

orchestra to accompany the operatic selections, as the music sounded tame and thin with the piano accompaniment, notwithstanding it was well played by Mrs. Blight. The gorgeous orchestral effects in Weber's romantic opera were entirely lost, and the performance suffered accordingly. We almost omitted to mention that the opening chorus of the first part was sung with excellent effect, and with commendable beauty of tone; in fact, it was one of the most interesting numbers of the evening.

The concert given under the auspices of the Canadian Society of Foresters in the Pavilion on the 29th ult., was attended by an immense audience who evidently relished the popular selections given by such popular artists as Miss Norah Clench, Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes, Mrs. J. E. Smith, Mrs. Agnes Knox, Mr. Fred. Jenkins, and Mr. R. O. Riester, the latter, however, making his initial bow to a Toronto audience on this occasion. The programme opened with the vocal duett "Oh that we two were Maying," which was capitally rendered by Mrs. Holmes and Mr. Riester. Mr. Jenkins followed with "The Anchor's Weighed." This once excellent tenor gave an expressive rendering of John Brahams' plaintive song, although his voice has not the freshness which formerly distinguished it. He, however, succeeded in pleasing his hearers, and was recalled. Mrs. Charlton-Knox, the well-known reader and elocutionist, gave a humorous Scotch selection, "How Gavin Birse put it to Mag Low-nie," and in response to being twice recalled gave with considerable effect Shelley's "Skylark." Mrs. Smith sang neatly and with her usual success Molloy's once popular song, "The Kerry Dance" and was likewise granted an encore to which she too sang an extra number. Miss Norah Clench followed and played with remarkable brilliancy Wieniawski's "Legende" in G minor, and one of Sarasate's "Gypsy Dances." We have not heard Miss Clench to better advantage than on this occasion. She seemed comfortable and thoroughly at ease, perhaps because there was such a large audience of eager listeners, perhaps because her numbers were happily chosen, but at all events her phrasing was broad and dignified, and her tone rich, clear and warm. The rhythmic peculiarities of Sarasate's wild "Gypsy Dance" was given with much hilarity and precision and showed her splendid command of virtuosio passages. In response to an enthusiastic encore she played an arrangement of "Home, Sweet Home." Mr. Riester's voice is a baritone of excellent quality, and well under control, and his first number, DeKoven's "Nita Gitana" proved him to be a really delightful singer. Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes sang in an impassioned manner De Koven's beautiful ballad "Oh Promise Me" and received instantaneous applause. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano of great beauty, and she sings in a manner highly artistic. She has many admirers here and to please them she kindly responded to their wishes by singing the rather pathetic love song "Douglas Gordon." Mr. T. A. Baker, the humorist of the evening, provoked applause by his ridiculous and thoroughly in-artistic selections. We did not remain for the last half of the programme, but each of the artists appeared again. Mrs. H. M. Blight played the accompaniments with great care, and with a fine appreciation of the singer's requirements.

LIBRARY TABLE.

RICHARD ESCOTT. By Edward H. Cooper. New York: Macmillan and Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., (Ltd). 1893. \$1.00.

Richard Escott, from whom this book is named, is about as vile a villain as we have for many a day met with in fiction. In form and name a man, in spirit and life a demon. To him virtue and honour were unknown quantities, and morality an undiscovered country. In the most cold-blooded fashion he sought to barter his daughter for gain to one of his own kidney, and in the craft and dexterity of the gambler and roue he found solace and delight.

Escott is strongly portrayed the character of his worthy son George is also well presented. Alford, the socialist, is a present-day type, and Nellie, the pretty aristocratic daughter of Escott, is a fine foil to her inhuman father. There is a wedding and a ghost in the story and our readers will agree with our opinion that we have read many a worse told tale than this.

THE DELECTABLE DUCHY. By "Q." New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. (Ltd). 1893. \$1.00.

Within the 320 pages of this book we have some 20 short stories and sketches by an author who has won for himself the distinction of being one of the best English writers of short stories. And well does this volume sustain his reputation. The "Delectable Duchy" is Cornwall, and here we have in most delightful form pictures the life, character and scenery of that English county. "Q's" pen has the vigor, the delicacy, the pictorial power of an artist's brush. So great is his art and so consummate is his mastery of it that you are content to have him lead you whithersoever he will. You feel the lump rising in your throat and perchance a hot tear forces its way out, and for an instant blurs the page as you read that exquisite bit of human pathos—"The Paupers"—for "Jan" and "Maria" are of your own flesh and blood, and your heart cannot withhold its pent up sympathy from those humble, quaint, simple-minded, but true-hearted Cornish folk. Then again the rollicking humor of St. Piran's is irresistible. But there is no need of particularizing where all are excellent and variety but lends satisfaction to the reader. "Q" knows Cornwall well, in fact he has it at his finger tips, and even those who are unfamiliar with Cornish folk and speech and scene, will under the spell be content forthwith to take him at his word. This book cannot very well find too many readers and may they long, as do we, for many another from the same brilliant pen.

