

**Music and  
The Drama**

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

One of the greatest musical events of recent years in St. John will be the recital at the opera house on Thursday evening, Nov. 16, of Mr. R. Watkin Mills, England's most eminent basso, assisted by Mr. Henry S. Saunders of London, solo cellist. Mr. Mill's is now in the full prime of his career and his voice is at its very best. The very name of this world renowned artist should be sufficient to crowd the opera house to the doors. At every important musical centre in the United Kingdom, Mr. Mills is always in request and always received with the greatest enthusiasm; where there is another such record as that of having sung the Messiah 105 times, the Elijah 75, The Golden Legend 70, The Creation 35, The Redemption 23, and Berlioz's Faust 22 times? His recitals evince his marvellous versatility, covering every possible range of song from the great arias to the tender Scotch and Irish ballads.

H. S. Saunders is a violin cello soloist of renown, and a great favorite in London musical circles.

Jenny Lind and Grieg were rivals for popular favor in London. Both were invited to sing the same night at a Court concert before the Queen. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first, and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look of Grieg that she was at the point of failure, when suddenly an inspiration came to her. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She asked him to rise and took the vacant seat. Her finger wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved as a child. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland.

Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now; instead a teardrop glistened on the long, black lashes, and after a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grieg crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her, utterly regardless of the audience.

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

Culbane's Minstrels occupied the Opera House on Monday evening, and the balance of the week was taken up with moving pictures of various happenings, people etc. that are just now engrossing public attention. The pictures are excellent and when the electric current is on its good behaviour the result is excellent, but it played some strange freaks on the opening night, and at times greatly marred the effect. The little difficulty has been remedied though, and all who can should see the pictures at to-day's matinee, and the evening performance with which the engagement will close.

The Real Widow Brown, under the management of A. S. Scammon, will supply a lot of wholesome fun for three nights of next week beginning on Monday. The piece is a sparkling three act comedy and gives opportunity for rich and handsome costuming, splendid singing, and a whole lot of execrably funny situations; there will be a matinee on Wednesday.

The members of St. James's Temple of Honor have organized a club to hold entertainments during the winter which promises to be a decided success. The entertainment is of the "variety" kind and the club has adopted the name of Ideal Entertainers.

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tainers. The opening of the season was held at Milford on Thursday last to a full house and the members are well pleased with their success. The programme was made up as follows: W. H. McDonald, baritone soloist; Edison's graphophone in the latest selection; Sam Dunham, and the animated song sheet, Murphy and Hart-graves in clogs, jigs and buck and wing dancing; Harry M. McDonald, the popular banjoist and singing comedian; the Henetoscope, showing 75 views from all parts of the world; Dunn and Mack, descriptive vocalists; W. H. McGorman, in stump speeches; concluding with an afterpiece called "Little Willie's Troubles." Another entertainment will be held in St. James street Temperance hall on Wednesday evening next which promises to be largely attended. The above programme has been changed in some particulars and new features added which will no doubt help to strengthen the entertainment.

"My Son Dan" is the title of a play which will probably be produced in New York this season. David Lowry, a Pittsburg newspaper man, is the author.

Mrs. Langtry's new play, 'The Degenerates,' recently made known in England, is not so lusty a success as to justify the expectation that it may be transplanted in America.

The title of May Irwin's latest play, "Sister Mary," is not a new one. A play with the same name, by Wilson Barrett and Clement Scott, was produced at the American theatre on May 15, 1894.

The names of stage plays even throw an odd light on the way managers feather their nests. "The Weather Hen," a recent English comedy, has been secured for production here by William Brady.

"The Queen of Chinatown," a wild, lurid melodrama laid in San Francisco, has been produced in New York. Miss Jeffreys, Lewis and Mainhill are in it. It seems to be about lurid enough to be funny.

In "The Great Train Robbery," by Scott Marble, a gang of desperadoes hold up a train, blow open the express car with dynamite and crack the safe. The subsequent pursuit of the robbers is described as exciting.

A judge of Mount Vernon, a suburb of New York, has decided that children under 16 cannot attend the theatres unless accompanied by a guardian. He has also threatened to punish any manager who will allow a minor under that age limit to enter his theatre unless so accompanied.

