

REALISM ON THE STAGE.

HOW AN ARMY MARCHED PAST IN REVIEW.

Mr. Childley Writes of Famous Productions of Shakespeare's Plays, in Which the Scenes Painted and Stage Hands Aided the Stars.

The present century has seen some spirited efforts in the direction of elaborate productions of great plays, to the extent one might almost say of revolutionizing the art of stage setting. The first step in order of date was the ambitious work of Samuel Phelps, the illustrious actor so identified with Shakespeare at the famous old theatre Sadlers Wells. He intended to produce all the plays with every circumstance of pomp and historic accuracy that art and ingenuity could devise and money procure, and he did actually produce thirty of them with a wealth of magnificence never before attempted, never since surpassed. I think my own feeling for scenic art was first awakened by my being taken to see Coriolanus at the early age of five. One of the scenes, which I now know to have been painted by the elder Fenton, impressed itself upon my young imagination so strongly that I can vividly recall it at will. It was a Greco-Roman interior, severe chaste and classic, with two enormous bronze candelabra in it, striking from its bold simplicity. The Midsummer Night's Dream was a marvel; a veritable fairyland. The shipwreck scene was upon a gigantic scale. The entire stage was made to rock upon a pivot so that a ship was arranged upon it containing 40 people who went through all the motions, working the rigging, leaping overboard and so forth, natural to the illusory situation. A remarkably beautiful panoramic vision of Juno and Ceres was also a striking feature of the play. Pericles, Prince of Tyre, and Timon of Athens were veritable glimpses of the past.

A slight description of a scene in Henry V., may serve to give an idea of the way things were done under the Phelps regime. It represented the entry of the victorious English army into Harfleur. The stage had a low parapet with battlements across it with a view of the open country beyond. On one side of the parapet was a massive gate, raised up with platforms both behind and before. The army could be seen approaching from the open country, seemingly ascending rising ground, entering the gates and then descending a slope into the street—a very good arrangement. Now up to that time a stage army was very like that of Bombast's Furioso; half a dozen supers did duty for it. Phelps's army was very different. For months before the opening of the play, the academy was engaged in painting the heads of hundreds of dummy men. These were arranged eight abreast; that is three men and five dummies, with a bar through the bodies and attachment to the legs so that the whole eight kept step together. Battalions of these came on behind the parapet, through the gate, across the stage and off through the street wings, when they immediately reappeared behind the parapet to repeat the performance. This was kept up until the number of 8,000 soldiers had apparently passed in review. The illusion was assisted by the officers, banner bearers and some citizens spectators always moving on the audience side of the parade. So far as I am aware the public never discovered the deception.

The mention of dummy men recalls an incident which happened a few years ago at the Londonderry theatre in Ireland which though unconnected with my subject I may be forgiven for publishing, I believe for the first time. On this occasion the melodrama called The Fall from the Scaffold of the Bricklayer's Fate, was being performed. The hero of the play was supposed to be a drunken bricklayer. At the proper cue the actor ascended a scaffold to the fly gallery, and then a dummy double was thrown down. On this occasion the actor was half way up the scaffold when the two property men in charge of the dummy commenced to quarrel, the result being that the dummy fell before his time with his body right across a set piece and his loose head rolling down to the footlights! Not in the programme!

The success of Phelps fired the rivalry of Charles Kean, and although fewer plays of Shakespeare were put on the boards at the Princess Theatre, it is an open question which was the most magnificent or the most accurate in detail of costume, scenery or accessories. The scene of the dream of Queen Catherine in Henry VIII, was a marvellous vision, and the scene of the king's court was gorgeous.

The other distinguished managers who have done remarkable things were the late Dion Boucicault, Henry Irving and Augustus Harris; of these and their doughty deeds I shall be glad to speak on another occasion. I do not mean to say that other managers have not frequently magnificently staged various pieces, but these men systematically did it and in so doing brought about a high standard of work, changed the public taste and proved the Shakespearean dramas to be also the finest spectacles ever written.

