

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1896.

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

SOME WHO INTEREST NEW YORK AT THIS SEASON.

Facts About "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb Smith" and John Hare—Some Plays That Have Proved Popular—Marie Studholme and Julia Neilson as Beauties.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—The first week of the new year is regarded by actors as a sort of half-way house in the dramatic season. Most of the novelties have been tried in New York and been acquitted or found wanting. Sarah Bernhardt is about the only novelty now dawning on the theatrical horizon, and, Great Scott! imagine calling Sarah a novelty. And then, too, I was forgetting Duse. Unless the incomparable Italian falls ill again we shall have her at the Fifth Avenue before very long, and then, with Sarah a little farther up the street at Abbey's, there certainly ought to be some dramatic fun in store. It is a curious fact about these two great actresses that, although from time to time they have been thrown into close proximity, they have never met. In Paris the other day Sarah explained the situation by saying: "I should not really care to meet Mme. Duse; my Italian is so bad." She forgot, however, to say that Mme. Duse speaks excellent French. Duse, on the other hand, never mentions Bernhardt's name. The last time that she was here in America there were two young women who met her in a social way, and made it the business of their life to ascertain whether she had ever seen Bernhardt act. At the end of a fortnight I met one of the girls on the street. "Well," I asked, "have you discovered anything?" "Discovered anything?" she cried, throwing up her hands. "My dear fellow, Mme. Duse is the most vine diplomatist I ever met. We have not succeeded in worming a single word out of her with regard to Bernhardt. When you ply her with questions that she does not want to answer, she simply smiles, looks at you out of those great deep eyes of hers, and says nothing."

The Artist's Model a Go.

It seems odd doesn't it that after "The Shop Girl," which is now in the third year London run, should have failed here so signally, and "The Artist's Model," which was only a comparative success on the other side, should come over here and make a distinct success, and make it, too, in spite of the fact that its two principal characters, the Artist and the Model, were indifferently played. The actress in the company who has really raised a furor is little Marie Studholme, who played the part which was created by Lilly Lind. A dainty piece of femininity never stepped upon a New York stage. She has talents, too; sings, well, dances prettily, and acts with a simplicity and daintiness that are positively captivating. Between her and Cissy Fitzgerald, the last English girl who captivated the town, there is just this difference: Cissy was a belle of Bow Bells; Studholme is a Belgravian beauty.

It is the music of "The Artist's model" that is going to make it so popular, however. Don't you remember how the songs from "The Gaiety Girl" were whistled broadcast through the land? Well, "The Song of the Tom Tit," the laughing solo, and two or three of the other numbers are equally catchy. At the first performance the audience was whistling strains from these songs as they made their way out of the theatre. And after all that is the surest and the truest test of the success of a popular song.

Facts About Julia Neilson.

On the same night that Marie Studholme was making her first appearance at the Broadway, across the street at Abbey's New Yorkers were catching their first glimpse of Julia Neilson in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb Smith." For years this actress has been noted as the most beautiful woman on the English stage. She is a perfect Hebe in appearance, and towers several inches above the head of her husband, Fred Terry, who played the part of a saving lover in the play. She is a fine actress, but not great in any sense of the word. John Hare, the real star of the occasion, is going to be liked immensely here. Besides being an actor of the first rank, he is, what is much more to the point, the only modest English actor that has ever come to these shores. More than any of his contemporaries, he realized that, after all, the play is the thing, not the player. In "Mrs. Ebb Smith" he plays the comparatively unimportant role of an old rake, but he played it with such consummate art and with such entire artistic abnegation to the requirements of the role that the audience quickly recognized the artistic work of the actor, who had come to America without any preliminary booming, and gave him a reception which must have warmed the cockles of his heart.

What Hare Thinks of "Shore Acres."

I met Mr. Hare the other evening at a performance of James A. Herze's "Shore Acres." In his quiet and unexaggerated

manner, he was most enthusiastic about the play.

"It has made me cry," he said, simply. "And when an old actor like myself cries at a theatre, you know there really must be something worth crying about. Seriously, I think that if Mr. Hare were to bring this play to London, it would make an immense success. I believe you call it a Yankee play; but it's really more than that. It's a bit of human nature. When I arrived here I said to Henry Irving: 'Look here, now, I've only two or three free nights in which to go to the theatre. I want to see some real American attractions. What shall I go to?'"

"Well," said Irving, "if you'll take my advice you'll go to 'Shore Acres.' And 'The Widow Jones.' But, unfortunately 'The Widow Jones' had just left town. However, I hear that we run across Miss May Irwin somewhere on the road, and I shall certainly try to see her performance then."

Edward Terry who is also a member of the Hare company is a brother of the famous Ellen, and in both his face and manner he bears a remarkable resemblance to his distinguished sister.