The most pronounced hit so far this season on Broadway has been "The Tyranny of Tears," with John Drew as the star. The profits of this enterprise must be abnormally large, because the cast is a very "short" one, numbering but half a dozen persons. Several other plays have done quite well but no other so far has really created anything of a sensation. There is still another class, embracing another, the flat and positive failure. Fortunately for the managers of the latter, the verdict in the case of these plays has been so nearly unanimous that they will probably be shelved at once, thereby reducing the amount of loss.

The small companies on the road especially those presenting the peculiar conglomerations which are called melodramas by their authors and are made musical farces by the introduction of specialties by the managers, have done splendidly so far, and, what is still better, the business appears to be increasing as the season advances. Farce comedy, so called, however, has not done very well.

Canada has not secured a corner on the intelligence of the American continent, but in proportion to population she certainly does make a mighty creditable showing. A son of whom Canada has just cause to be proud is Franklyn McLeay, at present a member of Beerholm Tree's company, which is located at Her Majesty's theatre in London. The United States is also entitled to a share in the glory, for it was in that country that Mr. Leay's great ability as an actor was first recognized by competent critics.

This young actor was a pupil of the great Murdoch and later an instructor in his school. Then he joined Wilson Barrett, with whom he remained for several years, beginning at the foot of the ladder and rising by easy stages until he had attained the dignity of leading man of the organization. His Nero in "The Sign of the Cross" and his Jediah in "Daughters of Babylon" were unstintingly praised by the usually phpercritical critics of London. Mr. Beerholm Tree's attention was attracted to McLeay. He engaged him for his production of "Julius Caesar," in which McLeay played Cassius with great success. His work never showed a falling off in merit, and, although Mr. Tree has done some plays which have not been great successes, McLeay has always managed to

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make a good showing, and that, too, when his role has not been overstrong. This statement applies with peculiar force to the revival of "King John" lately made by Mr. Tree. This was, in the opinion of many persons, very nearly a flat failure, but McLeay emerged triumphant, having made the only real hit in the piece, with the single possible exception of a boy "entertainer," to whom was assigned the role of the little Prince.

It has been said before, but the statement will bear repetition, that Franklyn McLeay will, if he continues conscientious, be recognized in the near future as one of the world's greatest actors. Stick a pin in this prediction. It is certain to be verified.

From time to time statements have been published by the opponents of dramatic realism in its best sense that Ibsen was played out and that even in his own country most people had tired of him and his work. That this is not true is best evidenced by the reception accorded to the grand old man of the Norwegian drama at the opening a short time ago of the new National theater in Christiania, the capital of Norway. The king and members of the royal household were present, and the occasion partook of the nature of an ovation for Ibsen, who is said to have attracted much more attention than even his monarch.

Bjornson, whose son is the manager of the house, was also honored by having one night given up to his works, but it is generally conceded that the enormous subscriptions which poured in from every hamlet in Norway were intended as tributes to the ability of Ibsen, who will as a result now have a playhouse in which the initial representations of his plays may be adequately given.

Most people do not pay much attention to Norway beyond looking it up in the guide books once in awhile when they wish to select a unique place for a summer tour, but when it comes down to genuine dyed-in-the-wool patriotism it can give us cards and spades and still win without the slightest effort.

**AN EQUATORIAL STRIKE.**

And When it Ended the Men Then Resumed Work.

Perhaps the most justifiable strike on record was one which occurred on the Uganda Railroad in East Africa a few months ago. No board of arbitration was summoned, but the justice of the demands of four thousand strikers was recognized, and the strike finally received the official approval of the railroad officials. The circumstances of the case were extraordinary. The Indian coolies, strung out in an immensely long line, were working away with pick and shovel, when suddenly a huge lion sprang from the thicket, killed one laborer with a single blow from its paw, and crushed in the skull of another poor fellow. Every coolie in sight took to his heels and made for the camp a mile away.

The alarm was given and the English engineer seized a rifle and ran to the spot, followed by his assistant. But the lion had finished his meal, and fragments of two corpses alone remained to tell the horrid tale.

The men went to work next morning, while armed guards paced up and down

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along the line of construction. The precaution availed little. Forty-eight hours after the first tragedy another workman was seized and dragged into the bush. Within three weeks the list of victims numbered fifteen.

A pardonable reluctance for work under such conditions were manifest among the workmen, but their employers prevailed on them still to continue. The first morning of the fourth week, as the men started to work, they were led by a coolie overseer, a huge man weighing over two hundred pounds. As he reached the track he turned to give some instruction to his men, and just then a lion leaped upon him from behind a pile of lumber, smashing his skull by a single blow.

