

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Music lovers have in prospect for next week, an entertainment of more than ordinary interest. The event referred to will be the most important and attractive to the musical portion of the community in the fact that it will mark the debut of Miss Helen Furlong of this city, as a violin soloist. This young lady possesses much musical talent and as she has had the privilege of study under some of the best of teachers, it is already a foregone conclusion that her debut will be a charming success. In connection with the occasion a general concert programme will be supplied by a number of other ladies and gentlemen of the city, among whom may now be mentioned Mr. J. S. Ford. The mere mention of the event and an intimation of the talent that will participate in the pleasure of the evening by contributing to the programme, ought to be enough to fill the Mechanics' Institute to its capacity. The recital will take place next Thursday evening.

The fact that Madame Marie Harrison, whose voice has been frequently heard in concerts in this city and who for sometime past has been studying in Paris under the famous teacher Madame Marchesi, has returned to Canada, is made public in a Hamilton Ontario paper of recent date. It is said that her voice has been "wonderfully improved" since she went to France, and it is probable the remark is literally true. There ought to be, and most likely will be a special and a general demand among Canadians to hear this lady sing again in this country. By the way in a recent issue of The Musical Courier, and in what appears to be a contributed article on the subject of Madame Harrison, and the concerts and musicals she had appeared at in London, it is stated that she will make a concert tour of Canada, this autumn. It is proposed too in pursuance of this project, that she will follow the route taken by Madame Albani in her tour of the Dominion. In the event of this proposition taking material form, Madame Harrison will be heard again in this city before a long time has elapsed.

The many friends of Mr. A. M. Smith ("Fred") formerly of this city and whose valuable bass voice has been heard in concert here times without number, will be pleased to read that he is now in New York where he is meeting with much business success. He is the same lover of music he always was, and consistently keeps his voice in good form. This department returns him thanks for an official souvenir programme of the nineteenth annual convention of the music teachers National association held at Grand Central Palace, New York June 24 to 28 inclusive. A perusal of the publication is apt to excite a feeling akin to envy of those who were privileged to attend the concerts. However next best to enjoying something oneself is to know that a friend has had the enjoyment.

Courtesies have been received from the Misses Bruce and Wetmore for their concert given on Wednesday evening last at Moncton. The affair was a success, as the ability of those young ladies would well justify.

The many friends and admirers of Miss Jessie Gordon Forbes are pleased to know she has returned home from the west where she has been prosecuting her musical studies.

Tones and Undertones.

The Princess Beatrice of England has composed a cantata which will be sung during the coming winter, in all probability at Windsor.

A son of Mascagni is manifesting much aptitude for the violin. The lad is but 8 years of age and is a pupil in the Rossini Academy of Pesro.

The libretto of Wagner's "The return of Bonaparte" has recently been set to music by Kienzi the composer of "Der Evangelimann." The piece dates back to 1840.

A company of Egyptian singers is preparing for a performance in the Arabic tongue of the opera "L'Africaine." The production will be given in Alexandria under the direction of a competent conductor.

The 1600th performance of "Mascotte" was given in Paris recently at the Gaiety theatre.

"La Dame Blanche" was first produced about 50 years ago, and up to a recent date it has been given sixteen hundred times.

A three act opera entitled "Perdita" has recently made a success at Prague. It is by a Joseph Nesvera.

Liege, it is said has been remarkable

for the large number of famous violinists whose birthplace it is. Thomson, Ysaye, Musin, Massart, Marsick, Leonard, Gerardy and others. Viextemps was born at Verviers, a few miles from Liege. A son of Sir. William F. Robinson, a British Colonial governor, it is said, will enter the musical profession. Sir. William is known to possess much musical talent.

Mme. Blanche Marchesi, the daughter of the world famous teacher has been singing in London. It is said of her voice that it lacks warmth, sympathy, and that charm which finds its way into the heart of the uncultured as well as the cultured listener. "Diarmid" the new opera by the Marquis of Lorne and Hamish McCunn will be produced next October at Covent Garden by the Carl Rosa Company.

A famous Italian military concert organization is coming to the United States by special permission of the King of Italy. It is called the "Banda Rossa," and consists of 65 artists and 12 soloists. A Miss Clara Stubenrauch who is called a "phenomenal girl violinist" will accompany them. They will make a tour of the United States under the direction of Maestro Sarrentino they will open on October 15th, next at Metropolitan Opera house, New York.

It is now said that Madame Nordica and Jean De Reszke have become reconciled. The "hat" that is buried and they have agreed to let the "dead" past bury its dead. Madame Nordica is reported to be yet quite ill at her apartments in the Hotel Savoy London.