SYDNEY CHILDEY.

Ante Up Quick.

The Dominion Collecting and Detective agency has opened offices in the Pugsley building and is about to start on an active crusade against the people who have successfully evaded the demands of their grocer and butcher and all the other tradesmen who have put their trust in them. There are some people who make it a rule not to pay. They live upon the public and those who do pay support them. There are others who spend their cash for luxuries and "kick" their noses; there are others who pay all they can and would only be too glad to be square with the world. The last class is not for any collecting agency, but the others who can and would liquidate will probably make its acquaintance. The St. John branch is in charge of Mr. A. F. Beal whose explanation of his system is to the point and so satisfactory that his list of subscribers is growing rapidly.

THE INVENTOR RETURNS.

He Tells About the Endurance of the Horse Fly.

Yesterday morning the "Inventor" from Cuthbert's River called at our office. The first time he called was to propound the feasibility of utilizing a petriifying spring into which he proposed to dip corpses, and when petrified to stand them on a pedestal, thus doing away with the ordinary headstone or grave mark. He wanted to get up a big company with a capital of five million, and have himself appointed managing director at a salary of \$5,000 a year. Next he proposed to erect a plant and pump the air out of New Glasgow and force the mayor and councillors to pay a tax on that necessary article, but the scheme was a failure. A week later he bobbed up serenely and proposed to manufacture foot rests to hold up a man's foot while he warmed his sole and mused over the mutability of things terrestrial. "From times immemorial, and even longer peoples have held up their feet this way, and this way" suiting the action to the words, "and tired their lives out holding up leg about, an' no sooner was one foot warm than the other was cold. Now this rest suits a man and rests not only his sole but his body and lengthens his life about fourteen cubits." I was obdurate and would take no stock, so he borrowed a chew of tobacco and went out.

Today his manner was shy and half subdued for a few minutes, but he soon recovered his old-time freedom and cheerfulness. "I have taken your advice," said he, "and an helping the old woman to do chores about the house and occupying my spare time in studying natural history. I am just now engaged on the hoss fly, his habits and character. Every person should make hisself acquainted with the insects they come in contact with, and our school marmas would be better engaged in teaching the young all about straddle bugs than stuffing them with a smattering of languages that died years and years ago and are no more use to the average boy than an Egyptian mummy would be. Do you know the hoss fly is one of the all-firdest long winded animals on record with a head for calculation that would beat the minister of finance all hollow. This morning when I was leaving, I noticed a big hoss fly on Dobbin's neck, just started to pump hisself full, and while he was kind of delirious to things around I lifted his off hind leg and tied a red string on it just above the gambrel joint, and then brushes him off afore he gets his stomach more than half ballasted. I know he would follow, and I wanted to test his endurance. For the first mile or two I had to whip the old mare up to a forty clip to keep ahead of the procession, but I gradually eased her down to three minutes on the next two.

"Wasn't that a fast clip to keep up for such a length of time?" I ventured to remark. "Well, yes," said the inventor, but the exigency of the case required it. When the exigency of a case requires phenomenal speed and the breaking of all records it must be done, and we cease to wonder at it. Well, as I was saying on the fifth mile I just see that a leaving, a sailing behind looking neither to the right or left but just keeping his eye on the tail end of my wagon and that red string on his off hind leg sailing straight out behind him. I jotted these things down in my note book" said he pulling out an old diary. "I always like to be exact and a little within the mark if anything. Well, on the sixth and seventh mile I only got an occasional glance of him where there was a long piece of straight road and on the tenth mile I left him sitting on a hemlock stump with his head to one side, thinking. I dismissed the whole subject from my mind as settled, but judge of my surprise, in fact consternation, when on rounding the long bend in the road at the Coal brook, what did I see coming straight across the field but that identical hoss fly with the red string on his off hind leg just above the gambrel joint, and made dead straight for Dobbin and set right down on his jugular, and would have pumped the life out of him only I interferred. You see the blamed critter sot on that stump and figured out the hull thing this way. First, my rate of speed, how much he would save by cutting across lots, sort of air line, where I would be at a given time, and what speed was necessary to catch me. He figured it down fine, and landed on Dobbin's neck as exact as two lines intersecting. For mathematical exactness and tenacity of purpose you can bet on the hoss fly every time, and in proof of my statement here's the red string I took off his hind leg, there's where the end of it frayed a-lying through the air."

