

fort in the name of frugal economy behind huge oak doors and knife-hacked counters, with all sorts of Dickenslike clerks peering oddly at any stranger, and wondering what on earth ever could induce any one to believe that Sir William could be interviewed without special written orders and as much ceremony as the Kaiser.

But it wasn't that way at all. The offices were as open as a barn in harvest-time; floods of light from many windows; scarce any clerks at all; no antiquated personages whatever; no quill pens over ears; no archaic ink-wells or prehistoric sloping desks with high stools; no atmosphere of mystery.

But there was one formidable obstacle to seeing Sir William even though he should happen to be in his office. It was a huge, brawny Scotch interlocutor who in a Highland regiment would be totally magnificent as a drum major. To this august and glowering but in the main quite genial personage I addressed myself, with the question which now these many years he has been ready to answer with a rebuff as chilly as an Orkney wind and as trenchant as a claymore.

"Is Sir William—in?"

Of course it was none of my business. He could have told me so. But he didn't. He never does. He seems to assume that the inquisitive, diligent world has a perfect right to ask such a stupid, dull question; and he is there a good part of his time for the express purpose of answering it most conveniently. With the splendid and blunt honesty of the true Scot he said,

"Ay, Sir William is in."

So far so good. Here was no room for argument. Sir William was somewhere in those offices. He gazed at me with dour complacency over the counter; a head-on look of immovable impenetrability.

"Well—are ye wantin' to see Sir William?"

Surprising anticipation!

"If he is not too busy—yes, if you please."

"And about what wad ye be wantin' to see Sir William?"

"Oh, no very particular thing; at least not one thing only—except that I should like to talk to him about rural schools. Yes, you see, I have just been talking to his friend, Principal Peterson—"

"Oh, ay, Dr. Peterson. Yes."

"And he thought that Sir William—"

"Well I guess you'll not be seein' him. He's jist gangin' oot."

"Oh! That's too bad. Immediately?"

"Well he's got his overcoat on jist this minute."

"And he hasn't even a moment to spare?"

"Oh, well, he's in yon"—pointing to the next office, whose door was open. "Ye can gang in an' spier 'im. But ye'll not have much success, I'm thinkin'—for I'm sure he's gangin' right oot."

And he was. High hat, long overcoat, white muffler, the little old man who gives away millions for education was in much of a hurry. A mere wisp of a man; almost buried in his over-clothes—but moving with the speed of a youth to whom time is more than money.

"Yes," he said, "I must be off. I have a meeting."

He spoke with the quick energy of a man whose mind is made up on one thing at a time.

"I am late now. I'm sorry I can't talk to you. Yes, I am interested in rural schools, but—"

He was gallivanting out the door, getting away as quickly as possible; and when he does that there is no time for palaver. They tell odd stories of the man's ancient ways; of how for many years he was adverse to telephones, so that it was only a year or so ago that he would admit one into his office. The works might be in the suburbs and the office down town. But it made no difference. Sir William never used to believe that anything could happen at the works that couldn't be reported in person to him at the office in plenty of time; or when he chose to visit the works himself; or there might be a letter. However, he now has a telephone—which is a pity. Also since his offices are now on the seventh floor he uses an elevator, which seemed still more out of character.

Here he was, having pressed the button, waiting for the car that came all too slowly for his time limit. He stepped in almost before it was stopped.

"Don't you find this sort of conveyance rather hard on your nerves?" I asked him, as the car took a sudden swoop down four floors in a jiffy.

"No," he said, crisply. "Such things are good for one's nerves."

He shot out of the car as he said it; through the corridor and out to where a coupe and a fine chestnut horse stood waiting. As soon as the driver saw Sir William he jiggled up the rig so that not a second of time would be lost—and the knight tore his way impetuously through the crowd, sprang into the coupe, tucked himself in and away he went.

They say he never used to be seen in such a spic and span rig until he got his title. Years and years he used to drive the same old buggy with the identical old horse. It was in odd keeping with the primevalism of his character; his defiance of merely polite elegance of custom. The richest man in Montreal, the largest holder of Bank of Montreal stock in the world, the opulent dispenser of millions for modern education—why should he be pleased with the toys that edify most millionaires? What should he want with a limousine or a box at the opera or an art gallery in his house, or huge conservatories, or a steam yacht as big as an ocean liner, or a private car on the railroads—when he had time to give away millions to McGill, and Macdonald College?

But along came the knighthood in 1898, and soon afterwards the comfortable coupe. The old rig and the old horse were discarded. That much concession to elegance. No more. A telephone in the

office; concession to mere utility of some people; no more. Mere convenience and custom must stop somewhere.

For this man is an uncompromising character. He temporizes with nothing and nobody. In business he is a by-word for a terrible and rigorous regime. His tobacco is known all over the continent of America and beyond. It has been smoked and chewed in clubs and camps and in igloos; in mines and tents and tepees; in canoes and York boats and even kayaks—let us hope; the comfort of primeval man on the edges of outpost land—known to all men as the best of its kind to be got for money.

But he has never used an ounce of it himself. Personally he abjures the habit and will have none of his immediate relatives use the stuff if possible. A nephew of his once in his employ took to cigarettes. He was threatened with exilement back

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An Englishman's 'Cello

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

THERE is a wispy little Englishman in Toronto who for most of his life has been addicted to the 'cello; who, when he isn't busy at the big fiddle of the purple and violet tones, is studying music in a scholarly way, because he loves it more than the money he ever expects to make out of it. His name is Leo Smith, and his title is Mus. Doc. He plays in the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and teaches the 'cello; writes songs—good ones—as well as music for piano and string instruments and for orchestra. He is as well versed in the history and theory and practice of music as any man in Canada. And Leo Smith is a thorough musician.

