

open for more than eight hours a day? Who is benefitted by the notion which every tradesman seems to have that it is the duty to beat every other tradesman of his sort in the plan of keeping his shop open to the public to the last possible moment, and beginning again at the first possible moment? The man does not like it. Those employed by him do not like it. It is the outside public who demand it and will have it. The draper, as one of the outside public, will have it of the grocer; the grocer of the baker, the baker of the butcher, and every sort of liquor seller. Was there ever such an absurdity? There are a few who never can shut up. But how few! Name the policeman, the fireman, the sick nurse, and that most taxed of all living men, the family doctor, and how many more need be employed beyond eight hours out of the twenty-four in constant daily work? What a grand thing it would be to lessen pressure of business to this extent? In some instances it would cause the rate of mortality to go down as certainly as the barometer goes down when the pressure of air is taken off the mercury. And what a grand example it would be, affecting for the best all sorts and conditions of men? What healthy habits it would produce, what economy? Think of buying all provisions under the light of the sun instead of the flare of gas, paraffin, or naphtha! Look at a purchase made in the light of the morning by the side of one made in the light of the night! Why, I tell you, working men and women, that there are persons who keep what they could not sell in the daytime in order that it may be sold at night, for the simple reason that customers cannot see so well then what they are buying; and I am sure you must all have observed that well-to-do people never go out at night to buy if they can help it; that their great stores close early, and that the transaction is followed by better health in buyer and seller alike. The old curfew bell that made everybody shut up at one fixed hour was a good bell for many reasons, no reason more than that it carried with it the sound of health. We want a new and still earlier health bell in these times; not one rung by legal order, but by good feeling, good sense, and common humanity; a bell that should not sound to the ear, but should ring in every heart. Taking it all in all, we may keep our minds on eight hours as a fair time for work. We may consider justly that a person who works hard and conscientiously for eight hours has little to be ashamed of, and that, for health's sake, he has done what is near to the right thing; if he take an hour to get to and from work, two hours for meals, three hours for reading or recreation, and one hour for rising and going to bed, including in this the daily bath which is so essential to health, he is in good form for good health. It matters little then what his occupation may be, since that laying out of time is time well laid out for mind and body. I am quite aware that in the present state of things this rule cannot be made absolute, and that eight hours is rather to be taken as a standard than as a rule. It may be accepted as not positively necessary in other classes.—*Dr. W. B. Richardson's Address to Working Men at the Sanitary Congress, Brighton*

## SONG.

THE night is here, my love,  
The jewelled night;  
Mid trees the glow-worms move,  
Soft sparks of light.

Upon the infinite sea  
Strange languors sail;  
An odorous mystery  
Wraps hill and vale.

While mountain-shadows meet  
The spreading lea—  
Ah! were I at thy feet,  
Thy smile on me!

This dusky-golden night  
Should whisper low  
The secret strange and bright  
The ages know.

J. H. BROWN.

## ART NOTES.

LOVERS of Canadian art will find a treat provided for them in the exhibition of Mr. G. Reid's paintings, now on view at Matthews Bros.' Studio, 95 Yonge Street. Mr. Reid's fame is by no means confined to Canada; to this fact the merited success of the justly celebrated "Story"—a Paris Salon picture—testifies. Mr. Reid's work is bold in conception, realistic in treatment, and his subjects are distinctively Canadian. His work well evidences the progressive strides which art is making in Canada, and we may well expect from his maturer efforts still nobler illustrations of the artistic genius of our country.

MR. TENNIEL would probably be surprised to hear that his figure of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," in *Punch*, is taken for a caricature of the present Governor of the Bank of England. The only resemblance to Mr. Lidderdale is in the spectacles through which the old lady glowers at the repentant gamblers who figure before her as small boys with cards held behind their backs. We must do Mr. Tenniel the justice to say that, if he wanted to suggest his portrait, he would have drawn a far better likeness of the capable Governor of the Bank.

JOHN LEWIS BROWN, the distinguished French *genre* painter, chiefly of military, sporting and other scenes in which horses play a conspicuous part, is dead, at the age of sixty-one. He was awarded medals in 1865, '66 and '67, and received the Cross of the Legion of Honour in 1870. For nine years he was a member of the Society of French Water-Colour Painters.