PERIODICALS.

Both *Cassell's Family Magazine* and *The Quiver* for April sustain, by their varied and excellent contents, their reputation as two of the best magazines in the English language for the home and fireside.

April brings a good number of the *Journal of Hygiene* and much useful and important information will be found in it regarding "The Cumulative Effects of Poison," "Typhoid and Drinking Water," "Round Shouldered Girls," "Musician's Eyes," and other health topics.

Lawyers on taking up the April *Temple Bar* will at once turn to the sketch of "Lord Abinger and the Par." Scarlett, the consummate advocate and Brougham's formidable adversary, is one of the notable figures in the history of British advocacy. "A Canoe Voyage on a French River" is most readable on paper. There is amongst other good serial, short story and poetic matter a pleasing paper on Théodore de Banville, the French romancist.

There is no lack of movement in "The Flying Halcyon," the complete story contributed by R. H. Savage to the April number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. P. F. de Gournay writes of certain peculiar phases of southern life in his article "The F. M. C.'s of Louisiana." Julian Hawthorne has a pleasant account of an interview with Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, and Gilbert Parker adds three stirring chapters to his brilliant serial "The Trespasser."

The strong face of the Earl of Rosebery appears in frontispiece in the *Review of Reviews* for April. "The Progress of the World" is comprehensively outlined with numerous illustrations. The best-read contribution will no doubt be that of W. T. Stead, "The Three English Leaders: Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt." Sir Henry Parkes writes of "The Drift in Australian Politics," and there are other able articles and a large mass of general information widely gathered in this number.

Birthday Stones

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July, ..	Ruby.
August, ..	Sardonyx.
September, ..	Sapphire.
October, ..	Opal.
November, ..	Topaz.
December, ..	Turquoise.

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Dr. Andrew White continues his series of papers in the *Popular Science Monthly* by a consideration in the April number of Theological teachings regarding animals and man which he ably argues have been largely demolished by science. Two most interesting contributions are those respectively by Professor J. Le Conte on "New Lights on the Problem of Flying," and by Dr. C. F. Hodge on "The Method of Homing Pigeons." Walter Lodian has a readable paper on "A Century of the Telegraph in France" and the dreaded Wolverine is the subject of a short paper by Mr. Horace T. Martin.

Eben Greenough Scott will find many who dissent from, as well as many more who assent to, his views on General Lee's dispositions during "The campaign of the seven days" expressed in the April *Atlantic*. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' has a war story entitled "The Oath of Allegiance." Richard Burton's article "Nature in Old English Poetry" has a comely neighbour in that of Olive Thorne Miller, prettily called "The Secret of the Wild Rose Path." The classical reader will enjoy Mr. R. Y. Tyrrell's scholarly paper on Early Latin Poetry and the politician will find food for thought in the respective articles on the Referendum and the Italian crisis.

A noticeable frontispiece is that of Scribner's for April. "Old Memories" is the title, and it is from a painting of Frank Bramley. Octave Thanet's paper on "The Farmer in the South" is most vigorously illustrated by A. B. Frost. A moving story is Thomas Nelson Page's "The Burial of the Guns." Gustav Kobbé's paper entitled "Life under Water" is a graphic description of the experiences of a diver. Duncan Campbell Scott's "Spring Song" is delightful reading:

"Sing me a song of the spangled dells,
Where hepaticas tremble in stormy groups,
Of the violets swinging their golden bells
As the light wind stoops."

Arsene Alexandre's lively delineation of "French Caricature of To-day" will provoke many a smile—but if we continue, there will be no novelty for the reader of this excellent number.

"Matthew Arnold" is the subscription of the artistic portrait which forms the frontispiece of the April *Century*. Some excellent pictorial emigration work is done in the strong series of pictures by Andre Castaigne entitled "From the Old World to the New." A very pretty sonnet is that of T. B. Aldrich on Ellen Terry in "The Merchant of Venice." John G. Nicolay contributes some advance pages of a new book about Lincoln under the caption Lincoln's Literary Experiments, and very interesting they are. We may as well admit that it is quite bewildering to attempt to discriminate, where one's space is limited and there are so many excellent and attractive articles as