

of the graceful. At the end of a programme, which was, on the whole, of a decidedly "tart" description, we were



treated to a quartette, which, from a musical point of view, was enough to abash and silence even the *encore* fiend. It lingers in our memory as something unique for badness, but, perhaps, some idea of it can be gathered from the sketch herewith.

MASTER GEORGE FOX—who must be now fairly out of his master-hood, by the way—made a great hit in his violin solos at the Foresters' Concert here on the 7th. His selections were a concerto by Mendelssohn and Wieniawski's "Capriccio," both of which he played in a masterly manner. If George Fox, lives, Canada is going to have a violin *virtuoso* who will do our country proud. Already he covers his instructor, Mr. Baumann, with glory. Another brilliant pupil of the same teacher, Miss Nora Clench, is doing wonders in Germany, where she stands amongst the noted players of the day.

THE concert above alluded to was a very great success in point of attendance—which is all that can fairly be said. The vocal efforts of M'lle. Strauss, Mrs. Mackelcan and Mr. Schuch were, of course, most acceptable, and Master Fox's playing, as already intimated, was excellent, but beyond this the programme was but so-so.

M'LE. STRAUSS did herself less than justice in leaving the audience under the impression that she cannot sing in English. A couple of simple ballads in our mother tongue, rendered as she knows how to render them, would have been much more appropriate for this particular occasion than the selections she gave from her classical *repertoire*. Mrs. Mackelcan displayed excellent judgment in this respect. High and mighty works by the great masters are well enough with swallow-tailed audiences, but when the brethren of the Orders assemble for their annual concert treat, and Mr. Jimmy Fax is on the programme with his comic songs in costume, the temperature is low for classicism.

WE are pleased to see the noble West End waking up musically. A promising society for the study of choral and orchestral works has been formed, with Mr. K. W. Barton as conductor and Mr. Robt. Marshall as President, and, with a chorus of about two hundred, selected from the choirs of the western section, it is already at work upon the programme for its initial concert. On this occasion a couple of numbers from an original oratorio by Mr. Barton are to be sung. Long wave the new baton!

CROTCHET.

SHE HAD NO USE FOR STATUARY.

MR. RATTLER has taken to matutinal exercise with dumb-bells and things.

The other morning he sang down from his bath room, which constitutes his gymnasium :

"Say, Hannah! Come up here if you want to see a magnificent representation of Hercules!"

Mrs. R. did not deign to answer.

"My dear!" yelled Rattler, five minutes later; "just run up and take a squint at an accurate picture of Apollo Belvidere!"

Mrs. B. was on the point of saying something, but checked herself.

Two minutes afterwards the modest athlete tried it once more. "Mrs. R., you're missing great things. I'm just now in the attitude of the Defier of Lightning. Hurry up and you shall see, to the very life, the immortal Ajax!"

That settled it. Mrs. R., who is no classic or student of mythology, promptly replied in cold, measured tone :

"Rattler, I wouldn't be such a fool! Ajacks, indeed? Yes, I'd see Ajack-ass if I went up!"

THE YOUTH THAT DARED TO SAY "NO!"

THE red wines sparkle and dimple and smile,
Will their beckoning beauty the youth beguile?
Has he strength to resist the tempter's wile?

Heav'n save him!

He is asked to drink by a lady fair,
Whose eyes appeal like the voice of prayer:
Just Heaven! will the prince of the powers of air
Enslave him?

Look once again at that youth's fine face,
Can temptation the lines of its firmness erase?
Can you any signs of weakening trace?
Or yielding?

No! deaf as the rocks of his native land
Are his ears to the sound of those accents bland,
Oh, surely his virtue some angel hand
Is shielding!

"No madam," he said, "if I didn't decline
To taste one drop of your ruby-red wine,
I'd rush through ruin to Hell's confine,
None swifter!

But if you have any real old rye,
Or a nip of Camlachie's pure white-eye,
To remind me of Scotland, I'd like to try
One snifter!"

X.



"A LIFE ON THE T. S. R.!"

SKETCHES taken—not in a violent storm at sea—but in a voyage per Street Railway 'bus on the leading thoroughfare of the Queen City. Taken from life—as the passengers themselves very nearly were, too.