

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1896.

## TALK WITH THE ACTORS.

WELL KNOWN ENGLISH PLAYERS HAVE OPINIONS.

Healthy Reaction in the Taste of New York Playgoers—Sarah Bernhardt and Her Colle De la Sarah as a Critic of her Work—Latest Notes of the Drama.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—Perhaps there has been no more cheering indication this season of the public desire for good healthy plays than the remarkable success which John Hare met with in "A Pair of Spectacles" during the last fortnight of his engagement here. For two weeks this most admirable actor had been playing to empty benches in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith," a play which New York would not accept on any grounds. Then came the charming performance of Benjamin Gold-finch, and on the final night of his engagement dozens of persons were turned away from Abbey's unable to buy even admission to the theatre.

Yesterday, in speaking of his engagement, Mr. Hare said: "I am delighted for this reason: I was dreadfully afraid of my engagement here. You see, Americans have had all the great foreign artists, and after all, you know, I am only a character actor. When 'Mrs. Ebb-smith' was produced the critics were most kind, but I saw that neither they nor the public liked the play, and then, too, I saw the empty seats. I was disheartened, I must admit; but I began to think that after all my judgment had not been at fault. From the first I had been opening in 'Mrs. Ebb-smith.' But my managers explained to me that the very novelty of a new play by Pinero would draw for a fortnight at least. Well, never mind, there's no use talking about it now. 'The Pair of Spectacles' has been a great success, and I am thankful. I assure you I would much rather play in it than most of those old rone roles which I so often have to assume. I have written to Pinero about the state of theatrical sentiment, and I think you will find before long that our greatest English playwright will hark back to his more simple of plays. I am perfectly sure of one thing. Pinero would be only too delighted to drop the problem play. In England, as in this country, both it and the stage lady with a past have been worked to death. It was not Pinero's fault that he took to this style of work. The public drove him to it. Do you remember his Lady Bountiful? I believe Daniel Frohman produced it here at the Lyceum some four years ago. To my mind it was one of the purest and sweetest plays that Pinero had ever written. He was vastly in love with it himself. If you remember, he styled it on the play bills, 'a simple tale.' Well, we produced it at my theatre, the Garrick. What was the result? After a comparatively short run, it had to be withdrawn. The public was not looking for simple tales just then. They wanted something more complicated. 'Very well,' said Pinero, 'That settles it, I'll give them something more complicated.' And he went to work and wrote 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.'

To talk with Mr. Hare is to obtain an insight to all that is best in English theatrical history of the last twenty years. Not even Irving has so large a part to play in the advancement of London theatrical affairs.

There is scarcely an actor of any prominence on the English stage to-day who has not at one time or another, played with the veteran actor-manager. His long association with the Kendals is too well known to be commented on now, but it must be remembered that this is the man who discovered Ellen Terry, Charles Coghlan, Winitred Emery, now the reigning favorite of the London stage, and Olga Nethersole. It was during the run of Mr. Hare's English version of "La Tosca" that Miss Nethersole obtained her first chance of acting a great role. Mrs. Bernard Beere who was playing La Tosca, fell ill, and Miss Nethersole replaced her in the most exacting part at less than a day's notice. I was chatting with Mr. Hare the other night after this remarkable young woman had given her first performance of "Car-men." Her old manager seemed delighted beyond measure to hear of her success. "I always knew she would do something remarkable one of these days," he remarked in a tone of deep conviction.

Bernhardt Boasted.

Probably never in the history of dramatic criticism has a really great actress come in for such a storm of abuse as Sarah Bernhardt was assailed with by William Winter the morning after her production of "Izzy!" After throwing the actress' age in her face, and dismissing her artistic qualities in two lines, Winter denotes a half-column to the class of play in which Bernhardt usually appears. These remarks have a great deal of truth in them; the only trouble is that "Izzy!" does not belong to this class of plays. It is unfair to mention it in the same breath with "La Tosca," "Theodora," and the other abnormal productions of Sardou, for it is a play of rare poetical value. It is so much the cleanest play that Bernhardt has acted here

that it ought to appear as a novelty. Certainly La Sarah has never had a part which showed her marvelous genius to such advantage.

La Collie De La Sarah.

