

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1896.

PLAYING YOUNG PARTS.

ADA REHAN INSISTS ON DOING SO WITH POOR RESULTS.

Talk of the New York Theatres—Actors on a Skating Carnival—Tony Pastor to Become a Continuous Performance Manager—Gossip of the Stage.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—There really is something pitiful in the way Augustin Daly persists in forcing Ada Rehan into juvenile roles. Less than a week ago, in "The Transit of Leo," Miss Rehan was roasted by nearly every newspaper in New York for assuming the part of a girl of sweet sixteen. And, yet, here in "The Two Escutcheons," the new play at Daly's, Miss Rehan dons her juvenile blonde wig once more, and appears again as a sweet, skittish young thing, whose eye teeth are still uncut. The combination of that blonde wig and Miss Rehan's buxom figure is almost tragic. She plays these girlish parts with all the grace and abandon of old, but the face and the figure have developed too much. Great artist as she undoubtedly is, the public refuses to accept her in these parts any more. It really is an insult to her genius to ask her to play such a part, particularly when, in the opposite role, she is brought face to face with one of the most beautiful women that have ever graced a New York stage. I speak of Maximi Elliott. The town is full of stage beauties just now, but I have yet to see one of the British belles that can equal this American girl in truly regal magnificence of charms. I am sure that Maximi must spend her entire salary upon her wardrobe. In "Two Escutcheons" she wears two street gowns and an evening dress that are simply stunning. Besides

Marvels of Millinery.

these Miss Rehan's clothes looked positively slouchy. Doesn't it seem strange that during the short ten weeks she spends in New York, the actress who has given the world its greatest Katherine, and whose Rosalind and Viola have aroused the enthusiasm of two continents, should be obliged to fritter her time away playing boyden roles in light frittering German farces?

Apart from Miss Rehan's share in it I think that "Two Escutcheons" will be a go-through. The real hits of the performance are made by James Lewis and Edwin Stevens, as a Chicago pork-packer and a German baron.

Actors on Skates.

Skates are a luxury in which actors sometimes indulge. Of course there are skates and skates. But it is really worth going to see an actor on ice, just for the mere novelty of the thing. I saw 500 of them on the ice at one time last week. Manager Falk, of the new Lexington Avenue Skating Rink, gave a professional matinee, and really, I don't believe I have laughed so much in a whole year.

Jennie Yeaman was there, looking plumper and rounder than ever, and by George, how Jennie can skate. Henry Miller, the Empire's leading man, forgot his dignity long enough to make several circuits of the rink in graceful fashion, and snugly tucked away in one corner of the balcony I noticed Herbert Kealey and Effie Shannon, looking as happy and unemotional as a couple of clams. Fay Templeton was there skating along like a heavyweight Trojan in the hopes of losing half a pound of weight, and Teresa Vaughn and Walter Jones, and all the other celebrities from "Excelsior, Jr." Jones proved conclusively that his legs are quite as nimble when they have blades attached to them as when they are in their natural state. All the English companies were out in full force, and it is worth noting that the best skater on the ice that afternoon was one of the English chorus girls from "The Artist's Model." In fact, nearly all the English actors who were there skated well. The skating craze has been rampant in London for the last two years, and they all seem to have profited by it.

Has Netherole Been Wise?

Olga Netherole brought her engagement at the Empire to an end last week. At the last performance of "Carmen" it was almost impossible to get standing room after 8 o'clock. Why? Was it because New Yorkers were so crazy to see a really great actress? Not a bit of it. In "Denise" and "Erou Frou" and "Camille" they have allowed her to play to empty benches, but the fame of the kisses which she interpolates in "Carmen" has succeeded in doing what her genius had been unable to accomplish by herself.

It was those naughty, overheated kisses that the audiences paid out their hard-earned \$2 to see.

