

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 4.

PUT SENTIMENT ASIDE.

The death of Mr. WELDON makes it necessary for the liberals of the city and county to choose another candidate in his place and it is reported that the party will soon be called together for that purpose. The convention that nominated Mr. WELDON was not unanimous in its selection; though the vote was made so in the end. In fact it will be remembered that there was a determined effort on the part of the young men of the party to obtain a candidate more representative of their ideas and, in their opinion, more likely to win. They met with much encouragement and in certain sections of the city had a most united following. But sentiment prevailed and the "old war horse" was chosen. The reasons for this were plain at the time but they narrowed down to the one main sentimental consideration that it was not treating Mr. WELDON with proper courtesy and respect to cast him out from the leadership of a party of which he had borne the standard with varying success for so many years. So Mr. WELDON was chosen. Since then, his death has again opened the nomination and with him the reason for his selection has faded from view. There is no man now with any sentimental claims upon the party; there is no one to whom the party is in debt, no one to whom it owes a nomination. And yet, it report can be relied upon, it is true that certain of the liberals are thinking of honoring the memory of their former chief-tain and leader by keeping the nomination in the family. In fact, certain grit newspapers outside of the city, but yet with pretty accurate sources of information even go so far as to assert that Colonel TUCKER will be the choice of the liberal convention.

Shades of ISAAC BURDELL! To what has the party come, when it cannot find a man in its ranks known to the people and acceptable to them. Socially, Colonel TUCKER may be a pleasant gentleman, a boon associate and agreeable to the kid gloved club portion of the party but if he is forced upon the people the result can easily be foreseen. He has not been a "fighter" in the best sense of that word, he is unknown to the masses and, (though this is his misfortune and not his fault) he has not the necessary ability and eloquence to speak so important a constituency as St. John in the Commons of Canada. If the liberal party has a chance to elect a representative let them send a man who can speak for himself, who can defend and support St. John against her competitors at any time, and in any place.

THE EASTER SEASON.

PROGRESS, once again, extends an "Easter greeting" to its numerous readers; first to those who have always been with us, then to those who within the year have become our patrons. Apart altogether from its religious bearings the Easter-tide should be a season of general rejoicing. Like the Christmas vacation it makes a break in the almost endless and unrelenting grind of this workaday business life—a time when men may throw down the cares and trials that the winter has occasioned and look forward with renewed energy and cheer to the prospects that summer may bring. With the ladies it is not a period of rest unless with them certain duties are classed as holiday making. With them it is the time for putting their houses in order, with securing the indispensable Easter hat "and dress to match"; but it they call this work they invariably meet it in a joyous manner, as it with them it is joy indeed. The origin of Easter is hidden in the dust of ages, and while Christian observance is given this special day or week it is true also that heathen nations celebrate the paschal tide with ceremonies far more elaborate and expressive than any practiced at the present day. In these observances the religious and the secular went hand in

hand, the people vieing with the priests in the decorations and gifts that were presented indiscriminately. No one knows why the "egg" should be the symbol of Easter, but time has hallowed it, the world has adopted it, and while time lasts it will be the distinctive mark of the close of the Lenten season. The religious observance of Easter as Christian nations know it, is based upon the resurrection—the "Rising Lord." It is a beautiful conception, this blending the graceful and choicest tributes of the earth—flowers—with the rising of Christ from the dead. In Russia tomorrow the Czar will greet his subjects with the remark: "Christ is risen." They will reply: "He is risen indeed." All throughout Christendom the bells will ring on this Easter morn. The tidings that a "Saviour has risen." Everywhere on this broad earth where Britain's language is spoken, where the nations of Europe hold sway, or where the semi-civilized control, Easter will be observed with ceremonies very different indeed, yet all pointing to one object, man's happiness, the coming of summer, the beginning of another season of sowing and reaping.

The press has been generous—though not too much so—in its congratulations to the Canadian Drug Company, the new business establishment which can now be said to be fairly at work in its commodious quarters on Prince William street. St. John has long been known as a splendid distributing centre and it a wholesale house was to be added to any line of business perhaps this was the most favorable, since competition from Maritime houses has not emanated from many establishments. The new drug company starts with an abundance of capital and skilled and capable employees who know the requirements of the trade thoroughly. The business is in good hands and should prosper accordingly.