LEIPZIG is to be the first town to erect a monument to Richard Wagner. A sketch for a monument has been made by Professor Schaper, a distinguished Berlin sculptor, and this has received the approval of the committee appointed to manage the affair. The statue will be placed somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood of the Old Theatre. It is, of course, fitting that the composer's birth-place should be the first town to erect a statue in his honour.

THE greatest works of art and literature are, perhaps, produced only when the artist is in sympathy with his age, and when his work is merely the expression of the emotions and longings, the unconscious aspirations of a whole generation. The work of such a happy artist is naturally unself-conscious and impersonal; it does not need the commentary of biography. Such, however, is not possible to-day, and may never be possible again till the social millennium. We are still living in a period of revolution, the battle is still waging for the freedom of individuality from the social fetters of medievalism, and the most impressive art and literature of our day is, therefore, necessarily assertive and denunciatory, violent in some measure and intensely personal.—*New York Critic*.

It is somewhat amusing to find Sir Coutts Lindsay's latest scheme given out as something original. As a matter of fact, it is quite old. Five years and six months ago (to be exact) we recommended such an enterprise, and showed how it might be carried out. "The Circulating Picture Loan Society" was to be on the principle of Mudie's Library. "In consideration of an annual payment, subscribers will be entitled to the loan of one or more pictures by living artists of every degree of talent, according to the amount of their subscription. These pictures would be changed from time to time—say, every three or six months, as the subscriber's taste or the terms of his contract might dictate. A list of artists and their works available for circulation would be published by the company periodically." Thus we wrote in May, 1885; and now, behold, the idea is to be carried out! But is there not some fear that such a company, if its dealings with the fashionable be not kept secret, would discourage picture-buying in about the same proportion as it popularized picture-hiring.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

## THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

"THE CHARITY BALL" has had a deserved success, as has also the Duff Opera Company, which will be replaced next week by Henry Irving's version of "Faust," in which Mr. Lewis Morrison will be the chief attraction.

## TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

QUITE a large audience assembled on Saturday afternoon last in the Young Men's Christian Association lecture-room, the occasion being one of the regular students' afternoon recitals. Miss Bella Geddes opened with Rubinstein's Barcarolle in A; Miss Edith Meyers followed with Raff's "La Fileuse"; Miss Mary O'Regan sang with expression Gottschalk's "Loving Heart"; Miss Mamie Hogg played Chopin's bright Valse, Op. 64, No. 2, C sharp minor; Mr. W. C. Palmer did justice to Tosti's "Song of a Life"; Miss Kathleen Stayner then played Chopin's Ballade, F Major, Op. 38; and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, A. T. C. M., closed with Grieg's "Norwegian Bridal Procession."

## TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE College Hall on Monday evening last contained a large audience who had gathered to hear Mr. W. O. Forsyth's Piano Recital. Mr. Forsyth's programme was extremely well chosen, and consisted of a number of the shorter lyrical compositions of Schumann, Liszt, Raff, Henselt, Joseffy and others, which may properly be regarded as examples of completeness of form and purity of thought. The Joseffy serenade and the Raff number were particularly noticeable. Mr. Forsyth's playing was in full accord with the quiet musical character of his numbers, which he played with great delicacy and expression. He was ably assisted by Miss Mary Hewitt Smart, soprano, who sang two ballads in good style, and Mr. August Andersen, who played Spohr's "Barcarolle" for the violin with excellent effect. Mr. W. E. Fairclough, F.C.O., England, will give an Organ Recital at the College on December 11.

MR. H. A. LAMBETH's Scotch Choir will give their first concert at Shaftesbury Hall this evening. Mr. Lambeth's reputation as one of the first conductors and organists of Scotland and the brilliant record of the vocalists who accompany him, give promise of a vocal and musical triumph.

It has been announced that the quarrel between W. S. Gilbert and D'Oyly Carte has been arranged, and they will again collaborate with Sullivan in the production of opera in the Savoy Theatre.

RETURNING from Australia by way of Suez, the famous baritone, Mr. Santley, will make a pleasure-trip through the Holy Land, and undertakes next spring a professional tour in Canada and the United States.

RUBINSTEIN has been upsetting the usual authorities as to some points in his life. They mostly agree in making November 30, 1830, the day of his birth; he makes it November, 16, 1829. He also denies that he was a pupil of Liszt, from whom, he says, he never got anything but a dinner and some good advice.

