

# MILLEY'S MILLINERY

Known and Worn by  
Ladies' all over the Island.  
NEWEST AUTUMN and WINTER



HATS,  
WINGS, RIBBON  
MOTOR HATS and  
Ladies' COATS

NOW OPENING.

## S. MILLEY.

### Shannahan, Tucker and Delaney at the Theatre.

#### THE STORY ABOUT THE COW AND THE SCENERY.

Monday night myself and Tucker and Delaney started for the Play, ye know the play I'm talking about, "Shaun Rhue," 'twas the first time it was played around here—this year. Anyway we went down, and as 'twas for the benefit of an old-time amateur who acted a hundred and forty times for charity, and as we wanted to show people we weren't tied to a dollar, we hired seats away up in the Reserved Circle. Oh, didn't we feel out of place up there, for you're supposed to sit up straight in the Reserves and not to talk to anyone along side of you. Tucker gave us our instructions before we went in, and I think we carried them out to the letter, although to tell ye the truth I felt like being carried out myself before 'twas half over. You know it might be considered vulgar to tell ye that I wasn't long in the Reserves before I

felt a bashful feeling creep over me for I was all on fire. A pin that I had stuck in my tie behind, to keep it from coming up around my neck, had taken the liberty to make a voyage of discovery by taking a short cut through my neck, and although I suffered a maddening sensation, I bore it with out making any attempt to fix matters. If I were to put my hand down inside my collar in the Reserve Seats what would people say? The I was an ignoramus, a boston, and I order to please the crowd and uphold my respectability I suffered. How many of us are placed in the same box? How many of us bear tortures to please others? How many of us act unnaturally to keep up appearances? I was used to the Pit, and I was in the Pit to-night I'd suffer no agony. I told Delaney, and Delaney said 'twas only another sample of

what people suffer when they get out of their own sphere. "Anyway," said he, "hold on; the act will soon be ended, and we can go out and get you fixed up, and have a smoke." The curtain dropped and who appeared before the footlights but our old friend Mr. Slattery. I knew him well in the days when Watty Grieves held sway. He worked in the office, and a fine office hand he was, by the same token. "What's he going to give," asked Tucker, "a step dance?" "Not at all," says Delaney, "there's not a step in his body, he's going to make a speech. He's a regular howler in a speech."

But soon the orchestra pealed forth and Mr. Slattery shaped himself to sing, and before we could realize it we were spell-bound. Hearty applause greeted his effort, and Mr. Slattery was induced to come out the second time, and even the third. Mr. Slattery is a man that knows himself, and he requires no coaxing to respond to a whole-hearted encore, unlike the upstart, "Barainey," we had here last winter. Here again I noticed the difference between the "Reserves" and the boys of the "Pit." In the Pit when a performer deserves it, we come down with both feet, we clap our hands and show our genuine approval, but in the "Reserves" it appeared to me that it was considered vulgar to clap hard. You might touch your fingers together, but look out and don't let anyone see you striking hard or you'll be considered low bred, badly brought up, or half-bred. Oh, kind Providence, save me from striking a good Govt. job; protect me from being elected on the Government side; save me from an outboard judgeship—where there's nothing to judge, if I have to sink my natural inclinations and act like a buffoon to be considered gentlemanly or suitable for the job.

I won't make any exceptions about the players, every one of them deserves the credit of the community, for man, and many's the dull hour they have helped to make pleasant. People are inclined to treat play actors with derision, well not exactly that, but to look upon them as something to criticize, but amateur actors do not pretend to be IT, and their aim is to please; they have done that and they have done more, for they have shown to us an example of brotherly love that is as good as a sermon.

During the interval between the acts myself and Tucker and Delaney were out in the porch having a smoke when a friend of ours hove along, a real old-timer that we often sat side by side with in the pit. Story and yarn followed one another pretty lively, and at last our friend took the cake with this:—

"You know," said he, as he moved his chin to the starboard side of his face, "before we had halls like this one in the old times, the boys used to

