

we play the game (i. e., on the Glasgow greens), it is as pure and free from gambling or other coarse elements as curling is. I trained my boy to it with a pair of small bowls, and he practised in my back yard till he became a fine player. Bless me! It's just summer and autumn curling, on grass."

Such citations as I have given, together with my own personal experience of the unquestionable benefits and pleasures of the game, may serve as my excuse for commending it to the readers of *Outing*.

Canadians have but very recently awakened to the advantages of bowling; but the manner in which it is being taken hold of, in Ontario at least, promises to make the game in a few years as popular for summer and autumn as curling already is for winter playing. In Canada the attractions of the game bring players long distances to a central point to test each other's skill. There have been bowling tournaments in Toronto of late years at which were present rinks to the number of fifteen or twenty from all over Ontario. The last Canadian tournament, for both team play and singles, was held at Niagara, Ontario, in September, 1889, on a lovely plateau, shaded by old forest trees, where the river debouches into Lake Ontario.

To attend it came white-flannelled players from the Canadian cities; blue-flannelled players from the country districts; a rink calling themselves "Sere and Yellow Western Sports," from Walkerton, on Lake Huron; an ultra-Canadian rink from Belleville, in the East; scores of players from Toronto, and a rink of good Americans from Buffalo. I may remark just here that the game is played, I believe, on the grounds of the Grosse Point Club, on Lake St. Clair, near Detroit, as well as at the Forest and Stream Club, near Montreal. For two days the spheres rolled in graceful curves upon the green, or sped like great cricket balls at "the shot." And when the Saturday evening boat came in to take the bowlers across the lake, the singles were not yet played off. So on Monday the contest was finished on the grounds of Toronto clubs, men from Niagara, Belleville and Toronto being "in it."

I may add that, in addition to a list of forty or fifty clubs given by Mitchell as already in existence in England, and several in Ireland, I hear of nine clubs in active operation in Sydney, New South Wales, and of many in various parts of India. The game has only to be known in the United States, I believe, to assure it a hearty trial. —James Hedley, in *Outing*.

"IF I WERE A WOMAN."

SINCE the days when Solomon wrote, "Which yet my soul seeketh but I find not: a man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all those have I not found," men have amused themselves and others by saying bitter things about women. One cannot help wondering if Solomon took so many wives just to carry on his disheartening research. In this age of invention there has been a new departure, and some one has collected what distinguished men say they would be, if they were women. Of course the old leaven is there, and insinuations that woman falls vastly below her privileges abound; the authors forgetting that "God Almighty made them to match the men."

In many cases the women they would be seem as far below a true woman as that man-made monster, Frankenstein, is below a true man. But listen to Max O'Rell, who has been so busy laughing at "John Bull" and "Sandy" that he has never had time to retire into a quiet corner to indulge in a hearty laugh at himself. "If I were a woman I should expect a triumphal arch erected over each door through which I had to pass, and each floor strewn with flowers upon which I was about to tread. And if the men were to expect me to return any gratitude—that's what I would not do." And men have thought over great expectations and ingratitude two of women's many crying sins. Ought they not to be thankful that men are not women, or what a breathlessly uncomfortable time they would have?

Edgar Saltus takes up the parable, saying, "Were I a woman I should consider that nothing was less aristocratic than unbelief." That is, fair daughters of Eve, do not believe because the religion of the man Christ Jesus is true, and because it has given you a right to be a thinking, free creature, who can throw off, through Him, the heavy bonds that the much-blamed mother of us all laid upon you, but because it is aristocratic. And 'tis said that women will sell their souls for position; what if they were Edgar Saltuses?

Will Carleton would "thank God for considering my soul worthy such an environment"; it was the Pharisee thanked God he was not as other men, and was not justified. Woman's much-bewailed vanity is nothing to such "monumental" pride as this:

Another one says, "I would not wish to be a man—until I was thirty." Wherefore, oh ye women, weep, howl, because you cannot be metamorphosed when you reach that terrifying age. Why? If, as the same author goes on to say, "beauty may allure, graciousness enchains," cannot a woman be gracious after she is thirty; and is to "allure" and to "enchain" all of life?

John Habberton thinks, "I should read and study as much as my father, husband, brother or son," so as never to be regarded as "only a woman." Strange that he does not know that though he were an Aspasia, a Madame de Staël, or a George Eliot; though he scattered pearls of wisdom, diamonds of truth, about him, wise men and perfumed dandies would superciliously smile at "a woman's

theology," "a woman's book." And does he not know that the "bad grammar" of a "father, husband, brother or son" is of far more weight with most men than the polished English of the mother, wife, sister or daughter? No, you delightful creator of "Helen's Babies," you will have to re-create man's opinions before women will be anything else but "only women."