Last week he gave his first public recital with the 'cello. That was years after he came to Canada from London, where he played under the baton of Sir Henry Wood. In this respect he much differs from some big artists who announce a public recital almost before they arrive. Leo Smith does not publicly arrive. He comes by way of music; quietly and unobtrusively doing his work and waiting for people to come to him because of appreciating his work.

There was no lack of appreciation at his recital. He appeared in association with Mr. Walther Kirschbaum and Miss Eugenie Quehen at the piano; the former as solo pianist and playing with the 'cello one sonata of Brahms.

It was in this Brahms sonata, and in the very first movement, one became conscious that the quiet, phantomish little Englishman has made himself peculiarly the master of the curious genie of the middle and lower tones. Of course the 'cello is either a gay hoyden of a thing or a subtle, pensive and prophetic instrument, according to the piece it plays and the man that plays it. When it gambols to the jigs of Popper it is likely to be amusing as a bear is or an elephant dancing. That's its way. When it yearns down into a sonata of Brahms it's a different matter.

And it was in this passionate striving after the almost unattainable in tone-colour that made Leo Smith, the man who never smiles at an audience, able to show that he can go with the old 'cello just as far as it likes into the delightful underworld of harmony and colour and tone. He went at it like a true devotee. He made no pretence of dinkifying the 'cello as though it were a pretty toy or a ventriloquist doll—for there's an awful temptation to do that when one has the blessed thing right alongside his knees. No, he let himself loose on the winds of Brahms and he seemed like a phantom sailor pulling a phantom boat. He was devoutly happy, but never smiled. He pulled up to the crest of a big, passionate wave, looked about for a moment and ducked into the indigo depths where a silence lurked. He hushed off the wind and he began to pull from the middle strings the strange, wistful tones that make the 'cello what a fiddle can never be. He kept always the naive, half-gloomy character of the legato movement; not being over anxious that it should warble and sing in over-tones and dance in the sunlight.

Brahms—he did him like a master; though now and then on the low velvets the piano all but drowned him, and it mattered little, because there is a way of getting the audience to feel a low tone which they can't quite hear.

Other things he played; two old bits, one of Locatelli and a Gavotte of Bach arranged by himself. He did the Bach almost as well as the Brahms. Locatelli—was a bit dubious. But his last group, with a couple of Schumann, Andante and With Humour, he hit off fine contrasts, becoming in the humoursque quite as gay as the 'cello should be-

come—when it laughs like a satyr, and dances with the abandon of a clown. An Irish melody by Hughes he did in fine open legato style mostly on the upper and middle strings. The Fountain piece, by Davidoff, was a bit of delicate bravura exquisitely done. The encore was as fine as anything.

Mr. Kirschbaum did three things in solo: a Beethoven Rondo somewhat coldly, and two Liszt legends of St. Francis with perfect mastery, a gallant and sometimes amazing technique, and no end of tone-poetry in delineation. Kirschbaum is a real musician. He has been in Canada but a few months. But he is a real youthful master who knows how to make the piano popular without making it blustery or vulgar.

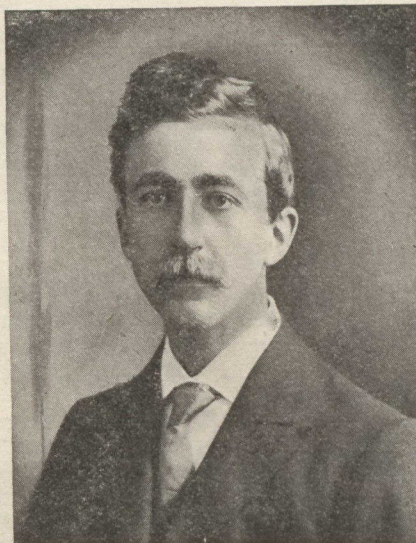
Miss Eugenie Quehen played the accompaniments to Leo Smith with fine skill and excellent subordination.

It was an evening of true art. And it's a pity that the public didn't know sooner what Leo Smith is able to do with his magical 'cello. He is the only Englishman that ever made the 'cello his devotion in this country. But he has the true Gallic feeling for the instrument. We shall hope to hear more of him as a solo performer.

MISS DOROTHY TOYE, a Winnipeg girl, recently afforded a new sensation to musical New York by her exhibition of extraordinary powers of singing as a soprano and tenor.

Miss Toye's wonderful voice has caused considerable discussion in musical circles in Europe, where she has been studying for some years, and recently before the thirteenth Medical Congress in Paris. She has appeared before some of the leading royalties, and nobility in London, Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, Munich, and Dresden, as well as in several large South African cities. She will sing in Western Canada during the spring and early summer.

A new feature of this year's competition in the Sixth Alberta Musical Festival is the class open for gold medalists (amateur vocal soloists only) in any class; open for any gold medalist of Alberta and Saskatchewan and also any resident of British Columbia who may have received a gold medal at any competition in the Dominion. The cup for the winner in this class was donated by Mr. Howard Stutchbury, of Edmonton.



Leo. Smith, Mus. Doc., 'Cellist.