

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Beyond an occasional small and almost variety programme in connection with some church Sunday school exhibition or other philanthropic measure in a church sense, there is nothing of a musical character to note this week.

Tones and Undertones.

Miss Irma Sethe, a young lady violinist who is a pupil of Ysaye recently played in concert in London with particular success.

Della Fox is appearing in "Fleur de Lys" at the Tremont theatre Boston. A writer says "People attending do not care what the opera is and perhaps don't know its name."

The singing of Thomas Persee in "Fra Diavolo" at the Castle Square theatre Boston last week is highly complimented.

Ardui, the veteran conductor, is said to be writing his memoirs. They will be interesting.

The opera "Princess Bonnie" has reached its 400th performance.

It is stated in some of the papers that Perugini, the tenor, who was more distinguished as the one time and latest husband of Lillian Russell, has joined the vandeville ranks.

"Rip Van Winkle" is the opera at the Castle Square theatre this week, and the title role is entrusted to William Wolff, the noisy basso, who is remembered in opera in this city.

Mr. Emil Tiferro, a tenor singer, gave a very interesting and successful recital in Steinert Hall, Boston, last week.

The German opera season in Boston will begin on the 3rd of February next. The company will be headed by Frau Katherina Klafsky, the foremost Wagnerian prima donna of the present day.

A complimentary testimonial and a most successful one as well was given to Miss Ella M. Chamberlain in Cambridgeport, Mass. last week.

Mrs. Elaine Eaton has been engaged by the Salem Oratorio Society to sing in Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" on the 26th inst.

Katherine Germaine is appearing with much success in the role of Francesca in "The Fencing Master," in New England.

The opera season in New York, in spite of all the booming it received, appears to be somewhat of a "frost."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Marksos, the magician, will be at the Opera House on Christmas afternoon and evening. He will be assisted by Miss Nettie Sinclair who is wonderfully gifted as a mind reader.

Thomas E. Shea recently produced his new play "The Man O'Wars Man" at Fall River, Mass.

Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew are com-

ing to the Hollis theatre, Boston, early in the new year. They will appear in "The Queen's Necklaces."

Charles Frohman's weekly salary list foots up to \$21,327, or over a million dollars yearly.

Dazy, the author of "In Old Kentucky," is a Harvard man. After graduating with high honors, he got the Western fever and moved to Fargo, Dak., just as that town was expiring from the effects of the boom.

Herr Edward Kilyani, the originator of the "Living Pictures" died in New York last week. The cause of death was consumption.

It is said of Mme. Ristori that no foreign actress ever excited so much sincere admiration among French people as did she. Dumas declared that to see her act was worth all the lessons in elocution in the world.

Nellie Ganthony, the drawing room entertainer has sailed for Europe.

The play "Mme. Sans Gene" has made a profit of \$24,000, so far this season.

The question is asked, "when will actors on the stage understand that their profanity is an insult to that part of the audience who pride themselves upon being ladies and gentlemen."

Ernest Charles Ward, son of Frederick Ward, the tragedian is everywhere winning great praise for his excellent work in character parts.

Nanine Palmer, leading lady of "A White Rat" company, accidentally turned the key of the gas burner too far in her room at the Griswold House, Detroit, one night recently.

Joseph J. Person is an especial favorite with college girls. His audiences on the occasions when he lectures at one of the women's colleges are very enthusiastic and demonstrative.

There are very few, if any, people living, who remember anything about the first production of "Richardieu." One of those who took an actual part in the play, however, is Henry Howe, familiarly called "Daddy," who is now, at a very advanced age, a member of Henry Irving's Company.

Lord Lytton came one day to rehearsal, and he said that would never do. He said it must be played by a man, and Macready assigned it to me. It was one of the greatest successes that I had made up to that time, but at the outset there was not much successful about the play.

Katherine Germaine is appearing with much success in the role of Francesca in "The Fencing Master," in New England. James Gilbert and his Opera Company are in Portland, Me., this week.

Marksos, the magician, will be at the Opera House on Christmas afternoon and evening. He will be assisted by Miss Nettie Sinclair who is wonderfully gifted as a mind reader. Marksos' skill, supplemented by this ladies cleverness will supply an entertainment that ought to fill the house.

ACTORS AT CHRISTMAS.

THEY TELL HOW THEY INTEND TO KEEP THE FESTIVAL.

With Some of Them It Will Be a Busy Day and Others Will Enjoy a Holiday—Sadie Martinot Will Be on the Ocean—Madame Calve Has an Original Plan.

