

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Special music, for Sunday evening service by selected voices appears to be now in order in some of our churches. It is a good idea in a business sense, especially when the attraction is announced in advance in the daily press. It has the effect not only of securing to the clergyman a larger congregation for his sermon, but it has also the effect of enhancing the collections. With neither of these results however have I anything particularly to do. When the music is well selected and the singer's voice is sweet and true, it always inspires devotion.

Mrs. Spencer who has been heard several times in different churches quite recently has gone on a visit to friends in the United States. She will not resume her musical studies until late in the fall as previously intimated in this department.

Mr. Tom Daniel has arrived in St. John and is receiving a hearty greeting from friends here. It is probable he will sing a solo in some one of the churches—perhaps St. Andrews—tomorrow (Sunday). At this church I believe Miss Shireef will sing again at tomorrow's service.

Mr. Marston Guilford, a former resident of this city and well known in musical circles here, is now making a visit to St. John. Mr. Guilford is manager of a branch bank at Parrsboro. He is looking very well despite his prolonged absence from this metropolis.

Tones And Undertones.

"The opera" La fille du Regiment" by Donizetti, was first produced at the opera comique, Paris, Feb. 11, 1840. Its revival with Marcella Sembrich in the leading role, has become popular.

The most popular of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas will be revived at the Savoy theatre, London. The "Mikado" will be the first given.

The prize of \$100 offered for the best one act opera by an English composer, has been won by a Mr. McLean. "Petruccio," is the title of his work. There were 43 competitors.

Four autograph pieces of music by Mozart were sold in London recently for \$518. Beethoven's autograph "Three songs of Goethe" 1810 for \$185; a quartet by Spohr for \$16; a fragment of a trio by Schubert for \$52, the price also paid for two polonaises by Chopin.

Tamagno says "reasoned criticism, however severe, does an artist good."

A fine portrait of Miss Nita Carrite, adorns the cover of the Musical Courier of the 17th July last. She is very handsome.

Della Fox opens her season on 2nd September at Palmer's theatre, in a comic opera entitled "Fleur de Lys." It is by J. Cheever Goodwin. Wm. Furst has written the music.

Edouard Remenyi, the famous violinist, has said that he has been playing the violin 50 years and in that time has handled about 10,000 instruments.

Yvette Guilbert's own account of the way in which she achieved that innocence and simplicity of manner which writers have raved about as the perfection of art is as follows: The simple Yvette it seems was originally a dressmaker's model, and did not like it. The business was not spirituelle enough. So she studied the concert halls and said to herself: "Here chanteuses excentrique are all alike; they sing naughty songs, with a naughty tone and expression. Why not be different and sing them with perfect naivete? And I did so?" There seems to be no doubt about the naivete, likewise the naughtiness.

"Tannhauser" was given nine times out of the fourteen performances of grand opera in Paris during the month of May, the receipts averaging 22,000 francs a night, 5,000 francs more than the average of the other pieces, which were "Faust," "Sigurd," and "Samson and Delilah."

Gluck once remarked: "I have written only twenty operas, and each one cost me a deal of labor and study." Piccini, who overheard him, said: "I have written over one hundred, and with very little trouble." Gluck whispered to his rival: "My friend, you need not have told us that."

Madame Patti has a pet dog, a little Mexican terrier, named Richi. She has supplied him with a complete wardrobe, among which are some nightgowns made of costly silk. He has also seven collars, one for each day in the week.

