## Hon. Charles Wilson Cross

(Concluded from page 8.) (Concluded from page 8.) ney-General came to life. He contended that this was unconstitutional. The matter was taken before the Privy Council, who took the view represented by C. W. Cross. When the row was all over there was a Cross revival. The Premier could not overlook it. Here was the strongest po

a Cross revival. The Premier could not overlook it. Here was the strongest po-litical personality in Alberta—on the outside. What would he do? What might he—not do? Party lines have been broken up in other countries; why not in Alberta? Would this once cor-raled deputy—himself take the leader-ship of enough Liberals to split the vote? Might it not be in the mind of C. W. Cross that some day Alberta would need a new personal party as once it had nothing but a personal party dom-inated by Frank Oliver? Might he not, with his dreaming of dreams and his working behind the scenes—"

No, that would be too much. None of this may have been in the Premier's mind. But something was—when early last year C. W. Cross was taken back into the cabinet, even though at the byeinto the cabinet, even though at the bye-election in Edmonton he was returned by a majority of only 500 as against 1,700 in the general election previous: Cross went back. He prepared for a general election. When in doubt—go to the people. On Thursday of this week Alberta went to the people. At this time of writing the result is not known. But it may be surmised—that whatever happens to the old-line Liberal party. happens to the old-line Liberal party, C. W. Cross, with his pre-election and post-election smile, is where he wants to be. And it may be taken for granted that the man who in 1900 stood with one foot on a chair speaking to organize the young Liberals, and from his office window saw the Edmonton and the Alberta to be-expects still to grow up with the country.

## Music of a Week

A THREE-DAYS festival of music in Winnipeg; and already citizens of that ambitious city are whacking them-selves on the back.

"Well, now, did anybody hear of Tor-onto having six home-produced concerts in one series?" asks J. J. Moncrieff, the "Tribune" basso and critic, who probably regards the Toronto Festival in the Arena last fall as a musical circus. Arena last fall as a musical circus. Whereas the six-programme festival in the Walker Theatre last week was under the auspices of the Winnipeg Oratorio Society, with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Emil Oberhoffer —as well known in Winnipeg as the Duke of Connaught in Montreal. Music advances in Winnipeg at about the same tempo accelerando as the price of real estate. This six-concert festival by the Winnipeg Oratorio Society, the Chil-dren's Chorus and the Minneapolis Sym-phony Orchestra, cost thousands of doi-lars. But no deficit; at least nothing for newspaper notice. And Winnipeg ap-preciates good music with the same en-thusiastic sincerity that it does good hockey and fine wheat weather and lib-eral-minded bank managers. No doubt there were two women to every man in eral-minded bank managers. No doubt there were two women to every man in the six audiences. That's about the eastern ratio. But it won't be always so. The Oratorio Society has been in the field for a number of years. The Minneapolis Orchestra has been elevating musical standards in Winnipeg for most of this century. Oberhoffer is a fine con-ductor; deservedly popular in the West. In fact it would take a hair-splitting critic to detect the difference between his band and the Theodore Thomas of Chicago-but with Winnipeg odds on Chicago—but with Winnipeg odds on Oberhoffer as a conductor.

SASKATOON has been trying experi-ments with Sunday concerts. The editor of the Saskatoon "Saturday Press" has his own opinions about the result. He has been listening to the programme put on by the 29th Light Horse Band; also reading the "Canadian Courier's" notice of Arthur Farwell, the man who taught the masses of New York to like good music: and he says:

good music; and he says: "Vaudeville, or rag-time accompani-ment, interspersed with cat-calls and barn-yard cries, and a suggestion of all that the lowest in music can offer—this was one of the contributions by the 20th Light Horn Bard and

was one of the contributions by the 29th Light Horse Band to the programme at last Sunday evening's 'sacred' concert. "The piece, which was described as a 'descriptive' one and said to be given 'by request,' was 'Oh, You Beautiful Doll.' It was 'a paraphrase on Brown and Ayers' popular song, introducing the wonderful automatic doll.' As every-one knows, this rag-time specialty is one which is in great demand for the Tur-key Trot, about the last thing in coarse expression. The dance is vulgar in conexpression. The dance is vulgar in con-ception, but far more so in the matter of suggestion when allied to music of this

"Now, the 'Saturday Press' cannot, on its record under the present owner-ship, be charged with prudery, and as a matter of fact has been a consistent and steady advocate of Sunday concerts, provided these accounted to a present provided these are conducted on a proper basis.

"There is a limit in all things, and if Sunday's programme is an average sam-ple of what the 29th Light Horse Band put on at the Empire Theatre and consider to be fit and proper for Sunday en-tertainment, then let us see the official guillotine put into commission at once. Mr. Jackson and his Symphony Orches-tra of last season led the way in pro-viding suitable Sunday music, and for a time the Light Horse Band attempted, with some considerable measure of success, to copy it, but last Sunday's per-formance has effectually killed whatformance has effectually killed what-ever credit formerly attached to these concerts.

"As pointed out by Professor Crotchet in last week's issue of the 'Saturday Press,' the 'Canadian Courier' recently told of the successful efforts of the superintendent of public music in New York to raise the tone of the people in musical matters by the substitution of standard music for rag-time. We need the counsel of such a man in Saskatoon, and we need it badly. Viewed solely from the standpoint of public morality, the inclusion on the programme of any such rag-time as the one under discus such rag-time as the one under discus-sion is wholly reprehensible. In addition, it presents the opponents of Sunday con-certs with an unanswerable argument."

A<sup>N</sup> admirable union of musical art and A N admirable union of musical art and philanthropy is being presented all this week at the Royal Alexandra The-atre in Toronto. In aid of the Preven-torium for Consumptive Children, the Canadian Academy of Music have under-taken to put on seven performances of the Gilbert-Sullivan opera "Yeoman of the Guard." There will be a singing and acting company of 100 and an orchestra of 30. All the talent is drawn from local ranks. For several months, under the direction of Mr. Stanley Adams, pro-ducer, and Mr. Alfred Bruce, musical di-rector, rehearsals have been under way. The event promises to be the best pre-sentation of local opera ever given in Canada. Thousands of dollars have been spent to give the opera the setting it sentation of local opera ever given in Canada. Thousands of dollars have been spent to give the opera the setting it deserves. The general idea followed is that in common practice in British cities and provincial towns where light opera gets a local outing with a charitable object, and much really good native tal-ent in singing and acting is developed. Col. Albert Gooderham and Mrs. Good-erham are the able and enthusiastic backers of the festival.

Trouble Enough .- An untimely biting frost effectually completed the mischief done earlier by the insect enemies of Mr. Barden's potatoes. The tops of the plants, which had served as pasturage for the pests, were entirely destroyed, and with them Mr. Barden's hopes of a

erop. He was not selfish, however, and could He was not selfish, however, and could think of others in the hour of adversity. Going to town in the afternoon, he was accosted at the post office by James Hayes, an intimate acquaintance. "Hello, Giles! How's everything up to the corners?" "Trouble enough, Jim, trouble enough!" was the gloomy response. "Ten million 'tater-bugs, and nothing for 'em to eat!"



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