I really think that Miss Netherole has made a great mistake in catering to the sensational element so flagrantly as she does in this part. The realistic love-making in "Carmen" will not find favor on the road, I warrant you that. For a time, purely by its sensationalism, it may prove a drawing card, but this performance is going to damage Miss Netherole seriously in the opinion of that great big American

public which has stood ready to accept her as the best English-speaking actress of her day.

If her manager, Daniel Frohman, had only played his cards properly, there is no reason why a year hence this young woman should not have held a unique position on the American stage—a sort of cross between the popularity of Mary Anderson and of Clara Morris. But "Carmen" has proved a false step.

Gentleman Joe is Ungentlemanly.

And so after all the pow-wow and the how-de do "Gentleman Joe" has come a cropper on its merits. I don't think I ever sat through a drearier performance than that at the Fifth Avenue. Since the first night they may have made some alteration in it for the better. It would be utterly impossible to make it any worse. My heart gives thuds to think of the cruelty of that law of fate which compels the Fifth Avenue orchestra to sit out that performance every night. The play is a hodge-podge of vulgar cockney slang and persiflage. How any sane manager could imagine such a play would hit the American taste passes my comprehension.

Strange things often come to pass in the "show business," but Stage Manager Napier Lothian of "The Wizard of the Nile," has waited a good many years for surprise which greeted him on Friday night of last week. A girl, a very pretty one, too applied for a position in the company, but there were no vacancies. There happened to be, however, three girls absent on account of sickness, temporarily, and as the ranks of the Amazons would have looked rather thin, Mr. Lothian decided to put on some "extra" girls. So he hired this young person, took her to the wardrobe woman, and told her to fit her out for the first of the week. The girl insisted on dressing alone, but nothing was thought of that, and she was given a little room by herself.

When the performance was about to begin, she was on hand all right, and looked very pretty in the dashing costume the Amazons wear in the opera. But as she went on the stage Mr. Lothian noticed that she limped very perceptibly. She was to stand still most of the time she would be on the stage, however, so this was passed over and the girl took her place with the others.

At the end of the first act one of the girls came to Mr. Lothian, and, in a surprised whisper said:

"Do you know what is the matter with that new girl?"

"Why, no," said the stage manager, "except that she limps a little."

"Well, I'll tell you," exclaimed the girl, "she has a wooden leg. Yes, there's no doubt of it. I hit her with my spear, accidentally, and expected to hear her yell, but she never noticed it, and I did it again on purpose, to see if she wore symmetricals. (Symmetricals is the name for "pads") Then I noticed that it sounded like wood, and four or five other girls have also found it out."

Lothian was surprised, and, when he had an opportunity, asked the girl if what the others said was true. She burst into tears and confessed.

Lothian was touched by her story, and offered her a dollar for her services that night. But the girl waved the money away.

"No, thanks," she exclaimed between her sobs. "I couldn't take it—it would be like obtaining money under false pretenses."

It is a long time since the work of an English actor has aroused such genuine enthusiasm as John Hare's performance of Goldfish in "A Pair of Spectacles" at Abbey's. His work recalls Jefferson's methods in many ways.

Will McConnell has already begun work on "The Kaleidoscope," his musical burlesque, which is to follow "The Lady Slavey" at the Casino.

LESLIE WHITACRE.

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IN SEARCH OF WHALES.

STIRRING ADVENTURES IN ICEY ANTARCTIC WATERS.

Dangers in Hunting for the Rich Humpback Whale—It is Agile and Yields Better Oil Than Does Its Cousin in the Greenland Waters—Odd Experiences.

It was in consequence of a change of haunt on the part of the sperm whale that the South Seaman Splendid, in which I was fourth mate, was fixed to spend a season in the Vauvau group of the Friendly Islands. The Captain was quite disgusted at our ill success during the past six months, and, having heard equally discouraging reports from other whalers we had spoken, determined to try whether something better could not be done among the humpbacks about these beautiful islands.

Accordingly, a secluded bay in a central position of the group was selected for anchorage, easily accessible from all parts of the islands, and well sheltered from wind and swell.

