



It is a Canadian failing to refuse a full measure of recognition to native artists until such time as they have won the approval of other countries.

Singer, writer, actress, painter, may give us of their best, yet the Canadian press hesitates to voice their merit, or does so stintingly. But let some United States journal utter a eulogy over our own familiar artist, and lo, the Canadian press rouse to sudden endorsement, and his talent is stamped forthwith.

We have dealt with our writers thus; we so deal with our singers,—that is one of the reasons, if not the chief one, why so many of our native authors and entertainers depart to the States.

Practically we say to them, "Secure foreign endorsement; then we shall feel certain of your talent. We have no opinion of our own."

That the larger field and greater remunerative possibilities may be an inducement, is true. But we are speaking now of the lamentable lack of recognition given to our artists until such time as the foreign press has spoken.

Is the Canadian press not capable of independent judgment? and are not its criticisms as reliable and worthy as that of the Chicago *Banner*, the Omaha *Sentinel*, the Berlin *Zeit-Geist*, the Amsterdam *Shpreck*?

Come; let us be independent and not mere echoes. Let our native artists, of whom we inwardly approve, have the encouragement of our strong outspoken praise, and when they go to the larger field of the neighboring republic or beyond the ocean, let it be with the warm words of Canadian praise by a Canadian press. So that, whatever of triumph and eulogy awaits them, they shall feel that they have but justified the good faith and belief of their native land.

This is not a plea for lavish and indiscriminate praise of native artists; there is really little fear of this from the Canadian press. It is merely a protest against permitting our artists to receive that first cordial recognition of their talent in the foreign press which it should be ours to give.

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Mr. Harold Jarvis, who resides in Detroit, has, with his family, been spending the summer in one of the numerous charming residences in South Parkdale, Toronto,—or rather, he has been as much there as his numerous summer concert engagements would permit. He returned to Detroit at the close of September.

In a recent pleasant little chat with this popular and sweet-voiced tenor, I asked him how Toronto compared with American cities in the matter of musical taste.

"Toronto stands higher in this respect than any other city on the continent," answered Mr. Jarvis. "The people of Toronto have decided preference for high class music, especially in oratorio. I think this is largely due to the educative influence of the philharmonic, choral and vocal societies which, during the past twenty years, have made its citizens familiar with such works as 'The Messiah,' 'Creation,' 'Redemption,' 'Elijah,' so that they have become almost endeared to them. I hardly think it would be possible to sing a selection from any of these works at any unexpected time or place without it being instantly recognized by a Toronto citizen,—and not only that, but the manner of the singing ably criticised also," said the vocalist, smiling.

Then he spoke of that splendid rendering of "The Messiah" at the Massey Music Hall last year, and of the effect produced upon the singers. "Such an audience is an inspiration—apart from the music," he said. "I remember that I never felt in better form, nor enjoyed my solos more."

"And you sang delightfully," I answered; "but one of your listeners heard—not you, Mr. Jarvis."

He looked, inquiringly.

"No; those first clarion notes of 'Comfort ye, my people,' carried one of your audience away into childhood days; and playing about among lathes and machinery, with the odor of fresh pine rising pleasant to her sense, she sat on the saw-horse, or 'pretended' curls with long shavings, while a father's voice sang cheerily amid the whirl, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye,' and ran happily up and down the intricacies of 'Every Valley.'"

"I am more than content," he answered, with a certain quick response. "Our highest success is won when the singer is forgotten in the song."

Mr. Jarvis pays tribute to Mr. Torrington for the educative work he has done in Toronto. He spoke the eulogy, which to none of those who know him can ever be too warm, of Mr. Fisher's idealistic gifts. And he also prophesied a splendid future as conductor for Mr. Humfrey Angers, who has not been long enough with us to yet have fully proved the gift within him.

"In Detroit," he continued, "the people prefer opera and theatre music in general. They care little about oratorio; and although there are many German residents, yet the musical standard is not as high as in Toronto. Yet I like Detroit," he added. "The people could not be kinder, and although I shall consider myself first and always Canadian, my church in Detroit is to us a pleasant home, and my relations with it most cordial."

A few weeks ago, Mr. Jarvis sang at Chautauqua before seven thousand people, and there met many prominent United States musicians and singers. As a result he has already numerous Southern engagements ahead, while Michigan, Ohio, Indianapolis are already his own by conquest of that sweet, strong tenor voice.

"I will never go into opera," he said, "The life does not please me. It is too irregular, too hard and strainful. I should like to preserve my voice as long as possible. I heard Sims Reeves six years ago, and it was wonderful. I should like to reach his years, with my voice as little injured."

"Grau has told me that whenever I want operatic engagement to go to him. But my

purpose is to remain upon the concert platform. Between teaching and engagements I have my time fully occupied.

"My life is delightful," said Mr. Jarvis, in conclusion. "I meet charming people. I like my teaching. And to sing—well, when one's audience comes in touch, it is an inspiration. And audiences in Canada or the United States are just the same. I find no difference. If I fail to bring them into sympathy, the fault is in my own mood. As a rule they are quick in responsive appreciation."

Mr. Jarvis has a certain royal simpleness of manner, which, taken in connection with his fine physique, adds not a little to the attraction of his voice.

We are sorry to have lost him, but rejoice in his success across the line.

Massey Hall opens its concert season on Oct. 12th, with a notable musical event in the performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," by the Philharmonic chorus, followed by a programme of high chamber music by the famous Boston Quintette Club. The conductor will be Mr. Humfrey Anger.

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