

weeks between Vancouver, China, and Japan. The combined influence of these new channels of communication with the Orient at once drew an army of tourists to Vancouver. Tourists are usually men of means and seldom travel hurriedly. There are to-day but few Western cities frequented by them which do not tempt the investment of the surplus capital of England and the East, which has long been seeking sure and speedy returns. Vancouver claims to be second to none other in her financial opportunities and capabilities. Vancouver is the Western tidewater terminus of the longest railway in the world. Vancouver is the place of disembarkation for China and Japan. Vancouver is the receiving and discharging depot for the Canadian Pacific Railroad, both to and from all coast points; and Vancouver, by virtue of being located on the best harbour of British Columbia, and the only one accessible from the interior, must always be the great commercial centre of the province.

NOTE.—I am indebted to the correspondent of the *Morning Oregonian* for much valuable information about British Columbia and Vancouver.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale.

—Johnston: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

That the average of musical cultivation among us is comparatively low, may be seen in the great number of pianos that are out of tune. The sudden changes of our climate no doubt militate somewhat against the staying qualities of our instruments in point of tone. But making all due allowance for that circumstance, I still have a protest to make on behalf of such as are blessed with a delicate and sensitive ear for music. At present it is but a questionable blessing certainly. As sometimes the discordant scraping of a knife upon a plate, or the shrill creaking of an ungreased wheel affects us, so (and infinitely more) does the untuned piano affect the aforesaid delicate and sensitive ear. As for myself, not claiming to be remarkably sensitive, my protest should be all the stronger; for when I complain —!

There is one particular in which the policy of protection might go considerably farther without faring worse. American troupes, theatrical and otherwise, carry yearly immense sums of money back with them to the United States. Their prima donnas sing a song of sixpences that are Canadian, and carry away pockets full of more than rye. Charity, saith the philosophic philanthropist, begins at home. If we must have entertainments of this kind (and such, no doubt, is the case,) why cannot Canadian talent supply us; and keep Canadian coppers in Canadian coffers. When such talent does appear, we find our artist, like our artisan too often, unfortunately, making a bee line for the States. We are strangers and (in more senses than one) they take us in.

How hard it is to mix business and pleasure, using the words in their general meaning. A night of pleasure is usually followed by but an indifferent day of business. Like the drinks imbibed on such a night, business and pleasure will not satisfactorily mix. And the old saying—"business first and pleasure after"—might be rendered, "business first, or never." Please use first, and there is no time for business; after it the deluge. The most successful attempts, probably, to mix business and pleasure, occur in the games of chess and whist. And even these examples are not particularly encouraging.

I have always insisted upon it as a maxim worthy of all acceptance, that briskness is the soul of correspondence,—as truly as brevity is the soul of wit. The correspondence,

"That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along," is lamentably soulless. Such a correspondence is one of the many early crosses. Letter-writing generally is regarded by some with such aversion as to suggest something akin to pulling a tooth. And yet there is nothing so very difficult about letter-writing; it is nothing, as they say, when you get used to it. There are letters and letters, of course. It is not easy, certainly, to get off something after the style of Junius. But one can with tolerable facility approximate the standard of ordinary correspondence—of which briskness is the soul.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—The Bank of England doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk can close the outer door instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed in the metropolis from robbing the bank. The bullion department of this and other banks is nightly submerged several feet in water by the action of the machinery. In some banks the bullion department is connected with the manager's sleeping-room, and an entrance cannot be effected without shooting a bolt in the dormitory, which in turn sets in motion an alarm. If a visitor should knock off one from a pile of half sovereigns, the whole pile would disappear, a pool of water taking its place.



Like every other art, that of play-making is progressing. A new style has been put in existence,—and the plays that rely principally on strong contrasts, awful villains and angelic heroes are gradually making room for others, which excite the same pleasures and the same feelings, but cause less wear and tear on the nervous system. "Sweet Lavender," the play which is at present being given at the Academy, is one of the latter class. It tells a simple story in a quiet yet thoroughly enjoyable way, and is the kind of play that one would go to see for the purpose of relieving one's mind for an evening of pressing business cares. The cast is good; but this has been continually the case of late and we don't wonder at it any more. They thoroughly understood what they were supposed to be, with, perhaps, one exception, and that was the man from the States. He gave the impression that, just before leaving New York, some "Around the World" Company had met the "Sweet Lavender" people and, in the hurry to get off, had taken their Yankee, leaving them their own impersonator of the part, who had been studying for melodrama. The best of all was doubtless Mr. Burbank, as *Dick Phenyl*, and *Clement Hall* by Mr. Scott. *Geoffrey Wedderburn* by Mr. Montaine, and *Dr. Delancy* by Mr. Findlay, were well done, though the latter exhibited a curious change of voice. Half the male portion of the audience fell in love with Miss Friend, as *Sweet Lavender*, before the play was half over, and the other ladies were also very good in their respective parts. The audience was justly enthusiastic, and the curtain had to be raised twice on the ending of the second act.

The name of Corinne and burlesque are so closely allied that one cannot imagine the one without the other. What is more, one would not even in one's mind connect Corinne with anything but good burlesque or other than pretty girls. Her appearance at the Royal this week is certainly a most creditable one. The songs are good, the dialogue is witty, the girls look fresh, and the costumes elegant, while Corinne herself is the same old rollicking charmer as ever.

Our music-loving French citizens are meeting with much success, it seems, in their new Philharmonic Society. It is their intention to give three concerts this winter, at which they will offer in succession Gounod's "Joanne d'Arc," Felicien David's "Christophe Colomb," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Rehearsals are held every Tuesday evening, and Mr. Charles Labelle, of Notre Dame, is director.