"Thank you kindly," said I, "and if you should make any fresh discoveries in the insect kingdom don't fail to let me know." Then he squeezed my hand so hard that it took me ten minutes to get it into shape, and went out singing, "O that'll be joyful!" MACK DEE.

The Tonic Sol-fa Notation of Music.

Rev. James Anderson is in the city, introducing the Tonic Sol-fa Notation of Music. His explanation of the advantages of the system is clear and satisfactory, but not capable of such lucid interpretations on paper by the writer at least. The system is in use all over the world, and is daily growing in popularity. One of the main features of the system is to teach the mental effect of the notes and their relation to the key note. Mr. Anderson's announcement elsewhere in this paper gives further particulars.

The First of the Season.

The live advertiser who gets the exclusive use of something new and that something attractive is happy. Mr. Geo. H. McKay must be in that frame of mind today for he has just sent out to his friends and acquaintances two very handsome lithos of Mr. Laurier and Premier Abbott. They are worth framing without hiding the neat line at the foot modestly announcing where they came from.

MEAT FOR HIGHBINDER.

They Believe That the Flesh of Persecuted Animants Makes Them Fearless.

At the corner of Sansome and Clay streets yesterday morning half a dozen Chinamen were bidding for a dead wildcat in the hands of a quail peddler. The beast was shot in Marin county the day before, and the eagerness of the Chinese, together with the spirited bidding, was a source of much amusement to the crowd that collected.

Representatives of the dreaded Chee Kung Tong society were there and so also was a member of the Ping Ong Tong, and both sides were determined to secure the cat.

Two dollars and a half was first offered, and from this the bids raised to \$5.

The old man who had the cat merely smiled.

A truce was declared while the body of the feline was examined. Many grunts of approval emanated from the warriors when it was found that the wildcat was fat.

"Fi dolla hap," said one of the Chinese. "Six dolla hap," promptly came from a member of the Pings.

The other side held a conference and raised the amount another dollar.

At the close of the contest the representative of the Ping Ong Tong marched proudly away with the bob-tailed cat, after having deposited \$15 in gold for it.

"That's nothing," said the quail peddler, "I sometimes get more than that for 'em. They eat 'em so's to get brave."

Last night about twenty members of the Ping Ong Tong society regaled themselves on wildcat, and consequently increased their bravery.

The custom of eating tigers, lions and other animals of a fierce nature by the Chinese dates from the days of Confucius.

Moy Sing, one of the most intelligent Chinamen in San Francisco, thus gave his opinion on the subject last night:

"A Chinaman believes that if he eats a portion of a lion or tiger the bravery and courage of the animal will enter into his system and he will become daring. In China the smallest piece of a tiger is valuable for this reason. I have eaten lion meat, and the effect is to make a man very brave. Here in California we eat wildcats and foxes, and think whenever we eat of the flesh of either kind we become brave or cunning like those animals. I think the man who sold the wildcat to those Chinamen made them believe that it was a young lion or they would not have paid so much for it, because the flesh of a wildcat is not of near as much value as that of a lion." San Francisco Examiner.

HOW DO YOU WEAR YOUR HAT?

Look in the Mirror and See if You Recognize Any of These.

There is a great deal of character in the way a man wears his hat.

The man who wears it perfectly straight has a corresponding straightforwardness of character. He is a man to be relied upon—steady, business-like, and with a well-balanced temperament.