What a wonderful woman Bernhardt really is! To realize the extent of her vitality, one must see her in private life. I had a long talk with her at the dress rehearsal of "Izzy!" In the first act Sarah has very little to do, so she spent most of her time in an orchestra chair watching the performance and calling her big collier—La Collie de la Sarah, as the company calls him—pet names. Sarah seemed far more engrossed in the dog than in the play. The dog, on the other hand, sat like a human, in an orchestra chair, and never took his eyes off the stage for one instant.

"Ah!" exclaimed Bernhardt, "In some previous state of life my dog has been a great stage manager. Don't laugh. I am in earnest. That's why I bought him. The instant I set eyes on this dog I realized that he had the dramatic instinct to a remarkable degree. To-morrow night, while I am playing, he will lie in the wings, watching me furtively. If he wags his tail when I come off, I shall know that I have given a really great performance. If he growls—ah! well, if he growls, then I shall be in despair. But I do not think he will growl," she added, with one of those marvelous smiles, which has laid the whole world under a spell. "I am going to work very hard to-morrow night."

"Gentleman Joe" Once More.

When is this "Gentleman Joe" mania going to end? It is true that the version which the Aronsons have just produced at the Bijou is miles ahead of M. B. Curtis' production. But neither of them is in the least likely to set Broadway on fire. And when one remembers the rows and heart-burns and figs and lawsuits which have arisen out of this cockney play, one cannot help remarking what a great American fire a little London malice kindleth. Flo Irwin and James T. Powers carry off all the honors in the new production.

In the Empire new play, "A Woman's Reasons," Elsie D. Wolfe has been cast for the part of an aristocratic English Jewess. The play deals with the marriage of a Christian girl with a Hebrew. Henry Miller will play the part of the Hebrew, but he has refused to follow out the orders of the playwright, and wear a Jewish nose. The play has enjoyed a run in London, where Miss Beerbohm Tree and Charles Coughlan are playing the leading parts. It is said to be a modern edition of "Frou-Frou."

Arrangements have just been completed by which May Irwin, in "The Widow Jones," will return to the Bijou late in February, for an indefinite run. Henry Irving is said to be bitterly opposed to the marriage of his son young Henry with Dorothy Baird, the young woman who is now playing Tribby in London. The marriage is announced to take place at an early date.

The death of Prince Henry of Battenberg has struck a disastrous blow to all the London theatres. The period of court mourning has been generally participated in by the English people, and as a result the theatres are almost empty.

Nearly all the members of M. B. Curtis' "Gentleman Joe" Company have brought suit to recover their salaries. They claim the Curtis never paid them a cent, and several of them are known to be in absolute destitution.

LESLIE WHITACRE.

In Darkest Philadelphia.

A wealthy young man-about-town gave a dinner recently to a dozen or more of his associates. The affair was extremely sumptuous, the host being particularly careful to secure the best canvasback duck the market afforded. He paid a good price for this particular viand, and so when one of the guests who had been taking more than his share of wine left his duck untouched upon his plate the host chided him playfully for his lack of appreciation.

The delinquent guest had sufficient wit to extricate himself from his position with credit to himself. He called for a messenger boy, and when the little fellow came he made him sit down at a side table and eat the duck which he had left untouched. A small glass of wine accompanied the duck. Not content with this the joker borrowed his host's silk hat, which he filled with ice, and set a bottle of champagne in the midst of it. This was set before the boy, and all the guests laughingly chucked silver cents into the ice-packed hat for the boy.

The messenger boy went away about \$5 richer, and the joker went to sleep in his chair.—Phila Record.

Law System in Germany.

Five systems of law are in use in Germany; 18,000,000 people live under the Prussian code, 2,500,000 under the Saxon, 7,500,000 under the French civil, 14,000,000 under the German commercial code, the modernized form of Roman law, and 500,000 under the Scandinavian law. It is proposed to substitute a new code, the draft of which was completed this year, for all the older laws.

## MATRIMONY MADE EASY.

THE GAME OF CUPID IS ON A CASH BASIS IN PARIS.

Unions Carefully and Skillfully Brought About—A Hardened and Irretrievable Old Bachelor—The Romance of a Wooden Hand—An odd Business.

