



MY DEAR GRIP,—

The delighted audience which assembled at the historic Pavilion last Monday night—at four dollars a head, more or less—to hear our own and only Albani, must have departed with feelings of gratitude at being citizens of a country of which the great prima donna is a native. And, mingled with this pardonable ebullition of a sentimental patriotism, no doubt, were natural feelings of admiration for the remarkable and self-sacrificing condescension, so characteristic of many artists, which privileged those financially blessed to share in the delights of Albani's superb vocalization, and the untold horrors of an ordinary support.

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AS is usual on such occasions, the lion's share of the proceeds naturally falls to the lot of the star, while the *ensemble* suffer both in quality and also in the *quantity* apportioned them as their quota of the earnings. They appear willing to be sacrificed as contrasts, however, (at so much per head), besides filling in gaps of sufficient length to inspire an average listener with the idea that he is receiving his money's worth.

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AND now a few bold spirits have begun a crusade in Toronto, in behalf of the seldom heard, and consequently little understood, Richard Wagner. The ball was set rolling at the Music Hall of the College of Music, on Thursday evening last, and partook of the nature of an illustrated lecture by Mr. A. S. Vogt, who was ably assisted in the musical part of the programme by such capable artists as M'lle. Adele Strauss, Messrs. H. M. Field and E. W. Schuch.

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I MUST make special mention of the powerful dramatic ability displayed by M'lle Strauss on this occasion, in her splendid renderings of an *aria* from *Oberon*, by Weber, and the *Prayer* from *Tannhauser*—her delightful conception of this school of music, combined with the natural beauty of her highly cultivated voice, resulting in an interpretation of the numbers allotted her, such as is seldom heard from one who excels, as well, in the lyric school. Of Mr. Field's pianoforte performances, especially in the *bravura* of the soul-stirring *Fest-Marsch*, as transcribed by Liszt, I cannot but speak in the highest terms of praise. What is better, he combines a truly poetic conception of the different styles of pianoforte compositions—a faculty often lacking in these days, when “piano-smashing” frequently poses as a substitute for piano playing.

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IT is proposed by these young disciples of the philosophic and essentially modern schools, as embodied in Beethoven and Wagner, to still further invade the territory of fossilated conventionalities. A second Wagner evening is in preparation, consisting of selections from the great master's advanced period, in which Madame

Ascher-Lucas has volunteered a helping hand, thus identifying herself with the progressive element in the furtherance of the cause of the “divine art.”

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APROPOS of my allusion last week to a forthcoming Canadian comic opera, I am permitted to raise the veil of secrecy which I cast over the identity of the *librettist*, who ought to be slightly known to you, MR. GRIP, being no other than your own editor. Mr. Bengough's opera is called “Puffe & Co., or, Hamlet, Prince of Dry Goods.” Mr. Lucas is doing great work on the score, I am told; but more anon. Yours, STIMMGABEL.

#### SPENCERISM.

I HAVE often thought it would be pleasant to be able to write like Herbert Spencer; his style is so elevated and so universally admired. In fact, I am so taken up with his manner that I have bought a Spencerian pen and decided to write a book like some he has written, when I have a few days to spare. Just to see how I would get along at such a task I wrote a few sentences once, but I am not certain that I succeeded very well in catching his style. Here is what I wrote: “To get an adequate conception of the ultimatum of unknowableness, we have to keep in mind the differentiations that all things undergo when in correspondence with inexorable environments and with infinite nescience, etc., etc.” Do you catch on?



THINGS WE SEE WHEN WE COME OUT WITH-  
OUT OUR GUN.

#### A DISTINCTION.

(Miss Upperten has just bowed, and favored them with a dentifrice advertisement smile.)

DE SMAWLER—“What a sweet smile!”  
DE TAWLER—“Not exactly sweet, but still very toothsome.”

#### IMAGINATION NOT A BLESSING.

DERWATER—“Do you know, they say that writer Jones's imagination is so strong that you cannot convince him that in his visionary moments he doesn't see real spirits.”

DERBEER—“Golly! wouldn't it go tough with him to have the D. T's!”