

AND SOME FOLKS MISSED IT!



R. LEWIS C. ELSON, of Boston, entertained a complimentary - invitation audience at Association Hall on Tuesday evening of last week with an illustrated lecture on "The History of German Music." The musical people of this musical centre do not seem to know of Mr. Elson,

which is not greatly to their credit. His name is a household word in the cultured circles of New England, and a city with so many musical colleges as Toronto possesses ought to be ashamed that the hall was not packed on the occasion of his visit. Perhaps a good many of the people to whom Messrs. Newcombe sent invitations supposed that the lecture was to be "illustrated" with a magic lantern, and perhaps—though we would breathe this in a very faint whisper—they regarded a lecture on German music as something that threatened to be dry. Well, for once these people were properly punished. They missed the most delightful evening Toronto music-lovers have enjoyed for years. Mr. Elson has a positive genius for the unique line of work he has taken up. His lecture was bright, witty and well-delivered, and pleased the Philistines and the "musical cranks" equally well. At short intervals his references were illustrated vocally in a delightfully off-hand manner, the lecturer proving himself an accomplished pianist and the possessor of a fine tenor voice. The one fault found with the affair was that it only lasted an hour and a half. Next time Mr. Elson comes to Toronto—especially at the same "popular prices of admission"—a rush for reserved seats may be safely counted upon.

EXCEEDED HER MANDATE.

MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY (to Woman's Rights deputation)—"Well, ladies, I would like to oblige you, but were I to vote for woman suffrage I should be going beyond my mandate."

STRONG-MINDED SPINSTER—"Well, what of it? I got beyond my man-date some time since, and I don't mind it a bit!"



STARTLING MARINE ITEM.

COLLISION BETWEEN A STEAMER AND A SCHOONER.



AT THE COUNTY BALL.

SNOBBS (a city tailor, who by reason of his marriage into a country family, has been invited)—"Vewy mixed company heah t'night, milord!"

HIS LORDSHIP (sarcastically)—"True. We can't all be tailors you know, Snobbs."

LOST ON HIM.

"NOW this," said Samjones, pointing from the opposite side of Yonge street to the Bank of Montreal, "is one of our principal places of interest."

"Ah, indeed," said the stranger carelessly. "Fine building, but nothing extraordinary."

"I said it was one of our principal places of interest," repeated Samjones.

"Ah, yes. I suppose some people might be interested in it, but I really don't care much for commercial structures myself; have seen so much of that sort of thing in New York and Chicago you know."

And a pained and weary look stole over Samjones features as he bade the stranger good day and hied him to Morgan's for his mid-day lager.

IN GOOD FORM.

"Cordiality in greeting is now the proper thing, coldness and hauteur having gone quite out of date."—*Society Note.*

PIGSNUFFLE (slapping friend on the back)—"Hello, Podwinkle! Ain't seen you in a dog's age. How's your royal nibs? Will you hit the budge? Come along, old man."

PODWINKLE (stiffly)—"No, thank you. I hate to see a man make an ass of himself."

PIGSNUFFLE—"Oh, take a tumble! You ain't in it, old man. Don't you know that coldness and hauteur are out of date?"

Paddy says, "Be jabbers the lasht letter I got from Moike was a newspaper."