London Truth says: "I have more than once remarked that the extravagant prices so frequently mentioned in print as the value of old Italian violins are never reached under the purifying fire of the auction room. We hear of this or that fiddle being worth its \$10,000 or \$15,000, and of another violin being bought (for presentation) for the ridiculously low sum of \$7,500. But it is, I believe, the truth, and if so, it is a remarkable fact, that, even under the most favorable circumstances, no violin has ever at auction, realized anything like \$6,000. Last week there was an auction at Puttick & Simpson's of undoubtedly genuine instruments from the collection of Davis Cooper, Stanistreet, Finzi and others. The highest price reached

was for a Strad of 1728, which went for \$1,500—a serious drop on the \$10,000 or \$15,000 of the newspaper paragraphists. A fine Amati went for \$725, an F. Ruggeri of 1698 for \$345, an A. and H. Amati of 1618 for \$375, and so forth. Some excellent old Italian violins were sold for under \$250, and this, I believe, was quite up to their real value. The moral, I suppose, is, that I want to buy a violin, I shall be wise to buy it at auction. On the other hand, if I want to sell one, the highest price I can obtain is—by newspaper paragraph."

Remenyi tells this story about Liszt: When he was seven years old he already played, like a grown up master, Bach's preludes and fugues. One day his father, Adam Liszt, who was a good all around musician, came home unexpectedly and heard little Liszt playing one of Bach's four-part fugues, but the fugue was written in another key than the one in which little Liszt was then playing. The father was appalled. He knew too well that his son had no intention whatever to transpose the intensely polyphonic four-part fugue. He knew that it was being done unconsciously. He asked the boy why he did not play it in the right key. The little fellow was astonished and asked if the fugue was not written in the key he was playing it in. No; it was written in E flat, and not in G. The musician knows well what it means to transpose a complicated piece to another key; but for a seven-year-old boy to transpose a four-part fugue of Bach to a key a third below!—New York Tribune.

Jenny Lind and Patti still figure in a good "Traviata" story. Patti has just finished one of Violetta's songs at a private house, when a little old lady trotted up to the piano. She came to praise, but remained to find fault with one of Patti's bravura passages. "But," said the little old lady, "that you may not think me a blind man quarreling about colors, I give you my card." It read "Jenny Lind Goldschmidt." Patti winced under the lash of her critic, but was quite equal to the occasion. "Ah, yes, I remember—I have heard my grandmother speak of you." The little old lady made no further remark, and trotted back to her seat.—London Weekly Sun.

A writer in Music relates this Rubinstein anecdote: "I had asked him why he never raised his eyes from the keyboard when playing in public, and he replied that the habit dated from a painful experience he had made when first he played in London. He had forgotten his surroundings through concentration in his work, but of a sudden desire for companionship in his artistic joy induced him to raise his eyes; they fell, by chance, upon a stout, buxom matron in the front row; his mental ecstasy was greeted by the most exaggerated yawning of polite society. It will not be difficult to conceive the reaction. From this date he determined in self-defense, never again to raise his eyes while playing in public."

At his benefit a popular singer in an opera house of a Rhenish town, deeply moved, put his hand on his heart and exclaimed, "Never shall I forget what I owe this town and its inhabitants." And the leading beer saloon-keeper arose and said at the top of his lungs: "I hope not."

In "The Grand Duchess" at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, the effect of the military tableaux is heightened by the introduction of five horses on the stage.

Mascagni is said to be at work on a one act opera entitled "It Viadante" the subject of which is taken from Coppee's "Passant."

It is now stated that Emma Eames will not sing in America this season. She has contracted to sing in Vienna, Berlin and in St. Petersburg.

Next winter Madame Nordica will sing under contract with Messrs Abbey and Grau. She will sing Isolde to Jean de Reszke's "Tristan." She will sail for the United States on 2nd November next.

Miss Marie Barnard is to sail for Europe shortly to study in Paris and London. This is the lady who was soprano with Sousa's Band, when in St. John.

Miss Jennie Kimball and Cornie are expected back from Europe this month.

Miss Alice Carle, whose splendid voice and work in "Paul Jones," will be remembered here, is now singing on the Pacific Slope.

The fact that Emma Eames is not coming to sing in the United States this season is due, so it is said, to her old quarrel with Madame Calve. Calve has kept her threat of never again appearing in the same company with Eames. She had to do it at Windsor when they sang there in "Carmen" not long ago. But, says a Boston paper, "it was Queen Victoria and not Henry E. Abbey who was in charge then."