Theatrical Receipts Looking Up.

The theatrical managers are beginning to pick up heart again. Since Christmas Day the receipts at nearly all the theatres have been remarkably good, and many of the houses have been playing to standing room. The grand opera is not, yet, however, an assured success. Even on the Calve nights the Opera House is not crowded to overflowing, as it used to be two years ago. The truth of the matter is, the management give too many performances. Four operas a week at \$5 a seat, and a Saturday night performance, and a Sunday concert at popular prices, is too much for even so big and liberal a city as New York to support.

Paul Potter Introduced Himself.

They are having some lively times at the Garden just now. Paul Potter and Bill Nye's "Stag Party" have proved such a complete failure that the manager and each of the authors are trying to settle the vexed question among themselves as to whom should shoulder the blame. The truth is all three are equally at fault, to how a manager of Mr. Palmer's standing could countenance some of the jokes which were used on the first night is as inexplicable as how two men as well-known as Nye and Potter could lend their names to such unmitigated rot.

Before the first act was over Potter realized that "The Stag Party" was a pre-ordained fizzle. Going home in a Broadway cable car that night I saw Potter sitting in one corner looking very much down in the mouth. Two young women who had just been coming from the performance entered the car. Both were roasting the play in outspoken terms. Suddenly one of the young women recognized Potter. Turning to her friend she whispered:

"That's Paul Potter, the man who wrote 'The Stag Party.'"

"Pardon me, Madame," said Potter, as with a smile he rose and offered her his seat. "I am the Paul Potter who dramatized 'Tribly.'"

And for the rest of his way uptown he

chuckled slyly to himself at the woman's discomfiture.

Rialto Notes.

"Michael and His Arch Angel" is the name of Henry Arthur Jones' new play, with which the Empire stock will open their season ten days hence. Miss Viola Allen will play the part of the fallen angel. On the same evening Mrs. Patrick Campbell will act the role in London for the first time.

Daniel Frohman and his new star Miss Netherole, from all accounts, are not hitting it off very well. Besides being a great actress, Miss Netherole is a headstrong woman, thoroughly accustomed to having her own way. She and Frohman quarrelled because she wanted to play "Romeo and Juliet" in New York, and resulted in the greater part of her engagement being devoted to old plays, which the public did not care to see.

Charles H. Hopper will produce a dramatization of "Chimmie Fadden" at the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Jan. 6. In the cast will be Schuyler Hastings, George Nash, Will Cowper, Sidney Price, Barney Reynolds, William Sheldon, John H. Furlong, J. W. Benson, Henry Rawlins, Beth Franklin, Fannie Denham Rouse, Marie Bates, Carrie Keeler and Irene Viancourt.

Georgia Cayvan, on account of her serious illness, has abandoned her starring tour for this season.

LESLEY WHITACRE.

In Deep Mourning.

"Mrs. Gay seems very much devoted to the memory of her departed husband, don't she?"

"Well, I should say so. She won't eat breakfast if it isn't turned black around her edge."

BEAUTY MADE TO ORDER

FACIAL DEFECTS THAT ARE NOW REMOVED BY ART.

No Reason why a Woman who Takes the Right Plan Need Remain Ugly Looking.—The Effect of Steaming and Rubbing the Face—How Actresses Do.

A young woman walked into the office of a masseuse several months ago and said: "I'm so downright ugly that I'm a dismal failure in society. Do you think that you possibly can," with a distressed emphasis on the can, "do anything with me?"

The operator, who was the first in America to treat the face with steam, looked at the girl critically, and replied, as she turned her toward the light to get a better view:

"Oh, yes; I can make a handsome woman of you. It will take time and patience however, for your face needs building up."

"You talk about my countenance as if it were the side of a mud fence," responded the girl, with a bright smile. She was evidently encouraged. "But what do you mean by building my face up?" she resumed, quite seriously.

"Well, just this," explained the expert. "The cheeks are the only part of the body containing fan muscles, and this frequently causes them to sag, just as yours are doing. Your cheek bones are high, and when the flesh hangs from them, as yours does, you can't expect to look well. Then your complexion is very muddy, and something is wrong with your skin."

"And my neck is so long and skinny that I have to wear collars up under my ears," interrupted the young woman.

"Yes," said the masseuse, soothingly, "but all that can be changed. You mustn't expect me to do it in one operation, but if you'll consent to make a self-sacrifice, I'll make a pretty girl of you by the beginning of next season."

"How will you do it?" she asked, incredulously.

"First of all you must never, under any circumstances, wash your face in water."

"Why, I'd get too dirty if I didn't," exclaimed the customer.

