



## IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

A concert given in the Opera house on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the New Brunswick Medical society was an enjoyable one, and attracted a fairly large audience. The great attraction was Mr. Val. Akery, of the Old Homestead company, who sang in a very artistic and tasteful manner. His voice is singularly sweet, especially in the upper-middle register, being heard at its best in the lovely old German song, "Oh, happy day," given as an encore to "Queen of the Earth." A delicate and charming voice, Miss Craigie, quite young girl, who is studying music at Boston. Although nervous, she acquitted herself very well and pleased her audience. Miss Craigie possesses a fine contralto voice with a mezzo-soprano compass, and is evidently being well and carefully trained. Miss Nettie Pidgeon gained hearty applause for her rendering of "Diana's Call to the Hunt." "After," Prof. White played a fantasia on Haydn's "Emperor's" hymn by Leonard, executing the difficult double-stopping with accuracy and precision.

Mr. J. C. Wild was as popular as ever with his banjo and mandolin, while Mr. Cusance was recalled three times after singing "The Old Town." Mr. Ramond's recitation was doubtless good, but I think it is such a mistake to introduce recitations into a concert. His orchestra played better, I think, than I have ever heard them, notwithstanding the fact that they were on an outdoor stage. They are now on a short tour through Nova Scotia.

A contingent of the symphonic orchestra, 17 strong, went over to Fairville last week and gave a concert to the inmates of the asylum, of whom more than 500 were present. Nothing could surpass the attention paid to every number of the programme, or the evident appreciation and enjoyment of the whole audience. The orchestra was afterwards most hospitably entertained at supper by Dr. Hayes.

The Grand Follies have at last got their new band instruments, and a splendid set they are, coming from the workshop of Messrs. Hawkes & Son, London, Eng., who make, test and guarantee every instrument themselves. Among them are four "König" horns; instruments which have the beautiful mellow tone of the French horn, but the easy blowing of a sax-horn. There are also double B flat circular or bellows base, and a saxophone, besides numerous other pieces. Messrs. Hawkes & Son have a splendid reputation as instrument makers in England, and supply a great many of the crack orchestral bands.

I hear that Mr. Cusance is retiring from the position of organist of the Opera house, and that Mr. Ford is contemplating a three months visit to the old country in September.

The new electric motor has been placed in the Mission church for blowing the organ, and is a thorough success, doing its work quietly and effectively, and is controlled by the Organist by means of a switch placed near the key-board. Unique.

## TALK OF THE THEATRE.

At the complimentary benefit to Mr. J. L. Duffy at the Opera house Monday evening a company of well-known amateurs put on *Shamrock and Rose* to a large house. There were three ladies in the cast, and although their work was decidedly amateur, it was above the average and gave the audience very few opportunities to get uneasy. Miss Dudley, however, was perfectly at home on the stage, and made a jolly, fun-loving Irish girl, but her make up might have been improved upon. Mr. Duffy did not put enough life into Barney O'Brady to make it what it should have been, and his song was not in keeping with the character. Mr. Quinn would have been better suited to the part. He gave a very good presentation of John Desmond, but his head gear was a remarkable piece of work. Mr. John McGrath was entrusted with Shaun Carey, the spy, and gave a careful portrayal of the part, his make up being admirable. The rest of the company gave good support. The performance went along smoothly, and was more enjoyable than amateur productions usually are.