get up plays in any kind of a building which would hold a crowd. Well, Pat O'Neill, that's our Pat inside, him and a few more of the boys were getting up a performance, and they were putting it on in the Bishop's Engine House, up in the College grounds. Everything was cleared out and the place made nice and snug for the play. They had the stage built, and the only drawback seemed to be that they couldn't manage the sky. Well, the thought struck 'em that the American Consul had a big American flag—the Stars and Stripes, and they drew lots as to who would have to go ask a lend of it. Anyway, a good talker from the East End struck the job, and after putting on a good begging face, and "getting himself up" for the part, he faced the kind-hearted Consul, who smiled at the ridiculousness of the idea, but gave the flag "to help to make the affair a success." There was great jubilation when the flag reached the "hall," and soon the boys had a beautiful starry sky, although 'twas daylight they were supposed to be playing in. The scenes were all painted by a member of the troupe, oh, a proper dab at the job, and he had ducks swimming over mountains, and boats to hold one, carrying seventeen. "I was simply grand and we got them all pasted together with good hot paste, and soon everything was in readiness for the play. 'Twas now five o'clock, and the play was on at eight, so Mr. O'Neill said 'twas about time for us to go home and have our tea and get over our costumes. We left the barring of the "Hall" to a half fool that used to run messages and "get in" for nothing, as payment for a month's work. He was never any good, and before he went away and forgot to close the door. The Bishop had a cow grazing out in the field, and when she got our backs turned she poked her nose into the hall, and smelling our new scenery, she politely went in and swallowed it, and not contented with that she hauled down the Stars and Stripes and used it for dessert. The troupe returned from their tea in gay spirits, and had all their costumes with them, but imagine their surprise when they entered and discovered the cow and the loss of their scenery. The audience rushed in and all was in great confusion when Pat O'Neill came on the stage, and announced that owing to the fact that the cow had swallowed the sky and the scenery, the play would have to be postponed till repairs were effected. Needless to tell ye his remarks brought down the house.

"There's the bell for the next act," said Tucker, and we bundled in to our seats, and formed our own opinions of the truth of the story.

TIM SHANNAHAN.

#### Lame Back, Painful Stitches Cured in Ten Days, or Your Money Back

The moment you suspect any Kidney or Urinary disorder, or feel Rheumatic pains, begin taking

#### FIG PILLS

Fig Pills are sold with a guarantee to cure all Kidney, Bladder or Liver trouble, Indigestion and all Stomach Disorders.

FIG PILLS are sold at all leading drug stores at 25c a box, or five for \$1.00.  
McMurdo & Co., Wholesale Agents for Newfoundland.

#### Council's Preferential Treatment.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Sir,—In passing along LeMarchant Road last evening I was agreeably surprised to notice how nicely that splendidly kept thoroughfare was sprinkled. With such attention as this given it not a particle of dust could be seen, and believing that the Council were giving a similar service to other streets nearby, I wended my way through Boncloddy Street, down across Cabot Street and the street which intersect it, but what a comparison! No sprinkler around these thoroughfares where people sat on their doorsteps inhaling the dust which their children, in their gambols kicked up in clouds. And yet these people were contributing their taxes to the sprinkling of LeMarchant Road. Why such discrimination, I asked myself? Is it that the people of the streets alluded to are of a different mould and are impervious to the death-dealing germ, or that by inference another reason could be assigned for the sprinkling of one street to the neglect of others. Come gentlemen of the Council, the people of St. John's want no discrimination and a service given to one set of taxpayers should be available for all. If not, that Vigilance Committee which "Reform" suggests in the Telegram will be formed, and that quickly, and then—well I will not anticipate, but I feel sure that abuses of this kind will disappear.

Yours truly, PLEBIAN.

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

#### A Fine Trip.

As soon as the public are aware of the pleasure and benefit of a round trip on the s.s. Fogota, will her capacity be taxed to accommodate passengers. One needs to take the trip to appreciate its worth. Nowhere on our coast is there finer scenery than in Notre Dame Bay, and the beautiful stretches of Gander and Dog Bays excel among the best. The run to Wesleyville and return occupies less than two days, and the rest of the time is spent at ports approaching and within the bays specified. This is where the real charm of the trip lies. Those who suffer most from seasickness can enjoy the sheltered waters of these deep inland reaches, which are traversed four times en route to and from St. John's. It is not to be wondered at that for the first time some were lured outside the Narrows for sea trips and most enthusiastically appreciated it. There only needs to be added that the captain and his subordinates are most obliging, and the menu par excellence. How Mr. Crosbie is to be congratulated on such an excellent and cheap service, and we predict for it a large share of patronage.

PASSENGER.

#### Negro Shoots Planter.

Birmingham, Ala., Sept. 12.—Captain John Terry, a well-known planter of Springville, was shot through the heart and instantly killed while walking over his plantation yesterday by Isaac Glover, a negro. The negro is being pursued by a large posse. He is wanted for wounding a deputy sheriff. It is thought he mistook Terry for an officer.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

is the quickest cleanser with the greatest economy.

Whether you wash with hot water or with cold water, the result is always the same: your linen is whiter, your prints are brighter, and your work is lighter.

