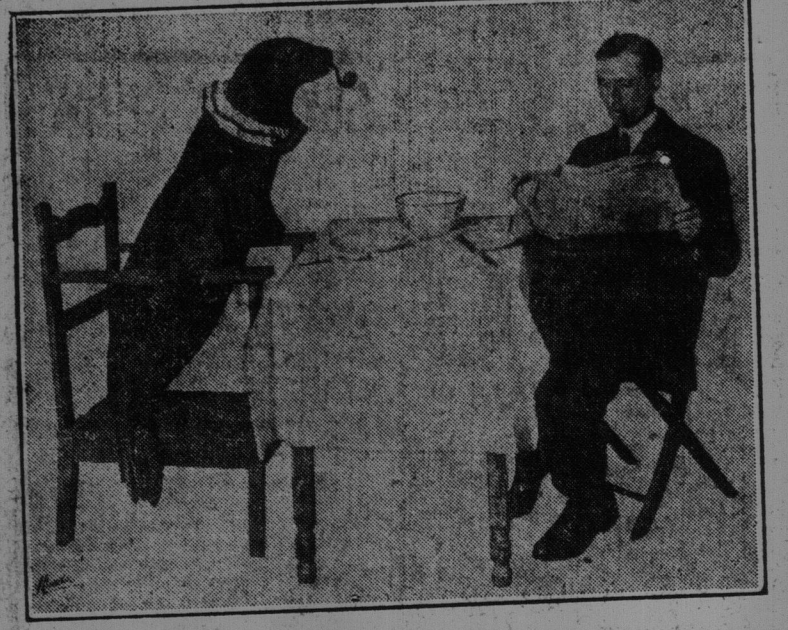


14
CLOWN SEAL AND OTHER GOOD FEATURES
IN NEW OPERA HOUSE PROGRAMME TONIGHT



THE CLOWN SEAL, ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE OPERA HOUSE VAUDEVILLE PROGRAMME OPENING TONIGHT

A genuine novelty in trained animals, or fish—whichever you care to call it—is the Clown Seal, appearing at the Opera House as one of the good features of the new vaudeville programme in opening this evening. He will astonish you with his cleverness and amuse you with his comical antics.

Other good features on the programme include the Four Melody Makers, a quartette of girls, all good vocalists, in

MUSICAL TREAT

Misses Lugin's Concert Exceptionally Fine and Keenly Enjoyed

Only those who were fortunate enough to be present last evening in the German Street Institute at the concert given under the auspices of the Misses Lugin can appreciate what a musical treat it was. In the past many good concerts were held under the ladies' auspices, but it is doubtful if any equalled that given last evening by Miss Marion C. McKnight, Guy H. Taylor and John Bayard Currie. A large number of people were present, despite inclement weather conditions, and their appreciation of the excellent work of the three participants was shown by hearty applause. The programme consisted of choice selections and can be termed the musical event of the season.

To distinguish among the three performers would be hard, so high was the standard of talent. The work of Miss McKnight shone brightly. She is one of the most brilliant performers heard in St. John in years and her beautiful soprano voice held her audience at all times. Her voice is exquisitely modulated, rich in tone and quality. Her phrasing is also especially fine and she imparted to her renditions the touch of feeling which the words of the songs suggested. She also sang a wide range and handled the most difficult passages with an ease and grace which gave a marked demonstration of vocal purity, temperamental warmth and vivacity.

Mr. Taylor, a prominent local tenor, was never heard to better advantage. He has a good strong voice, rich in quality combined with generous range. He sang several choice solos in which his voice rang out with force in the dramatic passages, and was marked by pathos at other times. Both Miss McKnight and

Four hundred plants across the border are busy on the manufacture of airplanes.



Mr. Tippley remarks that these words are not without tragedy, because it is impossible for those who are not at the front to realize the intensity of the longing for home. A captain, past middle life, took the chaplain's arm one day and led him aside. He was, he said, a little anxious about himself, for he was getting into the habit of taking more drink than he was wont to take. He had been taking it when he felt lonely and depressed to ease the longing of his heart. "I never touched it at home," he said. "The society of my dear little wife is all the stimulant I need. I would give the world to be with her now—just to sit in my chair and watch her at her sewing or knitting. The separation is too much for me, and you know, it has lasted nearly three years now."

