

he added philosophically, what business has a woman away from a house where even the matches can't be found, he groped his way back to bed again disgusted.

A little dry spot at the back of his throat made him long for familiarity with the teapot. Well, he argued, as I know just where I left it I can find it without a light. Men are always more accurate and exact in business than women, and habits thus formed are sure to —thud—plash—and over went Pennywise and the water-jug, left in the middle of the room by this same paragon of order. Pennywise came out on top. Of course he stopped moralizing, and got up with his good opinion of man's bump of order slightly dampened, as well as his nightshirt. A nice smooth banana peel was the cause of Pennywise's second downfall.

The fact of his getting an outside wetting made no apparent difference with his throat in fact it felt drier than ever, and Pennywise scrambled to his feet for the second time, his lips firmly set, his face turned toward the dining room, knowing that as the teapot would not come to Pennywise, Pennywise must go to the teapot.

The little drops of water trickled playfully from the hem of his nightgown to his bare toes, and he thought mournfully of the remainder of the liquid contents of that jug spreading over the new bedroom carpet.

After stubbing his corns against the rocking chair, he reached the dining room with no more mishaps, but in a state of mind not to be desired by those who wish to avoid gray hairs and wrinkles. There was something about the room that made him think of sewer gas, and he groaned as he thought of another plumber's bill. The smell increased as he neared the sideboard. Had it been light Pennywise would have seen an old-fashioned blue and white china teapot, in which was Mrs. P.'s Chinese lily, that he had promised faithfully to keep in fresh water while she was away, but which had stood for a week now, and the water not improving with age, like wine, was now worse than anything. Pennywise seized this teapot savagely and, throwing his head back hastily, poured part of its contents into his open mouth. One swallow of the stinky water, a yell of mingled rage and terror, and a white-gowned, night-capped figure ran scrambling to the nearest neighbor, who happened luckily to be the learned Dr. Bray. Pennywise's face was as white as his night-cap, while his eyes bulged out equal to any lobster.

His teeth and knees were knocking together at an alarming rate as he told the doctor to use a stomach pump, telegraph for Mrs. P., and send for a lawyer in time to make his will (all in one breath), as he had been poisoned in his own house by some designing monster.

Mrs. Pennywise reached home next morning just in time to meet her worthy spouse on the steps as he started down town. He wore a martyr-like much abused sort of expression that boded evil for Mrs. Pennywise, and caused that meek little person to look meeker than ever.

"Didn't I tell you," snapped his lordship, "that your miserable disorderly, careless housekeeping would be the cause of my death?"



MUSICAL DOINGS.

The Montreal Philharmonic Society has reason to be proud of the position it has attained in recent years. Much of this success is undoubtedly due to the energy of the conductor, Mr. Couture. The first of the Philharmonic Society's course of three concerts was given Tuesday evening in the Windsor Hall. The programme consisted of the oratorio "Mount of Olives," by Beethoven, and the "Walpurgis Night," by Mendelssohn. The "Mount of Olives," considered as a musical work and the production of a great master was interesting, and created a very favorable impression. The "Walpurgis Night" has already been heard in Montreal, but was none the less enjoyable for a second hearing. In it the chorus work showed to great advantage, and there was nothing to jar upon the artistic taste of the hearer.

The performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend," given on Wednesday evening, drew to the Windsor Hall a large and fashionable attendance, in spite of the wretched weather. The choir performed its share of the work with its customary distinction. The rendering of the "Evening Hymn," and "O, pure in heart" was given with adequate devotional expression. Mrs. Burch sang admirably, and with refinement of style. The accomplished cantatrice was fortunately in better possession of her vocal resources, and her delivery of the "Christie Eison" aroused a storm of applause. How she sang "My Redeemer and my Lord" need not be described. Mr. Keiger repeated his satisfactory impersonation of Prince Henry. Mr. Meyn, with a splendid baritone voice, has made such an exhaustive study of the part of Lucifer that it would be difficult to imagine any other vocalist as the exponent of the role. The contralto music was sung by Mrs. Burdette. This artist has a voice of singular beauty; the quality is rich, and her production is easy and free from effort. Her singing of the introductory solo, "Slowly, slowly," created an excellent impression, whilst her delivery of the prayer to the Virgin elicited cheers from all parts of the hall. Mr. Fisk made a very creditable rendering, singing the music allotted to the Forester in good style.

The music of the third Philharmonic concert, Thursday evening, was a perfect dream of delight. The interpretation of Eve given by the society left nothing to be desired. The shades of expression, pathos, brilliancy and grace, were rendered by chorus, orchestra and soloists, and the work put into the score by Professor Couture, was the rendering of a music drama by a highly cultivated society, under the direction of a polished leader. Mrs. Burch, who created the part in this country, put the best work into it she has yet done, and rendered the part of Eve with real grandeur. Mr. Meyn was effective as Adam, and his voice and phrasing excellent.

Mr. Fortier did the part of narrator with much credit. The concert was remarkable for the orchestral selections, and, considering the strength and ability of the orchestra, it was most gratifying to hear them in such a work as Dubois' "Suite La Farandole." Of this part of the program nothing but praise can be said. The rendering of Berlioz' "Hungarian March" was exquisite, which called for an encore, to which the orchestra generously responded. The whole concert was more than enjoyable; and reflects additional lustre on the already brilliant reputation of the Montreal Philharmonic and the efficient leader, Prof. Couture.—Communicated.



NEW MUSIC.

We are indebted to Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., of 6 New Burlington street, London, W., for the following compositions "Infinite Love," song; words by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, music by Maude Valerie White.

No 8 ("Ich bin Dien") of "6 Volkslieder" by Maude Valerie White, with English and German words.

"Brecaus," song; words by Adelaide Procter, music by Batrice Parkyns.

"Let Other Bards of Angels Sing," (Wordsworth), music by Lawrence Kellie.

"Had I the Magic Powers," song; words by Clifton Bingham, music by Lawrence Kellie.

"Molly," song; written and composed by Leslie Stuart, and sung by Signor Foli and Mr. Charles Mannors.

"Old Friends," song; words by Sir James Crichton-Browne, music by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.

"A Dream," song, written and composed by Ellen Wright.

"Fairest of All," song; words by Richard Howitt, music by Edwin H. Lemare.

"The Happy Isle," song; words by Arthur Chapman, music by Arthur E. Godfrey.

"Sad is Good-bye," song; words by Clifton Bingham, music by Walter W. Hedgcock.