Before dawn each morning all hands were called, and while the day was breaking a hasty breakfast was unwillingly swallowed. Very few people, I think, could make a hearty meal immediately upon rising at about 4:30 A. M. We had to eat it or leave it, for as soon as there was sufficient light for the purpose the hoarse shout of our chief resounded fore and aft, "Way boats."

We sighted our first fish on the second morning. We were jogging gently along through a somewhat narrow strait, admiring the wonderful vegetation clothing the steep shore from sea to summit. We had no idea of finding a fish in such a spot, but were taking a short cut only.

As we came abreast of a tiny cove or cleft in the cliffs the harpooner suddenly stiffened with excitement and he muttered "blow-ow-ow" in an undertone. There in that little dock-like cleft lay a monster just awash, a tiny spiral of vapor at her side, showing her to be accompanied by a calf. Down came the mast and sails as if by magic, and in less than one minute we were paddling straight in for the cove. The water was smooth as a mirror, and the silence profound. A very few strokes and the order was whispered "Stand up" to the harpooner. Louis rose, poised his iron, and almost immediately darted. The keen weapon was buried up to the socket in the broad glistening side. "Stern all," was shouted, and backward we swiftly glided, but there was no need for retreat. Never a move did she make, save to convulsively clutch her calf to her side with one of her great wing-like flippers.

We carefully approached again, the harpooner and officer having changed places, and, incredible as it may seem, almost wedged the boat in between the whale and the rocks. No sheep could have more quietly submitted to slaughter than did this mighty monster, whose roll to one side would have crushed our boat to splinters, and whose death struggle, had it taken place as usual, must, in so confined a corner, have drowned us all. Evidently fearful of injuring her calf, she quietly died and gave no sign. Case-hardened old blubber hunters as we were, we felt deeply ashamed, our deed looked so like a cold-blooded murder. One merciful thrust of a lance ended the calf's misery, and rapidly cutting a hole through the two lips of our prize, we buckled to our heavy task of towing it to the ship. We were soon joined by the other boats, but all combined made no great progress, and we had seven hours of heavy labor before we got the carcass home. Securing it alongside, we went to a hard and well-earned meal, and a good night's rest.

Cutting in the blubber next day was comparatively an easy task for us after our experience of the same operations at sea. During the progress of the work the ship was surrounded by an excited crowd of natives in their dugout outrigger canoes, waiting until we should have done with the mountain of meat. At last the final cut was given, and the mass sent afloat, attacked on all sides by the natives, who made the surrounding islands ring again with their rapturous yells. Gradually they got it to the nearest beach, and the feast began. From far and near came the hungry ones, and fires innumerable blazed around where groups of natives, unable to wait till they reached their homes, gorged themselves to repletion with the unaccustomed food. The following day we resumed operations with three boats only, leaving a "trying-out" gang on board, to boil down the oil and dispose of it below.

Our next encounter was one afternoon about seven miles from the ship. We had seen and unsuccessfully chased several bulls, and were getting very weary of a game where the fun was all on one side. They just allowed us to fancy we had reached them, and then, when we were straining every nerve to give the harpooner his chance they would glide away from us so easily as to suggest that we had not really seen what they could do in the way

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of speed. At last we had given up the chase and were returning leisurely, when just under the ice of a small, steep islet we suddenly made out the fins of a whale about two ship's lengths ahead. The chief mate's boat was nearest the unsuspecting mammal, who was calmly reclining on his back just at the surface, lazily waving his arms in the air. Mr. Earle ran his boat right in between them, and his harpooner planted two irons in quick succession deep into the broad, white breast beneath him. The boat was at once driven astern with all the power at command, but it was too late. The infuriated leviathan rolled swiftly over, raising his tremendous tail in the air, and delivered a diagonal blow that would have crushed in the side of the ship herself. It just reached the boat's bow, and chopped off about three feet of her as cleanly as with a huge scythe. The mate saw the blow descending and immediately hove the line off the loggerhead in the stern round which it runs.

