

Music.

For some weeks past, pupils' recitals have practically held sway among local concerts. During this period many have proved themselves to have talent, culture, and ambition. The outlook for the future in the way of pianists is particularly bright, as has several times been stated in these columns. In the Conservatory of Music on the evening of June 13th, a piano and vocal recital by pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt and Mrs. J. W. Bradley interested a large audience, the participants acquitting themselves admirably. Miss Florence Benson, who was a pupil of Mr. Vogts some three or four years ago, played the piano part in Bargiel's *Trio* for piano, violin and cello (Miss Lena M. Hayes violin, and Mr. Dinelli cello), and afterwards played as solos Raff's *Prelude* and *Minuet* from his suite in E minor op 72, and an *Allegro* of Bizets. She has a strong sense of rhythm, possesses a good reliable technic and plays with precision and brilliancy. I admire her talent and sincerity. A talented young lad of perhaps a dozen years, Master Douglas H. Bertram, played Chopin's *Nocturne* in B major op 32 remarkably well for his age. Miss Mabel Bertram gave clever readings of (Grunfeld's *Gavotte* op 32 and Leschetizky's *Valse* op 35. Miss Carrie Fisher played a couple of numbers by Godard and Leschetizky with much acceptance, and the programme closed with a very excellent performance of Schumann's *Andante* and *Variations* op 46 by Miss Emma Andrich and Miss Benson. Mrs. Bradley brought forward several voices of considerable purity, which showed the training of an experienced, conscientious teacher. These were Miss Bertha Dewart, Miss Dora McMurtry, Miss Annie McNichol, Miss Ruth McGill and Mr. Will Richardson. Mr. Vogt, as shown by this recital, has several pupils of promise who will doubtless develop under his capable guidance into pianists of much ability and skill.

The yearly visits of the American pianist, Mr. W. H. Sherwood, are always looked forward to by a large number of musicians and students, because not only does he conduct the piano examinations at the Conservatory, but he gives a recital himself. His performances on the piano rank very high, for, in addition to an immense technic, he is a musician, and also has imagination and intellectual force of superior order. His programme included Grieg's "Concerto" in A minor, a sonata also by Grieg for piano and cello op. 36, the cello part being carefully played by Sig. Dinelli, and a group of pieces, Liszt's "Love Dream," No. 3, "Military March"—Schubert-Tausig, Schubert-Liszt, "Hark, Hark, The Lark;" Liszt-Gounod, "Faust Waltzes." The Grieg numbers were played with brilliant precision and power, in fact all the pieces received the treatment which one expects from a virtuoso. Except from a technical standpoint, I did not like the *Military March* however, the tone colour being badly distributed. Mr. J. D. A. Tripp played the second piano part in the concerto, and did it like an artist. Miss Florence McLean and Mrs. H. W. Parker, pupils of Mme. and Sig. d'Auria, respectively, gave vocal selections and were deservedly applauded for their interesting singing.

On Monday evening of this week, June 24th, Miss Veals, of 50-52 Peter St., gave a charming *At Home* to her friends, and the friends of the young ladies who attend her very excellent school. A short but exceedingly attractive programme was presented by the Misses Greenhill, Snyder, Parfitt, pianists; Miss Jenkins, violinist; and the Misses Britton, Bowes and Emery, vocalists. These are pupils of Mr. Field and Miss Hillary. They all did remarkably well and were entitled to all the applause which greeted their performances. After the artistic programme above referred to, and before, refreshments were served in the parlors, Miss Veals acquainted those present with the fact that a very beautiful and commodious house had been secured on Spadina Avenue, about midway between Knox College and Bloor St., next. I might say, in addition to the above, that the locality is one of the very best in Toronto and the building admirably adapted in every way to meet the requirements of this highly esteemed and superior ladies school. The rooms are spacious, and are so arranged

that they may be thrown open to make a large concert hall, which, by the way, looks out on a lovely lawn, which is also for the use of the young ladies. Although this scarcely comes under the head of musical criticism yet it refers to a school which is particularly well equipped musically, and which attracts yearly a number of talented girls who desire, in addition to their other studies, to procure the best musical advantages, and who have shown in this and former years the benefit and fruits of this instruction by their splendid performances.

Mr. H. M. Field sails to-morrow from New York to spend six or eight weeks in Germany. He will hear the Wagner *Cyclus* in Munich.

Rubenstein's Sacred Music Drama, "Christus" has, according to the critics, met with distinct and absolute failure.

A soiree musicale was given in the Conservatory Hall on Monday evening, the 24th inst, by Miss Adelina Dinelli, violiniste, a sister of the well-known Toronto musician and cellist, Sig. Dinelli. Mme. d'Auria was the assisting artist. W. O. FORSYTH.

Art Notes.

In the death of Henry Moore, R.A., England has lost her foremost painter of the sea; and, having regard to the fact that the sea is the realm over which it is Britain's proud boast that she is the supreme ruler, it is a national calamity that the strongest limner of the face of ocean—stronger even than Turner—is dead.