The programme of Mr. Zich's first orchestral concert at Keith's theatre last Monday was as follows: Overture, "Martha," Flotow; Moszkowski's serenade; selections from "The Wizard of the Nile," Herbert; waltz, "España," Waldteufel.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Miles Ideal Stock Company began their initial engagement at the Opera house here last Monday evening and scored an immense hit. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity and the impression made by every member of the company was both favorable and immediate. The young actor Mr. John E. Miles is now an established favorite and very deservedly so because his work was admirable throughout, and the play given "Michael Strogoff" being one that many in the audience had seen before, was well selected for the purpose of comparison. The young actor introduced several features in the business of the piece that had not been seen here before and they all were effective to a degree and in each instance a marked improvement. Mr. Tavernier, Mr. Jack Tucker, Miss Williams and others alike made personal successes. The specialists were many of them new and those who contributed them again and again recalled. Mr. John E. Miles in appearance and some of his work, reminds one of Thos. E. Shea, and it is very manifest that among his many other qualities, that fit him so well for his profession, he is an expert swordsman. There is evidently, barring untoward accident—a distinguished future before him—not, I judge, very remote either. He is a close student and his articulation is clear and distinct and correspondingly pleasing. The company gives daily matinees and nightly performance and frequent change of bill; and with the specialties furnished an almost continuous performance is assured. They ought to do good business throughout their tour.

"The Dead Heart" will be revived this coming season by James O'Neill of "Monte Cristo" fame and will be placed in his repertoire. He is now also negotiating for the dramatic rights of Joseph Holland's "When Greek meets Greek." The original dramatization of this work was called "The Roll of the Drum" and Olga Nethersole's production "A Daughter of France" was another version.

I learn from a friend that Thomas Wise of the Harkin's company will go with Stuart Robson next season to play the part in a revival of "The Henrietta" in which W. H. Crane was so famous. Crane at that time was a partner of Robson. There will be other pieces produced as well.

John Drew will not appear in plays of modern life next season. He will appear in "A Marriage of Convenience," a play which is an adaptation from the elder Dumas.

Grace Huntington who was in this city as leading lady with "Bradley players" in the Institute a few years ago has sued A. C. Gunter for \$1500 for breach of contract. Miss Huntington claims to have been engaged for "A Florida Enchantment" and to have been summarily dismissed. This lady is said to be a native of this province.

W. A. Tremayne's new play will be called "By Secret Warrant" instead of "A Royal Warrant," Robert Mantell will play the star part as previously indicated.

"School" is the attraction at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, this week. "The

New South" which was the bill last week at this house gave much satisfaction. "School" will be rather a novelty. "Pique" will be given next week.

J. E. Dodson intends to star some time in the near future and for that reason he is now purchasing plays. Later on he will make a selection from among his purchases.

The death of William F. Hoey the actor is much referred to in dramatic circles and the regret is unmistakable. His widow was one of the French twin sisters formerly popular clog dancers in Tony Pastor's company. His partner, Charles Evans, married Minnie French, the other "twin."

John E. Brennan, the comedian, goes out next season with "Bonnie Scotland," playing a dialect character part. Miss Eva Westcot goes with the same company.

Washburn's circus and menagerie will be in this city next Monday. Every one wants to see the circus of course and hear the clown's funny sayings. The advance notices all speak favorably of the high character of the Washburn show, with its triple ring performance and chariot and hippodrome races. It remains here but one day, giving two performances.

NATURE ON THE LOWER THAMES.

Incidents of Human and Animal Life on the Great River.

By the front gate of Britain, down among the great shadowy marshes that rim the Salt Thames mouth, you may see more wonders of men and nature than in any corner of the outer seas. The sullen tide was turning seaward when I dropped anchor abreast the island of Canvey—a tongue of lonely green marsh cuddled by the Essex shore. Around sprawled the desolate gray sea-swamp and creeping huzz, and away to the right swelled the throbbing pulse of the lower Thames, and the black procession of men and ships swinging down on the ebb.

Slowly the shrinking tide bared long stretches of soft mud on each side of its bulk, and as the current swirled eastward the leisurely shrimp fleet from Gravesend crawled down river. Presently they passed within fifty yards, a ragged, many-patched, devil-may-care horde, and the bluff leather-bid sea-toilers that manned the smacks sat and smoked stolidly, glowering out over the gray water. It is a strange band of roving ragamuffins, this fleet of shrimpers, scouring the rough tide day by day for a livelihood. Big brown sails shone in the sunlight as they soused along through the flickering ripple, and the blue jerseyed crews grunted gruffly to each other in passing. Seaward they surged, one or two steersmen singing forgotten songs of a forgotten age, in a region forgotten by all but the salt water men that pass through it.

