

his experience in conducting the Amateur Christy Minstrels a few years ago, make the choice a wise one.

THE Kellogg Company have experienced a curious phase of the vicissitudes which attend operatic ventures. Kellogg herself became ill while in Toronto—and the cruel newspapers (New York) say that she possesses the power of contracting disease when bad business or jealousy of rival *artistes* makes it desirable that she should do so—and she, together with her husband, Carl Strakosch, the gentleman who rescued her from the wild waves last summer, have returned to New York. In the meantime, the Company, relieved of these two "old men of the sea," is doing fair business in its own account. In this case, as the *American Musician* suggests, *Hamlet* is better with "Hamlet" omitted.

A STRONG effort is being made by Mr. J. E. Thompson to build a Music Hall on King Street, west of York. While the location is not, perhaps, all that could be desired, it is sufficiently central to be practical, and Mr. Thompson's plan has many features that seem to promise feasibility. So many efforts have been made to bring about the fulfilment of such an idea, all of which have failed, that it is to be hoped that this latest will meet with better results. Beyond any question we need a larger hall than we now have, and one which will possess better acoustic properties, and whatever is done in this direction should show a regard for the desirability of placing good and expensive entertainments into a building where graded prices can place the attraction within the reach of moderate purses.

ALREADY we can see the "Annexing" spirit of our cousins south of the Lakes, in the readiness with which they appropriate Mme. Albani as an American. Every paper that has occasion to speak of her nationality calls her by that comprehensive name, and the proud boast of the United States to-day—that is, of its musical section—is that Emma Albani is an "American." Truly, "nothing succeeds like success." In the meantime, our talented *compatriote* is in great demand. The New York and Brooklyn Philharmonic Societies, the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Messrs. Thomas and Seidl have all sought to negotiate for Mme. Albani's services in one or more concerts, and endeavours are being made in New York to secure her for a few weeks' season of Italian Opera at the Broadway Theatre. Meantime, it may truly be said that Albani has taken the place of Titians in the heart of the British public.

B. NATURAL.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

ANOTHER and highly successful pupils' concert was given in the College Music Hall last Saturday afternoon. These pupils' concerts are given fortnightly and are participated in by students from all the grades. They are intended to give the performer the valuable experience and self-reliance which can only be gained from frequent appearance in public, and their value to intending professionals cannot be over estimated. On this occasion the more advanced pupils of Mr. Torrington, Mr. Doward and Mr. Vogt, rendered a fine musical programme (vocal, piano, and organ) including compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, Chopin, Schubert, Dussek and other, in a highly creditable manner. A large number of the pupils and their friends attended the matinee, and were evidently highly pleased.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ROBERTS BROTHERS announce Balzac's *Louis Lambert*, with an introduction by Mr. G. F. Parson. The story, as is well known, contains a profound philosophical system, but so condensed that few have understood it until now. In Mr. Parsons' introduction the obscurities are cleared up, and the full significance of this great master's work is shown. The bearing of that work on recent Western science is also examined.

A NEW book by Sir J. W. Dawson, *Modern Science in Bible Lands*, has been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The author makes a study in his new volume of such points of the geology and physical features of Italy, Egypt and Syria as might throw light on their ancient history, and especially upon the history of the Sacred Scriptures. The book contains explanatory maps and a large number of illustrations.

The Century Dictionary, which has been for seven years in preparation by the *Century Co.*, is about to be issued by subscription in parts or sections. The total number of pages of this elaborate work is estimated at 6,500, and the complement of quarto volumes will be six. The scheme is encyclopædic, and has been executed with the aid of a large number of technical experts. Its very full vocabulary will abound in illustrative quotations, and some six thousand cuts of a high order will help out the definitions.

AN interesting relic of Lamb and Southey was sold last month at auction in London. It was a copy of the first edition of the *Essays of Elia*, inscribed: "Robt. Southey, Esq., with C. Lamb's friendly remembrances." It also bears Southey's book-plate, engraved by Bewick, his autograph and that of Caroline Southey; and it is covered in the quaint chintz binding in which a portion of Southey's books were bound by members of his own family, and which he jokingly styled his "Cottonian Library." The volume was accompanied by the *Last Essays of Elia*, published ten years later, similarly bound.

TICKNOR & Co. will publish this month *Great Captains*, by Col. Theodore Ayrault Dodge, U.S.A., six interesting lectures upon Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick, and Napoleon, delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston, illustrated with twenty-one maps and battle-plans; *Ancient and Modern Lighthouses*, by Major D. P. Heap, of the Engineer Corps, U.S.A., an interesting scientific and historical treatise, with thirty-three full and double-page plates and seventy text illustrations; a new edition, in two volumes, of *Discourses on Architecture*, by E. E. Violett-Le-Duc, richly and copiously illustrated with hundreds of steel engravings and wood-cuts.