The brute planted his forefoot on the corpse, and began to eat, while the shivering Indians stood paralyzed with horror. In a minute or two guards came up and a dozen rifles were emptied into the lion.

The coolies now became openly rebellious, but a servile race is slow to rise in revolt, and it was not until twenty-eight of their number had been killed that the men threw down their shovel and absolutely refused to work.

A consultation of the authorities was held, and the next day a great hunt was instituted, which did not end until the last lion had been killed or driven from the neighborhood. Then the strike ended and the men returned to work.

**MISERABLE WOMEN.**

HOW WOMEN LOSE INTEREST IN THEIR HOUSEHOLDS.

The Ills to Which Women are Heir Cause Much Suffering—The Experience of a Lady Who has Found a Speedy Cure.

Mrs. Isaac T. Comeau, who resides at 834 Arago street St. Roch, Quebec, is a teacher of French, English and music. For many years Mrs. Comeau has suffered greatly from internal troubles, peculiar to her sex, and also from continuous weakness the result of headaches, neuralgia and nervous prostration. Her trouble became so bad that she was forced to give up teaching and go to an hospital, but the treatment they did not materially benefit her and ultimately she left the hospital still a great sufferer. Meantime her husband having heard of the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, purchased a few boxes and prevailed upon his wife to try them. When interviewed as to the merits of the pills Mrs. Comeau gave her story to the reporter about as follows:

"My trouble came on after the birth of my child, and up to the time I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I could find nothing to cure me. I suffered much agony was very weak, had frequent severe headaches, and little or no appetite. It was not long after I began the use of the pills that I found they were helping me very much and after taking them for a couple of months I was as well as ever I had been. My appetite improved, the pains left me, and I gained considerably in flesh and am again able to attend to the lessons of my pupils and superintend my household work. Since using the pills myself I have recommended them to others and have heard nothing but praise in their favor wherever used."

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**A BLIND LETTER.**

It Took some Time to Decipher the Letter but the Reply Came all Right.

Miscellaneous correspondence is a heavy burden upon public men. They are bombarded with letters from admirers and critics alike. To answer unnecessary communications is to court a continuance of the evil. The argument was long urged upon the late Bishop of Wakefield, England, who felt it to be part of his duty to answer every letter he received, even though its writer was evidently insane.

On this last score the bishop's friends protested vigorously, but the good man replied:

"Well, poor things, I don't fancy many people write to them, and perhaps my letters give them a little pleasure."

Occasionally a perfectly sane letter gave the recipient more trouble than the most elaborate effusion of a crazed mind. The Bishop's son and biographer prints a sample communication exactly reproduced.

"May it please your Lordship.

"To inform me your Lord whether I have a Legal Right to a Grave or not, supposing my Grandfather on my Mother's side, my Lordship, and the said Grandfather had no son, and my mother was the eldest daughter and I am my Mother's Oldest Child and only Son, my Lordship, who would become into possession of the said Grave my Lordship, supposing my father loses my Mother, my Lordship, has he a Legal Right to bury my Mother, in the said



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Grave, if it is not left in the aforesaid Grandfather's Will, my Lordship, hasn't the aforesaid, grandfathers Granson the Legal Right of the said Grave, my Lordship, has a son-in-law a Legal Right, before a Granson, to the said Grave, my Lordship, has my sister a legal right to have my Father buried in the same Grave my Lordship, without the consent of her Brother, my Lordship is that Grave invested with Vigar's Rights, so that no one can interfere with the said Grave, my Lordship the said Grave has a Head Stone on it and there was a certain amount of Fees to be paid, before the said Vigar allows the said stone to be put over the Grave, my Lordship, would not that Grave devolve and become Freehold Property, my Lordship, may it please your Grace to send me a reply.

"From yours truly.

The letter was deciphered, and the anxious inquirer got his reply.

Antithesis.

Monsieur Calino likes to repeat any fine word which he hears. He was lately visiting a lady who had a black cat which she humorously called 'Snowflake.'

"Why do you call him 'Snowflake'?" Calino innocently asked.

"Oh, by antithesis," she said. By and by, at dinner, the lady asked Calino:

"How do you find these melons? We raised them ourselves, you know?" "Ah, I find them delicious—by antithesis you know," he answered.

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