A writer in *The Theatre* magazine has been taking some of England's actors to task for their mannerisms. Why, he asks in effect, does the gentleman of the stage show such a touching devotion to his hat? He never takes it off until he gets right inside a drawing-room, and sometimes not even then. If he has to appear in a pathetic scene (say that some lady tells him she can never look upon him otherwise than as a brother) he is forthwith intently occupied in examining the lining of his hat; if, indeed, he does not, as some of our jeunes premiers are very apt to do, gaze with a melancholy eye upon his finger-nails. One of the stage gentleman's favorite amusements is to put his feet upon his friend's chairs while assuming a gracefully recumbent attitude. Sometimes he cries, but as embowered handkerchiefs such as were used by Garrick's fribbles are out of fashion, he never wipes his eyes, save with his fore-finger, and for this reason he never indulges in the luxury of more than two tears at the very outside. But, after all, it is his devotion to his hat that chiefly distinguishes the gentleman of the stage. When he is prosperous it is of the very glossiest, but when he is in temporarily reduced circumstances—say for an act and a half—and it has got very threadbare and dusty looking, he still cherishes it. In duels it is the last thing in his mind. With a solemn bow and a grave smile he hands it to his second as though he should say, "If I fall, give it to my mother; it is all I have, and she, too, loves it."

Oscar Wilde is again in the prominence he so well loves. This time he is to the front through the refusal of the Lord Chamberlain to permit his new play *Salome* to be presented in England. Possibly Oscar anticipated this, some may even suspect that he built upon this hope, for the piece is written in French, and will now be put on the stage in Paris with Bernhardt in the title role. Mr. Wilde has announced that he will remove to France and take out naturalization papers, being ashamed to longer live in a country wherein the stage is subject to gross insult. So he says. The play is said to hinge upon the request made by Herodias, daughter to Herod for the head of John the Baptist, and a plaster cast of the prophet's head will figure in the property introduced. Oscar Wilde very well defends his production. He says: "The painter is allowed to take his subjects where he chooses. He can go to the great Hebrew and Hebrew-Greek literature of the Bible and can paint Salome dancing, or Christ on the cross, or the Virgin with her child. Nobody interferes with the painter. Nobody says, 'Painting is such a vulgar art that you must not paint sacred things.' The sculptor is equally free. He can carve St. John the Baptist in his camel-hair, and fashion the Madonna or Christ in bronze or in marble as he wills."

Yet nobody says to him, 'Sculpture is such a vulgar art that you must not carve sacred things.' And the writer—the poet—he also is quite free. I can write about any subject I choose. For me there is no censorship. I can take any incident I like out of sacred literature and treat it as I choose, and there is no one to say to the poet, 'Poetry is such a vulgar art that you must not use it in treating sacred subjects.' But there is a censorship over the stage and acting, and the basis of that censorship is that, while vulgar subjects may be put on the stage and acted, while everything that is mean and low and shameful in life can be portrayed by actors, no actor is to be permitted to present, under artistic conditions, the great and ennobling subjects taken from the Bible. The insult in the suppression of *Salome* is an insult to the stage as a form of art, and not to me. I hold that this is as fine as any other art, and to refuse it the right to treat great and noble subjects is an insult to the stage. The action of the Censorship in England is odious and ridiculous. What can be said to justify that British Massenet's *Herodiade*, Gounod's *Reine de Saba*, Rubinstein's *Judas Maccabaeus*, and allows Divorces to be placed on any stage? The artistic treatment of moral and elevating subjects is discouraged, while a free course is given to the representation of disgusting and revolting subjects."

"As all the world knows," observes the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "Madame Patti, if still in good health, will go to America next year. Her tour, however, will not be under the direction of Mr. Abbey. It is understood that the new impresario, Mr. Marcus Meyer, has offered the diva another £100 a night, and that she has, not ungraciously, listened to the voice of the new charmer. If we are rightly informed Mme. Patti's douceur has already risen from £900 to £1000 a night, but by the new contract she will receive the 'truly marvellous remuneration' of £1100 for an evening's warbling. Mr. Abbey, who has been in England recently, arranging for Mr. Henry Irving's American tour, is none too well pleased at the turn the Patti affair has taken; but no singer can be expected to accept £1000 with the tempting bait of £1100 cast into her lap. It would be interesting to know how much Mr. Abbey has paid to Mme. Patti for the seven tours he has previously conducted."

