

How Ward Would Advertise a Great Actress.

"Artemus Ward's" propensity for guying people was well known, and many anecdotes illustrating it have been published. We believe the following, however, has never before appeared in print. It was related to us by the well known comedian, Frank Drew, now a member of the Madison Square Theatre Company.

Ward and Drew, who were old friends, met one day in the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, while the former was exhibiting his Mormon Panorama. During their conversation the late H. L. Bateman, theatrical manager, and father of Miss Kate Bateman, at that time a famous actress, entered and accosted Drew, who introduced the gentlemen. "Mr. Bateman, Mr. Browne," without mentioning the fact, unknown to the former, that Browne was the famous "Artemus Ward."

It is proper to say here that Bateman was possessed of but one idea, the genius and superiority of his daughter Kate, which he never failed to enlarge upon on all occasions.

"I beg pardon," said Ward, "did I hear the name aright—Bateman?"

"Yes," said Drew, "Mr. H. L. Bateman, theatrical manager, known in Europe and America."

"Are you, indeed, the Mr. Bateman, father of the incomparable Miss Kate Bateman?"

"Yes," replied Bateman, swelling with fatherly pride, "I am proud to say she is my daughter."

"Then allow me to take your hand again," exclaimed Ward with enthusiasm.

"I kneel before the genius of that remarkable girl, and I am proud to grasp the hand of her father. But why do you not bring her to Philadelphia?"

"My dear sir," cried Bateman, who had covered all the dead walls of the Quaker City with her name, "have you not seen? Have you not read? Kate opens at the Arch Street Theatre Monday night."

"Opens Monday night!" exclaimed Ward in amazement, "and this Saturday. Why—why, Mr. Bateman, have you not let the public know it?" This in a tone of sorrowful reproach.

"Why not let the public know it? Good heavens! man—"

"I understand, of course," interposed Ward, "the shrinking modesty of a father, but that is no excuse



ANOTHER BOY-CAUGHT!

DRAKE SHOP-KEEPER: "Now, my man, you had better pay for this window you have broken."

INEBRIATED IRISHMAN: "Pay fur it! pay fur it! Sure an' it's miself ought to get paid fur the freight oi got."

for negligence that must seriously interfere with your daughter's success."

"My dear sir—"

"Now, were I her father," continued Ward—"which, of course, I could not have been, nor could I have transmitted to her the genius and commanding talents that you have done (bowing low)—were I her father I would have cast all diffidence aside. I would have announced her coming on three-sheet posters—"

"Four-sheet posters everywhere in Phil—"

"I would have had 'Kate Bateman' in great big letters," Ward went on, indicating with his hands the height that the letters ought to have had, "and if I couldn't find letters big enough in the job offices, I would have had some made specially."

"So I did! so I did!" cried Bateman. "The letters are—"

Ward seemed to hear nothing, but went on with growing enthusiasm: "Then I would have a great quantity of little dodgers printed to throw around everywhere—Kate Bateman, the greatest living dramatic genius, is coming! or something like that. I would put out ten thousand at least."

"Great Caesar! sir. Two hundred thousand dodgers are now—"

ered away.

"What did you say that man's name is?" asked Bateman, when he was gone.

"Charles F. Browne," replied Drew; "better known as Artemus Ward, the humorist."

"Artemus Ward!" Then the look that came over poor Bateman's face as he recognized the "sell," and leaning faintly against the wall begged Drew to lead him out and shoot him, was something that cannot be described.

"I say, Molly, I met such a nice gentleman in the park. He spoke to me and I'm to meet him again to-morrow."

"Really? Did he tell you his name, Kate?"

"Yes; he said it was Mr. John Smith."

"Oh, pshaw! that's the name they all give."

ARM MISS-TIS.—11 p. m. on the back stairs.—She—"Charley, dear, do let go my waist; I am sure I hear papa coming!"

Charley—"I don't care, let him come. All's fair in 'love and war,' they say, and you ought to be prepared for the latter, as you have my arm-our-round you."—Act 1, un-scene 2.

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