



MY DEAR GRIP,—In such an enterprising and ambitious musical centre as Toronto, what can be more in order for your pages than a weekly epitome of musical happenings, recording the various schemes, motives, aims, triumphs and disappointments of our resident disciples of the immortal Pan; and what can be more productive of good in the interests of the "divine art," and the public which loves it, than a careful record of what is being done elsewhere to further the cause, thus acting as a gentle prod to our local musical luminaries, to persevere in their well-doing, and thereby keep up with the procession in this age of artistic progress?

IN this connection comes the intelligence of the receipt, by the recognized "father of music" in Toronto, Mr. F. H. Torrington, of advices from the secretary of the Society of Letters, Art and Science, London, England, informing him that the gold medal of the Society has been presented to him, in recognition of the great services rendered the cause of practical music through his labors in our midst.

WHILE congratulating Mr. Torrington, Toronto has a right to feel somewhat flattered herself, for in thus recognizing the work done by our worthy "Kapellmeister," the Society of L., A. and S. indirectly acknowledges us as being a musical community, for without the hearty co-operation and assistance of the citizens of Toronto, even the indomitable energy and pluck of Mr. Torrington would have availed but little. That the musical future of the city is assured is evident, from the fact that, through his own personal magnetism, he has rallied round the standard of further progress a number of young men, all native Canadians, and fresh from the traditions and memories of the great European musical centres, who are as enthusiastic and earnest in their purpose of further developing the musical taste of the city, as was Mr. Torrington when he landed in what was then a howling wilderness, musically speaking, and began his labors as a missionary in the cause of his beloved art, some sixteen years ago.



IT is but a few years since the musical taste of Toronto found its highest utterances in such classic (?) works as "Queen Esther," and the like, and when the place now occupied upon our concert programmes by Handel,

Mendelssohn, and others, was usurped by such names as Root, Perkins, (the Lord bless him), Bradbury, Emerson & Co.!

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THE limited seating capacity of our local concert halls, and the enormous prices charged for admission to the concerts of such artists as Patti and Albani, practically exclude the poorer classes from the benefits to be derived from a frequent hearing of a higher class of music, and its refining influence generally. It was my good fortune, in 1882, to be one of an audience of twelve thousand who assembled to do honor to Adelina Patti in the Mechanics' Exhibition Building, Boston, when she appeared in Gounod's *Faust*, and captured, as her share of the proceeds, over \$12,000. A careful estimate of the number of notes allotted to the role of "Marguerite," in this greatest of Gounod's works, reveals the fact that every time this charming little martyr to the cause of music opened her larynx and emitted a chirp, she enriched herself to the extent of a five-dollar greenback. Her receipts for this performance are said to have exceeded those of any previous one concert anywhere—the nearest approach to this figure having been reached in Paris, some years previously, when she was paid 50,000 francs for a single operatic performance in the Grand Opera. And yet, in the face of such a martyrdom to the cause, there are some unkind spirits still at large who dare to give utterance to a feeble protest against the inconsistency of the "star" system and its pernicious effect upon music as an art.

STIMMGABEL.

REFLECTIONS.

THE witty things we read in the papers are not things that have been said in actual conversation, but things that might have been said.

A certain Toronto firm has adopted this as its motto:—"He who pays quickly pays twice." That may do well enough for the firm, but how about its patrons? It is probable that the credit system is popular with them.

The Austrian government has issued a decree that all its soldiers must be armed with Mannlicher guns. This seems appropriate enough, but Austrian statesmen are short-sighted. What will they do if the "Woman's Rights" movement proves successful among neighboring nations?

Original antiquarian and philological researches have led me to believe that the Egyptian hieroglyphics were evolved from charades, and experience has convinced me that the usefulness of the latter ceased immediately after the evolution. If the extant works of hieroglyphic humorists are to be taken as picturing the wit of antique times, charades might have seemed entertaining to people who enjoyed seeing the silhouette of a mummified Pharaoh, represented as standing on the necks of a dozen men at the same time, and brandishing a spear that looked like a modern potato-pounder topped off with the Lieutenant-Governor's official hat; but their day has most emphatically passed away. I have played charades at different times, but never before made any remarks about them, although I have frequently felt terribly sarcastic.

P. Kus.

THE proverb, "Think twice before you speak," needs to be remodeled. If everybody thought twice before expressing opinions on the ordinary social topics, a great deal of time would be wasted. The rule with many evidently is, speak twice before you think.