The Chicago Dramatic Times, of recent date remarks: "It seems altogether likely that the opera will be overdone this fall in New York, quite as emphatically as comic opera was overdone last winter. There are to be two companies this winter. Each of them must play to close upon \$3,500 a night in order to meet the running cost,

without considering the heavy cash investment. The question is, it adds, "will the city stand so heavy a drain in this one line?"

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The New York Herald recently had the following to say about Miss Olga Nethersole.

"It is said Olga Nethersole is considering an adaptation of "Ma Cousine," but may the Gods forbid that it amounts to more than a "consideration." Miss Nethersole would be as much out of her depth in Melibac's piece, as a tornado in a tropic pond, though one can easily see what attracted her. It is that marvelous first act, where Riquette thumps a dozen silk cushions, and from time to time knocks the stuffing out of them, so to say, by the daintiest underscoring of a rictus situation that a French play has ever devised. Mme. Rejane managed the scene to Boston's satisfaction, but put it into English and it would become vulgar and impossible. London had cut all its prudish prickles when that brilliant creature played Riquette there a few weeks ago, and it is scarcely likely Miss Nethersole could adapt a play so thoroughly Parisian, into anything "grateful" to the British sense of propriety. And what a pity it is that talent like Olga Nethersole's should be so untrained! She seems incapable of taking on polish, either because she willfully disregards those counselors who wish her to succeed, or because there is lacking in her, that stroke of genius that must blend all inherent qualities together for one good end. Her season in London has been a disastrous failure. The very critics who praised her acting, before she came to America, now reverse their judgment, and accuse her of bringing back "tricks which may have pleased her audiences in the States, but which do not belong to the English stage," just as though she was any different from the day she first set foot in New York and "astonished, pleased and amused theatre patrons."

Miss Sidney Armstrong has been engaged to play the leading part in the new society play "The Silver Lining."

Lillian Walrath, is the name of a new star for next season, and Frederic De Belleville has been engaged as leading man.

Augustin Daly's London season closed on 31st ult. in "The two gentlemen of Verona." The house was crowded, it is said, and the actors received with enthusiasm, the principals being called before the curtain five times at the close of the performance.

Miss Ethel Knight Mollison, (Mrs. Moore) has been engaged as a member of the Girard Avenue theatre company, Philadelphia. The season is said to continue for forty weeks. This appears to be a good engagement. At the close of the season Miss Mollison will have quite an extensive repertoire, as the intention is to produce a new play, at this theatre each week.

Richard Mansfield will open his season at the Garrick theatre with a new play. He will appear in a dramatization of Stanley Weyman's "The house of the wolf." Later he will give "Timon of Athens."

The Hollis theatre, Boston, will open its next season, on the sixth inst, with "Mighty Millions."

Charles Coghlan has been engaged by Forbes Robertson to play Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum, London, in September. He ought to take his wife along to look after him.

Robert Mantell, following the example of the May Nannery company, is going to play a season of three weeks in Honolulu.

In a recent speech in London, Sir Henry Irving mentioned his son, as a striking instance of the social ban against the actor in England. His son is a barrister, and as such was eligible to be presented at a levee held by the Prince of Wales, but now, being an actor, though still a barrister, the honor is forbidden him.

Walter Jones, the comedian in Rice's "1492," came near killing himself during Tuesday night's performance at Manhattan Beach. In his tramp act he executes an indescribable acrobatic dance. It concludes with a series of pirouettes and whirling somersaults, similar to those first introduced by the Arabian tumblers. On this occasion he miscalculated his distance. Approaching too close to the footlights, the last revolution sent him crashing head first into one of the private boxes. The audience shouted with laughter and applauded, thinking it a bit of new stage business. But the turmoil suddenly ceased when it was seen that Jones was stunned and helpless. It was a quarter of an hour before he gained consciousness. He was badly bruised, and there was a cut three inches long on his left leg. He suffered chiefly from shock. Mr. Jones will probably moderate his acrobatic activity in future.

