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Evenings—Balcony, rear, 10c; Balcony, front, 15c; Lower Floor, 25c; Box Seats, 35c.



An outing for convalescent soldiers quartered in Toronto was held on the Toronto Island recently. The resourcefulness of even the most helpless cases is illustrated by the lower of the two pictures. This private, in spite of his two crutches, was able to kick the pig-skin quite as accurately—but not so quickly—as any able-bodied onlooker.

## MUSIC AND PLAYS

IT was a hot evening at the Royal Alexandra in Winnipeg. The orchestra was playing its customary programme up in the gallery. Beneath the gallery sat a man. His coat was off, likewise his vest—but not his braces. He fanned himself with a floppy felt hat and gazed up at the band. He took in all the Rachmaninoff Prelude which a highly civilized editorial man in the rotunda stigmatized as "a deuce of a lot of sad and strenuous noise." When the piece was over he came over to me and sat down.

"Well, say," he remarked, "I've heard a good many little orchestras in my time, but for a five-piece band that one's the best that ever came down my way. She's a humdinger. I don't

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know what they play, but it sounds good to me."

And with a C. P. R. folder in his left hip pocket he strolled away, fanning himself with his hat, waiting for the next piece to strike up. He wasn't a Winnipeg man. His home was down in Kansas. But he felt as much at home in the rotunda of the "Royal Alec" as though he were togged in white flannels. And the good music probably had something to do with it.

UP in the silent reaches of Whitefish Lake we drifted about on a dark evening, end of a hot day. The whip-poor-will had just concluded his nocturne. The loons had not yet struck up. Here and there a fish plopped. Along shore a few bull-frogs chatted away in double-bass. Over in the woods a cow-bell chinkled in pastoral peace. A million stars hung below; the constellations, Ursa Major and Ursa Minor, Sagittarius and a number of others. The oars plashed plaintively in the sombre silence, of which the dam up the little river was a low, dreamy background.

Suddenly from the north end of the lake came a faint chuckle of music. "It's Barnby's phonograph," said one in the boat. "Let's row a little nearer."

Almost as suddenly from the south end of the lake came the sound of a baritone singing "Drink to me only."

That was the Victrola down by the one lone light in the bush of the south shore. We went in that direction. It sounded much better than the north-end machine. We could afford to pick our performers. We were the only audience of three in all that watery auditorium of lake and bush-hung shore. The second on the programme was the Pilgrim's Chorus, sung by men's voices to orchestral accompaniment; the identical arrangement given last winter in a Toronto club under the baton of Dr. Vogt. This was too fine to miss a syllable. The distance was half a mile. Every word, every modulation, every chromatic came as

distinct as though we had been in the same room, and with infinitely greater refinement.

Followed in quick succession the Soldiers' Chorus, from Faust; Schubert's Ave Maria, played by Mischa Elman; solos and choruses from Robin Hood; the Ride of the Valkyries, the Siegfried Funeral March, and choruses from the Mikado. We stayed at the half-mile and called out to encore the Pilgrim's Chorus. Afterwards Pablo Casals played the Rubinstein Melody in F on his 'cello.

The rest I have forgotten. But it was all miraculously chaste and beautiful. It filled the wilderness with a beautiful, incomprehensible voice. The whole effect was as though a sudden band of choristers and solo performers had invaded the log house at the south end of the lake. When we landed they had gone.

COMING east on a train from Winnipeg a few weeks ago, the editor of this column fell in with a musical enthusiast. She—was a lady, of course. No mere man ever would have let on to a stranger that he cared much about music. She came from Athabasca Landing, where she had much to do with a peculiarly alive musical atmosphere—amateur operas and the like. Before marrying she had followed a musical career in Edmonton, whose musical folk she knew intimately. Of all these she talked with careless ease. It was a treat to one who had once done musical pioneering in that part of the world to hear so many interesting things about the development of music in that part of Alberta. "Besides, you know," she said, charmingly, "I keep pretty well posted in what goes on musically in eastern Canada."

"Oh, indeed?" echoed the editor. "Yes"—suddenly she broke off and sang a snatch of a comic opera. "Yes, you know, I take the Canadian Courier. Somebody in that paper writes a lot of interesting things about music. I never miss one of them."

The editor smiled. "Why do you smile?" she wanted to know. Naturally, being a clever woman, as well as a musician, she found out.