

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mascagni has finished his fourth opera, "William Ratcliffe."

The death of Robert Franz, the great song-writer, takes away another of the world's great musicians.

In a letter to Dr. William Mason, Paderewski declares his intention of arriving in this country about December 2nd.

Tchaikowsky's new opera, "Eugeny Onegin," was given its first production in English in London on October 17.

Mr. G. W. Chadwick received \$500 for his music for the World's Fair Dedictory Ode. Miss Monroe, the writer, received \$1,000 for the ode.

It is rumored (and also denied) that Josef Hoffmann, who won celebrity as an infant pianist, has run away from his parents and gone to India as a stowaway. It is said he is crazy from overstudy.

It is said that the excessive feting of Mascagni is due to the fact that he represents a new Italian school of composition, to which school is also added the name of Ruggero Leoncavallo, the composer and librettist of "Pagliacci."

Prizes of 1000 francs for a symphony of four movements, with piano arrangement; 500 francs for a piano concerto; 300 francs for a suite for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon, and piano, are offered by the French Society of Composers.

Among the owners of genuine Cremona violins in Canada are, Charles Holland, general manager of the Ontario Bank, Toronto, a Guarnerius; Andrew Macculloch, stock-broker, Montreal, a Maggini, and M. S. Foley of the "Journal of Commerce," Montreal, an Andreas Amati. All three are valuable, well-preserved, fine-toned instruments.

Miss McLaren, violinist, who has made Montreal her home, gives occasional exhibitions of her great skill to choice coteries of her friends.

Robert Andersen, a promising and clever young professional violinist, is again on his feet, after a severe attack of typhoid.

Le Barge, the celebrated mandolin player and composer, has taken up his residence in Montreal.

The Saturday "At Homes" or receptions at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Dobbin are distinguished as much by the choice musical treat accorded their friends as for the charming conversation, the pauses in which are so pleasantly filled up. This goes without saying with Prume and his violin and Mrs. Heinberg at the piano.

"Wang" at the Academy of Music is drawing larger houses than ever Albani had in the same temple.

Miss Lillian Carlsmith, Boston's great Contralto, sings in the "Messiah" in this city next Tuesday. The Diva is quite a favorite with the cultured summer visit-

ors from Montreal at Old Orchard where, at her father's picturesque sea-side cottage, she occasionally charms them with her lovely voice, musical and conversational.



HIS COLF MADNESS.

(By Geo. S. Layard).

When Edward Standard married Ethel Preston, every one said it was a mistake, and that they were a very ill-assorted couple, and for once every one was right. To begin with, Edward was forty, and Ethel was barely twenty. Edward hated society, whilst to Ethel, balls, routs, dinner-parties, flirtations were as the breath of her nostrils. And what made it worse, Edward, who had amassed a considerable fortune in the Colonies before he was middle-aged, had returned home for good and all, and from being a man who lived laborious days, came to be one whose leisure hung heavily on his hands.

At the time he came across Ethel, and fell head over ears in love with her, he was beginning to find his enforced idleness intensely irksome. However, for the moment his engagement and prospective marriage gave him an object in life, and in a vague sort of way he expected that matrimony would prove an occupation rather than merely a condition of life, and felt more hopeful for his future.

He looked forward to and promised himself satisfaction from his pretty wife's constant companionship. He pictured himself and her pottering along through life together, content to take as many sweets as they could get, and to minimize the evils of existence by an inseparable and sympathetic union. Love was all-sufficing—at least, so books and songs were continually reiterating, and he expected to find they spoke the truth.

They would have a place in the country, and they would have horses and ride about together, and they would have a trout-stream, and they would fish together, and they would have a library and a billiard-room, and a music-room, and a lawn-tennis court, and this, that, and the other, and they would read and play billiards and sing together, and lob balls backwards and forwards to one another, and do this, that, and the other to their very great mutual satisfaction. That was Edward Standard's dream, but Ethel Preston's was very different.

Her intention was that they should have a house in Mayfair and live the life of a smart couple, and, like most smart couples, should see less of each other than of everybody else. Edward should belong to clubs and be away from home all day long, like other men were. She should have carriages and horses, and dresses and lace, and boxes at the Opera and at Ascot and Sandown, and her attendant fan-holders, which was the privilege of all pretty

young married women. Not that she was vicious, but her one idea in life was to live and die smart, and certainly there would be little opportunity of doing either buried in the country with the one man in the world on whom all showiness would be worse than wasted. Dress was a passion with her, and what was the use of dressing without spectators? Edward might not care for that sort of life, but he would soon learn, like hundreds of others, to acquiesce in it. Men were such sentimental creatures before marriage—at least, non-society men like Edward were; but he would soon see that it was absurd to expect a girl to give up all her tastes and occupations just before she graciously consented to be his wife. From all of which it will be evident that Edward and Ethel were hardly the best assorted couple in the world.

Of the two dreams above mentioned Ethel's was the one most nearly fulfilled in the first year of their marriage. Edward, who was devotedly attached to his wife, gave her everything that she wished and that money could buy, but at the same time he did not conceal from her that the gay life she led and the separate existence to which he was condemned was anything but satisfactory to him.

Now Ethel, although she was not prepared to forego all amusements of a gay and fashionable life at her husband's desire, was yet sufficiently attached to him to feel some compunction for his evident disappointment at the result of their matrimonial experiment. She, of course, did not see that she was to blame. It was so evidently his fault that he did not solace himself with occupations like to those of other men of her acquaintance. But still she was not so heartless as not to feel a desire that he should find some interest in life that would free her from what he considered her responsibility for his discontent. She was, on the whole, very well satisfied with her own life, for she was very pretty and very popular, but at the bottom of all her enjoyments was the bitter consciousness that her husband's unhappiness was a sort of reproach to her. If she could only rid herself of that she felt that she wanted nothing else. Not that she would have rid herself altogether of her husband if she could. There were times when she felt it the greatest relief in the world to have his quiet support to fall back upon, but then the craving for excitement and adulation and flattery would soon return upon her, and poor Edward's glimpses of paradise were never long enough to satisfy him.

Now, Ethel Standard prided herself on her powers of management. There was no doubt about it that she was blessed with a very nice tact, and, considering her youth, showed considerable dexterity in leading people by the nose. Diplomacy may be an-