

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

Estelle Lieblich has been permanently engaged by the Dresden Opera Co. in Germany.

Antonio de Navarro, Mary Anderson's husband spent Christmas with his father in New York.

Alice Holbrook has closed with Wang and is now playing the Queen in A Black Sheep.

Frank Damrosch is going to give a series of six symphony concerts at Carnegie hall, beginning this month.

Ignace Paderewski gave another piano recital in New York on Dec. 16, and was repeatedly recalled with great enthusiasm.

Anton Van Rooy arrived from Europe Dec. 20, to join the Maurice Grau Opera company.

Frances Seville arrived in America from Bremen a week or two ago to begin a concert tour under the management of Victor Thrane.

Gerville Reache made her debut in Gluck's Orpheus, at the Opera Comique, Paris, on Dec. 20, singing the leading role with pronounced success.

Franz Himmer, one of the first Wagnerian singers to visit America, died on Dec 18th, at Hildesheim, Germany.

Chevalier Anton de Kontski died in St. Petersburg last month, aged eighty-two years; as piano virtuoso, teacher and composer he had been world famous for many years. His best known composition was "Le Reveildu Lion," and he wrote several operas. He had given piano recitals in almost every civilized section of the globe.

Professor J. W. Glover died in Dublin on Dec. 19th, at the age of eighty nine years. As a music composer he had attained international fame and had been for many years organist of the cathedral of Dublin. He was grandfather to Marie Glover.

Rumors are again afloat in highest musical circles in Rome that Verdi is writing a new opera.

Colautti is writing a new libretto on Adrienne Lecouvreur which is to be set to music.

Gemme Bellincioni noted as the best Santozza on the lyric stage is giving up the lyric for the dramatic stage. She is said to be a magnificent actress and should have a great future.

Walter Damrosch and Emil Paur are arranging for a concert of unusual dimensions and interest to be given Feb. 6, in aid of the Dewey arch fund.

The music of Tosca took Puccini fourteen months to write and it was completed on October 16, the first scene being written in one night of August 1898. Puccini usually writes by night; in fact, the whole of Tosca was written by night. In the morning Puccini always goes out shooting when the weather allows. After dinner he sleeps, and at night he works. He lives on an estate of his own at Torre del Lago, which would be an earthly paradise if it were not for the mosquitoes that penetrate within the house, notwithstanding the blinds at every window. Much as Puccini loves music, he loves shooting more. He may be without music when he moves from his home, but he is never without his gun. He lives the life of a peasant and dresses like one. He is always in the open air—on hills, by the sea, or by his own favorite lake. It is this free and open air life that gives him so much energy of mind and body, and to that he owes his Villi, Manon, Bohemia, and his coming Tosca, which is expected to be the greatest triumph of all. Tosca is to be given in January, and Sardou will be present at its first performance.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

New Year's day drew two very large

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audiences to the Opera house, and with the reputation which the Valentine Stock Company has won, it is needless to say that nothing but satisfaction was experienced either in connection with the matinee performance of Little Lord Fauntleroy, or the evening bill of The Private Secretary. The Crust of Society was played later in the week with a particularly strong cast. The company closes its second week today with The Private Secretary. The most careful, conscientious work has characterized all that the Valentine Stock Company has done in the past two weeks, and smooth, clever productions of the best plays are giving much pleasure to those who attend the performances. Now that the holiday rush has somewhat subsided, there doubtless will be an increase in the patronage extended to the company.

The Fisk Jubilee Singers will give a sacred concert in the Opera house tomorrow evening at 8.30 o'clock, and with the record they possess here should draw largely. As a rule their selections are largely sacred but upon Sunday evening will be exclusively so. The programme is of an exceptionally high order, and though the phrase "a veritable treat may be expected" is slightly ragged from use, it will certainly apply to the coming Sunday concert.

Nance O'Neill and her company will sail from San Francisco for Honolulu and Australia on Jan. 10. They will return to America in September.

Last Tuesday night, Mrs. Kendal fainted at the end of the second act of The Elder Miss Blossom, in the knickerbocker theatre, New York. The audience applauded for they thought it was all in the play. Mrs. Kendal was able to resume her work in the next act.

Ysobel Haskins will originate a prominent role in Henry V. Esmond's new play, When We Were Twenty-one, to be produced by Nat C. Goodwin & Maxine Elliott during their present New York engagement.

Sir Henry Irving was dined recently by a players club in Philadelphia. The good Sir knight spoke eloquently of the cordial feeling existing between America and England.