In doing so he accidentally cast the bight over the after oarsman's neck with a half turn. Poor Peter snatched at it with both hands to free himself, but at that moment the whale plunged furiously downward, and our shipmate was snatched from our midst before we could realize what had happened.

The harpooner seized the boat axe and chopped the line, just saving the rest, who would have been probably all entangled in the gear and drowned with a sunken boat beneath them fast to so swiftly moving a whale. We never saw our shipmate or the whale again. As on a battlefield, there was no time for sorrow, though a great horror was over us all, this being the first life lost the whole cruise through.

We brought the other two boats alongside the smashed one, transhipped all her crew, and then, laying the steer oars across the two sound boats, lifted her bodily upon them. Then we flipped the job around the gaping wound to keep most of the water out, and put four hands into her right after so as to cock her bow up clear of the water. We then took her in tow and sadly started for the ship.

We started again next day as usual, for nothing is allowed to hinder whaling when fish are about, except utter inability to go after them. Our boat got fast to another bull about four in the afternoon some eight miles from home. We were quite fresh, not having chased all day, so we attacked with much vigor and fortunately got a couple of bomb lances planted in him before he commenced to cut any capers. Besides, we were over a large coral reef, and he wasn't able to sound (that is, go down) as usual.

In consequence of these favorable circumstances, it was only about twenty minutes after our first iron struck him before the vapor from his spiracles was tinged a deep crimson, and almost immediately after went his flurry. Round and round he tore, his huge body on its side and leaping half out of the water at every plunge, while these tremendous exertions caused the laboring breath to come through his fast closing spiracles with a hoarse belching awful to hear. It was soon over, and we speedily got a piece punched out of his flukes (tail) and the fluke rope passed. Then a fatal mistake was made. These whales must not be allowed to remain at rest one moment after death unless when chained to the ship. If they are, they begin to sink, and nothing can stop them.

Some little delay took place while preparing to tow, and our fish began to sink. Nothing could be done but to let him go, hoping that the water was still shallow beneath us. But we had got off the reef, and were now in twenty fathoms, with night coming on. It was hastily decided that we could not attempt to raise him until daylight next morning, and that one boat should stay by him all night, the other two returning to the ship and sending food by fresh crew. This was acted upon, and we were left to our lonely vigil. Was ever a night so long? Not to me at any rate.

The wind rose to half a gale; our position was very exposed and near the breakers, while the tremendous tiger sharks, some between twenty and thirty feet long, swarmed about us as though they would destroy our frail craft and feast merrily upon the shivering occupants. About 10 o'clock the boat arrived with food; not too soon, for not having eaten since 5 that morning, we were ravenously hungry. A hearty meal of yams and fat salt pork did wonders for us, and by the time the boat left us again we were quite cheerful. We had plenty of tobacco, and the most rigid of anti-tobaccoists would not have begrudged us the comfort we got out of the weed that night.

By daybreak the boats were with us again, and we commenced the enormous task of raising our whale from the bottom. It was done by lashing all three boats together and leading the rope that held him through the groove in the bow of the centre one. Then a watch tackle was clapped on and all hands laid back on it until we had started him upward. Once he was on the move the work became lighter, and at last the gleam of his white belly lightened the depths beneath us. But oh, our chagrin when we saw him. Truly the monstrous sharks had been busy at him all night long, for certainly they had devoured quite one-third of the hard-won blubber.

A whole week had passed without getting a fish or hardly seeing a spout, and we were all a bit weary of the monotony of our day-long cruising, beautiful though it was. Sometimes as the boat glided gently through the lagoon-like passages, the whole crew, with the exception of the coxswain, would strip to their hats and take to the water, like so many tritons and nereids attending the progress of some ancient sea god, or they would slip nooses of line over their shoulders and be gently drawn through the limpid, tepid wavelets without effort and attended by every sensation of a languorous bliss. During one of these periods of boyish enjoyment we suddenly opened up a bay whose shores seemed unfamiliar. The cliffs were very precipitous, but, as usual, heavily wooded.