BEAUTIFUL RUGS AND CARPETS.

Some of the New Things seen at A. O. Skinner's Warehouses.

A visit to Mr. A. O. Skinner's carpet ware rooms on King street is decidedly one of the most pleasant ways in which to spend a little spare time. The magnificent array of carpet is certainly a delightful surprise to the visitor and one for which they are scarcely prepared, as the lower part of the store fronting on King street is very unpretentious. The lower floor is devoted entirely to heavy grade oilcloth and linoleums. The second floor 40x85 has the front room filled almost with tapestries, brussels wilton and axminster carpets. A beautiful variety of artistically combined colors meets the eye in this department, rich reds warm browns, dark greens and all the more delicate shades being arranged with a view to the nice effect obtained. Axminster, is a new carpet this year and is said to be much superior in finish and coloring to the old axminster while it has the advantage of being considerably cheaper. In the rear of this room is the part formerly occupied by Mr. Harold Gilbert and which is now used for oilcloths, matings, Japanese matings, beautiful art squares, wool carpets, rugs that seem too dainty to be trod upon, wool carpets, draperies, curtains and curtain poles. The third floor is devoted to cutting and making carpets and for storing reserve stock. The prices in carpets are most reasonable and from the great variety one cannot fail to find something that will please in every way.

Mr. Skinner has been in the carpet business nearly thirty years and can furnish goods in his line as cheaply as any other Canadian firm as he buys from the manufacturers at the lowest prices given to any dealer and has capital which enables him to give customers excellent terms. His assistants are all thoroughly trained in the business and have had extensive experience in matching and selecting colors; Mr. Skinner's customers are assured of the most courteous and intelligent treatment from his employees.

That Windsor Church Matter. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Your correspondent's article of March 26th, in regard to the action taken by the baptist church of Windsor, N. S., and that a majority of the church was for calling Rev. A. T. Dykeman to its pastorate was correct but there is one claim we beg to take exception to: that is the Rev. A. T. Dykeman did not come here looking for the church; neither did he send an application, but he, his devoted wife and little daughter were visiting friends and relatives on a vacation kindly given him by his much esteemed church at Digby. The church in Windsor, being pastorless he was invited to supply it on the Sabbath and was received with much acceptance. A Church Member. Windsor, March 30th 1896.

P. S. The indignation of some of the above mentioned majority is easier imagined than described. A. C. M.

Go and See Mr. Dean.

Mr. Thos. Dean of the city market, is to the front as usual this year with his supply of splendid beef and other meats for the Easter trade. Those who patronize Mr. Dean can always rely upon the article he gives them, and it is safe to say that during the festival seasons he draws a large portion of the transient trade of those who have heard of his reputation in this respect. It would be impossible for PROGRESS to speak particularly of the assortment of meats and poultry that he has in his stall. Those in search of something good for tomorrow will do well to visit him.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

HARMONY HALL. A DEDICATORY POEM, WRITTEN TO ORDER. ABOVE THE PENOBSCOT'S CIRCUITOUS TIDE THERE'S A PLACE ON A HILL WHERE SOME LADIES RESIDE; THEY HAVE LATELY BEEN BUSY, AND ISSUE THEIR CALL TO ENTER AND DEDICATE HARMONY HALL.

The place is called Hampton, so I have been told, For a warrior fought, a patriot bold, Who, when naughtily King Chastley stepped over the line, Stood up on his backbone,—(they call it a spine)— Soon the tyrant was headless, so faithless and sleek Yet not so those ladies of whom we hear speak; For in all sorts of ways, and in all sorts of weather, They scarcely could go but they all went together.

In this town stood a church—'tis standing there still A land ark soon spied on the brow of the hill; But with it old time had such liberties taken That by God and by man it seemed almost forsaken.

To silence and dust were left uplift and paw; The oil it walls looked dingy, the spire was askew; The weeds grew around it unhindered galore, And bushes grew up through the step by the door.