MAX O'RELL's book on the United States was issued towards the end of last month by Cassell & Co., simultaneously with its publication in Paris and London. Its title is *Jonathan and his Continent: Rambles through American Society*; and it bears on its title-page besides the signature of Max O'Rell, that of his collaborator, Jack Allyn. The translation into English is done by Mme. Blouet, and the American publishers are said to have paid for the right of sale in this country the largest "lump sum" ever paid to a foreign author. About the same time Messrs. Cassell will bring out a volume of stories by Sidney Laska, entitled, *A Latin Quarter Courtship*.

MR. J. H. SHORTHOUSE, the author of *John Inglesant* and *The Countess Eve*, is not a dreamy recluse, as most of his readers must conclude. "He is, on the contrary," says the *New York Tribune*, "a chemical manufacturer, and the successor of several generations of Shorthouses who have carried on the business in Birmingham. He is short, and has a rather strong face, a big nose, black hair, and an impediment in his speech. It is said that to this little inconvenience he probably owes his literary achievements. All through his life it has prevented him from expressing in words his ideas on any subject that strongly interests him. He can talk easily enough on business matters, but for the expression of deeper thought his only medium is the pen. So in early life he joined an essay society, each member of which was pledged to read the essays which the others wrote. *John Inglesant* was the development of this essay-writing."

GEORGE MEREDITH's best known novel, *Richard Feverel* appeared in print in 1856, and yet it is not until now that it can be said to have become widely known in this country or much read in England. It is somewhat unusual for a novel to meet this sort of fate, especially as many of the finest literary minds of this generation assert that Meredith is to be one of the few immortal writers of this era. His struggle for fame has been a hand to hand encounter with "iron fortune," and his life has had much that is pure tragedy in it. Poor, unhappy, and unsuccessful for many years of his life—what could be harder for such a man to bear? Meredith is sixty years old. He has a son by his first wife who is said to inherit some of his father's literary gifts. This son now lives in Italy. Meredith, with another son of twenty-two, and a daughter of seventeen, lives at the foot of Box Hill, in one of the prettiest villages in Surrey, and he only ventures from his retirement to please his daughter, whom he adores, or to go to London to do some special work. His company is much sought, and he is a welcome guest at all the dinner tables in his vicinity, for he is reputed a better talker than writer. He had naturally a very robust physique, which, however, early hardships, and a tendency to experiment on his health, have made quite delicate. He is probably one of the best read men in the literary profession, being not only a classical scholar, but keeping up with current literature and being an appreciative as well as able critic.

THE real name of Henry M. Stanley, the celebrated African explorer, is John Rowlands. Noah Brooks, who contributes an article on Stanley to the February *St. Nicholas*, says of him: "Stanley was born in Wales, near the little town of Denbigh, and his parents were so poor that when he was about three years old he was sent to the poorhouse of St. Asaph to be brought up and educated. When he was thirteen years old, he was turned loose to take care of himself. Young though he was, he was ambitious and well-informed. As a lad, he taught school in the village of Mold, Flintshire, North Wales. Getting tired of this, he made his way to Liverpool, England, when he was about fourteen years of age, and there he shipped as cabin-boy on board a sailing vessel bound to New Orleans, in the promised land to which so many British-born youths ever turn their eyes. In New Orleans he fell in with a kindly merchant, a Mr. Stanley, who adopted him and gave him his name; for our young hero's real name was John Rowlands, and he was not Stanley until he became an American, as you see. Mr. Stanley died before Henry came of age, leaving no will, and the lad was again made to shift for himself. Young Stanley lived in New Orleans until 1861, when he was twenty-one years old, having been born in 1840. Then the great Civil War broke out, and Stanley went into the Confederate Army."

THE race of puns ought not to be condemned *in toto*, for the sole reason that most puns are bad. A pun is, in its general form, a paltry quibble, only fit for dunces; but it is capable of rising, at its best, to the heights of wit, of satire, of philosophy, and at last of poetry itself. A pun, in truth, may be compared to the enchanted bow in the Arabian story, which took its vigour from the arm that drew it; which became, in a child's hand, a toy to shoot at sparrows; which, in a warrior's, drove a battle-bolt through shield and cuirass; which, in a giant's, sent aloft a shaft that kindled with its own exceeding swiftness and left a track of fire among the stars.—*Temple Bar*.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

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Commences its SIXTH VOLUME with every prospect of a long and brilliant future.

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A Thoroughly Home Enterprise.