"Not at all. Let me explain. Water does not cleanse the skin, and it is very irritating to the face. Steam your face. I have been in this business for years, and in my time have kept hundreds of women from growing old. I'm between 50 and 60 myself, and I haven't a wrinkle, and of course I'm so busy keeping crows' feet away from other people's eyes and driving the hard lines back from their mouths that I don't have very much time to attend to my own. Still, you see, I'm pretty smooth and pink and white for my age."

"I should say so," said the girl. "Do you know, I just envy you your complexion."

The operator brought in a dainty china bowl filled with boiling water, well dashed with tincture of benzoin, which is excellent for the skin. She asked the customer to hold her face over it and then enveloped her head and the bowl with a heavy Turkish towel so that no steam could escape. The customer held her face in this position until the operator cried:

"Time's up. I never allow a patient to steam her face for more than five minutes, although many of them get very fond of it and would like to keep it up for a longer time. I learned my profession from a noted physician here who studied it in Paris, and he always contended that if the face was steamed for a longer time than that too much relaxation followed, and experience has taught me that he was right. Don't wipe it off with that," she screamed, as the patient made a dive into her bag for a handkerchief. "It may have microbes on it, and every pore in your face is open now and I must be sure that everything that touches it is perfectly clean. That's the reason I use a china bowl in steaming the face rather than one of the so-called kettles or steamers invented for the purpose. Now I will wipe off the face with a clean, soft towel, the softest that can be made, and apply some hygienic balm which is made of purely vegetable matter and is perfectly harmless. One of my customers told me that her baby had the croup in the night not long ago and she didn't have a thing in the house to give him, so she rubbed his throat with some of this balm on the inside in a fit of desperation and he was relieved almost instantly."

All the time she was talking she was first rubbing, next kneading, and then patting the balm into the customer's face, using one kind of delt stroke for one part of the face and another for another, but always rubbing up and not down.

"Always use an upward stroke on every part of the face," she advised, for it is generally like a torn-down system—it needs building up. Rub the balm in until it nearly all disappears, for it nourishes the outer cuticle, and that's what is needed in most ugly, rough complexions. And never under any circumstances apply cold cream or any grease containing lard to the face or hands, and beware of vaseline. The former clogs the pores of the skin and

causes roughness, moth patches, and black heads, and the latter produces a growth of hair. Most actresses apply cold cream very liberally before making up, and then come to us to take it off next day. If they would only learn how injurious it is. Lillian Russell makes up beautifully on the stage, and you may be sure that she never smears cold cream on her face, for her complexion is too beautiful when she isn't made up. It is as smooth and soft as a baby's, and it she had been using cold cream or some similar preparation all these years, it would have been dead and rough looking by this time. The balm should be wiped off gently with a soft cloth wrung out in warm water and the face carefully dried again. Now it is wiped off with a cooling, refreshing liquid preparation, and this prevents one from taking cold. After a final drying a little harmless face powder is soothing. Yes, this treatment is excellent for nervous people. Besides society women and actresses, I have a great many invalids and semi-invalids among my customers. Women who have waited until they are old come to me and expect me to make them young again. I can smooth out a great many wrinkles and lines, but of course I can't make them young again after they are once old, but if they will only come to me before they get old, I will promise to keep them young. Actresses as a rule show age less and have better complexions than any other women. There are two reasons for this. First of all, they do not worry, and next they have their complexions treated several times each week by a competent masseuse. Of course I'm speaking of successful professionals. Society women keep irregular hours, and eat and drink at all times of night and day, and consequently their complexions need a great deal of petting and nourishing. And when it comes to the invalid customers, the good that facial massage does them is most wonderful of all. O. L. yesterday a woman sent for me to come to her house. She was in such a fever that she couldn't bear to have even her own daughter in the room. I gave her the same treatment that I've given you, and when I left she was chatting very amiably, with her entire family and two friends who had dropped in. Three months ago a mother brought her daughter to me. She was a very pretty girl, but her forehead was so wrinkled that it spoiled her beauty completely. To-day she hasn't a wrinkle, and when she made her debut last week the papers said that she was the prettiest bud of the season.

Boy's Clothing, Youth's Clothing, Men's Clothing.

THE best value in St. John. All New Goods this season. High Class, Ready to wear Clothing at very low prices. All our Clothing looks exactly like custom made goods. You could never tell it was ready made. The Fit, Style, Cut and general appearance is a long way ahead of the ordinary run of Clothing. Quality and good value characterize all our Clothing. Be sure and see our stock of Boy's Suits, Reefers and Ulsters; Youth's Suits, Reefers and Ulsters; Men's Suits, Coats and Vests, Trousers, Overcoats, Ulsters and Waterproof Coats.

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after them herself on the other six days. Never cut the nails or the cuticles. File them off, for cutting has the same injurious effect on nails that it has on hair. They should be filed on the same principle that the hair is singed. The cuticle can be kept in good condition by soaking the fingers in warm water and raising it from the nail, and it can be trained to grow back if a person is careful always in drying the hands to push it back on each finger separately with the towel. This takes a little time, but it pays in the long run."