The fast-rotting belfrey had threatened to fall; The bell had grown noiseless, nor issued its call, Till some of our men said the whole must come down, Lest it should disfigure our fine little town.

And sometimes the Methodist preacher looked grim When to us from abroad were beginning to come, And, getting astray in their dubious search, They took the first one for the Metho list church.

But the ladies in council began to convene, And a different order of things has been seen; For village improvement is now in the air, And we will not demolish, but shortly repair.

Where a will may be found there is surely a way; And, if something is doing, with every day, In the end it is certain, will something be done;— So, up in a jiffy—the work was begun!

The joiners and painters and masons combine To straighten the crooked and make the dull shine; They cut down expenses, and made the thing go— For men will work cheap for the women, you know!

Now look all around you! When this is done brown, 'Twill about take the shine from all places in town! Whoever would think, going to hit or miss, They'd ever turn out a spick-span thing like this!

But the women are prophet; and so, it is true, They should all share the profits when this thing is 'thru'; They had faith to begin with, and faith to the close, And they smiled at all galsaying—under the rose.

A day was appointed,—that day of the year When started Miss Anthony's mortal career; They made their arrangements, they issued their call, To enter and dedicate Harmony Hall.

So here we all are, and the feast is begun, For father and mother, for daughter and son; Our joy should be great, and our courage not small, For this is the birthday of Harmony Hall.

The plain truth, if told, should not be an affront;— There are some things we'd do here, and some things we won't; The grab bag, the shake-down, the bottle and ball, Can never edge into this Harmony Hall.

The brothers and sisters who work for reform Shall find the lamps lighted, and feel the house warm; The singer and speaker may hither repair, These walls shall re-echo the sermon and prayer.

So here to the ladies in Hampton lie dwell, Who needs these rough verses endeavor to tell; Long, long may their brethren respond to their call, And long may they flourish in Harmony Hall!

Along The Song Sweep: River. Along the song sweep: river side, I hear the young spring call— The wild woods and the meadows wide; The blue bell blossoms smile. The river lifts its snow white sheet, And through it peeps to see; The blue sky o'er it smiling sweet, A welcome smile to me.

The great heart of the ocean deep, Beats strong against the land; And sighing there in restless sleep, Whispers along the strand. How often there true hearts in vain, Together drawn have heard; A farewell in the sea's refrain, The last sad spoken word.

"EXTRA LADIES" DUTIES.

SOMETIMES THEY'RE PAGERS AND THEN THEY'RE COURT LADIES.

Several Hundred Women in New York and Brooklyn Who Are Glad to go on the Stage at \$1 a Performance, Either for the Fun of the Thing or the Money.

"Extra ladies" is the name that dignifies them. They are the several hundred young girls and women in this city and Brooklyn who perform the most trifling duties on the stage for the fun that there is in it or because necessity drives them to it. They scan the amusement columns in the daily papers with more eagerness than the average country bride and bridegroom who come here to pass the honeymoon, and, not content with this, they read the theatrical criticisms to see if they can get an inkling of a change of bill in any of the playhouses. It is the custom for managers to make such changes on Monday night. Whenever one is to be made, Monday morning usually finds a long line of extra ladies waiting to see if there is anything that they can get to do in the new play, and if the manager shakes his head and says, "No extras needed in this piece," off they scurry to another theatre where a change of bill is advertised.

The duties of this branch of the profession are varied but light, and this adjective also describes the pay that the extra ladies receive. One week a woman may be a magnificently attired court lady, while the next will find her a simple peasant girl and the third sees her a page to one of Shakespeare's kings. In each instance the salary is the same—\$1 a performance.

Many extra ladies are employed in offices and shops during the day and cannot get off to present themselves where a bill is to be changed, and these, with many others, depend upon men who make a specialty of supplying extras to the theatres to find them places. Edwin A. Pratt has been in this business for ten years. When asked to tell something about these people, he said:

"I don't bother with furnishing men any more, but devote a great part of my time to securing good looking, refined women for plays wherein extra ladies are needed, and I now have on my waiting list over 100 girls, from 16 to 25 years of age, whom I can command at any time. They are all well bred, and most of them live with their parents or husbands.

