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A T the time of going to press, the Mendelssohn Choir concert of Monday evening is the only event of the cycle to which reference may be made. The performance of the opening night gave the immense audience assurance of the artistic progress which is the ideal of this organisation whose conductor is a firm believer in the policy of "lifting better up to best." Last Saturday, the Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Emil Paur arrived in Toronto and rehearsed with the Choir in the evening, the visiting conductor being given such harmonious welcome as only the Mendelssohnians can bestow.

can bestow. The two numbers from previous concerts presented on Monday night were Mendelssohn's setting of the Psalm, "Judge Me, O God!" and Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave." Those who heard the latter in Toronto and Buffalo last February, could hardly have believed in a more surflike climax, but on Monday night the waves dashed higher and broke in more prismatic spray, if so untechnical a metaphor be admitted.

The most impressive number of the first programme was Humperdinck's setting of Heine's, "The Pilgrimæge to Kevlaar," which proved a revelation of pure and tender emotionalism. Mr. George Hamlin sang the lover's lament with fine appreciation of its plaintive tragedy while Madame Corinne Rider-Kelsey in the semi-devotional passages, the utterances of the mother, showed a clarity of melodious interpretation that charmed the audience. Again in Bruchs' "Jubilate" Mrs. Kelsey achieved an artistic triumph, while the choral work formed an exquisite background for the solo performance. Nor was Sir Edward Elgar forgotten. His militant "The Challenge of Thor" was given with a spirit that fired the hearers whose applause elicited "Scots Wha Hae" by way of encore. Macfarren's quaintly droll "You stole My Love" was an excellent exhibition of the Choir's flexibility in its debonair style of humorous interpretation.

The purely orchestral part of the programme introduced several novel numbers, Wagner's "Faust" overture being one of the most remarkable, although the supreme orchestral work was shown in the production of Chabrier's "Espana," a rhapsodie which presents rhythmical difficulties to which genius alone can give satisfactory rendering. Schumann's "Traumerei" as given in encore hardly seems like the hackneyed composition heard many a time and oft, but a veritable dream harmony floating through the "ivory gates and golden." The orchestra is improving yearly in all departments and is now a noble community of musical talent conducted' by a man whose memory and magnetism are matter for wonder. If all the precious notes of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" were to disappear from the earth to-night, Mr. Emil Paur could be reproducing them before to-morrow. The enthusiastic admiration with which he is regarded in





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