From the sweetheart the men's thoughts pass easily to the mother, and a third class of songs refers to home. Mr. Tippley has been awakened in the night by men going up to the line singing "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and on the eve of one battle a soldier handed him a letter in which he gave the addresses of those at home to whom letters could be sent if he fell. The chief favorite of all home songs is said to be the following:

"There's an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street
In a quaint little old-fashioned town
There's a street where the cobblestones
Arise the hill and then down
And though it is old and through the
world I must go
My heart, while it beats in my breast
Where'er I may roam, to that old-
fashioned house
Will fly like a bird to its nest."

"In that old-fashioned house in that old-fashioned street
Dwell a dear little old-fashioned pair
I can see their two faces, so tender and sweet,
And I love every wrinkle that's there.
I love every mouse in that old-fashioned house
In the street that runs up hill and down
Each stone and each stick, every cobble and brick,
In that quaint little old-fashioned town."

The songs of comradeship, which constitute the fourth class, are numerous. The fifth class is that of the inner life, the religious hymns, and the soldiers are extremely fond of hymns in their services. They cannot have too many, and hymns like "Rock of Ages," "There is

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THE SONGS THE
SOLDIERS SING

Inspiration of Courage And
Expression of Emotion

In Five Classes

Nonsense Songs, of Love, Mother
and Home, Comradeship and
Religious Hymns all Have Their
Place in Khaki Repertoire

One of the most interesting and attractive books issued during the war is "The Cross at the Front," by the Rev. Thomas Tippley, an English Methodist Chaplain, and he has now followed this up by an equally interesting volume, "The Soul of the Soldier." A chapter deals with the songs sung by the soldiers, and the information given, as well as the revelation afforded, of the soldier's attitude will attract many readers.

The necessity for poetry and song is officially recognized by the military authorities, for each division has its own concert party, and entertainments are given regularly, the profits being distributed among charities. But this is only a slight fraction of the singing heard in the army, for on every march, in every billet and mess, singing abounds. Songs appear to be the inspiration of renewed hope and courage, to say nothing of their uniqueness as expressive of emotions.

The one striking omission among these songs is the entire absence of patriotic songs, for, except the National Anthem or formal occasions, no merely patriotic song is ever heard. The reason is pretty certainly due to the fact that patriotism among the soldiers does not need expression in song, because it is proved night and day in the endurance of hardships. These deeds make patriotic singing altogether superfluous, and to sing a patriotic song as they march into battle would be like gliding refined gold.

Mr. Tippley says that there are five subjects on which the soldiers sing. First come Nonsense Songs, or, as they may equally well be termed, songs of soldier-philosophy. In the face of the huge and complex problems raised by the war, the soldiers recognize the vastness of events by singing of things which have no importance, as they keep steadily at their duties. And when the war would be altogether impossible and too large, and so Tommy sings something very different:

"While you've got a lucifer to light your
egg,
Smile boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while,
So pack up your troubles in your old
kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile."

The second class of song is the more or less serious Love Song. At the opening of the war "Tippley" was heard everywhere, but this has long been dropped, and in its place were substituted the songs of the soldier's sentiments are being sung. One of these has this chorus:

"There's a long, long trail winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams
When I survey the wounded cross,
There is nothing written which can compete
With these two in the blessing and strength
which they have brought to our
soldiers."

Sometimes the men will wander in imagination into the days that they hope will come in the future:

"We don't want a lot of flags flying,
We don't want your big brass bands;
We don't want a lot of speculating,
And we don't want a lot of waving
hands;
We don't want a lot of interfering,
When we've safely crossed the foam;
But we do want to find the girls we left
behind
When we all come marching home."

Mr. Tippley remarks that these words are not without tragedy, because it is impossible for those who are not at the front to realize the intensity of the longing for home. A captain, past middle life, took the chaplain's arm one day and led him aside. He was, he said, a little anxious about himself, for he was getting into the habit of taking more drink than he was wont to take. He had been taking it when he felt lonely and depressed to ease the longing of his heart. "I never touched it at home," he said. "The society of my dear little wife is all the stimulant I need. I would give the world to be with her now—just to sit in my chair and watch her at her sewing or knitting. The separation is too much for me, and you know, it has lasted nearly three years now."

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Regular \$3.25 Pants, Sale Price, \$2.49
Regular \$3.50 Pants, Sale Price, \$2.69
Regular \$3.75 Pants, Sale Price, \$2.89
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Regular \$3.50 Black Cheviot Pants, Special, \$2.89

You know what we mean when we say Bargains in Boys' Suits. Now is the time to buy the boys' School and Vacation Suit.

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Regular \$1.00 Gloves, Sale Price, 79c.