The Boston Symphony Club gave an excellent concert in the Queen's Hall last week. The soloists were especially good, but the orchestral music rendered was rather weak at times, especially in Foote's "Romanza," while Langey's "Evening Breeze Sonata" was rather below the standard which the club seem to have adopted for themselves. Miss Ohrstrom's sweet soprano voice charmed the audience, and the "Spanish Bolero" by Bourgeois was exquisitely rendered. Mr. Otto Langley made his violoncello sing in the *Fantasia* which he played, and as usual Mr. De Seve was rapturously applauded. Taking it all in all, it was a fit opening concert for the musical season.

The amateur dramatic clubs are hard at work. The Grand Trunk Club will produce "Little Emily" on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. It is a dramatization of the most dramatic part of the first volume of Dickens's "David Copperfield." The proceeds will go to the Fresh Air Fund. The M.A.A. Club have started their rehearsals, and the Irving Club, which is in constant communication with the great Henry, who is their honorary president, is working hard for the production of their temperance drama on the 14th in the Armory, in aid of a new Temperance Hall Fund.

It is said that Clara Morris surpasses all her former efforts in her new play, "Helene," which opened at the Union Square, New York, last week. The play, which is by Miss Sarah Morton, has a rather improbable plot, but its failings are forgotten in Miss Morris's exquisite acting. Montrealers have had but little chance to admire her, but it is stated that she will be here in the near future.

A. DROMIO.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, TORONTO.—All last week Mantell played to large houses in "Monbars," "Othello," and "The Marble Heart." He is a great favourite and will always be well received in that city. For the first three nights of the present week "Evangeline" held the boards. "Evangeline" is noted for stage effects, scenery and costumes. The last three nights of this week "The Surprises of Divorce," a new play by Arthur Rahan's company, appear.

JACOB & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE.—"The White Slave" has been the attraction all the past week, and has been seen by large numbers. "The Arabian Nights" has been on all the present week.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—This new place of amusement promises a variety of entertainments. Miss Nora Clench and a talented company opened the house on Wednesday, Nov. 6th, and on Thursday (Thanksgiving Day), the old English "David Garrick" and Grundy's "Man Proposes."

These pieces hold the boards for the balance of the week. Commencing on Monday, Nov. 11th, the Wood-St. John Company, fresh from a successful tour of the States and playing new plays, will appear before a Toronto audience. Manager Greene has his house dated right along and promises to make it a most popular place of amusement.

C. E. M.

AT LOCHLEVEN.

PART I.

Still high in Heaven overhead
The sun a wealth of summer shed,
With bass of straining oars and treble
Of lightly-plashing drip, I sped.
Before me rose a feathery hedge
Of meadow-sweet and reedy sedge;
A bank of glittering sand and pebble
Shoaled gently as we neared the edge.

I leapt ashore where ramparts old,
Turf-veiled, the ancient garden told;
Hard by the little causeway crumbled
Where legend saith a Douglas sold
His knightly word to win the smile
Of that Queen captive of his isle,
Although dethroned, deserted, humbled
And banned, for Darnley's blood, the while.

I passed into the castle grey
And reverently trod my way,
Not to the keep in grandeur hoary,
Still standing as it stood of aye:
But to the turret worn and low,
Suffused to me with fancy's glow,
And strewn with fragments of a story
Rich with romance and streaked with woe.

Here must thy heart so sorely tried—
The night thy trembling fingers lied
And signed away thy royal birthright
Well-nigh have burst with wounded pride;
And well-nigh burst with joy the night
Thou gazest shorewards for the light,
Which promised thee thy common earth-right
Of freedom, ere the dawn was bright.

To-day without the crownless keep,
Shy silver weed and vetches creep;
Within, the dark blue-eyed germander,
And pale-eyed Myosotis peep.
To-day the voice of childhood oft
Rings cheery through the garden-croft,
And through her prison lovers wander
And doubt her faults in whispers soft.

Farewell, grim castle of the isle
Haunted by Mary's plaintive smile!
Farewell poor Queen—pet Queen of Story,
Whose grace and fate outweigh thy guile.
Whether thou wert more wronged or wrong,
Has vexed the brain of History long;
But never—though their locks be hoary,
Disloyal to thee, the Sons of Song.

QUEEN MARY'S ISLE.

PART II.

I left the castle for the glade
Of sunshine mid the oak-tree shade,
Couched in the fragrant grass, to linger,
Till from the west the gold should fade,
But chance a maid before me threw,
Who sitting, sweetly-careless, drew
With truthful touch and busy finger,
Grey tower, green bower, and waters blue.

"Maid," thought I, "of the Western land,
Pilgrim to this historic strand,
From where Atlantic winters thunder
On the New England's classic sand.
Here, or where Avon gravely sweeps
Round aisles in which our Shakespere sleeps,
Though time and sea our nations sunder,
The kinship in their pulses leaps.

"Maid, with the tawny hair, and eyes
Soft blue as summer evening skies—
Sweet maiden, sunny-faced and slender,
Limning this tower of memories—
What shall I pray for thee this e'en?
That thou mayest be her match in mien,
In grace, in wit, in true-love tender,
But happier than Scotland's Queen.

—Douglas Sladen, in the *October Home-Maker*, New York

LIFE AND LOVE.

A break of waves on the beach;
Thin, golden light like old wine flowing,
On flower, and shell, and pale sand glowing;
White sails floating o'er rippled reach.

A dream of Life and of Love—
A sigh of pleasure; a sign of pain;
A whisper of Hope; ah, me! in vain—
Fades the sweet light from the blue above.

Sad tones in parting soft blended;
Hand clasped in hand when twilight, falling,
Hushes the voice of blue wave brawling—
Of Life and Love the dream is ended.

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HELEN M. MERRILL.