It is a region of black work and choking, churning water, this great tideway to the outer seas. The aching toil of the tide and every hardship that taints open water breeds here. Presently an inky-sided, slag-grimed collier tore Londonward through the yellow current, skippered by a fine-looking ruffian in a wrinkled blue jersey. His teeth shone black under his rugged lips, stained with reeking 'bacca-juice, and the glint of his eye was whiter than the eyes of those who do not wallow sleeplessly night and day from the Tyne to the Lunnon river and back. His iron-bearded face was scarred and battered by the roaring sea-blast that lashes the Swin, and he had not slept for three nights—perhaps four. At sea there is little but grimy, straining toil, with short time for straw hats, white ducks, and lobsouse. These things belong to the stage sailor. In truth, you may find queerer humanity round the Nore than anywhere else in the world of men.

Punting is the most bitterly arduous of all the means of killing wild things, and calls for the greatest skill. Hence the fascination that grips the spare-clad Fowler and the wealthy amateur alike, a passion that nothing can kill. Offer a poor puntsman employment as a yacht hand or dredger in the summer and he will accept it gratefully. But when the first keen blast whistles down from the north and the barking bent geese and piping widgeon bear down to the marshes you will lose your man. He will come sheepishly forward, cap in hand, pull his bristley forelock, and tell you he must leave your service, 'for the birds is back on the salts, sir.' You may offer him yet higher wages, and point out that only the barest bread and cheese is to be earned by fowling, but he listens respectfully and sticks to his resolution. So off he goes to

wring a living from the grim old river as best he may. You cannot tame a marsh-man.

Now, the wild scream of an old curlew drifted up from the lower ooze, and overhead a team of five ducks sped northward. A knob of seven widgeon preened daintily on a tiny mud island. At a casual glance they seemed settled and comfortable, but a second look showed the open order and restless paddling that told their wild secret. The time had come for them to wing northward on the spring passage, and by the morning they would be gone. In two weeks by easy stages they would be churning the water of their old breeding-pool in Spitzbergen. So they piped querulously, and away on the green marshes some red shanks sounded their nesting notes in a sharp shrill—'tyu-u, tyu-u'

The mighty procession of shipping thickened, and now a bluff nosed brig surged by sweeping the water in creamy cushions to either side. A high wind had risen from the gloomy sky to the eastward, and the listless crew were slowly recovering by stress of lashing spindrift from their last drunken orgie ashore. Over everything rang the deep curses of the glaring, purple faced mate, and the whinnying of the wind through tarry shrouds.

At the turn of the tide another brig bore up river, with a crew lively and dapper eager to go ashore and let loose all the caged devilry that had simmered in them on the homeward voyage. The deep-sea sailor is a man, a very human man among the other men that the world breeds, and after a long bout of skin-cracking toil on green water he should not be condemned because he is no angel.

At night the gloomy grandeur of the lower river rolls up and grows into the weirdst of all weird emptinesses. On the Upper Thames there is the faint smell of the summer night, the tinkling banjoes, and the soft glimmer of lights in dreamy water. But here on the salt marshes you have a sterner beauty. Put into Hole Haven, peer out of your cabin through the inky dark, and listen to the black tide sucking drearily through the piles that hem the sea wall, to the hoarse moan of the mighty river and the shuddering whisper of rushes in the chill wind. Far over the foggy swamps you may hear the plaintive pipe of gray plover, and all the weird spirit of the lonely dark will soak into your soul. From the mournful cry of mud-hunting whimbrels you will conjure visions of the ghosts of cut-throat smugglers and murdered revenue men, that, on the authority of the shivering islanders, walk the black sea-marsh when the day is dead. One by one the winking lights split the gloom, and out in the West Swin you will see the Mouse blink and vanish warningly. Nearer, the Nore lightship silvers the black current in two long streaks, curtseying in the passage to the outer world.

But it was yet light, and swinging down the Lower Hope loomed a stately, full-rigged ship, with large, dull black bows, and the gild of the dying day on her canvas. The grand hairy ruffians who handled her so well had cast off the fussy little tug that towed them from from dock. There was the gleam of open sea in the eyes of the tan-faced polyglot crew as she swept by, and above the quarter showed a line of pale, wistful emigrant faces—pallid flesh and pleading eyes. They looked back hungrily at the fading marshes, but the great ship surged steadily ahead, and swung dimly out past the nodding Nore. It was a choking, pitiful sight common enough to all who love to haunt the shadowy marshes of the London river.