Everybody may read on the fourth page of the leading Paris papers one of those attractive advertisements which raise the spirits of modest employees with salaries of 1,800 francs, and of broken down aristocrats, ruined by roulette or baccarat. This is the formula:

MARIAGES RICHES.—Jeune 1. et v. vives. Dots dep. 10,000 francs. 5 millions. Garant. Discret. absolu. Rien des agences.

It will be noticed that, notwithstanding the wealth offered in dowry, the advertisers save money by using abbreviations. The advertisement filled out reads: "Rich Marriages. Young girls and widows. Dowry from 10,000 francs up to 5 millions. Guarantees. Discretion absolute. No connection with agencies." The phrase "no connection with agencies" is evidently put there only to reassure the clients and avoid wounding their vanity. Their are houses in Paris devoted to this kind of business well organized and equipped. They possess quite a stock of registers, upon which are the names of a large number of young people who seldom have the faintest idea that they figure there or that anybody has busied himself to bring about a marriage for them. For it by no means follows that in every case where a marriage is brought about by one of these agencies the future couple are necessarily aware of the situation, or that they know that they have been introduced to each other by an interested intermediary. It frequently happens that they haven't the slightest notion of how the thing was brought about, and they attribute it all to chance. For example the father of a family visits one of these establishments and talks with the manager.

"Monsieur," he says, "I have a daughter 23 years old that I want to establish. Unfortunately, we do not go into society; we have very few relations, and I don't see the way myself to—"

"I understand you perfectly, sir; you can count upon us. What fortune do you give to your daughter?"

"One hundred thousand francs; and I may add that she is a charming girl, a good musician, and a very good housekeeper."

"I have no doubt of that. Well, just be good enough now to tell me what kind of a fellow you would like to have for a son-in-law."

"Oh, I'm not particular; I have no preferences, provided the young man is—"

"No, no, no, you can choose. Thank goodness, our lists are sufficiently long. Will you have a dark-complexioned chap or a blond? Would you prefer a man of letters or a man of science? We can offer you seven engineers, three lawyers, several merchants and subprefects, and eighteen literary gentlemen, in addition to one poet. One of our clients, by the way, is disposed to go abroad. Perhaps you would prefer a man of that kind?"

The conversation continues until the two parties come to a final agreement. There is nothing further to do except to find a way of bringing the young people together. It often happens that the fiance himself doesn't know what is going on, because it is his father who has taken it into his head to get him married; and, in order to get a good match for him, the old gentleman goes to one of the agencies. The places of meeting are the theatres, the museums, and the promenades.

Ordinarily the task of bringing about the meeting is simple enough, because many persons, and especially women, delight in meddling with marriages. They become the unconscious collaborators of the agencies, and attribute to themselves all the merit of the unions that take place, without having the slightest idea that everything was carefully prepared beforehand. And so in the honeymoon the happy couple can congratulate themselves on the succession of lucky chances that brought them together.

"When I think," says the young woman, "that we would never have met if a friend of papa's hadn't had the fortunate idea of sending him a ticket for a box at the Opera Comique?"

"That is true enough; I saw you there for the first time. And what an extraordinary chance it was to meet again the very next day at that charity concert!"

"You had a seat just beside me. Do you remember how you stared at me?"

"I admired you so much. And judge of my surprise and my joy when eight days afterward I met you at the ball of Mme Desfosses!"

"Yes, it was written that we should belong to each other. Let us thank Providence."

An excellent Providence, beyond a doubt, that set at work in the most delicate way possible to unite two hearts made to love each other, and as a remuneration for this service is satisfied with the commission

## Ladies' Whitewear.

Greatest sale of Ladies' Ready Made Clothing ever held in this city. Prices lower than ever before.

### Nightgowns.

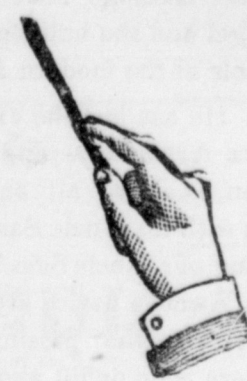
49c., 57c., 65c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.40, up to \$4.25, all sizes, full length.

### Chemises.

25c., 40c., 50c., 85c., up to \$2.40.

### Drawers.

Hamburg Embroidery frill at 40c., 50c., 70c., up to \$1.75. (including the very extra full width.)



### Skirts.

7 to 10 inch Embroidery Frills, exceeding in value anything ever before shown at 75c., 95c., \$1.25, up to \$6.00.

