

**W. O. FORSYTH**

Planist and Teacher of the Higher Art of Piano Playing—Complete Training for Concert Room or Teaching.  
Address: Care Nordheimers, Toronto.

**DR. ALBERT HAM**

Conductor of National Chorus.  
Conservatory of Music  
561 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

**DELBERT R. PIETTE**

Specialist Teacher of Modern Pianoforte Playing.  
Studio: 684 Bathurst Street.

**RICHARD TATTERSALL**

Organist, Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.  
Studio: Canadian Academy of Music only.  
Residence: 347 Brunswick Ave. Phone Coll. 2401

**FRANK S. WELSMAN**

Pianist.  
Studio for Lessons at Toronto Conservatory of Music.  
Residence: 30 Admiral Road.

**ALBERT DOWNING**

First Tenor Adanac Quartette.  
Soloist Bloor St. Pres. Church.  
Mus. Dir. Dovercourt College of Music.  
Phone College 3153, Jct. 274.

**ATHERTON FURLONG**

A Brilliant Season Now Opening.  
159 College St. Telephone College 1192

**HARVEY ROBB**

PIANIST Toronto Conservatory of Music.

**PAUL WELLS**

Concert, Pianist and Teacher.  
—Toronto Conservatory of Music—

**ALEXANDRA**

Week Commencing June 26th.  
THE ROBINS PLAYERS  
with Edward H. Robins, present  
The Stirring American Play  
"ROLLING STONES"  
Prices: Ev'g., 25c, 50c, 75c. Sat. Mat., 25c, 50c. Mat. Wed., all seats 25c.

**THE****Price of Coal**

Means more than dollars and cents. It includes—

**Quality and Delivery**

We guarantee these factors—

The amount of money asked.

The quality assured.

The time of delivery promised.

**IT'S UP TO YOU**

The Standard Fuel Co.

of Toronto, Limited  
28 King Street East

Tel. Main 4103

THE COMPANY WITH THE QUALITY AND SERVICE

**HESSSELBERG**

MASTER-PIANIST—COMPOSER—PEDAGOGUE.  
AVAILABLE FOR CONCERTS—RECITALS—MUSICALES—FESTIVALS, ETC.  
32 BLOOR ST. W., TORONTO. PHONE NORTH 5350.

**MUSIC AND PLAYS****Priests' March at Ebenezer**

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

ON the subject of summer holiday music, let me not forget one of the most momentous performances it has ever been my good fortune to take part in for the benefit of some church fund at Ebenezer—I forget which, new chandeliers, Indian Famine or cushions for the choir. All but one number on that programme I have clean forgotten. That one sticks out still—like an ear stung by a honey-bee.

And that is one reason why I remember Mendelssohn's Priests' March from Athalia. One of the neighbour boys down the line was the solo performer of this. Fancy the Priests' March done as a solo by a man who had never taken more than seven violin lessons in his life, and accompanied by an organist who had never had lessons at all!

A musical honey-bee did his best to stop the performance by stinging me on the left ear the day before the concert. The ear puffed up and I put wet clay on it in a wad. With said wad on left ear I met my fellow-criminal at the church, evening before the concert for the last rehearsal.

"What's wrong with the lug?" said he.

"Honey-bee," said I.

He grinned to the echo.

"I suppose you're in fine shape, though?" I asked him.

"Nope," he replied. "I've been loading barley all day and my hands are as hard as old boots. But if the audience can stand the looks of that lug of yours I guess they won't notice anything wrong with my hands."

So we went in, lighted the choir lamps, and went through a most terrifying rehearsal. He had the score. I had none. Whenever he played a passage I followed him—with something more or less appropriate. Mostly it was less. I forgot the clay on my ear in the greater excitement of trying to make head or tail of the changes of key. The fiddle repeated the same thing over and over so often that my available stock of modulations ran clean out and I was forced to fall back on the old ones. He knew something was wrong, though he had never heard an orchestra or even a pipe organ play the piece; neither had I. Something was wrong. It was all wrong. I closed up all the chords I could to get some faint resemblance to what I felt sure the thing must have sounded like on an orchestra. He worked his barley-loading hands with fiendish energy, while large beads of sweat that even barley-forking had not produced rolled down into the handkerchief against which he had the headpiece of the fiddle tucked away under his chin.

We both perspired and palpitated even worse than the music. My left ear was throbbing at a horrible rate. But I kept on. So did he. Horrible repetitions dismayed neither of us. We put in two hours trying to drown the crickets in the stubble-field nearby. Then we went home.