Kate Castleton died last Sunday of peritonitis, at Lakeside, near Providence. She was born in England about 35 years ago, and made her first stage appearance in one of the London concert halls. She was a good-looking girl, with a graceful figure and a vivacious disposition. Josh Hart engaged her when he built the Eagle theatre, now known as the Standard. New York, and she made her American debut there about fifteen years ago in a variety show as song and dance artist. She travelled with Hart's company to various cities, and returning to New York appeared as a soubrette in *All at Sea* in the old San Francisco Minstrel hall. Later she joined Rice's *Surprise Party*, and in *Pop*, with the late John Mackay as star, became famous all over the country for her impersonation of a young Quakeress, with the song, "For Goodness' Sake Don't Say I Told You." She wore a drab Quaker gown and sang demurely, and then suddenly kicked her feet in the air, with an abandon in striking contrast with her previous demure behavior. At this time it was said of Miss Castleton that she had the most perfect figure of any woman on the stage. The public has apparently forgotten all about her sensational marriage. While she was playing in *All at Sea*, in New York, Fred Elliott, a dashing and good-looking fellow with lots of money, met her, made love to her, and one night she left the theatre in her stage dress and went married at the Little Church. Around the Corner. Her husband was known to Inspector Byrnes at this time as Little Joe Elliott, alias Joe Reilly. He made a name for himself in criminal ranks by flooding Turkey with bogus drafts. In 1877, while the soubrette's husband, he was arrested by Inspector Byrnes for forging a draft for \$64,000. He was afterward imprisoned, and the actress visited him often and sought to secure a pardon for him. He grew jealous of her and the couple were divorced, but were remarried again when she was at the height of her professional popularity. The ex-forgery deserted her later, and after securing a separation, the actress married Harry Phillips, and agent of Rice's *Surprise Party*, when she was playing an engagement at San Francisco. Phillips starred her in *A Crazy Patch*, and later in *A Paper Doll*. Her second matrimonial venture was not happy, and the couple separated a little over a year ago. Miss Castleton about that time got a three years' engagement with *The Dancer* company, after having been off the stage for many months. Her father and mother and two sisters are living in Oakland, Cal., her summer home. Her first husband Elliott, is now serving out a fifteen years' term for forgeries committed in Rochester in 1886.

**Irish Wits Matched.**  
"Come here, Pat, you truant, and tell me why you came to school so late this morning," said an Irish schoolmaster to a ragged and shoeless urchin, whose "young idea" he had undertaken for a penny a week to teach "how to shoot."

"Please, your honor," replied the ready-witted scholar, "the frost made the way so slippery, that for every step forward I took two steps backward."

"Don't you see, Pat," was the rejoinder of the pedagogue, "that at that rate you never would have reached school at all?"

"Just what I thought to myself, your honor," replied the boy, "so I turned to go home and after a time I found myself at school."—*Ex.*

Rigby waterproofs are now the correct thing. The day for rubber clothing is ended.

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## THE WILD CAMEL.

An interesting and little known animal that wanders over Central Asian Deserts. As far back as the fifteenth century, writers on Asia told of vague rumors that wild camels existed in the great Gobi wastes of the central part of the continent. The existence of the wild camel, however, was never proven to the westward, until within the past fifty years. Ten or twelve years ago Gen. Projevalsky brought back to the museums of Russia a number of skins of this animal. It is found to abound in very considerable numbers in the western part of Chinese Turkestan, and the fact that the world has known so little of it is due to the scarcity of white explorers in that region until quite recently and to the wildness of the animal, which renders it very difficult of approach. During the expedition of Mr. Bonvalot and Prince Henry of Orleans in 1898-99, Prince Henry collected in the region of Lob Nor quite a number of facts with regard to this interesting animal. The question whether the wild camel is the parent stock of the domesticated animal or whether, on the contrary, he is a descendant of the tame camel is not yet settled and perhaps it never will be. Instances have occurred in Spain and quite recently in Guyana of camels escaping from their masters and in the course of years become very wild.