PHILADELPHIA has a musical prodigy. Master Arthur Hartman is his name, and he is seven years old. He made his bow to an audience a few evenings ago, at St. George's Hall. He played a selection from De Beriot very skilfully, and also the Hungarian Hymn, and the Kossuth March, with execution marvellous in one so young.

EDWIN BOOTH was fifty-seven years old on 13th November, and it was celebrated at the Lyceum Theatre, in Baltimore, where, with Lawrence Barrett, he was performing. The suggestion was made, and it met with general approval, that every auditor on that evening bring flowers, and that at the conclusion of the performance, the floral contributions be banked on the stage. The result was an ovation of a very touching kind.

AN international electrical exhibition is to be held next year at Frankfort, at which music is to play a novel and an important part. A large number of telephones will be fitted up in the buildings, by means of which visitors will be enabled to hear not only the concerts given in the Palmen-Garten, but also concerts at neighbouring towns, Homburg, Soden, Wiesbaden, etc., and it is even hoped to provide visitors with an opportunity of hearing the performances at the opera houses of Mannheim and Munich.

IN response to the invitation of Miss Enid Leslie extended to the newsboys of Philadelphia, upwards of one thousand boys assembled at the Park Theatre on a recent evening, to witness the performance of "Prince and Pauper." The newsboys retaliated by presenting the charming little actress with a magnificent basket of flowers, accompanying which was the original subscription list showing the individual contributions. One enthusiastic youngster averred that he had gone without his supper in order to contribute his mite.

THE human voice is falling into derision; its cultivation is becoming more and more a matter of theory and experiment, while the graces of the singer are receiving a mistaken admiration, which, if kept up, will confuse the public as to what singing is. There is so much dabbling in vocal study, and so little resolute determination to learn to sing, that it is no wonder the most popular teachers are those who teach style. Style is the last thing the vocal pupil should take up. Let him give his voice a technique, by months and months of drill, refine the natural restrictions to tone which are born with everyone of us; then perhaps we may have a modern illustration of the legend which is related of Porpora and a pupil: after working on one page of exercises for four years the pupil asked the teacher (it may not have been the first time) when he would become a singer; the old master said he was already one. Haste is the one thing that stands opposed to perfection in any field of endeavour.—*Boston Musical Herald*.

COUNT VON MOLTKE was, in his youth, a most zealous violoncello player, and his instrument is still a great favourite with him. He takes, however, a great interest in music in general. Among other musicians who are sometimes visitors to the Count is Dr. Joachim, who is especially welcome in the music-loving family of the field marshal. Count von Moltke's nephew and aide-de-camp, Major von Moltke, who lives with his young wife in his uncle's house, is himself an excellent cello player. Whenever musical soirées are held in the little music-room the Count's family does not retire to rest till far into the night. The field marshal makes himself comfortable on a sofa and gives himself up to thorough enjoyment. The few guests who are present smoke. When the Count has finished his cigar he has recourse to his snuff-box, which, together with a long, red silk pocket handkerchief, he holds in his hand. The violoncellist and pianist are long since tired, for they have already played four sonatas and several smaller pieces, but the old gentleman makes no signs of retiring. Suddenly Schumann's "Evening Song" is struck up and a smile lights up the Count's features. He has understood, rises and bids them a hearty good night. He is especially fond of Chopin's music.—*London News*.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE CENTURY ATLAS AND GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD. Edited by J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., F.R.S.E., etc. London: John Walker and Company; Toronto: Hart and Company.

This atlas is one of the books which it is a positive pleasure to examine and notice. When we consider the scope of its subject matter, and the remarkably clear, comprehensive and altogether satisfactory manner in which it covers the ground, we are gratified that we live at a time when the scientific skill of the eminent geographer by whom it has been compiled was conjoined with the exquisite technical workmanship of the publisher who has issued it at a price so surprisingly low as to be within the reach of the poorest scholar or the humblest mechanic. It not only gives beautifully clear and accurate plates of the important divisions of the world, but provides valuable information on such kindred topics as astronomy, winds, currents, rainfall, temperature and commerce, and appends a descriptive gazetteer of 35,000 names as well.