

**Music and  
The Drama**

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

Solaret is making a hit throughout Massachusetts.

Lillian Blauvelt returned to America a week ago from a visit to Europe.

Blanche Le Claire the singing and acrobatic comedienne is a sister of Tod Sloane the jockey.

Eva Westcott has been specially engaged for soubrette roles with the Castle Square Stock company, Boston.

The Robinson opera company are playing Halifax just now, having prematurely closed their Montreal engagement.

John Sebastian Hiller who recently returned to America has been engaged as musical director of Oscar Hammersteins new Theatre Republic.

Since it was decided that James K. Hackett should not appear in the dramatization of Richard Carvel next season, many rumors have been set afloat as to who the originator of the role would be. The latest report is that the play will be presented in the autumn by the Empire Theatre company, with William Faversham as Richard Carvel.

Jean de Reszke has deferred signing a contract with Maurice Grau for next season owing to the trouble with his voice which he fears is breaking down. He suffers from a throat affection that had been aggravated by the heat of London and has gone to the Pyrenees to try the hot sulphur springs located there.

Edith Bradford has been engaged by Francis Wilson to originate the leading contralto role in his new opera Booboo Booboo. It is only three years since Miss Bradford finished her musical education in that time she has filled engagements with the Aborn Opera Company and the Bostonians, rising from the most important roles. She also attracted much attention not long ago as contralto soloist in the Maine Musical Festival.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Wooing of Mrs Van Cott played a successful engagement here the latter part of last week and seemed to please the majority, though the piece is most disappointing. As a play it has very little to recommend it and is thoroughly monotonous from first to last. However the company made the most of it, and the individual work was very good.

Mary Mannering will open an engagement in Janice Meredith in New York, in December.

The title H. V. Esmonds new play is The Wilderness. The American rights have been secured by Charles Frohman.

Evelyn Millard leading woman at the Duke of York's theatre, London, was married on July 19, to a wealthy Londoner.

Edwin Arden is threatened with blindness, and is on his way to London to have an operation performed upon his eyes.

Next season May Irwin will appear in a new, but yet unnamed play by Glen McDonough. Her tour will open on Sept. 17.

Minnie Seligman will star next season under F. C. Whitney's management in "Dad's Own Girl" by Marion Short and Frances Phelps.

Mark E. Swans latest farce "Whose Baby Are You" will open its regular season on Aug. 16. The tour will include the Pacific Coast.

Paul Gilmore will be featured next season in Under the Red Robe. He is now playing leading roles with May Robson and the Earl of Yarmouth at Newport, R. I.

Robert F. Haines has been selected by Liebler and company to be Viola Allen's leading man in "In the Palace of the

King." Mr. Haines was at first selected for the lead in Loat River, but in consequence of his transfer that post will be filled by Robert Hilliard who is especially engaged for the production of the play in New York, after which will open his starring tour under Liebler & Company management in Mr. Van Bibleer.

It is said that Maclyn Arbuckle who will be starred, next season in Augustus Thomas new play "The gentlemen From Texas" was formerly a lawyer in that country. Within a week after his admission to the bar he and another young lawyer were assigned by the court to defend a negro charged with murder, and acquitted him without putting a witness for the defendant on the stand by tearing the state's case to pieces although the trial gave Arbuckle quite a reputation, it threw criminal practice in his way almost entirely, from which he could collect little money and he was finally forced to give up his offices and share his rooms with a book agent who was selling an edition of Shakespeare. He spent much of his spare time committing Shakespeare to memory and spouted it from a pool table in billiard rooms for the entertainment of his friends who applauded him by shooting off their revolvers. Finally he ran for justice of the peace and was defeated by a grocer. This defeat affected his bar career and disgusted him with politics. Peter Baker the German comedian came along and hearing of Arbuckle's local fame as a Shakespearean reader offered him a position in his company to play a German dialect part.

Arbuckle was a failure in this but he acquired a taste for the stage and then secured an engagement with R. D. McLean and Marie Prescott in "The Legitimate." He remained with them three years. He subsequently appeared in several of Charles Frohmann's production. It was while playing the leading role in "Why Smith left Home," that Joseph Brooks saw him and recognized a star in him and next season he will be perfectly familiar.