Feeling that we might be approaching some new hiding place of the whales, all hands climbed on board and threw on each the two garments that completed his dress. Every nook was eagerly scanned for spouts, and hardly a glance was wasted upon the marvellous scene below. For here, indeed, was one of the loveliest of nature's pictures spread out in all that extravagance of beauty and dazzling radiance of color found in such lonely spots, as if intended for the pleasure of the Creator alone. Fish-like living jewels darted about in myriads through those subaqueous groves whose every branch was a miracle, over which a reverent soul might wander for a lifetime without exhausting its marvels. Suddenly a semicircular opening in the cliff wall opened up. We were sailing close inshore, with so light a breeze that the water was smooth as a mirror, and as we slowly neared the doorway it proved high enough and broad enough to admit a much bigger craft. Without waiting to think, we unstepped the mast and paddled gently in.

As we entered, the swell, imperceptible before, lifted us unpleasantly near the top of the natural arch, but we glided swiftly through without touching. There appeared to be a natural channel below corresponding to the doorway above the water, for the sea was here of an intense blue, and we could with difficulty see the bottom. Once within, great was our amazement. The cavern widened out enormously, and the roof rose, as near as we could guess, to a pitch of about sixty feet. We gently paddled on, guided by a soft suffused light that entered we knew not where, but made it possible for us, as our eyes got accustomed to the gloom, to see the configuration of the cave. Its walls were perpendicular, nowhere that we could see affording the slightest foothold. After a little paddling around, we concluded that we

had been inside long enough, and headed for the entrance, but it had disappeared. Then it dawned upon us that we had been here much longer than we supposed, and that possibly the tide had risen. For a few moments we sat and stared at each other in silence, each brain busy with its own view of the question.

Then our cogitations were brought to an abrupt termination by a most hideous, deafening roar, which reverberated through that mighty hall as if it would never cease. To say we were scared sounds weak. Simply wilted, and for a moment felt as if all my faculties were dead except consciousness of existence. Then it came again, but the repetition restored us all to sanity, and life. We recognized the sound, but having never heard it before under such conditions, no wonder it took us by surprise. It was a whale spouting. He had come in after us, and was now doubtless trying to find his way out again. Suddenly he rose near us, and to our horror, our half-savage harpooner actually seized a lance and pierced his broadside. I am not going to attempt any description, of the scene which ensued. All I know about it is that after what seemed a very long time, during which I was being tossed about in a cylinder half full of water, to the accompaniment of a few earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, I found myself suddenly and unaccountably at peace again.

I know somebody said, "Oh, go on with the circus; I'm just beginning to like it," and I know that I smiled mechanically but really all I could do for at least an hour was wonder at being alive. It was much darker than before, that is, above water, but below the water was ablaze with light. I said to myself, "That whale's dead or gone out, and these are sharks." If he's dead and down beneath us, there'll be enough sharks here in an hour or two to fill the cave." Well, all that night they kept coming, showing that the whale was there and dead, and if ever six poor men sat in such a den of darkness for ten mortal hours over such a tangle of writhing cannibals and came out of it with all their change, I should like to know them and sympathize with them.—Good Words.

It Is Always That Way.

"John, you have been drinking." The words fell crassly upon the blushing man's senses. They were true. He could not deny them. And yet he wondered. On top of that little drink he had carefully placed one glass of ice water, two olives, three crackers, a liberal portion of cheese, two cloves, six grains of coffee, three spices, one soda mint, and in addition thereto he had smoked a cigar. He could only turn his head sadly away and say: "What's the good of anything."—Juiga.

What You Don't Know.

Perhaps it would not be right for us to start in and tell our patrons what they don't know about our Laundry and Dye Works, but we have frequent acknowledgments from them that they would like to know how it is that we can make this thing and that thing look so nice. Whether they are after the secrets of our business, we are not prepared to state. However we presume that they are caught with such astonishment that they merely used this expression as a little bit of taffy. We are very thankful to them, and trust they will talk the matter over with their friends.

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