"Observant people often remark that the extra ladies seen in performances nowadays are such fresh-looking, well-built women. That is easily explained. Managers don't want the old staggers, whose faces are known to the public, and they won't have them. The last time Mrs. Langtry was here she came to me personally and said:

"Now, mind you, I want real elegant-looking extra-ladies, who know how to wear good clothes and to enter a room and sit down gracefully."

"I picked out such from my list as I thought would please her, and at the end of the engagement she congratulated me on securing a set of women with such fine figures and presence. I've been told that the extra ladies who worked with Duse in 'Cavalleria Rusticana' and with Mr. Billow and Mrs. Potter in 'Romeo and Juliet,' were very fine looking and had excellent stage manners, and I'm sure that both of these things can be said of the women who acted with Min in his Shakespearean plays, though it was a first experience with several of them.

"I have innumerable applications, personal and written, from three classes of women in all of the leading cities of the country. First, there are the women who need extra money to supplement meagre salaries earned in other ways; next there are the young, unmarried women who have comfortable homes, but wish to earn a little pin money for themselves, and, last we have the girls who are stage-struck, who imagine that they have talent, and wish to go on that they may learn how to present themselves on the stage and become familiar with stage life.

"Many things have to be considered in choosing extra ladies to go on in a play. For instance, short, rollicking girls wouldn't do to put on as court ladies, and the tall, elegant looking woman, such as come from the ranks of cloak models—and there are a great many of them—would look ludicrous skipping round in a peasant's dance on a green. When a woman makes personal application to go on as an extra lady, the super captain, manager, or whoever it is that she applies to, considers her face and figure first, and then her intelligence and training in society ways. Presence goes a great way toward success or failure. The parents of these girls often raise very serious objections to their going on the stage, but the girls themselves are generally a very determined lot. I never keep anything from those who come to me to be put on my list, but tell them of all the temptations of stage life, and advise them against making promiscuous acquaintance. They generally come and go by twos or threes, and, as a rule, are a quiet, well-behaved lot of women, though very jolly and good-humored with each other, which is natural, as they have little responsibility.

"Many who go on with the idea that they are embryo Duses or Bernhardtts, change their minds after two or three months, and decide that instead of having talent and ability which will advance them as actresses, it is only ambition that they possess. They soon drop out discouraged. On the other hand a fair proportion of young ladies, who work as extra ladies merely for the money that is in it, show talent and develop quite rapidly; few rise to be leading ladies, but very frequently

they get parts that pay from \$25 to \$40 a week. Lansing Rowan, the leading lady in the Frawley stock company, which is the principal one in San Francisco, started out as an extra lady. She belongs to a fine family and had a good income, but was stage-struck. Her first experience as an extra was with Mrs. Leslie Carter when she played 'Miss Helyett,' and now she is acting in Shakespearean plays.

"Often, when business is dull in the profession, it is very difficult for a woman who has been successful on the stage for a number of years to get a part, and many such are glad enough to go on as extra ladies at \$8 a week. Perhaps they won't remain on a week before they let an engagement, and they hold that it is a sure avenue to a position and say that it is better to keep before the public and managers in this capacity than to do nothing and wait for something to turn up.

"There's a good deal in that, too. Any way, many very fair actresses evolve from the ranks of the extra ladies, and it is an easy way for those who go in for the money there is in it to earn a few extra dollars for the work is easy enough. It is a rare thing that an extra lady has any lines to say, although most of them beg for the privilege of saying something after they've been on a time or two. Of course, they get no extra pay for this additional work. 'Extra ladies consider themselves in clover when they are engaged for a Shakespearean repertoire. On the day of George C. Min's closing performance of 'Hamlet' a visitor dropped into his extra ladies' dressing room, and the sight was an novel one. Four or five comely young women sat around in court attire, laughing at the antics of another in the garb of a page. When asked how they enjoyed stage life, one of them said:

"For my part I like it well enough now, for I've been on as an extra lady for ten years, but I shall never forget the case of stage fright that seized me on the night of my first appearance. My husband was then property man in the Harlem Opera House, and I got sick and tired of spending my evenings at home alone, and finally told him so. He suggested that I go on as an extra lady at the theatre.