There were no musical critics in that neighbourhood, and as nobody was detailed to write the thing up for the local press, nothing was said about the performance one way or another. More was said about my left ear than about anything either of us did. But we made a terrific noise. The people in the church had never heard anything like it. They never will again. And in his wildest dreams, Mendelssohn never imagined that his Priests' March could ever have been so rendered by a pair of bucolics on a kitchen fiddle and a reed organ with nine stops.

IN the week of great Russian victories the most distinguished Russian music-maker in Canada placed 24 of his Conservatory pupils on a programme in aid of the Canadian Buffs. The programme was startlingly juvenile and almost equally a bewilderment in the technical and other kinds of efficiency displayed by the performers. Piano, violin and voice, these young people exhibited a high degree of virtuosity. Discrimination would be tedious. But we confess a great admiration for two or three of the pianists, one of the violinists, and two or three of the vocal performers. It is too late in the season to be enthusiastic about music. The season of 1916-17 will be on us before we have got nicely into summer clothes and become accustomed to ice-cream. But it is a matter for congratulation that so many young people could have been induced to extend their own enthusiasm so far into the month of June in so good a cause as any desire to help in the fund-organization of the Canadian Buffs.

Two days after his last concert, Professor Hambourg was dead. He died suddenly of heart failure. An appreciation of his life in Canada will appear in next week's issue.

**A Mature Performance.**

WHILE "Kick In" does not contain the gripping situations, sustained interest and sociologic appeal of the epoch-making thesis drama, "Within the Law," it provides an excellent evening's entertainment, and affords illuminating sidelights on police court procedure in the U. S. A. Willard Mack, the playwright, has written with insight into the characters he has employed, and is conversant with the vernacular of those who come under the category of "crooks." Miss Neilson, as Molly Hewes, convinced with her sincerity; Reina Carruthers had a suitable part as Daisy, a maiden who chewed gum incessantly and prated about the movies; Jerome Benner's characterization of Charlie Carey, a cocaine fiend, was vivid, compelling a thought provoking study of the insidious, devitalizing influence of pernicious drugs; Eugene Frazier, as Whip Fogarty, gave an excellent portrayal. The scenery was highly effective.

**School of Expression Recital.**

WE regretted being late for the first item on the well-selected programme offered by graduate pupils of the Toronto Conservatory School of Expression, on Friday evening last, but having had the opportunity on previous occasions to hear Miss Sale and Miss Cameron in Shakespearean presentations, we are sure these young ladies gave Mr. George Middleton's "The Groove" an adequate artistic treatment. The other diversified selections elicit commendation: Miss Hilda Young, in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," gave an expressive rendition of "Norah's" unwarranted exit; Miss Gladys Stafford invested an extract from Mark Twain, "A Tramp Abroad," with a compelling humour, and Miss Elva Stevenson's interpretation of Sir James Barrie's "The Twelve Pound Look" was colourful, expressive and enhanced by a plenitude of vocal resource. Dr. Kirkpatrick, at conclusion of performance, addressed the graduates on fidelity to highest artistic ideals. Dr. Vogt presented diplomas after an interesting speech on the work of this department. Miss Lay McDougall, pianist, a pupil of Mr. Paul Wells, played a Liszt and a Moskowski number with her usual delicacy of touch and poetic expressions, giving a touch of pleasing variety to this enjoyable entertainment.

**Big American Success.**

INFORMATION that the stirring American play, "Rolling Stones," will be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra Theatre week commencing June 26th, will be favourably received by patrons of the Robins Players. "Rolling Stones" is a play epitomizing the spirit of the American continent. It is full of thrills, tense dramatic situations, and an enjoyable pervading humour.

The woman who simply orders 'coffee' deserves—whatever she gets

The woman who orders 'SEAL BRAND'



deserves—the Best & gets it.

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators. 168

**Westminster College = Toronto**

A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Situated opposite Queen's Park, Bloor Street West

Re-opens Tuesday, September 12th

Calendar mailed on request

J. A. PATTERSON, K.C., President MRS. A. R. GREGORY, Principal



Mailed FREE to any address by the author.

BOOK ON DOG DISEASES AND HOW TO FEED H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S. 118 W. 31st St., N.Y., U.S.A.

**Hotel Directory**

KING EDWARD HOTEL Toronto, Canada. —Fireproof—

Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up. American and European Plans.

HOTEL KRAUSMANN GRILL

EUROPEAN PLAN

Rooms with bath \$1.00 per day up.

W. KRAUSMANN, Proprietor.

Piel's Beer on draught. ORCHESTRA.

**Russell House**

Ottawa - Canada

American and European Plans

Facing Grand Plaza

One Block From Parliament

Buildings and Central Station

Geo. Morrisette, Manager