locked, and he was handed the one purporting to contain the \$4,000, together with the greenbacks which he and his fellow gambler had won.

A BICK DISTRICT MATADOR.

He Vanquished an Angry Bull Single-Handed and Thought Nothing of It.

"You can find men equal to handling wild cattle without going to the Western ranges," said a Gotham sportsman. "I saw a young Pennsylvania farmer tackle an ugly bull last September and get the better of him in great shape. For downright nerve and readiness his performance beat anything that ever came under my observation. It occurred in a country district, known as the Rock Hill neighborhood, among the foothills of the Alleghenies, where I was passing a fortnight's vacation. "I was going along the road about one morning on my way to a stream where I expected to find some good bass fishing. I passed an unusual neat-looking farmhouse, and a quarter of a mile beyond met the owner driving a yoke of oxen. He was a pleasant-faced, stalwart young fellow who handled his 'goat stick' like a wand, and he gave me a cheery 'good morning' as we passed. A half minute later I heard the bellowing of an angry bull and a child's voice screaming in the pasture on the left of the road. A little girl was running toward us, after her came a bull, a big white Durham with short thick horns, who was cutting a pace that would bring him to the child before she could get half way to the fence. A little red cap that she was wearing had excited the bull's anger.

"I started for the pasture, but the young farmer was ahead of me. Keeping hold of his goat stick with one hand he placed the other in the upper part of the fence as lightly as a trained gymnast, and ran like a deer for the child. He got to her just as the bull about fifty feet behind her lowered his head and broke into a gallop. Without stopping, the farmer caught the red cape from her shoulders and leaped in toward the bull two or three paces more, then sheered to one side, shaking the cape toward the animal as he ran. The bull, with its eyes fixed as he ran, turned as sharply as he could to follow it, and as he did he came away from the child. For so heavy an animal the bull handled himself with wonderful quickness, and, though he lost a little ground in turning he soon overhauled the farmer, who, at the last moment, faced him and jumped to one side, at the same time thrusting the red cloth in front of the animal. The short, sharp horns flapped the garment upward as the bull rushed by, and the farmer, slipping behind the beast as he passed, ran for a tree a short distance away, the cape thrown back over his shoulder. The bull set out after him and by that time I had reached the child and was getting her to the fence.

Not Raided by Bradstreet.

A drummer brings a good story from New York. It is the story of a frugal German of the type who keep small saloons in the district where sanded floors and plain bars abound. His name was Jacob Miller, and, not unlike many of his countrymen, after being in New York four or five years, had managed not only to keep a horde of children well dressed and in school, but to accumulate a small sum of money. He feared thieves would find his little hoard, which he kept snugly stowed away in a stocking in the bottom of his emigrant trunk, and so he determined to open a bank account. Pushing his way through the heavy swinging doors of a banking house one morning he shuffled up to the first window and said: "I want to open me a little bank account here."

"Second window to the right," was the laconic reply. Approaching the cashier's desk he repeated his desires.

"Your name, please," said the cashier.

"My name is Jacob Miller."

"What is your business?"

"Well, I keeps me a little restaurant."

"Do you do much business?"

"Well, I sell a few meals, once in a while a drink or two, and I keeps me a few rooms up stairs."

"Do you intend keeping a large balance on deposit?"

"Well, I don't know about dot. You see I makes me a leedle money, an... I wants is a place to keep it."

"Let me see," continued the cashier turning to Bradstreet's book of commercial ratings and running his finger up and down the name's commencing with M. "I do not find the name Jacob Miller here. Where you ever rated by Bradstreet?"

"Raided, did you say? Well, no, I was never raided by Bradstreet, but I was two times already raided by Parkhurst."

Strange Fertilizers.

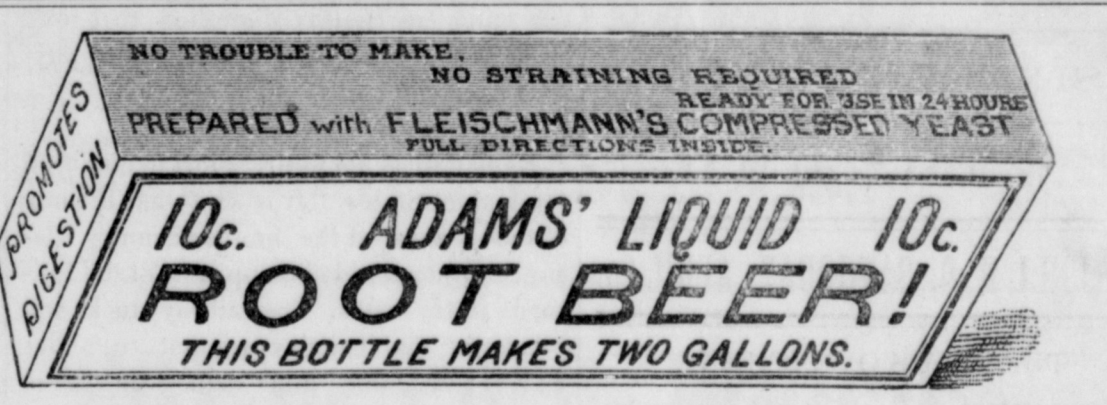
A Year or so back the Austrian barque "Vila" was discovered floating about in a derelict state off Cape Hatteras. The reason of her abandonment was never known, the ship, including her cargo, being worth about \$10,000. This latter consisted chiefly of bones, human ones forming about a quarter, while in one corner of the hold was a great heap of human skulls. On inquiries being made was discovered that the human portion of the cargo had been collected from a few Egyptian deserts and cemeteries, to be shipped to the United States for use as a fertilizing agent. This was not the first importation of that description, for not long since ten wagon-loads of human bones were shipped to the United States from Mexico, representing, it was estimated, about 50,000 individuals. Even before this, farmers in England are said to have used human bones for the same purpose, the greater quantity coming from the battlefield of Waterloo. These were afterwards supplemented by whole cargoes of powdered mummies, but the bulk of the latter, it is thought, consisted of the bodies of cats and other small creatures, which the Egyptians, who considered them sacred, used to embalm. Human remains were not, by any means, however, entirely absent.