Every Canadian must rejoice to see that a periodical so thoroughly a home enterprise as THE WEEK is, appears to be receiving that support which its past record and performances entitle it to ask. While it has been a good paper in the past, its enlargement makes it still more valuable, adding as it does very largely to the amount of matter each number contains, and it is to be hoped that THE WEEK will find such an appreciation of this fact from the people of Canada as will both justify this new evidence of the enterprise of its proprietors, and also disprove the statement that there is not sufficient patriotism in the Dominion to permit of even one Canadian periodical flourishing.—*Daily News-Advertiser, Vancouver*.

Will Rank with Similar Publications in the United States.

THE WEEK has entered on its sixth year in an enlarged and improved form. Editorially and typographically it is a credit to the higher type of Canadian Journalism and as such will rank with similar publications in the United States.—*Canadian Advance*.

Canada's Leading Literary Journal.

THE WEEK, Canada's leading literary journal, entered with its number for December 7th upon its sixth year of publication, enlarged so as to give its readers nearly one-half more reading matter each week than heretofore. Further improvements are foreshadowed in the future.—*Educational Journal*.

Has Become A Necessity.

There is no Canadian who will not rejoice at the evidences of increased prosperity which THE WEEK shows. This journal although it has not been so very long in existence has become a necessity to everyone wishing to keep himself in touch with the literary and political field of Canada. The paper is filled from cover to cover with the most interesting and important topics of the day written in the best manner.—*Bradford Telegram*.

It is an ably edited paper and neatly printed.—*York Herald*.

Commended to Thoughtful Readers.

THE WEEK is now one of the largest as well as one of the ablest literary journals published on the continent. We commend it to the attention of thoughtful readers.—*Huron News Record*.

The Best High Class Journal.

THE WEEK, the best high class literary journal of Canada, has entered its sixth year and been enlarged and improved.—*Durham Review*.

THE WEEK has entered on its sixth year greatly enlarged and improved, and its brilliant list of contributors added too, makes it by all odds the ablest literary and critical weekly journal in Canada. Its very successful publisher, Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, is one of the many Ontario County men who have made their mark at the provincial metropolis.—*Oshawa Vindicator*.

Long and Brilliant List of Writers.

THE WEEK signalizes its entry upon the sixth year of its existence by an enlargement to sixteen pages and other improvements, as well as adding to its long and brilliant list of writers, making it by far the ablest critical and literary journal in Canada.—*Port Perry Standard*.

A native of Ontario county, who has made a splendid success of the printing and publishing business in Toronto, is Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, from whose big establishment, amongst other fine periodicals, is issued THE WEEK, the ablest journal of its class in Canada.—*Pickering News*.

Belongs to the Higher Class of Canadian Journals.

THE WEEK, a Canadian journal of politics, literature, science and arts, published in Toronto, has entered on the sixth year of publication. It has been enlarged and improved in every respect. THE WEEK is a creditable publication in every respect. It belongs to the higher class of Canadian journals, and deserves general support.—*Woodstock Sentinel Review*.

Strong Corps of Able Writers.

THE WEEK has a strong corps of brilliant writers, whose treatment of the questions of the day are always worthy of attention.—*Pictou Times*.

Flattering Prospects of Increased Success.

THE WEEK enters upon its sixth year of publication with the most flattering prospects of increased success, and we are simply doing a pleasing duty when we recommend it to the favourable consideration of all.—*Pictou Gazette*.

THE WEEK, Canada's leading literary journal, has entered on its sixth year. It is as thoroughly independent in politics as ever, as ably conducted, and judging from its evident prosperity, as thoroughly appreciated by the public. It has recently been enlarged and improved generally.—*Milton Champion*.

One of the Ablest Edited Journals.

THE WEEK now appears in an enlarged form. THE WEEK is one of the ablest edited journals in Canada.—*Exeter Advocate*.

Only Journal of its Kind in Canada.

THE WEEK, with the number for December 7, began a new volume, and is considerably enlarged. We are glad to see these evidences of THE WEEK's prosperity. It is the only journal of its kind in Canada, and discharges very fairly its critical work.—*St. John Globe*.

Always Entitled to Respect.

We draw attention to the advertisement of this ably edited journal, which as a leader of public opinion takes much the same place as the *Saturday Review* in England. Though frequently differing from the views expressed in THE WEEK, its arguments are always entitled to respect.—*Perth Examiner*.

Largest Weekly of its Kind.

The Toronto literary and critical journal, THE WEEK, founded by Goldwin Smith, has been greatly enlarged and improved, and is now the largest weekly of its kind on the continent.—*World, Chatham, N.B.*