

about." Mr. Blight is greatly given to the songs of the blue-jackets and the soldier-boys, and few vocalists can do them more justice; but he has also achieved notable success as an oratorio soloist. In his ballad singing, Mr. B. has the advantage of being assisted by his accomplished wife, who is one of the very best pianists in the city, and a special expert in the difficult art of playing accompaniments. Mr. Fred Warrington is a baritone, whose name upon any programme reads "success." His voice is heavier than Mr. Blight's, and his phrasing and enunciation are in the highest degree artistic. As an oratorio singer Mr. Warrington need not fear comparison with any artist in America, and he sings ballads with remarkable sweetness and expression. Toronto is justly proud of him. The tenor is a rare bird, and we cannot boast of many genuine specimens any more than the average American city. In Mr. Sims Richards, however, we have a *tenore robusto* who has achieved success both at home and abroad by the mere force and quality of his voice. For Sims could never achieve fame by his stage "style," nor the delivery of his words. In these respects he is a little grotesque, but his voice is one of the local wonders. Mr. Alex. Gorrie has a voice of the lighter order, and a very pretty one it is. He sings "Come into the Garden, Maud," and other standard ballads in a way that leaves little to be desired, so far as quality of tone is concerned, and his method is good. Mr. George Taylor, of the Metropolitan choir, is a special *protégé* of Mr. Torrington's. He has a high register and is an excellent reader, but the "throaty" effect of his tones mars the beauty of his work, which is, however, always conscientious and musicianly. Mr. E. T. Coates, albeit far from robust in appearance, is the possessor of a bass voice—or

perhaps we should say a baritone voice with a bass annex to it. He is in constant demand at our amateur concerts, and rarely fails to treat his hearers to that wonderful low note of his in the ballad of "Big Ben." No properly constituted programme for a Toronto concert—however swell—should ignore the comedy element, if complete success is desired. The attempt has sometimes been made, but it is a mistake. Besides, it is not necessary to run any such risk so long as Mr. Tom Hurst is

available as a comique. His quiet drollery and invariable good taste supply the element which is to a serious concert what Crosse & Blackwell condiments are to a solemn dinner. On appropriate occasions, Mr. Hurst appears "in character," and if there is any other really sensible fellow who can for the nonce more completely lay aside his sense, we would much like to have his name and address. And this Tom-foolery, let us say, is really funny—which can not be said of the average attempt at buffoonery. As a rule, however, Mr. Hurst's humor takes the full-dress form, and is expressed in vocal efforts of more or less absurd-ditty. Mr. James Fax makes a regular profession of the comique business, and must have, we should suppose, at least a carload of costumes, wigs and properties. Personally, "Jimmy" is an estimable little gentleman, frank, honest and generous.



Although he is all over the country, and mingling with "jolly fellows" night after night, he is always as sober and respectable as when he is leading the psalmody in the kirk o' a Sawbeth. As a performer he enjoys great popularity with a large class, as his constant engagements attest. His work is not so acceptable to some audiences as Mr. Hurst's—though it cannot be truly said that he ever displays vulgarity in his songs. It is a matter of taste, for which proverbially there is no accounting.