Also 10 inch plain Cambric, tucked frill at 75c.

### Corset Covers.

All styles in low, high, V, square and round neck at 29c. to \$1.75.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

of two per cent. on the dot.

But sometimes the affair turns out in quite a different way. The matrimonial agent who finds himself dealing with a delicate case—that is to say, for example, the case of a hardened old bachelor with whom it might be difficult or dangerous to enter abruptly into negotiations—has to use tact, or even what might be termed moral violence. A few months ago a merchant in Paris received the following letter:

SIR: I desire to have a little conversation with you on a matter which concerns you personally. Will you be good enough to come to my office on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock precise? Don't miss this rendezvous, nor you might regret it later.

Very much puzzled, he neglected his other affairs and went to the address given. He found himself in an apartment richly furnished and in the presence of an old gentleman, who invited him to sit down. The following conversation took place:

You are M. Frederic Eustache Darbont? Yes, Sir.

You are a manufacturer of metallic cards and brushes, and your business amounts to about 100,000 francs a year? You are rich, and, moreover, you have an uncle living in the south who is bound to leave you one-half of his fortune? But for all that, you were looking some time ago for a capitalist who would be good enough to place in your hands from 400,000 to 500,000 francs?

Sure enough, sir; all that is true; but I can't see what you are driving at.

Be good enough to wait a moment. We will continue the conversation when I shall have received a person who has just sent me her card.

The old gentleman went out and returned almost immediately, accompanied by a young woman elegantly dressed. They both began to chat. When the conversation turned upon travelling, M. Darbont, who likes travelling very much, could not resist the pleasure of joining in it. The young woman replied to him very amiably. They seemed delighted with each other, because they noticed that they had the same tastes, and they desired to see the same countries. Nevertheless time was passing, and the merchant began to get impatient. At last the unknown lady got up, and, after a most gracious smile, left the parlor. As soon as she went out the director of the house said to M. Darbont:

Well, now do you understand why I asked you to come here?

Not a bit.

You have seen the lady who has just left; don't you consider her beautiful?

Certainly; what of it?

So handsome and so elegant! She is a young widow with a splendid name and 500,000 francs, without counting her hopes, for she has a numerous and rich family of the most honorable kind. Her father was a General of Division.

All that is very fine, but what in thunder have I got to do with it? Come, tell me now what you asked me to come here for.

My dear sir, it was simply to assure your happiness. That lady adores you very much, and you can marry her if you wish.

What nonsense.

You were looking for a partner in your house. Now, would it not be more advantageous to catch a big fortune, in regard to which you will have to render an account to nobody? In this way you will make an excellent business hit, and at the same time acquire for yourself a home with the most amiable of women.

Go to the devil! exclaimed the merchant. And so it was to tell me Jack-and-the-bean-stalk stories that you took me from my business and made me come here and spend nearly a whole afternoon? The impudence of such a proceeding exceeds anything in all my experience! If it were not for your white hairs I'd give you the kicking you deserve.

In this affair, as it is easy to see, the adventure turned out badly, and the agent who had concocted the little plan had

simply to pay the penalty of his mistake.

But very often the finale is far more happy. An architect named Dupont, 25 years old, a good-looking young man, applied to one of the agencies to hunt up a good marriage for him. The agent spoke to him of a young lady who seemed to meet his ideal. She had a fortune of 250,000 francs. M. Dupont was delighted.

"Can you show me this marvel?" said he.

"Certainly; but here is her photograph, and you will admit that she is perfectly beautiful. We are convinced that she will suit you, for she is made to please. Nevertheless, the honor of my profession compels me to tell you plainly that in this case there is a little blemish."

"A blemish? What blemish?"

"You will probably notice it yourself, but if you never perceive it, so much the better."

The young man became thoughtful. What could the blemish be? A physical deformity, some secret, an unworthy mother, or father condemned to penal servitude? He made enquiries and was agreeably surprised to find that her family was highly respectable in every sense of the word. Wishing to see the lady himself, he went one Sunday to the church which she attended. She soon arrived, leaning on the arm of her father. The young man admired her supple and graceful carriage. Afterward he saw her at the theatre and admired her more than ever. In vain he looked for that defect, that famous blemish which they told him he would perceive. He saw nothing and suspected nothing.