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Regular \$1.00 Tweed Caps, Sale Price, 68c.
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May Organize
Snipers' Unit

Lt. Col. C. D. Spittal Has Plan to
Use Sharpshooters Who Are
Useful for Regular Trench Work

A movement is on foot among interested officers to have the adjutant-general at Ottawa authorize a regiment of sharpshooters which would be open to recruit from all Canada. Lieut.-Colonel C. D. Spittal, who has been embarking on the idea of the soldier's life, closes his fascinating chapter on "The Songs of the Soldiers" with these true and forcible words:

"The robin may not be compared with the nightingale, but it is not the less welcome, for it sings when the nightingale is silent. Our soldiers' songs will live—some are already dead—but they have done their work and justified their existence. They have given pleasure and strength to men as they went out to do immortal deeds. No wounded soldier or perished traveler thinks lightly of a cup of water because it perished in the using; and so it is with the songs our soldiers sing."

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE
IN WEST ST. JOHN.

The drama, "Cupid's Partner," was well presented before a large audience in the city hall, West St. John, last evening by the West Side Soldiers' Dramatic Club. The members of the cast were: Misses Annie Long, Helen Johnston, Isabel Amos, Beatrice Monfort, Miss Reine Tobin, Ethel Richards, Miss Mildred Long, Grace Klenstedt, Freda Brittain, Beatrice Hammond, Isabel Thompson, Helen Lee, Mollie Tobin, Ethel Brown, Margaret Anderson.

Cleris Derosis, an alleged wife-beater, was tarred and feathered by an Endicott, Conn., mob.

Bayone, N. J., Board of Education has abolished the teaching of German in the schools of that city.

wounded and missing, fifteen wounded, one killed, and nine ill.

The Maritime names:

INFANTRY.

J. Levesque, St. Francis De Made- waika (N. B.).

A. Fox, Halifax (N. S.).

MACHINE GUN CORPS.

S. Cassie, Fair Isle (N. B.).

VALEDICTORIAN ILL

Fredericton, May 17.—R. L. Snodgrass, a member of No. 9 sige battery, who had been selected as valedictorian of the U. N. B. graduating class, was seriously ill and was unable to be present at the annual exercises. His valedictory was read by Joseph K. Aldham.

During the exercises Chancellor Jones announced that the subject for the English essay for the Douglas gold medal is "A permanent agricultural policy for Canada," and that the subject of the essay for the City of Fredericton medal is "The return of Forestry to the war."

The associated alumni has announced that the passage for translation from English into Latin prose is from Dr. Smith's History of Greece, chapter 20, section 7, beginning with the words "on the night after Mardonius had taken this resolution," and ending with the words "and overtook them at the first halt."

Miss Mary McManis, who won the City of Fredericton gold medal in the department of engineering, forestry and chemistry, is the first woman to secure this award.

MORNING NEWS
OVER THE WIRES

A despatch from Sydney told of a drowning accident near the city of Sydney when Captain John Barbour and his two sons lost their lives. They were on a fishing trip when a squall struck their heavily laden boat, overturning it. All three were thrown into the water and before help could reach them they sank. They formerly lived in Buenavista, Nfld.

Thomas Burke, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Burke of Chatham, arrived home yesterday from Dryden, Ont. The young

man has both feet off as the result of an accident near Dryden a few weeks ago. While some miles from home his horse ran away and he was thrown from the carriage. A blinding snow storm was raging and before he could reach shelter both his feet were badly frozen and had to be amputated.

Barns at the Houlton driving park were burned to the ground last night, and eight trotting horses burned to death. Included in this number was a valuable horse owned by James W. Gallagher of Woodstock, which he recently imported from Boston. The burned horses were The Whip, Harry Kellard, Barones, a yearling by The Harvester, all the property of J. Saunders. Prodigious Strong, owned by A. E. Moore and Sarum, Jr., owned by William Gallagher of Woodstock. The horses were valued at \$10,000 and the building at \$2,000.

The steamer Harland of Charlottetown has been sold to William McLure of Pictou. The steamer was built at Shelburne, N. S., in 1908, and registers 822 tons.

CONCERT IN ST. PHILIP'S.

A concert was given last evening in St. Philip's church. A fancy sale was also held in connection with the entertainment. Those taking part were: Mrs. Joseph Howe, Mrs. E. Young, Mrs. R. H. W. Finkett, Mrs. John Hamilton, Mrs. John Jackson, Mrs. M. E. Cole, H. Burleigh, Mrs. R. H. McIntyre, Arthur Sudie, Ellis Young and Mrs. K. L. Hamblen.

