

# THOMAS LUNNEY'S NEW CLOTHING STORE, NO. 71 DOCK STREET,

## Academy of Music.

1877 SEASON. 1877

LESSEE & MANAGER, MR. WM. NANNARY  
 Asst. Manager, Mr. P. Nannary  
 Stage Manager, Mr. G. B. Waldron  
 Prompter, Mr. E. Eberle  
 Box Office Agent, Mr. E. Kelly  
 Leader of Orchestra, Prof. F. A. Muller  
 Master Machinist, Mr. F. W. Dorman  
 Scenic Artist, W. Gill  
 Master of Properties, Mr. G. A. Herne

### COMPANY.

Miss Isabell Waldron,  
 Miss Violet Campbell,  
 Miss Lizzie May Ulmer,  
 Mrs. D. B. Vandereen,  
 Miss Pearl Eytlinge,  
 Miss Florence Stratton,  
 Miss Maria Hendley,  
 Miss May Hill.

Mr. R. Fulton Russell,  
 Mr. G. B. Waldron,  
 Mr. Belvil Ryan,  
 Mr. W. F. Edwards,  
 Mr. F. G. Cotter,  
 Mr. J. C. Padgett,  
 Mr. P. Nannary,  
 Mr. E. Eberle.

Mr. W. A. Donaldson,  
 Mr. Joseph Kennedy,  
 Mr. Harry Pearson,  
 Mr. G. T. Ulmer,  
 Mr. C. S. Mason,  
 Mr. D. W. Vandereen,  
 Mr. J. H. Redding,  
 Mr. Geo. Francis.

All communications and orders for advertising sent to the Academy of Music.

**AROUND THE WORLD.**—This famous spectacular play will be presented to-night, with Mr. Lytell in his character of Passepartout, as played by him with the Kiralfy Brothers. The scenery, painted by Mr. Gill, consists of a view of the Suez Canal, the Necropolis, the Rocky Mountains, the Giant's Stairway, the Saloon of the steamer *Henrietta*, and the Sinking Ship. The explosion and the cutting away of the ship, and the realistic and thrilling effect produced by the sinking of the vessel will be a novelty alone worth the price of admission. The scene is described as one of the marvels of mechanical invention and scenic art. The large auxiliary force has been secured, and the house promises to be crowded. Seats have been selling rapidly all day.—*Telegraph*.

**AROUND THE WORLD** in eighty days is a magnificent play, and should draw crowded houses. Mr. Nannary is sparing neither trouble nor expense in endeavoring to produce the play faithfully in all its details. The new scenery and scenic effects will alone be worth the price of admission. We are pleased to see that there is every prospect of Mr. Nannary's enterprise being appreciated by the public. The reserved seats are being rapidly disposed of, and persons desirous of attending should secure their tickets at once.—*Globe*.

A pretty girl says: "If it was wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how guilty are old bachelors with the world full of pretty girls."

## SHERATON'S

# Carpet Warerooms

New Market Hall,  
**GERMAIN STREET,**

The subscriber has now open and ready for sale, the largest and finest assortment of

## CARPETS AND FLOOR OIL CLOTHS

over shown in this city.

These were all selected personally in the best London markets, and are conceded by all to be Newer in Style, and Cheaper in Price, than can be purchased elsewhere.

## Walnut, Gilt, and Fancy Cornices

A SPECIALTY.

## A FULL ASSORTMENT OF CURTAIN MATERIALS & TRIMMINGS.

Call and examine the stock and save your money.

**A. B. SHERATON.**

## M. HARRISON.

DEALER IN

## Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Slippers, &c.

96 PRINCE WM. STREET

Saint John, N. B.

## Trunks | Trunks |

## KNOWLE'S TRUNK FACTORY,

86 & 88 Germain Street,

S. N. KNOWLES, - - PROPRIETOR.

## JOHN K. TAYLOR,

## MERCHANT TAILOR,

UNION STREET,

CARLETON, - - St. John, N. B.

A large and well assorted stock of goods always on hand, personally selected from the English and Scotch markets.

In connection with his Custom Clothing Establishment, he has opened another store next door to his old premises, where a full line of

**READY-MADE CLOTHING** and **GENS' FURNISHING GOODS**

can be obtained. Prices lower than any house in the trade, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

## GREENOUGH'S

## OYSTER AND DINING SALOON,

177 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Ladies and Gentlemen, on your way home stop at Greenough's Dining Saloon, 177 Prince William Street. All the Delicacies of the Sea.

Burkhardt's Lager Beer on Draught.

## A NUT TO CRACK.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

There was an old woman who lived in a hut  
 About the size of a hickory nut;  
 The walls were thick and the ceiling low,  
 And seldom out doors did the old woman go.

She took no paper, and in no book  
 Of any sort was she seen to look;  
 Yet she imagined she knew much more  
 Than man or woman had known before.

They talked in her hearing of wondrous things,  
 Of the dazzling splendor of eastern kings,  
 Of mountains covered with ice and snow  
 When all the valley lay green below.

They spoke of adventures by sea and land,  
 Of oceans and seas by a cable spanned,  
 Of buried treasures—but though she heard,  
 She said she didn't believe one word!

And still she lives in her little hut  
 About the size of a hickory nut,  
 At peace with herself, and quite content  
 With the way in which her days are spent.

Little it troubles her, I suppose,  
 Because so very little she knows,  
 For keeping her doors and her windows shut,  
 She has shrivelled up in her hickory nut.

And you, my dears, will no larger grow  
 If 'not rest contented with what you know;  
 But a pitiful object you will dwell  
 Shut up inside of your hickory shell.

**A FORCEFUL ARGUMENT.**—The erudite Bishop Burnet, preaching before Charles II., being much warmed with his subject, uttered some religious truth with great vehemence, and at the same time striking his fist on the desk with great violence, cried out, "Who dare deny this?" "Faith," said the king, "nobody that is within reach of that fist of yours."

**TRICKS OF LANGUAGE.**—A lady occupying a room letter B at one of our hotels, wrote on the slate the following:—"Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says 'let her be,' don't let her be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to be on hand at half-past seven." The porter, a better bootblack than orthographist, did not know at seven whether to wake "letter B," or "let her be."

The latest thing in dolls is a young lady of tinted wax, who, when wound up and given a high chair at the table, reaches out her arms, seizes a bit of bread, and slowly puts it in her mouth. When she has done this a certain number of times, it is necessary to open her back, remove the food, and wind her up again. Would that the human beings could be relieved of indigestion in this manner.

**JUST POSSIBLE.**—Two men, says the *Danbury News*, were sitting together in a smoking car on the Danbury Railway the other morning, when one of them observed to the other: "I lost as likely a colt as you ever saw last winter."

After a pause the addressed party inquired: "Did he die?"

"Die!" repeated the loser, somewhat resentfully, "how could I 'ave lost if it hadn't died?"

"I didn't know but it slipped through a crack in the floor," said the other man in an injured tone.

Both lapsed into silence after that.

Grs. "How came this dead fly in my soup?" *Walter*. "In fact, sir, I have no positive idea how the poor thing came by his death. Perhaps it had not taken any food for a long time, dashed upon the soup, ate too much of it, and thus contracted an inflammation of the stomach that brought on death. The fly must have had a weak constitution, for when I served up the soup it was dancing merrily on the surface. Perhaps—and the idea presents itself only at this moment—it endeavored to swallow too large a piece of vegetable; this remaining fast in the throat and producing a choking in the wind-pipe, may have caused the death of that hapless insect."

**E. E. BREWSTER, AGENT FOR LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER, 45 DOCK STREET.**