New York, Dec. 19.—Apart from those perpetual attributes of Christmas, peace and plum pudding, every land and every section of each particular country has its own distinguishing Christmas mark.

Yvette Gilbert said: "Christmas? Bah! Christmas bores me. I love the midnight mass. When in Paris I always go to the Madeleine that night. But Christmas with us is not much of a festival."

"I did not think that Christmas would find me still on the road," said Viola Allen, the Empire Theatre's leading woman. "Just think of it; here am I, the leading woman of New York's leading stock company, and I haven't played in the home theatre for more than seven months."

"I shall spend most of my Christmas with 'The Sporting Duchess,'" exclaimed Agnes Booth. "so I shall at least be in good company."

"I sail for Geneva this week," said Sadie Martinot, "so I shall probably spend my Christmas on midocean. No; Mr. Max Figman, my husband, will not accompany me abroad—at least not if I know it. He is a painful subject to me. Please do not mention him again."

But of all the answers I received, Emma Calve's was the most original: "I shall spend my Christmas Day talking into my beloved phonograph and listening to the Christmas greeting which it will bring to me from over the seas. Before I left home, I bought eight of these phonographs, and gave one to each of my dearest friends. I loathe writing letters, you know, and by the phonograph we manage to keep up a most interesting verbal correspondence. Whenever I feel blue, I run to my phonograph and tell all my troubles to my mother. Two weeks hence, when it reaches her, I know that her dear heart will go out to me. I dispatch my cylinders every week, and the French steamer always brings me a box full of conversations. It is a glorious plan for keeping in touch with one's friends. I wonder that more strangers and pilgrims like myself do not use it."

During the last ten days, by letter and interview, I have been trying to ascertain how many of the actors and actresses would spend their Christmas this year. The result of my investigations are given in the players' own words.

"Christmas will be a busy day with me," said Olga Nethersole, as she stepped into her dressing room after responding to the eighth curtain call at the Empire. "We produce 'Carmen' that week, you know, and it depends a good deal on how the play is received whether I shall pass a happy Christmas or not. Still, even if 'Carmen' does not prove a success, my Christmas must be a very thankful one. The New York critics have been so kind to me this year, and what I assure you is of far more importance to me, the great big American public has taken me to its heart. Last Christmas I was worried to death with a thousand and one worries. This year I have two faithful managers to look out for my best interests, and, besides, for the first time in my life, I'm an aunt. A cablegram from England has just informed me that my favorite sister has just given birth to a boy. Do you know I feel prouder of being an aunt than of being a tragedienne. That's the woman of it, I suppose."

The next actress to whom I put the question was Jennie Yeamans, who is playing at the Bijou in "The Night Clerk." "Well, we got ahead of them this year," she exclaimed. "Christmas falls on a Wednesday, you see, and as we play Wednesday matinees regularly, our managers can't stick up for an extra performance. I am looking forward to a very jolly day, and lots of turkey. The only drawback will be that mother won't be with me. She plays in 'The Great Diamond Robbery,' and by that time she'll be off on the road somewhere. I shall hang up my stockings as I have always done at each of the seventeen Christmases that I have experienced," added Miss Yeamans, with a smile. "This year I hope some American dramatist will put a good play in it, with the shining character parts for mother and me. We want to go starring next year."

Mr. Southern's answer was particularly brief: "I shall work hard; give two performances of 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' and possibly may put some bonbons in my brother Sam's stocking, provided he remains a good boy."

"I am looking forward to Christmas with a great deal of pleasure," said Mr. Herne. "My wife and I shall be in New York, for one thing, and I hear that already the theatre for both performances is sold out. But the real treat I have promised myself is this. I'm not going to eat any turkey. Ah, if you only knew how I loathe the sight of that toothsome bird. You see, in 'Shore Acres,' my company and I are obliged to eat a whole turkey every night, and two on Saturday. About a month ago a friend of mine presented me with two of the largest hens I have ever seen. Next

week I'm going to kill them, and we'll have them for our two stage dinners on Christmas Day. They're so large that the audience won't recognize the difference; and, to us, a whole day's respite from turkey will be such a relief."

"I'm going to celebrate my Christmas a week in advance," said May Irwin, as she stepped on board the Southern train last Monday afternoon. "It's to be a five days' festival, and will last all the way from New York to San Francisco. We open in Frisco next Monday night, and in the meantime we're going to rest, hang up our stockings, and play poker. I wish it were possible for me to spend the day with my sister, Flo, my mother and my two boys; but a woman can't have everything in this world, you know, and I ought to be very thankful to spend it with such a chivalric companion as 'The Widow Jones.'"