Algeria Barrios, widow of the late President Barrios of Guatemala, has, it is announced, signed a contract with Arthur Rehan to appear in several of the roles of Ada Rehan's repertoire.

May Cargill, who was a very promising member of the late Augustin Daly's company, and who made successful appearances in The Great Buby and other plays, is engaged to be married to Frederick Rook, a New Yorker of great wealth and high social position. Miss Cargill began her stage career at a continuous house and played under the name of Yvette Violette, giving imitations of Yvette Guilbert.

Sir Henry Irving will play three weeks in Chicago, beginning February 12.

Edgar Selwyn's new romantic war drama, A Rough Riders Romance, will be given its initial performance in Milwaukee next March.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Litt are the proud possessors of a son, the first arrival in the family.

Mrs. Langtry and her company sail from Liverpool for America today, Jan. 6th.

Clare McDowell, a niece of Melbourne McDowell, has been engaged to play a small part in My Lady's Lord.

A new and original comedy by Edgar Selwyn has been accepted by a New York manager.

The decision of the Liebler Company to withdraw The Children of the Ghetto after one week at the London Adelphi was the sensible thing to do under the circumstances. The experiment having proved unsuccessful, the speedy retirement of the play was a good business move. The London criticisms of Zangwills play were on the whole favorable. There was a general commendation of the realistic naturalness with which the life and customs of the Ghetto were reproduced, and the acting of Wilton Lackaye, Robert Edson, and the principal members of the cast was praised without stint, nevertheless it is evident the drama was not to the taste of the British public.

Another excellent reason no doubt for the management's quick withdrawal from the field is found in the depression theatricals have suffered since the outbreak of the war in Africa. Those theatres that before had undoubted success are now playing to beggarly receipts.

The extraordinary loss of officers in the British army has plunged great families into mourning. Furthermore, while the war tragedy is being enacted abroad the mimic drama at home necessarily sinks into insignificance.

The noted German comedian, Herr

Great Bargains

- IN -

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

Felix Schweighofer, arrived in New York last week and will play a three weeks engagement at the Irving Place Theatre. Herr Schweighofer has never before appeared in America although he is widely known on the other side and is accounted the foremost comedian on the German stage.

William Courtleigh, who is now obtaining considerable fame is a native of Guelph, Ont., having been born in that city in 1867.

H. A. Du Souchet has written a new play called The Arizona Kicker.

A man fainted at the New York Garrick theatre the other night so much impressed was he with a hypodermic injection episode in Sherlock Holmes.

The trial of Julia Morrison, actress, for murder of Frank Leyden, began at Memphis on Thursday of this week.

Lord Byron, a romantic drama, based upon the life of the poet, will be presented for the first time by James Young and his company at Norfolk, Va., Jan 19.

It is said that Julia Marlowe, will present Barbara Freitchie in London after the close of her next season in America.

Felix Morris and Dore Davidson have adopted a comedy drama by Dumas, under the title of A Royal Intrigue. They are at work upon another adaptation from the French.

Ethel Tucker, who was so popular here some seasons ago, is now a member of Hoyts Comedy Company at Abilene, Texas.

Walter Jones and Norma Whalley are going to Australia under the management of Dunne and Ryley.

Florence Crosby has sued B. P. Cheney for \$50,000 damages, alleging that she was excluded from the Broadway theatre on Nov. 18, when Julia Arthur was playing, More Than Queen.

A company of Filipino players, in charge of an English manager, said to be on the way to the Paris Exposition, reached San Francisco last week where they are reported to have been turned out of the hotels.

Charles E. Blaney has in course of preparation a new melodrama entitled, across The Pacific, that will be produced in New York, early in February, and Mr. Blaney has also in hand a new play by Charles A. Taylor called, My Queen of The Highway, the precise date for the production of which has not been decided.

Margaret Anglin has left Henry Miller, and has been succeeded in The Only Way, by Charity Finney. Miss Anglin is now with Wm. Faversham, understudying Jessie Millivard.

Pompous—Do you mean to say that you are a veteran of the Spanish war? Street Car Conductor—Yes.

Pompous—What are you working here for, then? S. C. C.—Well, none but the brave deserve the fane.

'Do you think your new production is in for a long run?' asked the friend. 'It is impossible to state at this early day,' answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. 'The members of our company are still in doubt as to whether they are in for a long run or a long walk.'

'My husband never brags about the pumpkin pies his mother used to make.' 'Why not?' 'His father ran a bakery.'

Briggs—I went around the links this morning in only 4 damns. Griggs—If I could do as well as that, I would join the Y. M. C. A.

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A FIGHT WITH BEES.

