

Literature and Art.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

The closing concert of the Toronto College of Music took place on Wednesday evening the 22nd June. The first part of the programme comprised selections from the classical masters, which were very creditably rendered by the pupils. Notably the andante and rondo capriccioso op. 14 (Mendelssohn), which was played by Miss A. Lammiman, the winner of the medal of honor. The Moonlight Sonata (Bethoven), by Miss Blackwell, who carried off the second prize, and the Sonata, op. 27 (Mozart), by Miss Wright, who secured the third prize. The second part of the programme consisted of a new symphony overture in four movements, composed for the occasion by the director, Mr. Davenport Kerrison. The work was rendered upon four pianos by the members of the Normal class, assisted by Miss Boyd. The symphony was very warmly received by the large and critical audience assembled. The vocal numbers which deserved notice were, "O Juice di quest Anima," and "Ab mon fils," sung by Miss Blackwell; "O Loving Heart, Trust on," by Miss Hogarth, and "Good-bye, Sweetheart," by Mr. Dennison.

The name of the corporation formerly known as Scribner & Co., (publishers of Scribner's Monthly, St. Nicholas, "The Spiritual Songs Series" of hymn and tune books, "Songs for the Sanctuary," etc.) has now been changed to The Century Co. The title of Scribner's Monthly will become The Century, with the next volume. St. Nicholas is slightly changed as to its sub-title, being now St. Nicholas, an Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks. The July numbers of these magazines are the first to bear the new corporate imprint. Scribner for July contains a paper of special and timely interest, "The People's Problem," in which the writer takes the ground that the time has come for the people of this country to exercise their right to "alter the government." Besides a wealth of literary and illustrated matter, there are also, in this number, the concluding chapters of two brilliant novelettes, "Madame Delphine," by Geo. W. Cable (begun in May), and "A Fearful Responsibility," by W. D. Howells (begun in June.) The May, June, and July numbers, containing these two complete novelettes, are offered for \$1.00.

Toronto, June 28th, 1881.

To the Editor of Grip:—

Sir,—The primitive critic, who, under the pseudonym of "Sharp Sixth," attempts to dissect a recently published sacred song composed by Mr. Torrington, in your last issue, evidently belongs to an old and effete school, and confounds the freedom of an accompaniment to a melody with the strictest form of a four-part vocal harmony. He presumes to point out technical errors, and gloating over them with a sardonic smile, seems to say, "look at me, I know so much more than other people." He forgets that his antiquated ideas have long since been exploded, and modern musical science outstepped his narrow-minded hypercriticisms. I commend to him the lines of Pope on criticism:—

"The bookish blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

I find consecutive fifths in the 6th bar, (not in the 3rd) but evidently intentional, and required for an enharmonic effect; the substitution of C sharp for the D flat is a matter of taste, perhaps. Throughout the piece there is to my mind a spontaneous charm of melody, both for the voice, and in the somewhat obligato accompaniment. The composer will doubtless strengthen some trifling weak points in another edition. But the real excellencies and intensely spiritual character of the music, embodying, as it does, the very soul-essence of the words, cannot be impaired by spiteful would-be criticism.

Yours faithfully, A SHARP SIXTH.

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In confirmation of these claims the following letters speak for themselves:

STRATFORD, May 27, 1881.

MY DEAR BENGOUGH:

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Yours truly,

C. W. YOUNG,
Agent "Mackinnon Pen."

TORONTO, June 7th, 1881.

MY DEAR "GRIP":

It affords me great satisfaction to give my testimony to the value of Grip as an advertising medium, seeing I have received many convincing proofs that an "ad." in it is a good investment. Only a few days since, while making a portrait of a four year old son of one of Lindsay's prominent citizens, I was agreeably astonished to hear him giving as a recitation my advertisement in the current number of Grip, showing conclusively that "you" were an esteemed member of the household, studied and prized by even the children as well as by the older folks. Wishing you still greater success in your useful as well as brilliant career, while I hope to enjoy some further fruits of it in my own business, I am, dear Grip,

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Photographer, Toronto.

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Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care of Grip Office.

Max Strakosch, the well-known operatic manager, has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

Grip, of Toronto, has celebrated its new volume by moving into new quarters. It is one of the best illustrated papers published.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The grand old play of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" is to be performed at the Royal on Saturday, July 2nd, afternoon and evening, with Mr. Allan Halford as Bob Brierly.

The inimitable Vokes family are now playing a brief engagement at the Grand, and prove themselves as clever as of yore. Their present entertainment has only one fault—it is altogether too funny for the safety of people's buttons.

Cheruby Puck has kindly sent us a copy of his midsummer annual, and it is indeed a daisy. The clever young men of Puck's staff, assisted by many other clever young men who don't get such big salaries, have contributed to its pages, and the consequence is a concentration of wit and humor such as we rarely feast upon. The prolific pencils of Keppler, Wales, and Oppen have profusely adorned almost every page—and nothing need be added to assure the public of the ability displayed in the illustrations. Puck on Wheels, No. 2, may now be had at the book-stores, price 25 cents.

A member of the Era's staff has published an interesting interview with Sara Bernhardt. She calls America "a grand country, colossal, extraordinary, fabulous—Un vrai pays de Jules Verne. The audiences at American theatres are brilliant—such rich toilets—the ladies know how to dress, the public understands very well. Their appreciation is quite warm and sympathetic. The women are charming—tout ce qu'il y a de plus aimable. But the men are not so nice as the women. American artists are clever. They have talent, appreciation, and temperament, but systematic training is wanting, and there is no ensemble in acting.

Grip has a lively picture anent the bursting of the toll gates. A stout, jovial farming man, seated in a gig, is driving at full speed a 2:15 regular paet through the toll gates, or what is left of the old relics; clouds of dust arise from the wheels, and the speed is such that the wind has carried off the driver's hat. The question is, who is the driver? If our reporter has been asked once he has been asked a dozen times who the happy man is, who, with his mouth stretched from ear to ear, his face beaming with pleasure, is driving full split for London. On carefully looking at the picture it will be found to be a composite one, and is intended to represent fully half a dozen of the leading men in the County Council. For instance the back of the head is decidedly the Warden's; the nose and mouth, John Nixon's; the top of the head, Routledge's; the feet are Rosser's to a T; the eyes, J. P. McEwen's; the chin, Bartram's; the shirt collar, D. M. Cameron's; the coat-tails, respectively, Lilley's and Belton's; the color of the side-whiskers resemble Mayor Campbell's very closely, whilst the horse is, owing to the extraordinary length of its head, a London township beast for certain, and closely resembles what we have seen driven by J. H. Marshall, although about the feet he resembles Jackson a good deal. The toll-gates on the road are all empty and labelled "To Let," and at intervals on the leading thoroughfares large placards are erected on which appears in plain characters, "No Market Fees."—*London Advertiser.*