THE MEMBER FOR ALGOMA.

Mr. George H. McDonnell, M. P., for Algoma Recommends Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder—It relieves in 10 to 60 minutes. Let no one be surprised at the high character of the testimonials received by the proprietors of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder. This medicine merits the best thing that can be said of it, for be the trouble Cold in the Head, Catarrh, Hay Fever, or Catarrh of the Throat, relief is so speedy and effective that it charms all. This is the view of the popular member of the House of Commons for the District of Algoma, who has used this medicine, and does not hesitate to tell the people of Canada of its great worth.

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Bound to See the Joke.

They were talking of phonographs.

"I heard an amusing story about an old farmer the other day," said the commercial traveller.

"Interest always attaches to the doings of the agricultural classes" said the Englishman, hitching up his chair with a look of interest.

"He had just driven into a town with his mules to sell a load of pumpkins and he stopped in front of the phonograph store."

"What air them fellows doin' in there with spouts in their ears?" he asked.

"Those are talking machines," answered a man in the doorway.

"The farmer was a little incredulous, but he finally left his mules and went in. The tubes were placed in his ears, he dropped the nickle in the slot, and a brass band began to play."

"Whoa, there!" shouted the rustic, darting out of the store. "them mules o' mine won't stand no brass band!" At first the Englishman looked anxious, as if he expected to hear the rest of the story. Then suddenly he burst out laughing.

"Great joke on the mules, eh?" he shouted.

THE COLD SWEAT OF HEART DISEASE

Is Dispelled in 30 Minutes by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

The thousands who suffer from heart disease will understand what is meant by Mrs. Roadhouse, of Wilkesville, Ont., when she says: "Cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face." With every one who suffers from heart trouble it is a death struggle, for it is hard to say when the cord of life will not snap with this disease controlling the system. In the interests of human life, let all who suffer from heart trouble always act promptly, and use a remedy that is effective. Death may easily occur if it is a case simply of experimenting with medicines that are not specially intended to remove the trouble in this direction. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a heart specific, and will give relief within 30 minutes after the first dose is taken and cure permanently, as many have already testified through these columns.

The Blonde's Past.

There was an angry light in her dark eyes as she paced the floor restlessly. It was a painful discovery for the happy bride of three months—this little packet, endorsed in her husband's handwriting, "July, 1893." And the lock of raven hair—she crushed it fiercely in her hand as she glanced in the mirror at the reflection of her own blonde tresses.

"July, 1893." Why at that time, he

was her devoted admirer, her slave, her declared and accepted lover!

She sat down and buried her face in her hands. Suddenly she started up joyously. It was all clear to her now. The explanation of the mystery had dawned upon her. In July, 1893, she had been a brunette.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A MARTYR TO RHEUMATISM.

Released From Pain in One Day.

"It is my desire," says Mr. James Kerr, farmer, of Kars, Ont., "to tell for the public good of the great blessing South American Rheumatic Cure has been to my wife. She has been a great sufferer from rheumatism for 25 years; had doctored with all physicians, far and near, but never received perfect relief until she used South American Rheumatic Cure. It banished all pain in one day, and seven bottles cured radically. I think two or three bottles would have been sufficient had it not been for delay in securing medicine. I most cheerfully and freely give this testimony, and strongly recommend sufferers from rheumatism to use this remedy, as I believe it will cure in every case."

Polite to the Last.

They tell it of a member of a well-known club that he never, under any circumstances, forgets to be polite. The relations between the gentleman and his wife have been strained for years. Last week matters culminated in a row, which resulted in a separation. When the war of words was at its height the wife cried, bitterly: "Then you love me no longer?" "Madam," replied the husband, with his very best bow. "I have that happiness."

Even in that trying moment he knew how to live up to his reputation.—Tit-Bits.

Death Through the Kidneys.

Hardly any organs of the human system play a more vital part than the kidneys. A derangement of these, even to a slight degree, will lead to trouble that is likely, if not stayed, to prove fatal. There is only one way for the system to be rid of this disease, and that is by trying a medicine that will act specially and is a specific for kidney disease. This is the strong factor in the great South American Kidney Cure. It is prepared specially for these organs, is radical in its banishment of disease located here, and rich in the healing powers necessary to complete restoration.

An Archbishop's Absent-Mindedness.

A correspondent of The Westminster Gazette, writes: The stories of absent-mindedness which are attracting so much attention at present might be supplemented by the following instance in the life of Archbishop Trench: Dining at home one evening he found fault with the flavor of the soup. Next evening he dined out at a large dinner party. Forgetting for a moment that he was not in his own house, but a guest, he observed across the table to Mrs. Trench, "This soup is, my dear, again a failure."

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