What Yvette Gilbert says.

Yvette Gilbert said: "Christmas? Bah! Christmas bores me. I love the midnight mass. When in Paris I always go to the Madeleine that night. But Christmas with us is not much of a festival. It is New Year's Day that we Parisians celebrate."

"I did not think that Christmas would find me still on the road," said Viola Allen, the Empire Theatre's leading woman. "Just think of it; here am I, the leading woman of New York's leading stock company, and I haven't played in the home theatre for more than seven months."

"Yes," chimed in Henry Miller, "that reminds me. The other day as we jumped from Providence to Brooklyn, I stopped off at New York for a moment and walked up to the Empire just to see if the building was still there. In the lobby I met Will McConnell. He was looking at the frame containing all our photographs. 'Here,' said he, 'is New York's only resident stock company which never resides in New York.'"

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"My husband and I will have a comfortable old-fashioned dinner," said Fannie Davenport. "I always make it a rule to give no matinee on Christmas. I think it only fair to my company that they should have the day to themselves. It's hard enough to work at night."

But of all the answers I received, Emma Calve's was the most original:

"I shall spend my Christmas Day talking into my beloved phonograph and listening to the Christmas greeting which it will bring to me from over the seas. Before I left home, I bought eight of these phonographs, and gave one to each of my dearest friends. I loathe writing letters, you know, and by the phonograph we manage to keep up a most interesting verbal correspondence. Whenever I feel blue, I run to my phonograph and tell all my troubles to my mother. Two weeks hence, when it reaches her, I know that her dear heart will go out to me. I dispatch my cylinders every week, and the French steamer always brings me a box full of conversations. It is a glorious plan for keeping in touch with one's friends. I wonder that more strangers and pilgrims like myself do not use it."

Animal Food.

Feeling the need of medicine the other day, Pat applied to a doctor with whom he was acquainted. The doctor examined the symptoms, felt the pulse, examined the tongue, and did whatever else professional etiquette demanded. Then he said:

"Patrick, you're run down a bit, that's all. What you need is animal food."

And Pat departed quite contented. About two days afterward the doctor happened to think of his case, and called on Pat in the stable.

The word honeymoon was derived from the German practice of celebrating a wedding by drinking a brew of mead, principally composed of honey, for the duration of one moon after the ceremony.

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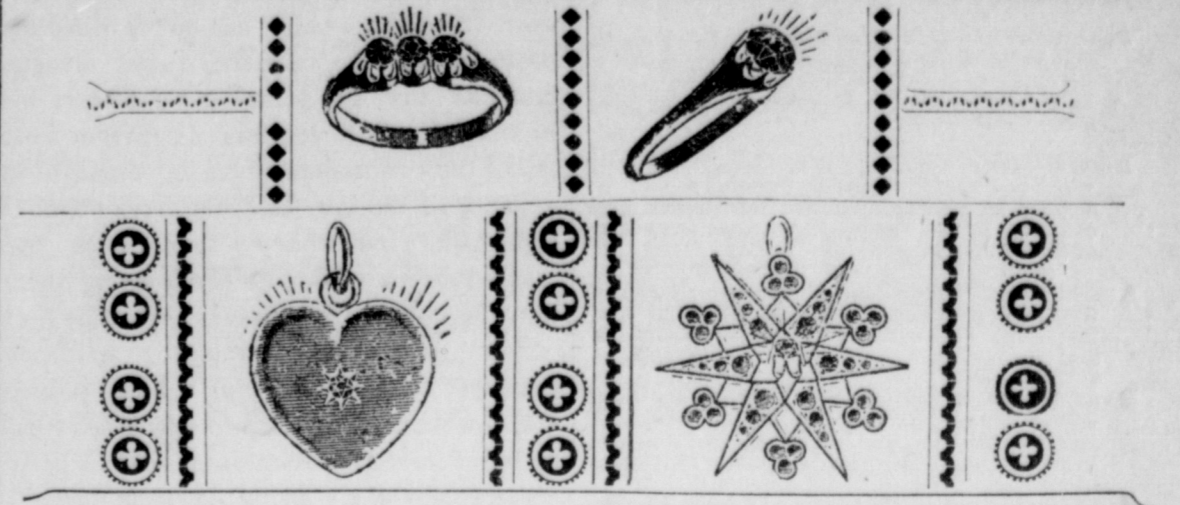


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