If a hat slopes at the back so as the brim almost touches the neck, its wearer has good brain power; it slopes at the back because its owner is without strong animal propensities, which are situated at the back of the head, and prop a hat up; so that a man whose hat tilts over his nose has more animal than intellectuality about him.

The man who wears his hat on one side is, in vulgar parlance, "cocky" and self-assertive. He has a big opinion of himself, and will support it with his fists, too. He is generally a sharp character; you won't take him in, but, unless you are extremely careful, he is very likely to take you in. He can handle a billiard cue, is partial to cards, and likes to have a "little bit" on a horse about which he thinks he knows more than any man breathing.

Then there are some men whose hats are always too large for them, and were it not for their ears would pretty well smother them. Such men are usually as much wrapped up in their thoughts as they are in their hats. They are of a philosophic cast of mind, and live a good deal out of the world, for they are generally trying to solve some mighty problem—mighty to them—that not one person in a thousand cares an atom about.

Other men go to the opposite extreme, for their hats are invariably too small for them, and are just perched on the top of their heads, the owners of which are musing, affected individuals with—a rule as an inordinate love of dress and any amount of self-esteem.

The man who throws his hat on his head anyhow is a careless, happy-go-lucky, indolent character. He generally has his hands in his pockets, and you can see any number of his genius loafing outside saloons and lounging at the street corners.

The Monkey Stole the Angel's Wings.

The first week of the circus closed last night with an immense audience, whose liberal applause stimulated the performers to surpass their usual excellence.

Yesterday the audience was treated to an entirely new version of the "Dawn of Christianity," the brilliant finale of the "Fall of Rome," when Jacko the dog-faced baboon, took an unexpected part. Jacko enjoys considerable freedom, and during the performance he slipped unnoticed from his perch in the dressing room and emerged from a door in the heathen temple into the glare of the lime lights while christianity was dawning.

Jacko recognized his dear friend Mme. Bumond posing as angel with glistening wings, and in a mischievous spirit he snatched the wings, and then fled precipitously down the Appian Way.

Mme. Bumond pursued her departing wings, and the rest of the angels, convulsed with laughter, fled into the interior city. Then the spectators applauded the race between the baboon and the wingless angel until they disappeared within the gates of Rome. Hereafter Jacko will be obliged to content his genius to his own specialty, in which he is eminently successful.—Philadelphia Press.

Wishes.

I wish I had a thousand tongues To sing my lady's praise; I wish I had a thousand eyes To see her smiling ways; I wish I had a thousand ears To hear her sweetest say, With all their legal tender— A thousand banks that I might buy To please her every day; I wish I had a thousand hearts To squander love upon her; I wish I had a thousand swords To kill the man who won her.

Shades to False Teeth.

It is a fact that is not generally known that false teeth have to be made to suit the complexion if satisfactory results are desired. A dentist walking on Chestnut street yesterday called attention to this fact as he passed a lady who in smiling showed a beautiful set of the whitest of teeth. "Those teeth are too white," he said. "She is a blonde and ought to have bluish white teeth. A brunette can wear clear white teeth, but blondes should have bluish or cream tinted." Then he mentioned that a friend of his had put in a set of perfectly white teeth for a lady who is very fair. He did it against his own judgment and only after the lady had insisted strongly on it. She wore the set a few days and went back, saying the teeth were too conspicuous. She took a dark set the second time, and they cannot be told from natural ones. In all, dentists have as many as thirty different shades in false teeth and have to exercise much care in the selection.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stoves Foundry, Montagny, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, LAUZON, LEVIS, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over." G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (each 35 words)—cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

WILLIAM M. SMITH, A GRADUATE of the School for the Blind, of the Public Schools of New York, prepared to do Piano Tuning, and all orders left at 34 Paddock street (or postal card sent) will receive prompt attention. Satisfaction guaranteed. Charges \$1.50. For reference enquire of Mr. L. W. Tins, the well known vocalist, 70 Dorchester St. 11-11-7.