The natives at Lob Nor told Prince Henry that wild camels are found about six days to the north of Lob Lake. In the summer they go up into the mountains, but they always return to the same places, there being certain districts to which they are accustomed. They wander about the desert feeding on scarce herbage in troops of fifteen or sixteen, all of them females except one male, which becomes the undisputed lord of his harem after terrible combats with other males. The females have two young every three years, and the male protects them until they are old enough to be weaned and depend upon what the desert affords for their food.

It is very fatiguing and difficult to get near them. The only way in which they are hunted is to hide near a pond on whose brink traces of wild camels have been discovered. Then the hunter, concealed in the reeds, picks out a good specimen and blazes away with his single-barrelled gun. Unless he is a good shot he will lose his prize, for he has no time to get a second shot, and if the camel is only wounded it will use its oil of war. The hunter and the hunter will never get near it again. While Prince Henry was at Lob Nor, three young men who had gone out to hunt wild camels returned from the chase. They had seen a great many camels, but had only killed two. They had cut up the carcasses into rectangular pieces ready to be worked up into their manufactures.

The best season for the sport is in winter, for nearly everywhere the water is then frozen over so that the places where the camels come to drink are very few and the hunter is pretty sure to find them. The natives believe the animals come to drink from domesticated animals. "Our fathers and traditions," they said to Prince Henry, "represent them as always wild. Moreover, a domesticated camel cannot do without man, but follows him. Every domestic animal is descended from wild ones."

When the chase for wild camels is successful, it is very profitable. The camel's skin is in great demand for boots and the rich natives, however, can organize these hunting expeditions, as it is necessary to send several men out, to forward provisions to them, to furnish animals to transport them, which sometimes die, and altogether considerable risk is incurred.

**She Meant to Have Music.**  
A stage heroine, who happened at the same time to be an able executant on the piano, had to play night after night the same part at a popular theatre. She was, however, longed to give the audience a specimen of her musical abilities, but her part in the performance afforded no opportunity for such a display of her powers.

Her inventive genius came to the rescue, and she discovered a place in the action where pianist and heroine might go hand in hand. When the curtain rose, revealing the desert of the Black Mountains, the spectators beheld, to their astonishment, a splendid grand piano placed at the foot of the rocks.

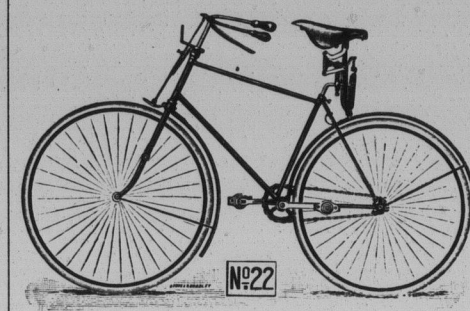
The heroine, with the haste of one who is pursued, climbed down the rocky path, stopped enraptured at the sight of the piano, and exclaimed:

"The savages have burned down our cottage, murdered my father and mother, and driven away our cattle; but, heaven be praised, they have left me my piano. Music shall comfort me in my distress, and, if the ladies and gentlemen permit, I will play them a short selection."

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## The "QUADRANT" as a Roadster



May be estimated by the following items, which have come casually under our notice in the newspapers. No doubt a very large number of similar cases would be forthcoming if we sought for them. The following gives the results of the 100 miles Road Race at Philadelphia, 1891:—

Nationality.	Make.	Started.	Finished.	Proportion.
American	Columbia	129	104	80.6 p.c.
Victor		58	45	77.6 p.c.
Machines	All other makes	92	32	61.6 p.c.
English	QUADRANT	28	23	82.1 p.c.
Machines	All other makes	60	46	76.6 p.c.

No information is given as to what make won, but in the previous year's race, out of over a 100 Safety Bicycles at the start, the majority of any one make were "Quadrants." The first Safety to finish was a "Quadrant," and the first lady to finish rode a "Quadrant."

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A. C. M. LAWSON, (N. B. Normal School), Preparatory Department.  
J. S. MAUD EYE, Short-hand and Type-writing.  
YORK A. KING, Telegraphy.  
MRS. M. M. SCHREIER, Matron.

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