"I thought that would be a terrible thing to do, for I had an idea that only very common people did that. He convinced me that I was much mistaken, and I agreed to apply for a place the next Monday morning. To my surprise it was given me, and I went on in a rehearsal with Fanny Davenport in 'La Tosca' in less than two hours. There were three others besides myself, and we were supposed to be court ladies, and wore very elegant gowns with long trains. Well, we practised making bows and sitting down for nearly three hours, and I was so worn out and nervous when I got home I told my husband that I was sick of the business already, and declared up and down that I wouldn't go to the theatre that night, as my head was aching awfully. He said that I must, and I did. When the curtain went up and I made my first low bow to my partner, who, fortunately, was an actor, and not an extra man, I felt myself fainting away, and whispered to him to catch me. He knew how to do it so that it looked like a very pretty piece of acting, but it wasn't. After that night I was all right, and I've been on as an extra lady ever since, off and on. For two years I wasn't without an engagement, and I soon worked up to small parts, but I'm not ambitious in that direction. It suits me better to act as an extra, and I usually make my own engagements.

"To day in 'Hamlet' I'm a court lady for a while, and in the last act some of us will be virgins at the death. Then in my day I've been a foreign peasant girl, and a waitress. Costumes are nearly always furnished us from the stage wardrobe, and they are given out to us by the mistress of the wardrobe, who inspects us before we go on to see that the nobility hasn't put on her things like a peasant. There is little responsibility about the work, and while I have no ambition to become an actress, I like the business so well that I can't get out of it."

"I can't understand your having no ambition," said another, advancing toward the speaker and the visitor with a tragic tread that made the latter shuffle around uneasily and look toward the door. "I'm only doing this as a stepping stone to something higher. I've always had a strong desire to go on the stage since I was a child, but my mother would not hear of such a thing. Finally, three weeks ago, I got her consent to go on in 'Macbeth,' and now I'm miserable when I'm off the boards. I look on the work as a pleasure, and am exceedingly anxious to get in something where I'll have some lines to say. I want to become familiar with stage life first through my eyes," she concluded, rolling up her eyes as if she could gain much knowledge even from the dressing room ceiling, and as soon as possible I want a tragic part, for tragedy is my forte."

"Well, comedy is mine," put in the page, and she stopped "cutting up monkeyshines" long enough to say something serious.

"Oh, no—laughing is yours," interrupted a very austere looking extra, as she put an extra dab of rouge on each cheek. "And I admit that I'm stage-struck," continued the page, without taking any notice of the thrust. "I didn't go on for the money, because I do not need it, but because I've been very successful in amateur theatricals in the country, and I think I have some talent. No tragedy for me, either, but I want to get in a real horse play, like 'The sporting Duchess' I'm crazy over horses, and very fond riding and driving, and—"

"Horse play would suit you," again interrupted the austere noblewoman, who declined to talk about herself.

"Yes, horse play suits me," was the answer, "and I'm looking for a part. I don't think I was built for a page. Now, to night I act the part of a dummy, but still it will be much more sport when I get a part with a line or two to say, and I'm sure I shall some day."

"On the other hand, I'm not stage-struck, and have a horror of a girl who is," said a court lady with refreshing candor. "I didn't make my debut as an extra lady, but made my first appearance as Little Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' My mother was an actress and that's where I got my fondness for the stage. After acting for two seasons I quit the business and entered school again, and when I finished went abroad to travel; but my father is ill now and I want to be independent, so I concluded to begin as an extra lady, and that's why I'm here. I know that there are

many temptations and hardships connected with a theatrical life, but I don't believe there are any more than in any other career, and in time I hope to work up to very good paying parts, though I do not anticipate doing anything great. My preference is for comedy or light emotional roles, and one thing I'm determined on and that is that I shall never play a part which requires tights as a costume."