The proposition of the theatre programme publishers of New York to combine for the purpose of cutting down the prices paid for privileges is only another form of the 'trust' and is probably warranted from their point of view. But the publishers themselves are to blame for their too eagerous to secure the privileges of the Metropolitan theatres they have bid over each others heads till the amount paid was far beyond the real value of the privilege and only the sharpest kind of practice would avail to reap a profit.

An idea of the way in which things were watched may be gained from the knowledge that it was often customary to pay the cleaners of theatres small tips for saving clean programmes in order that they may be used for the following performance some times two hundred or more were thus secured in a day which amounted to quite a little sum in the course of the season.

The publishers know that there has not been the profit in recent years in the programme publishing business that there used to be, but it is chiefly because so large a sum was paid annually for the privileges.

On the continent the programmes are sold instead of being given away as in this country, which is another evidence of the contrast between Old World thrift and New world prodigality. A great clamor went up a few years ago in the United States over the soiling of white gloves by badly printed programmes and many a letter went to the theatrical managers from women who claimed that their gloves were ruined because the cheap quality of ink used rubbed off. The real trouble lies in the fact that the programmes do not have sufficient time to dry and for this no one can be called to account too strictly. The accuracy demanded in the publication of a cast makes the lateness of sending in copy frequently unavoidable and it is often the case that the bundles of programmes do not reach the theatres from the printer till the house opens at 7.30.

Lightning

To a person of a distinctively nervous or sensitive organization, the season of thunder storms is often a period of apprehension, if not of actual daily terrors. Perhaps no array of measuring facts or philosophical argument will furnish much comfort to those who live in constant fear of death by lightning; but a recent report upon the subject by Professor Henry of the United States Weather Bureau puts the matter in such a way as to show how unreasonable is their fear. It appears that the total number of deaths by lightning in this country last year was five hundred and sixty two. That was more than usual, yet it is less than one tenth the number of those who lost their lives in railroad accidents during the same period; and a glance at the number of death among those who

**Tonight**

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On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

follow the sea, or those, even, who pursue any one of a number of other familiar occupations, will also be reassuring.

But because the chance of being struck by lightning is really so small is no reason for neglecting wise precautions. Professor Henry lays special stress upon the danger of wire clotheslines, which, he says, not only imperil the life of the laundress, but endanger the house to which they are attached. A dozen persons were killed last year while removing clothes from such lines or standing near them during a thunder storm, and a number of houses supplied with them were set on fire.

Accepted popular expressions always have a sound basis of truth. It may comfort the timid, therefore, to note that 'about as much chance as he has of being struck by lightning' is still regarded as one of the strongest expressions in the language.

THE REASON IS PLAIN.

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Because she has laughing eyes and an honest heart.

Because she is natural.

Because she has common sense.

Because she isn't full of "nerve."

Because she has tact.

Because she has sympathy for others.

Because she helps you when you confide in her.

Because she isn't rude.

Because she doesn't ridicule you when you blunder.

Because she won't gossip, and considers gossiping quite out of fashion.

Because she isn't jealous because the other girl has a nice young man.

Because she helps her mother and doesn't sit in the parlor and play and sing "Be Kind to Your Mother," while mother has all the work to do.

Because she doesn't scold her father because his clothes are not as neat.

Because she doesn't have a rude stare.

Because she attends church regularly, and doesn't come late to disturb the worshippers.

Because she does not make fun of the other choir members though they may not sing as well.

Because she doesn't keep late hours.

Because when she talks her tone is that of a lady, not that of a circus announcer.

Because she dresses like a lady, and when dressed forgets her frock because it is not conspicuous.

Because she calls on the poor and lonely.

Because she carries dainties to the sick, and is kind to the invalid, helping them forget their troubles.

Because she visits the fatherless and the widow, and altogether is a ministering angel.

Because she is not a flirt, and respects her womanly graces.

Because she is a good entertainer, and knows the art of conversation.

Because she is ambitious, improves her opportunities, and helps store her mind.

Because she is musical, and not only gives pleasure to herself but others.

Because she does not frequent the station platform on every occasion.

Because she has a true smile, and no affectation when she meets her friends.