A Standing Cavalry Order.

An old cavalryman says that a horse will never step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order with cavalry that, should a man become dismounted, he must lie down and keep perfectly still. If he does so, the entire troop will pass over him without his being injured. A horse notices where he

B.B.B. CURES DYSPEPSIA SCROFULA CONSTIPATION

THE SECRET Of the marvelous success of Burdock Blood Bitters lies in its specific curative power over every organ of the body. The Liver, the Blood, the Bowels, the Stomach, the Kidneys, the Skin, the Bladder, in fact, all parts of the human system are regulated, purified, and restored to perfect natural action by this medicine.



The Canadian Specialty Co., 30 Front St., East, Toronto, Ont.

W. S. CLAWSON & CO., St. John, N. B. Agents for New Brunswick

is going, and is on the look-out for a firm foundation to put his foot on. It is an instinct with him, therefore, to step over a prostrate man. The injuries caused to human beings by a runaway horse are nearly always inflicted by the animal knocking them down, and not by his stepping on them.

Bread Eating in France.

France with its population of 38,000,000, is one of the largest—if not the largest—consumers of wheat flour in the world. Mr. Henry P. du Bellet, of Rheims, gives some interesting information with respect to the use of wheat flour on the other side of the Channel. He tells that the retail price of bread is uniform, being regulated each week by the Association of Bakers, who, through their president, notify officially the mayor of the city of the price adopted by them, so that the latter may, if necessary, enforce the price by closing the shop of the baker who should persist in a non-compliance with the official quotation. The baker is, moreover, obliged to furnish the exact weight of bread demanded, no approximation in this respect being allowed, except in the sale of fancy bread, which is sold by the loaf, weighing more or less—generally less—than the declared weight. But it is not only the quantity that the Frenchman wants—he also insists on the quality, he be nobleman, bourgeois, or peasant. His bread must be pure white, with long crumbs, and must not dry up too rapidly. Any flour which does not come up to these requirements will not find a market in France.

To See Ships Twenty Miles Off.

The great electric search light exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago, which could be seen at Milwaukee, no fewer than ninety-two miles distant, has been set up at Sandy Hook. Its inventors claim that it will show a light ten miles away strong enough to read a newspaper by. Vessels are expected to be sighted twenty miles off sea. The total power of the light is estimated to be equal to that of 124,000 candles. By means of electric meters switches the search light can be controlled from any distance. It seems only a matter of time when a search light can be turned in any direction.

A Novel Girl.

A curious offering to an actress took place not long since at the Municipal Theatre of Mayence, on the occasion of the performance of the opera of "Hansel and Gretel." One of the habits of the theatre, having been favorably impressed by the actress who took the part of Hansel, determined to adopt a novel plan testifying his appreciation. He bought the prettiest puppy he could find, and, having decked it with ribbons and flowers, he succeeded in smuggling it into the theatre, and at the end of one of the acts handed it to the conductor to present to the fair Hansel when she came before the curtain. The conductor complied; and to the intense amusement of the house the puppy was handed across the footlights to the fair artist, who clasped it with effusion. The management however, did not look with approval on the plan of puppy bouquets, and therefore issued an order that in future no living tributes should be permitted to be presented to any of the artists while they were on the stage.

A Dog's Inventory.

A good dog story is told in the 'Field,' on the authority of the Chief Constable of Exeter Eng. A merchant in that town has a Dalmatian dog, which lives in a stall with one of his horses. During the winter a large quantity of carrots have been kept in a covered hamper in another part of the stable, and one of the stableman, noticing that the carrots were disappearing at too rapid a rate, kept watch, and found to his astonishment that the Dalmatian dog was the thief. The animal used to go to the hamper, push it open, take out a carrot, and give it to his friend the horse, only taking one at a time, and never offering one to any other horse.

An Inadequate Salary.

"And about the salary?" said the actor. "Well," said the manager, after a moment's thought, "suppose we call it \$250 a week?" "All right," "Of course, you understand that \$250 is merely what we call it. You will get \$25."

Best Autograph.

"Yes," said the girl who makes collections, "it is one of the best autographs I have in my collection." "But are you sure it is genuine?" "Positive. I cut it from a telegram that his wife received from him."

Taylor's Latest Odors for the Handkerchief. White Carnation, White Jasmine. John Taylor & Co., Toronto.

Dr. IEVER'S TOOTHACHE Remedy. Old Name QUICKCURE Now Called

Pheno-Banum. QUEBEC, Montreal and New York. DENTISTS the best discovery yet found for T OTHACHE.

French, English and American MILLINERY.



A magnificent display of all the latest novelties in Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Toques and Bonnets, from Paris, London and New York.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

All Ladies Love Sweet Perfumes. Then let your next gift be a bottle of Piesse & Lubin's English Perfume. The acme of excellence is OPOPONAX. Perfume from every flower that a fragrance.