Talk of the Boston Playhouses.

The season of 1895-6 gives promise of opening somewhat earlier than usual, and already the opening bell has been heard at the Bowdoin Square Theatre, which rang its curtain up last Saturday night on a revival of "Lost in New York" a scenic melo-drama which has been seen here before. This house has been touched up and fixed up and looks very pretty. Walter

Kennedy follows next week in Howell's play "Samson."

The Boston theatre has been in the hands of the carpenters, painters and decorators all summer and when it opens this evening old habits will only recognize the general shape of the auditorium, for new chairs have been put in, the whole interior has been redecorated and in fact it is practically a new theatre. Minstrelsy will form the opening attraction in the shape of Thatcher and Carroll's twentieth Century Minstrels. The play of "Burmb," a spectacular war drama is an early attraction at this house, and great preparations are being made for a very fine production of this spectacle.

The Boston museum will open on the 19th with the burlesque "Thrilly" which has made such a hit in New York. May Irwin in her new piece "The Widow Jones" will be the next attraction.

The Grand Opera House has dropped out of the list of dramatic houses this year and has decided to follow the lead sent by Keith in giving continuous performances. The success of this venture remains to be proved.

Castle Square Theatre has had a fine business all in light opera, and the management has decided to continue this style of entertainment until January anyway. Last week as Olivette Louise Eissing made her farewell appearances and sensibly added to her list of admirers by the way in which she played the title role of this very charming opera. Miss Eissing has done splendid work this summer and will always be heartily welcomed back to Boston. Miss Salinger who replaces her as prima donna chose "The Grand Duchess" for her opening, and with recollections of Lillian Russell so recently in the past I think she was unwise. Miss Salinger has a pleasing voice and has evidently been well trained, but I doubt if she becomes the favorite here that Miss Eissing was.

The Tremont is still running under summer management, and "Kismet" has proved fairly successful, although nothing like as good musically or otherwise as "The Sphinx," which piece is to be seen here next week, as Kismet will be taken to New York.

By the time the Knights Templars get here all the theatres with possibly the exception of the Hollis will be running.

"The Carnival of Venice" an out-of-doors show, largely spectacular and pyrotechnical will be seen here during convalescence week.

"Black America" is doing fairly well. The singing of the big chorus and the cake walk are certainly worth hearing and seeing.

Our old friend, Wm. F. Owen plays Falstaff this season, in Julia Marlowe Tabir's production of "Henry IV., and Mr. Owen's performance of the fat knight, will be one of the best pieces of work on the legitimate stages this season.

Keith made a great hit when he engaged eight members of the Symphony Orchestra to play at his lively theatre. The men appear three times a day and at their hours you are always sure to find an appreciative audience.

The Hollis St. theatre will open with McNally's new piece "The Night Clerk" with Peter Dailey as the stellar attraction.

PROSCENIUM.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT ON THE LIFE OF A MAN OF FASTIDIOUS TASTES.

"Speaking of punctiousness," said Col. Calliper, "you remember my telling you some time ago about a man who was so particular about his dress, that at a watering place where he was staying, the tide happening to serve after 6 o'clock, he went clammimg in evening dress?"

That seemed like carrying things to extremes, but I knew a much more remarkable case than that, the case of my friend, Joseph Timbler of Storkville Centre, Vt.

"Mr. Timbler always wore evening dress wherever he might be, at home or abroad, after six o'clock. There was, indeed, a period of a month or two in summer, after the Fourth of July and until the latter part of August, when, punctious as he was, he considered it all right to wear an informal costume at home; but he never did this abroad at any season, and at home, as August waned and September drew near, he put on evening dress again.