Because she is a womanly woman and knows how to respect the skirt, and does not imitate the men in dress.

Because she goes in for love, and does not think that money is the only source of happiness.

Because she has other ambitions in life than to resemble the latest fashion plate.

Because she goes in for self abnegation and is considerate of the feelings of others.

Because she is not impertinent, and does not ask you to reveal secrets.

Because she is pretty and has ready wit, net nonsense.

Because she loves her parents and obeys them.

Because she loves nature and appreciates the beautiful.

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Because she does not laugh at the deformities and idiosyncrasies of others.

Because she is the personification of all that is good and true.

Because she is just a dear little girl and has a great big loving heart.

Because she does not whisper or talk to disturb those around her at concerts, musicales, or other entertainments, and—well there are a lot of other Because's.

A Good Fight.

When a farmer found out that his son John had been courting a certain farmer's daughter for a year or more without settling the question, he called him out behind the stack and said to him:—

John do you love Susan Tinker?

I am sure I do, dad.

And does she love you?

That's what I dunno, and I'm afraid to ask her.

Well, you'd better throw out a few hints tonight and find out. It's no use wearing out boot leather unless you are going to marry her.

That night at ten o'clock John came home a wreck. His face was all scratched his ear was bleeding, his hat gone, his coat ripped up the back, and he was covered with mud.

John! John! What on earth is the matter? exclaimed the old man, laying down his paper.

Bin over to Tinkers, was the reply. And—and—and I threw out a few hints to Susan.

What kind of hints?

Why I told her I'd been hooting it two miles four nights a week for the last year, to set up with her while she sang through her nose, and now I reckoned it was time for her to brush her teeth and darn up her stockings, cure the pimple on her chin, and tell the old folks that we were engaged.

And her father kicked you out.

No, dad, no; that's where I'm consoled. It took the whole blessed family, including Susan and three dogs, and then I wasn't more'n half licked. I guess it wasn't quite time to throw out hints.

A Group of Girls.

- A Sad Girl—Ella G.
- A Nice Girl—Ella Gan't.
- A Rich Girl—Mary Gold.
- A Sweet Girl—Carrie Mell.
- A Nervous Girl—Hester Ical.
- A Warlike Girl—Millie Tary.
- A Musical Girl—Sarah Nade.
- A Smooth Girl—Amelia Rate.
- A Lively Girl—Annie Mation.
- A Clinging Girl—Jessie Mine.
- A Great Big Girl—Ella Phant.
- A Flower Girl—Roda Dendron.
- An Uncertain Girl—Eva Nescent.
- A Profound Girl—Metta Physics.
- A Geometrical Girl—Hattie Rodox.
- A Clear Case of Girl—E Lucy Date.

About the Heat.

The Gazette says—

'Camille Flammarion, of Paris, one of the most eminent astronomers of today, has cabled further details as to his discovery that an immense sun spot is belching forth flames which cause the excessive heat.'

'The diameter of the sun is 866,500 miles. All of this is a roaring furnace. This sun spot is simply a furnace door, but it is 44,000 miles wide, and out of it shoot great tongues of flame 450,000 miles long.'

'Our little earth, with a diameter of only 7,916 miles, is in the path of these flames. That is why we swelter.'

Baseball is really of very ancient origin says the Onega (Kan) Herald. The bible tells us that Satan was a hot number on the coaching line. He coached Eve when she stole first and Adam when he stole second, Rebekah went to the well with a pitcher, Sampson struck out a good many times when he beat the Philistines and Moses made a run when he saw the Egyptians, Cain made a base hit when he slew Abel, Abraham made a sacrifice. The prodical son made a home run. David was a long distance thrower. Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red sea. But nowhere in Holy Writ do we find mention made of the huge-mouthed leather-lunged idiot who brays and behaves all over the grand stand when his side is winning.