At last he was invited to a dancing party where he knew he would meet her. As soon as he entered the room he saw her seated beside her mother. He went up and asked her for a waltz. She accepted, and rose from her chair. Just as he placed his arm about her waist and endeavored to take her hand, which she left hanging down negligently, he discovered that the gloved hand was wood. His emotion was so great that he let it fall. The young lady, accustomed, no doubt, to the surprise which she had already given to other dancers, blushed a little and murmured in a soft, sweet voice:

"Ah, yes, sir. You did not know that by an accident I am left with only one hand."

"That was the blemish of which the matrimonial agent had spoken to him. Certainly it was a serious one. It requires some courage to ask the hand of a young lady when that hand is made of wood. But he visited her and found that she was singularly beautiful, with an admirable figure, and, above all, that she was so gentle, so resigned, and apparently so affectionate in her nature that he could easily overlook that cruel infirmity."

Well, to make a long story short, he married her, and the matrimonial agent after receiving his commission was perfectly correct when he said that in this case he succeeded in bringing about a genuine love match.—N. Y. paper.

### THE PAIN IMMEDIATELY LEFT ME

So says Mrs. W. T. Rundle, of Dundalk, After Using Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

How difficult it is for those afflicted with heart disease to get relief, and to get it quickly. The pain hangs on, and is suggestive of the most terrible results, for heart disease cannot be trifled with. Here was Mrs. W. T. Rundle, the wife of a well known cattle dealer in Dundalk, who suffered so severely from pain in the region of the heart that, to quote her own words: "I was for some time unable to attend to my household duties. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart, and I must say the result was wonderful. The pain immediately left me after the first day, and I have had no trouble since." Strong testimony, and yet Mrs. Rundle stands alone with thousands of others who can say the same thing. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

A man may assume a virtue though he hath it not, but it is different with an overcoat.

### IT WORKED TOO WELL.

An Amateur Electrician's Bell That Would Ring Until he was surely Awake.

He has rooms in a big apartment building, and he has devised an elaborate scheme to avoid sleeping too long in the morning. He hasn't much faith in alarm clock, because he forgets to wind them up and he has discovered that pounding on the floor has very little effect. He engaged the janitor to pound on the door at a certain hour every morning but it failed to have the effect after the first two or three mornings. Then he decided to try electricity.

He was an amateur electrician himself, so it was easy for him to put a bell over the head of his bed and run a wire to the door. But no ordinary button would do him. He was afraid he would turn over and go to sleep again as soon as the bell stopped ringing. Consequently he put a switch on the outside of the door and arranged with the janitor to come up and turn the switch at a certain hour every morning. That would start the bell ringing, and it would not stop until he got up and turned the current. He was naturally proud of his device. He felt that he had solved a great problem. And he had. There was no sleeping in that room after the janitor had turned the switch, for it was necessary to get up and cross the room in order to stop the noise.

But he overlooked one thing. He made no arrangement for notifying the janitor when he was not at home, and the first night that he failed to come home there was trouble. The janitor went to the door at the usual hour in the morning, turned the switch, and then went back to his quarters in the basement, leaving the bell in active operation.

Occupants of the adjoining apartments were unanimous in the assertion afterward that the bell did not shirk its work that morning. They did not think much of the bell any way, but on ordinary occasions it was shut off after a few minutes of active service, so they had refrained from making any complaint. This time, however, it continued its business at the old stand for about half an hour, and they rebelled.

One by one they came to their doors to see what the trouble might be, and later enjoyed themselves by pounding on the door of the amateur electrician's room and yelling to the supposed occupant to shut off. Finding that that did no good, they talked of breaking down the door, but finally decided to send for the janitor and let him do it.

The janitor came and listened to their indignant protests. He hearkened to them patiently while they advised him to knock a panel out of the door with an axe. Then he quietly reached up and turned the switch, while a dozen sheepish-looking men crept back into their rooms. However, one of them evidently came out again, for when the amateur electrician returned he found that the switch had been smashed.—Chicago Post.

## We Do it All.

Or, in other words, we are the people to call on when you want your Laundry done or clothes cleaned and dyed to look the same as new. We have the reputation for doing first class work in this line. Times are hard and everyone has some use for all their loose change, so give UNGAR a call and save the extra expense.

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