"In the course of time Mr. Timbler's health failed somewhat, and the doctors prescribed for him a long sea voyage. He sailed from New York for a trip around the Horn to San Francisco. Aboard ship, as everywhere else, he wore evening dress after six o'clock. There was no other passengers, but he always appeared at the evening meal in evening attire. Down through the tropics, into the low latitudes, and round into the Pacific, day after day and week after week. It was always the same in all sorts of weather; and after supper, if the weather permitted, Mr. Timbler sat on deck in his swallowtail coat and broad expanse of shirt front, and smoked his evening cigar, an object of great interest to the silent sailor at the wheel.

"In the Pacific the ship that Mr. Timbler sailed on was wrecked. For days she waterlogged and unmanageable, but the

Captain clung to her till the last with the hope that he might yet save her, or that help would come. But the time came when they had to leave her. The longboat, equipped and provisioned, had been kept ready, and when at last longer delay was impossible the Captain gave the order to leave the ship. It was after 6 o'clock, and Mr. Timbler stepped over the rail into his place in the longboat in evening dress.

"For days they floated on the ocean, and at last their provision gave out. Then for days they starved, and then they drew lots to see who should die. The lot fell to Mr. Timbler. It was noon when the lots were drawn, the killing was set for 6 o'clock the sailor upon whom the lot had fallen came aft, knife in hand, to where Mr. Timbler sat. For once Mr. Timbler was not in evening dress at the hour, though when he saw the sailor approach he knew that he had asked for time to dress; he had accepted the lot without a murmur, but he didn't like to be killed in morning costume.

"The sailor carried his request forward, and after a brief conversation it was decided to give Mr. Timbler time. As a matter of fact, Mr. Timbler had been liked aboard the ship, both forward and aft. Notwithstanding his punctiousness in the matter of dress, he could look a gale in the eye and he was not afraid of salt water. So it was felt that this courtesy was due him, and the sailor went back and told him he would have time to dress. Mr. Timbler was as deliberate as he was precise, and it does not seem at all improbable that on this occasion he was perhaps rather more deliberate than usual. He came to the end at last, but while he was arranging his tie, and the man who was waiting for him was sharpening his knife on the gunwale, a shout was made from forward:

"A sail! A sail!"—New York Sun.

Concerning Citric Acid.

Enormous quantities of citric acid are used in calico printing, in pharmacy and in the preparation of artificial lemonade. About an ounce and a quarter (570 grains) of pure citric acid dissolved in a pint of water gives a solution which has the average acidity of good lemon juice. When diluted with several times its bulk in water, sweetened with sugar, and scented with a single drop of essence of lemon, an artificial lemonade is produced which is much used as a cooling drink in fever hospitals.

It has also been used in the navy as a substitute for fresh lemon juice in the treatment or prevention of scurvy, but has been found much less efficient. In fact, this artificial lemonade is by no means equal to that made from pure lemon juice, whether used at table or for invalids. In rheumatism or rheumatic gout, the fresh juice of the lemon is preferred on account of the bi-citrate of potash which it contains. Pure lemon juice is also a valuable remedy in sore throat and diphtheria; cases have been reported in which children have apparently been cured of this terrible disease by constantly sucking oranges or lemons.

Pure citric acid possess, like some other acids, the power of destroying the bad effects of polluted water used for drinking; but it is, perhaps, better to boil the water before adding a little citric acid to it.—"Chamber's Journal."

Old-style Pipes Reappearing.

A European sculptor living in this city fifty or twenty years ago, and not successful in his own art, took to modelling clay pipes. The clay was burned a light reddish buff, and he chose for his subjects the heads of local celebrities—Boss Tweed, Peter Cooper, and other men known for various things. It is necessary that the subject should have some striking peculiarity, the more grotesque the better. The Peter Cooper pipe had a wide popularity, and had one simulating a caricatured Irish face. These pipes were lost to view for some years, or, at any rate, not made in large numbers, but they have recently reappeared. The subjects now are less local and personal than formerly, though the work seems much the same in execution as before, and the new pipes bear the old name. They are, however, more than double the original price.—N. Y. Paper.

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