How A Fire Was Set.

The following suggestive paragraph about the possible way in which a fire may be started is borrowed from the New York post:

The mistress of the house was seated in the extension parlor in the afternoon, alone and perfectly quiet, when without warning, a hanging bookshelf broke from its fastenings, and slipped to the floor. On its way it struck a small table standing beneath it, and knocked over a box of matches, igniting two or three of them.

These flew off, one touching the light gauze scarf which had hung from the table, which fell blazing against the curtain near by.

The frightened screams of the mistress brought a servant, and it took energetic measures on the part of the two women to extinguish the rapidly spreading fire. Had the room been unoccupied, as it had been all the morning, and would have been again fifteen minutes later, the fire department would have been needed to save the house.

The attention of our readers is directed to the Fly Pad advertisement in this issue. The manufacturers claim that each ten cent packet will kill more flies than three hundred sheets of sticky paper costing fifteen dollars.

The genuine Fly Pads are made only by Archdale Wilson & Co., Hamilton, and housekeepers are cautioned against unsatisfactory imitations which are offered by some dealers.

ONE OUT ALL OUT.

He Had Never Handled a Bat But He Liked the Minister.

The Golden Penn, an English magazine has a story of an English butcher and the English game of cricket.

A young curate, an enthusiast at the game, set himself to organize a cricket team in the country parish to which he had been lately appointed. The only available field was one owned by a butcher, a good-hearted but quick tempered man, who had never handled a bat, but was well disposed toward the new minister.

When a committee, headed by the curate, waited upon him, he responded in the most generous manner. Lend his field! Of course he would. More than that, he would join the club and take a hand in a game now and then.

The curate was taken a little aback, but could not do less than express his pleasure and the butcher was duly enrolled as a member of the club.

By and by, after a little practice, the club arranged a "scratch match," among themselves, and on hearing of it, the butcher at once declared his intention of being present and taking a share in the contest. As he was the owner of the field, it seemed courteous to put him in first.

He was a little uncertain what to do with his bat, but on being told that he was to hit the ball, he said that it was all it was easy enough. The curate first took up the bowling, and the butcher had the honor of the opening over.

The first ball sent the leg-stump flying, and in recovering from the momentum of a tremendous swipe, the batsman himself knocked down the other two. He took no notice, but shaped for the next ball.

"You can't play any more!" said the umpire. "You are out."

"What's that?" said the butcher. "You are out," said the umpire.

"What's that?" said the butcher. "You're out!" yelled the fielders, in explanation. "It means that you can't play any more."

"O, is that it?" replied the butcher. "Yes," said the fielders.

"I can't play any more?" said the butcher, looking round angrily. "No," replied the fielders.

"I am out, am I?" "Yes," yelled the fielders.

"Then out of my field, every blessed one of you!" roared the butcher. And out they had to go!

They Are Funny.

What funny people folks are! Bodge and Dodge meet. Bodge—Hello! what's the news?

Dodge—Don't hear a thing; what is the latest thing with you?

Bodge—Nothing new. By the way we had quite a fire down our way last night. Three persons killed and half a dozen injured.

Dodge—So? That reminds me that there was a collision on the Roston & Gapper railroad a little while ago. Quite a number killed, I hear.—Boston Transcript.

HUMPHREYS'

CURES

- No. 1 Fever, Congestion.
- No. 2 Worms.
- No. 3 Infants' Diseases.
- No. 4 Diarrhea.
- No. 7 Coughs & Colds.
- No. 9 Headache.
- No. 10 Dyspepsia, Indigestion.
- No. 11 Delayed Periods.
- No. 12 Leucorrhoea.
- No. 13 Croup.
- No. 14 Skin Diseases.
- No. 15 Rheumatism.
- No. 19 Catarrh.
- No. 27 Kidney Diseases.
- No. 34 Sore Throat.
- No. 77 Grip & Hay Fever.

Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Manual of Diseases at your Druggists or Mailed Free. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25cts., 50cts or \$1. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Summer Millinery

We are showing a large and magnificent stock of all the latest styles in

Trimmed and Untrimmed MILLINERY,

including the latest novelties from Paris, London and New York.

Prices moderate. Inspection invited. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO.,
77 King Street.

CORSETS A SPECIALTY.

Coleman's SALT
CELEBRATED
DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD
AND FARM
PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED
CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION
CLINTON, ONT.