WANTED AGENTS on a new fast selling Art article, which retails for \$1.00. Lots of money to be made on it in small towns during leisure hours. Address for full information: "Art" Box 199, Halifax, N. S.

BARGAIN. A SPECIAL LINE of Tweeds—made up for \$14.00 a suit.—A. GILMOUR, Tailor, 72 Gormain Street.

EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book of Advertisers," 608 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of everyone; a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising.—Address: HOWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce street, N. Y.

ENERGETIC CANVASSERS, men or women, subordinates wanted to work in this city or suburbs. A splendid chance for the right people to make money easily. For further particulars address O. K., Drawer 21, St. John, N. B. Oct. 10-ef

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FOR SALE. HALLETT, DAVIS & CO., Square Place, 74 octavo; four round corners. Cost \$600.00, only a short time in use; must be sold, price, \$250.00.—Flood & Sons, 23 King street.

GOSTUMES, SPENCER, Whiskers.—A. L. King St., St. John, N. B., has the largest and best assortment of the above in the Maritime Provinces, which can be hired for Parties, Carnivals, Theatres, Concerts, etc., at right prices.

EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT boys in towns and villages where we have no agencies, sending to secure the right to sell Processors. There are scores of small places where the people would be glad to take Processors every week, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is enjoyment in it for them, and money for the boys.

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In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices.

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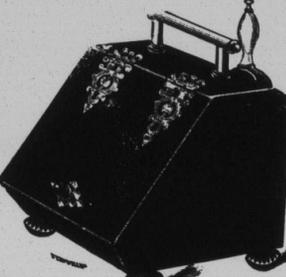
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HE MAKES DELICIOUS ICE CREAM AND ICE CREAM SODA.

TALK OF

Probably La... one of the 85... French novelist, sentiment and accordance with the French nation... ing to another... portrayal of Par... tion of things w... of that nation, f... age of 25... parents, it... of the li... exist only in... enormous power... their basliak... who, when be... health comes a... of Montigny, die... starvation after... cost many... one poor young... the class and... use was virtu... Bavaria, but wh... paper inoper... another. Heart... making the affec... net to entrap th... variably to fin... their conduct... their own lives... ever, the habit... faithfully sketch... ellias," it dram... an act of astoni... sacrificing affect... with the nature... ance with the co... The sentimenta... to Dumas, Cami... relinquishes at... love, and all her... imagination. C... thistles. It is... that true episod... having spent you... he besought a tr... necessity and h... himself in her p... ment was that h... Starting thus, w... dramatic force o... its contract w... worked out to a... tragic, deathbed... it is invested, w... be that as a m... in correctio... tinuous, involu... is sustained up... strong, it is piet... sadness and gl... quence of the sp... an early death r... of self sacrifice... to cast a glamo... the canker wors... on this account... Taken individ... mand Duval is o... of Camille, th... his intellect of Ca... is not so conspic... of La Traviata... The acting of... was admirable, in... view. Miss dar... leading role shi... attention to detai... like, and, in the... natural and art... a coquette... the human-ich... bred lady, the... parisons are o... Clara Morris is... role Miss Morris... been that of Ri... the death bed co... same to any one... the great Pico... the case of Miss... due to physical... short in the... role gifted as... She is emphatic... that quality she... representations... those types of... and mothers of... be proud, and... and grace of her... pear to be in sy... frivoly and reck... she undertakes... ill... The part of... unreasoning jeal... passion was w... Gossin, althoug... little within the... of tearing a pe... Rowley is worth... for an artistic r... delicate touches... has treated all hi... speak him, a com... ment and taste... Varville of Ver... nearest to nature... preted the role... becoming dign... it an excellent fo... in the play. A... feeling pervaded... tave... As Madame B... was vivacious, ch... Nanette of Miss... Maude Hunter p... entious fidelity... It seems to me... neglect in my d... all carrying out... my scrap book m... over two months... addressing you... Athens—Boston... Everything in