"Bah," said the little page. "When you are an extra lady you have to take what you can get. Wait until you are a star before you begin to dictate," and off they rushed to do high tragedy in 'Hamlet.'—N. Y. Sun.

A DAY OF FLOWERS.

The Pretty Custom of Sending Floral Gifts to Friends at Easter.

A beautiful idea that is rapidly becoming a custom throughout this country is that of sending gifts of flowers to friends at Easter and many a message of good will and peace through the fragrant blossoms bear in their dainty petals. The practice is one that is not likely to be abused and is to a certain extent within the reach of all, for the hardy flowers offered for sale in the markets and on the street corners bring in many cases quite as much brightness as the most gorgeous hot house blooms. A visit to the floral establishments just now is something to be remembered. The beauty and variety of the stock displayed in the flower stores is certainly a great surprise to the visitor. The rooms are kept darkened and cool in order to preserve the freshness of the delicate violets, roses, lilies, carnations, hyacinths, etc., which abound in magnificent profusion. The violet which was so much affected last year is still a great favorite though the carnation seems to be winning its way again into the affections of the fickle goddess of fashion and it in turn is closely followed by the hyacinth, because of its fragrance, and the ease with which the graceful spikes can be managed in bouquets. For church decorations, the stately Easter lily, the white, pink and red azalia with their hundreds of beautiful blossoms, still hold their own.

The various charitable institutions will not be forgotten tomorrow, neither will the inhabitants of the city of the dead and Easter will see many a flower strewn grave in the silent city. Many a weary invalid will be remembered by generous friends, and will thus be enabled to catch a little of the hope and gladness of this day of flowers.

BALLAST FOR DUCKS.

A Scientific Discovery that Enriched a Puzzling Mystery.

"Few people credit a duck with the sense he really possesses," said Fred Ozanne, a disciple of Nimrod. "For years I had been wondering what had caused the presence of a good-sized pebble bank on the shore of the lake in the Grandivola section of the Louisiana marsh. Had it been a sand bank I could have understood it, but it was composed of pebbles, all very much alike, rounded and smooth almost to a size, and apparently differing from the small stones found in the gravel beds of the South. Several of the hunters in that section had seen the pebble beach and, like myself, they could not understand it. All winter long it seemed fresher than at other times, and during the summer the grass would partly cover its upper portion and the mud from the fresh water dim the lustre of the stones near the edge. There was not another beach like it in the marsh.

"One winter, in fact it was just when the first cold spell had struck us, I was hunting with a friend in the lake I spoke of. It was one of the finest ducking spots in the State. This was before they had begun to make glue from the eggs in Canada. When we reached the lake there was not a duck to be seen. The next morning I was hiding in the grass near the pebble beach when I heard a sound of wings and a large flock of mallard settled near me. Before I could raise my gun the entire lot walked out on the pebble bank and, to my astonishment, began to dig a lot of small stones like the ones already there. This occupied but a short time and the flock began quacking and sailed into the lake and I shot several. This settled the mystery of the pebble beach. In the spring I was again hunting in the lake, and when the first warm weather came the ducks began to go home. They would come to the beach, and after a few preliminaries swallow a lot of pebbles, then fly around for a few minutes in order to see if their balance was all right. If they were too heavy they would disgorge a few stones, or if too light swallow a half dozen more.

"I found by observation that in order for the ducks to make long flights that it was necessary for them to fill up with a certain number of stones to secure a proper equilibrium for the return trip. After I found this out I always had plenty of game to show my friends."

Elm Perkins.

The people of St. John who attend the Opera House next Friday night, will find a great treat in store for them, when the famous humorous lecturer, Elm Perkins will deliver a lecture upon The Philosophy of Wit and Humor. He has lectured in every part of the United States always drawing crowded houses and delighting his audiences. The boys of the Grammar school are bringing Mr. Perkins here. The proceeds will go toward their summer camp at Blankswater. By the large number of blank seats already sold Mr. Perkins is guaranteed a large audience. The plan of seats will open 5 o'clock Monday afternoon at T. H. Hall's. 35 cents for reserved seats to all parts of the house.

Go to McArthur's for Wall Paper.