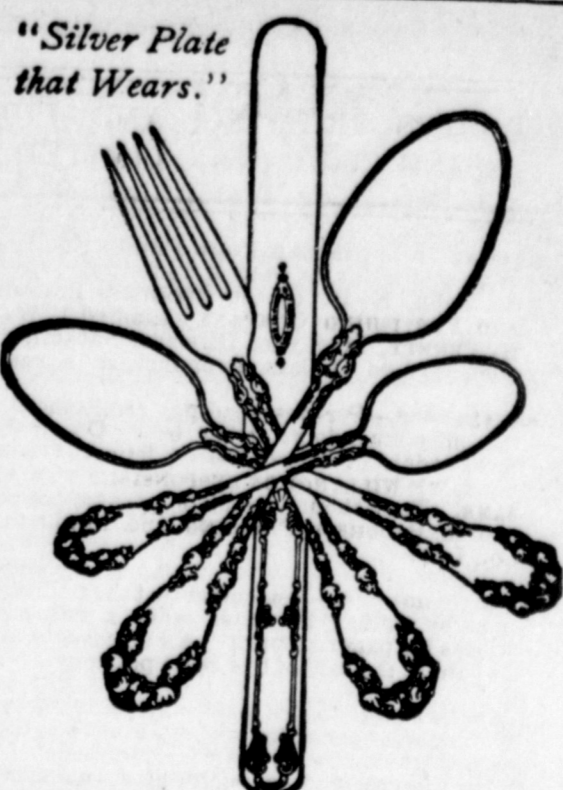
'That old man goin' by,' said the landlord of the tavern at Yaphank to the Summer Man, indicating with a jerk of his thumb a bent and timeworn figure that was doddering down the village street, 'is Uncle Zamri Tarry. He's lived here all his life—mos eighty six years.'

'H'm!' commented the city man with mild facetiousness. 'He must like it here pretty well by this time!'

'Oh, yes; he says he guesses he'll make this village his permanent residence.'

'Does Kitty enjoy the art galleries abroad?'

'It seems not; she writes that all the famous Venuses she has seen are as ugly as a mud fence.'



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**FLASHES  
OF FUN.**

Closest—My wife has saved up some money for a nest egg.

Easygo—Is that why you call her an old hen?

'Are the people of your town satisfied with the census?'

'Yes. It gives us a population of 37 more than we estimated.'

Mrs. Dwentioff—"Vy you admires dot man so, Rachel?'

Daughter—"He pought dose clothes mit our store and he becomes dem so beautifully.'

Ida—I hear there is going to be a play on the road called "A Free Lance." Wonder what the plot will be?

May—Something about vaccination, I suppose.

'I had the pleasure of meeting your husband last evening. He told me all about California. He seemed to be full of reminiscences.'

'Oh, my! And George just promised me never to touch another drop of liquor.'

Cassidy—"Who are yez going to name him after?'

Kelly—"Well, we are going to name him Patrick! Partly after St. Patrick, who droye all the snakes from Oireland; and partly after Pat Conolly, who droye all the Republicans out av th' Sixth Ward.

Mrs. Brown—"Miss Horner, the principal, says that it should be the aim of young ladies to secure a firm foundation for a comprehensive education, not to think too much of bouquets and graduation gowns.'

Mrs. White—"How vulgar! No wonder she doesn't have more pupils at her school.

'Well, sir,' remarked the observant passenger, after watching the conductor collect eight fares and ring up five, 'you need never be afraid of being struck by lightning.'

'Why not,' asked the trusted employee.

'Because,' replied the observant passenger, it is evident you are not a good conductor.'

In the office he had been wretchedly devious. But now the day of retribution was at hand.

'You have made your bed!' we exclaimed, severely. 'Lie in it!'

'Not at all,' he replied, cheerfully. 'On the contrary, I shall lie out of it!'

This, we presently learned, was the essence of practical politics, concerning which we had already heard much.

This is the story of a cable car conductor, with a tender heart—one day, such was the tenderness of his heart, he stopped his car, actually, and took on a passenger.

As a result, he was three-eighths of a second late.

'Why in—don't you make time?' roared the passenger.

This exhibition of crass ingratitude embittered the conductor, and he never took on another passenger in all the subsequent nineteen years of his service with the road.

See the man.

He is riding along leisurely on his bicycle.

A large dog is trotting still more leisurely ahead of him.

The man rings his bell.

'When he hears that,' he soliloquizes, 'he will turn out.'

But the dog swarves not a hair's breadth and the man runs into him and takes a hard fall.

This shows that things do not always turn out as we expect in this world.

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