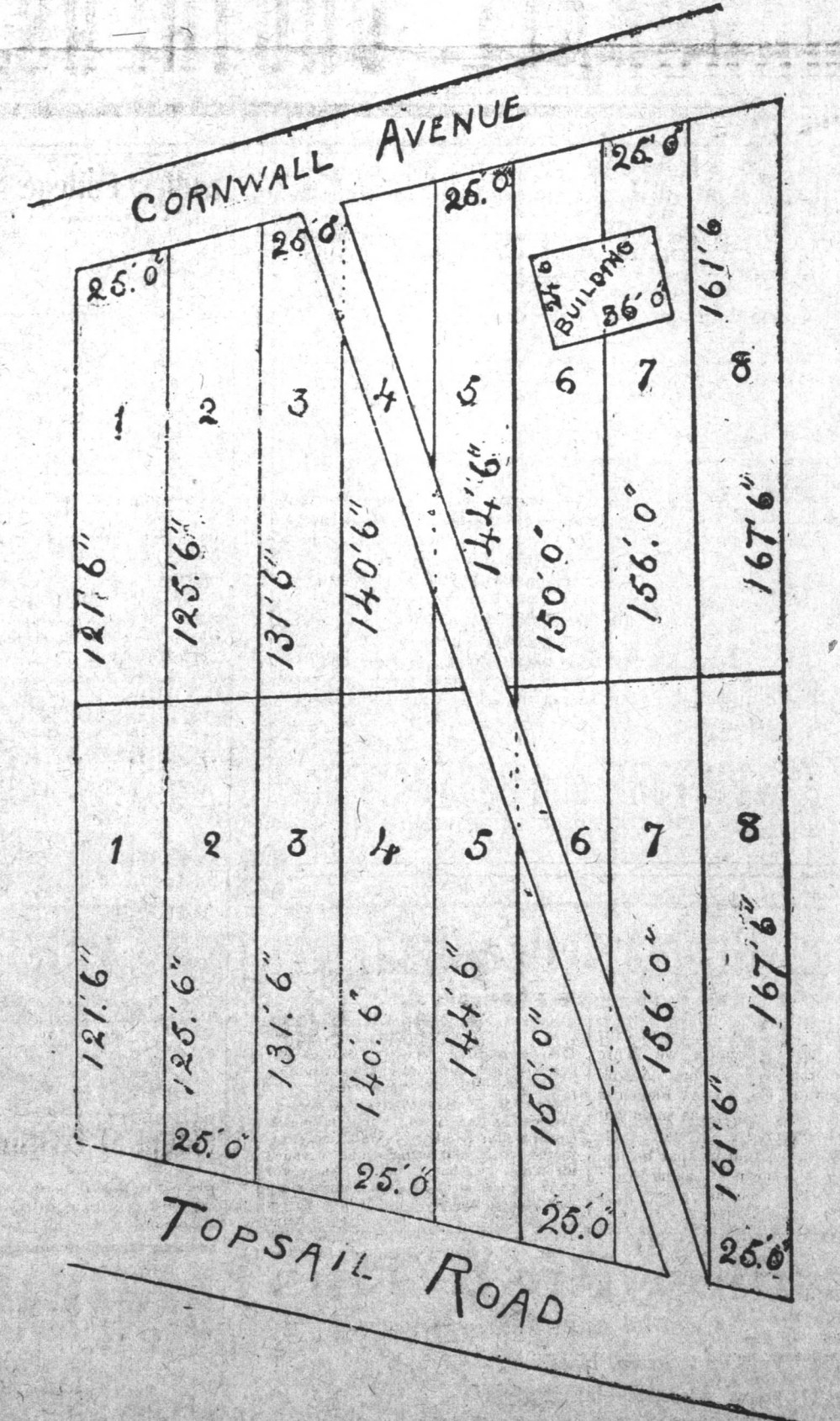
Galatia, Ills., Sept. 12.—Walter S. Holliday was shot and killed yesterday by Joseph Wiggins at a ball game between the Thompsonville and Galatia teams. Holliday was acting as gate-keeper and was endeavouring to collect fifteen cents, the price of admission from Wiggins. Wiggins fled and is to-day being pursued by a posse with bloodhounds.

TO PURCHASE HORSES.—Mr. T. Curran went out by train yesterday to P. E. Island to purchase horses for some of the lumbering camps.

APPOINTED TO CUSTOMS.—Mr. M. F. Lawlor, late of Knowling's hardware store, has been appointed to the Custom House and took up his duties yesterday.

## A DESIRABLE INVESTMENT!

**FOR SALE:** That property known as Howley's, situated on Topsail Road and Cornwall Avenue. The property will be sold in Building Lots as per the accompanying plan, fronting on Topsail Road and Cornwall Avenue.



For Price, Terms and other particulars apply to  
sep9,tf **JAMES B. SCLATER 5 Queen Street.**

## THE BUSY STORE

Has a Splendid Assortment of

**TWEED  
REMNANTS**

All Wool, Light Weight and  
Long Lengths,  
Selling by the Pound.



**P. F. COLLINS,**

THE MAIL ORDER MAN,  
5 Doors East of Post Office.