

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 Gave Office.

We had the pleasure of a call this week from Mr. Wm. Macdonald, the well known author of "Exeter Hall" and other works.

The many friends of Dr. Tucker of Pickering will regret to learn that there is no improvement in that gentleman's health. He is still closely confined to his room.

Miss Genevieve Ward is playing at the Grand in her celebrated piece "Forget me not." Those who have seen her in the character of *Stephanie* declare that they never can forget her.

Gilbert and Sullivan's new aesthetic opera "Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride" has scored a great hit at the Opera Comique, London. A success as great as that of "Pinafore" is predicted for it.

Mr. Chas. P. Mulvany is at present engaged upon a translation of Frœchetle's poems. He is competent for the work if any English-speaking citizen of the Dominion is, and a generous reception, we trust, awaits the forthcoming production of our Poet Laureate.

One of our city editors has written an article censuring Manager Conner for disgracing the bill-boards with indecent pictorial posters of the "blondes." He says he went and saw the show (in the interests of the public) and it was not half so loud as the pictures led him to expect.

Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith has been lately giving his clever entertainment of elocution and pastel pictures at various points in Ontario. His illustrative drawings of landscapes and marine subjects are done before the audience with amazing rapidity, and are as effective to the eye as carefully finished paintings.

We regularly receive as an exchange that curiosity of journalism *The Sunny Clinic*, published by "women, God's best gift to man," at Terrell, Texas. Its columns are full of queer, out of the way, eccentric paragraphs, the productions of its quaint, antiquarian editor, "Jolly Old." We can never refrain from looking it carefully over however busy we may happen to be when it arrives.

Tourgenieff is issuing a new novel in a Russian journal in the form of "Reminiscences." A London literary weekly says it contains a sketch of a Russian country house, inhabited by a quaint old couple, in the days gone by. "Every page displays that delicacy of touch and that blending of the true pathos and humor which invest all of M. Tourgenieff's work with so peculiar a charm."

Some malicious persons (writes a western journalist) say that Lotta is getting old. This is not true, says the *N. Y. Post*. Lotta has an ostensible male manager who is supposed to look after her business affairs, but Mrs. Crabtree, the mother of the little actress, is the real financial head of the Crabtree establishment. Lotta is not very easily bulldozed. She is spunky, and as obstinate as any stone pile when she is "riled," and at all times she is breezily independent; but the influence of Mrs. Crabtree over her daughter is as mellowing and soothing as that of *Mrs. Wellington de Boots upon Major*. As soon as a house is counted up Mrs. Crabtree appears to receive Lotta's percentage. She has an instinctive knowledge as to when the counting up process is over, and just about the time the last calculation is completed she appears at the manager's office and relieves her business man of the cash. She is shrewd and sharp in business, and made considerable money for her daughter by excellent investments. If Lotta were to marry her dot would be about \$150,000.

NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

Ontario Society of Artists

14 KING STREET WEST,

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ADMISSION 25 Cents

ART UNION OF CANADA,

14 King Street West.

The annual meeting of the subscribers for the purpose of electing members of the committee will take place in the rooms of the

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At 7.30 P.M.,

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Literature and Art.

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

Canada is still well represented in the art circles of foreign countries in the person of Miss Ida Joy of Tilsonburg. She has just been a successful competitor out of nine thousand artists, in having a portrait in oil hung in the great salon exhibition at Paris. It will be remembered that Miss Joy was the recipient of a similar honor some two years ago at the Albert Hall, London. She bids fair to make a name for herself of which Canada may be proud.

Mr. Howells, in resigning the editorship of "The Atlantic," evidently means to carry out his plan of devoting himself assiduously to authorship. He has just put the last touches to "A Fearful Responsibility," which, although covering as many as forty-two of Scribner's pages, will be given complete in two numbers of the magazine, namely, those for June and July. The scene of this story is laid in Venice. Mr. Howells is now said to be busily employed upon a longer serial story for Scribner's Monthly and has in contemplation other literary enterprises whose scope has not been announced.

Not only has there been an uncertainty as to the time of Beaconsfield's birth, but the place of his birth is absolutely unknown; it is not definitely known by whom he was taken to be baptized, and there is not the slightest record of his school-life preserved. The story of his family is even attacked as fanciful, and apparently with some force. What is not so generally known is, that one of the playmates, or, at least, neighbors, of the little Jewish boy, was John Henry Newman. The Hebrew was to become the champion of the Church, and the pious little Protestant the mainstay and ornament of English Romanism.

The last instalment of "The Folk-Lore Record" contains a remarkable paper by Mr. Coots on M. Galland's tales, showing that three of our most cherished Arabian Nights stories—Aladdin, Ali-Baba, and Prince Ahmed—are not Arabian at all, but compilations made from unwritten sources by the enterprising French translator. It is hard to give up at this time of day our life-long belief in the accepted origin of the wonderful Lamp and the Forty Thieves; but Mr. Coots tells us that no Arabic, Persian, or Indian manuscript has ever been found to contain them, and that they are unquestionably due to M. Galland himself, working upon a basis of old folk-lore tales, originally Eastern, but preserved in Greece, Italy, Sicily and Constantinople.

The annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is now open to the public, and the friends of this progressive institution have every reason to be proud of the work displayed. There are about ninety specimens of oil work and one hundred and fifty water colours on the walls, and the critics agree in declaring the pictures superior, on the whole, to any yet exhibited by the society. Mr. John A. Fraser makes a decided hit with his contributions in both departments; Mr. O'Brien's two splendid views of Quebec, painted on a commission from the Queen, are sure of much appreciative comment from visitors; Mr. Perre, our master of pastoral painting, is worthily represented; Mr. Matthews, Mr. T. M. Martin, Mr. Harris, and many other favorite brushes are to the fore. It is perhaps still more gratifying to observe the large number of works by new artists, many of them being of the most promising character. We trust this exhibition may be patronized more generously than any in the past have been. A decided taste for art is springing up in Canada, and there is no means of fostering it more effective or legitimate than that afforded by the exhibition of our Provincial Art Society.