An Old Tugle Traveller Who Fled From a Swarm of Bees.

Mr. Hugh Clifford gives in Blackwood's Magazine a realistic account of a fight with bees. It was in the interior of the state of Penang, in the Malay Peninsula, and took place some nine years ago. Mr. Clifford was an old jungle traveller, but on this particular journey he met with a new experience.

The man who was leading the way stopped suddenly, and pointed to something ahead. They were standing by a narrow creek with steep banks, and on the opposite bank, about half a dozen yards distant, was a patch of black and yellow peculiarly blended. It had a strange, furry appearance, with a sort of gleaming shimmer.

Suddenly the patch rose like a cheap black and yellow railway rug tossed upward by the wind. A humming sound accompanied its flight, and a second later it had precipitated itself upon the travellers, a furious flight of revengeful bees. The men turned and fled. Mr. Clifford says:

'I broke headlong through my frightened followers, tore out of the little belt of jungle, and sprinted across a patch of short grass. For a moment I believed that I had given the enemy the slip, and I turned to watch my people, who, with burdens thrown down, came tumbling out of cover, beating the air and screaming lustily.

'The next moment I was again in flight. I pulled my large felt hat from my head and threshed around with it. Still the bees came on, settling upon my flannel shirt and my coarse jungle trousers, and stinging my face and hands mercilessly.

'I was panting for breath, sweating at every pore, and beginning to feel some thing akin to real fear, when I saw the glistening waters of Rengai River. I shouted to my howling men, 'Take to the water,' and plunged in.

'My Malays came helter skelter, and with us came the army of bees, stinging as if for life. I was thoroughly winded when I took to the water, and it was impossible to dive for more than a few seconds. When I came to the surface they were there still, and I was driven back more than once with panting, sobbing breath. My lungs were bursting, and my heart leaping like a wild thing. The possibility of having to choose between death by drowning and death by stinging seemed not remote.

Then I heard my boatmen call 'Throw a bough for them to land on!' I swam to the shore, broke off a bough, and threw it on the surface of the stream, my men doing the same. Then I dived again. When I came up, no more bees attacked me, and I saw half a dozen branches floating down the stream covered with a struggling mass of insects.

With hands like boxing gloves, and heads like inflated footballs, the party limped across to the village. Half an hour later one of the number came in—uninjured. He had seen the bees coming, and had sat down to await the result. They covered him from head to foot, but as he offered no opposition, they did not sting him.

'I felt,' says Mr. Clifford, 'uncommonly foolish as he told of his proceeding. It was anything but agreeable to think that we had had our run, our fight, our suffocation under water, and the pains we were enduring, all for nothing—that we might have avoided them all by simply sitting still.'

Braze in Death.

Among the terrible scenes of death during the Reign of Terror in France, few are more striking than the picture of Danton in the presence of the guillotine. A recent historian describes the closing moments of his life: The noise of the carts and the people, the confusion caused by the arrival of the procession had aroused the utmost excitement of those already waiting in the large square. The two narrow posts of the guillotine and the terrible knife were threatening high above the turbulent multitude. When the carts arrived near the scaffold, Danton could no longer suppress his emotion and burst into tears.

'Oh my beloved wife!' he sobbed. 'I shall never see you again!' Almost immediately, however, he collected himself, and raising his head proudly, exclaimed in the same loud voice which had so often resounded in the streets of Paris:

'Come, come, Danton, no weakness!' As his comrade, Hérault de Séchelles, rose to mount the steps of the guillotine, he approached Danton to embrace him, but the executioner intervened to prevent this. Danton flared up. 'Wretch!' he cried, 'you are thus more cruel than death itself!' But you will not hinder our heads from meeting presently in the basket.'

Danton ascended the scaffold last of all, and looked down upon the exulting mob, his eyes glaring defiance and scorn. Then

turning to the executioner, he said in a tone of command:

'Show my head to the people! It is well worth while. They do not see its like every day.'

And the executioner obeyed this last order. The lions head of Danton was shown from the four sides of the scaffold to the people.

'What makes it go?' asked one of the curious bystanders.

'Money,' replied the owner of the automobile, who had become tired of answering that question. 'Same as a mare.'

'The article butter,' observed the Sarcastic Boarder, 'is of many species. In a finish fight however—'

He evaded the landlady's gaze. 'I would back this against any of the horned variety.'

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Dated at the City of Fredericton this 26th day of October, 1899. W. T. H. FENETY, GEORGENIA C. FENETY, FREDERICK S. SHARPE, Executors and Executrix

H. G. FENETY, Solicitor.

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