I have heard no particulars of the nature of his last illness, but so long ago as 1889, he confided to me (in a secluded corner in a London ball-room, where we were fellow-sufferers from boredom) that he was a martyr to ill-health. But this is not to be traced in his pictures, which abound in vitality, and betray the exhilaration of the painter who finds himself on the heaving bosom of the sea. He worked a great deal on the water; and, in a greater degree than any man, living or dead, he was able to give, in his "deep sea" pictures the sense of ocean vastness, and remoteness from land. Like most great men he was charmingly simple; and to converse with him was to put oneself under the spell of a mind preoccupied with great and beautiful things to the exclusion of what is worldly and sordid. In the ordinary mundane sense of the word Henry Moore was successful; but the struggles by which he attained his high position in the estimation of his fellow countrymen were long and painful.

This is not an uncommon history amongst the painters of England. The genius of the coming man is not easily recognized by the conventional and non-committal men who write the criticisms for the press; indeed these gentlemen generally confine their eulogies to those pictures which are produced by men whose genius was discovered in the remote past, and is now perceptibly (to anyone but themselves) on the wane. So, like every other man of mark, Moore had to wait till some enterprising and rash critic praised him, or till some dealer, or collector, or person of rank "took him up" and he became the vogue. Once this happens, the painter is safe—safe from everything but the dangers that come with too sudden a reaction. The whole process is a kind of starvation by British indifference, followed by a too rich diet of British adulation.

Moore, as a designer, never approached Turner, but as a painter of "the other element," he has no equal. The "vasty deep" was never presented pictorially with a more moving sense of its awesome splendour. He had the power to suggest unfathomable depths, and, withal, to make the light play of waves upon the surface. His gift of rendering the

movement of ocean—the heaving up from beneath—was positively uncanny. And he could paint the oily ground-swell, the choppy sea of the Channel, storm, calm, fog, and every other mood and phase of the creature dearest to his heart. He talked of it as though it was a sentient, living friend. Greater than Olsson, who knows it only as an enchanting, new-found idol, to be worshipped from the shore, he has thrown in his lot with it, lived on it, and is of those who have seen the "wonders of the deep."

They were a gifted pair, the two Moores. Albert, from whom academic honours were withheld, succeeded, nevertheless, in winning even a larger number of admirers than his brother, by his beautiful pictures of classic maidens in diaphanous draperies of wonderful hues. But for novelty of *motif*, force, and technical mastery of the art of painting the almost unpaintable, the marine artist, is, to my mind, entitled to the higher place of the two. E. WYLY GRIER.

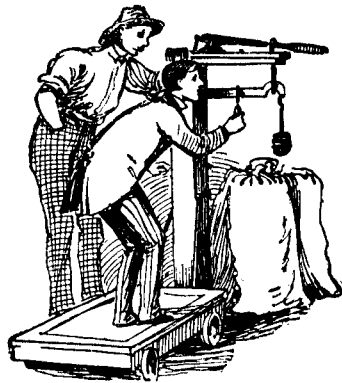
Gained a Pound a Day.

A LANARK COUNTY FARMER'S REMARKABLE CURE

Taken with Bilious Fever the After Effects of which Brought Him Almost to the Grave—He Gladly Speaks for the Benefit of Other Sufferers.

Smith's Falls Record.

Mr. Joseph N. Barton, who lives about a mile from the village of Merrickville, is one of the best known farmers in the township of Montague. Up to the spring of 1894 Mr. Barton had always enjoyed the best of health. At that time, however, he was taken with a bilious fever, the effects of which left him in a terribly weakened condition. When the time came around to begin spring operations on the farm he found himself too weak to take any part in the work, and notwithstanding that he was treated by an excellent physician, he was constantly growing weaker and his condition not only greatly alarmed himself but his friends. Having read so much concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he determined to give them a trial, and without consulting his physician he began their use. He only used one box, and, not feeling better, he discontinued the use of the pills. This was where he now admits he made a serious mistake as he not only fell back to his former weakness, but became worse than before. He could now do no work of any kind, and the least exertion left him almost helpless. Life was a misery to him and he was on the point of giving



I gained a pound a day.

ing his case up as hopeless when a friend strongly urged him to again begin the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He agreed to do so, and by the time he had used three boxes there was a marvellous change in his appearance, and he felt like a new man. He still continued to use this life-saving medicine, with astonishing results. During his illness he had fallen in weight to 135 pounds, but he soon increased to 180 pounds. In fact, as he says, the increase averaged about a pound a day while he was taking the pills. He is now able to do any kind of work on his farm, and it is needless to say that he is not only a firm believer in the efficacy of Dr. Williams'

MATTHEWS BROS. & CO.

95 YONGE STREET,

Importers of High Class Works Art, Engravings, Etchings, Etc.

FINE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

Latest Designs. — — — Good Workmanship.