Now, really, isn't it time that man let woman alone? The woman he would be seems in no way desirable. And then it will soon be that he must, for woman is gradually getting her "innings," and before long she will be able to hit as hard as man. Then woman will say, "If I were a man I should emulate the rose and its wisdom, . . . and be silent."

L. O'LOANE.

ART NOTES.

J. PENNELL'S large work, "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen," has arrived, and we hope to give a review of it next week.

BURNE JONES has finished his picture of the "Legend of the Briar Rose," of which so much has been said in the London press, and it is now on exhibition at private view.

MISS S. S. TULLY and Messrs. C. W. Manly and J. W. Knowles have been elected Associates of the Royal Canadian Academy at the late general assembly in Montreal.

A NEW selection of engravings and etchings from Turner's "Liber Studiorum" is to be published by Blackie and Son. The copies will be made by an improved process, and will include four tinted drawings.

HIS Excellency the Governor-General visited the Academy Exhibition at Montreal last week, and expressed himself as much pleased with the display of Canadian works of art. He purchased a small water-colour drawing by F. M. Bell-Smith entitled, "The Stream From the Glacier."

MR. RICHARD BAIGENT, the well known Toronto artist, died suddenly of heart disease late last Tuesday evening. He died in harness, being at work in his studio until the moment of his death. Mr. Baigent was for years drawing master at Upper Canada College and the Toronto Collegiate Institute.

IVAN AIVASOVSKI, the painter of the picture "The Living Torches of Nero," whose horrors attracted so much attention in London a few years back, is now exhibiting three more distressing subjects which will have the same effect of making the spectator shudder—"The Destruction of Pompeii," "The Last Moments on the Ocean" (a sinking vessel), and "After the Deluge." He seems determined to outdo in the way of painting horrors his famous countryman, Verestschagin.

Of exhibitions, the following notes may be made: The sixty-fifth exhibition of the National Academy, New York, opened April 10th, and will continue until May 17th. The twelfth exhibition of the Society of American Artists was opened in the Fifth Avenue Galleries, New York, on Monday, the 28th ultimo. The forty-second annual exhibition of the Art Club of Boston, which opened April 6th, closed on the 26th. The twenty-fifth Industrial Exposition of the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco, Cal., will open on Tuesday, August 19th, and close on Saturday evening, September 27th. The Board of Trustees announces that medals of gold, silver and bronze, and diplomas, will be awarded to exhibitions from every department of invention, art, industry, and the natural resources of the Pacific Coast. An International Exhibition of the Fine Arts is to be held in Kingston, Jamaica, next year, opening January 27th.

THERE has just been added to the attractions of the Doré Gallery, in Bond Street, London, England, a splendid picture by Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., entitled "The Market Place at Nazareth." The foreground is occupied by three maidens clothed in robes of contrasting colours, their beautiful faces unobscured by the veil which is so generally depicted in scenes of Eastern life. Beside them are their wares, which consist entirely of the produce of the land, the milk and honey with which the country has ever flowed occupying a conspicuous place. Behind them are the merchants, apparently haggling over their bargains, while close by stand the patient asses, ready to carry back the unsold goods at the close of the market. In the top corner of the picture a delicious peep of the surrounding country is given, with hills, towers and trees in the far distance. The careless attitude of all the figures, the cat and dog contentedly sleeping on the ground, and the utter absence of any appearance of hurry or bustle give that air of indolence which is so characteristic of the natives of the East. The colouring is beautifully clear and even, the foremost figure—that of a girl clothed in a black robe and bedecked with chains of silver coins—seems to stand right out from the canvas, while the olive complexions of all the characters harmonize beautifully with their surroundings, and, withal, there is a remarkable absence of that gaudiness and bright colouring so often seen in pictures representing Oriental life.

TEMPLAR.

I DETEST the very words "amateur" and "connoisseur." An amateur I define to be a person who loves nothing, and a connoisseur a person who knows nothing. If either knew or loved, he would be an artist. They, at best, know only the anatomy and dry bones of art. They

use technicalities and cant phrases which they don't understand, and fall into false enthusiasms that make you hate even what is good, and they always pretend to know and affect to feel without either knowledge or feeling.—*Conversations in a Studio*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

LA TRAVIATA drew a good but not a bumper house on the 30th ult., the prices being of a prohibitory nature. The gifted French-Canadian chose rather a worn-out opera for her flying visit, for neither theme nor music—if we except "Ah fors e lui" and "Parigi, O cara"—are of an especially attractive character. It is somewhat surprising that the opera has survived so long, for it is well known that Verdi himself ranks it among his least worthy productions. Albani was in excellent voice, and her acting was impassioned and spontaneous, a little womanly touch in the first parting with Alfredo bringing out the instinct of the artist. Her *cadenzas* were as brilliant and marvellous as ever, and though here and there one might trace a seeming weariness, the fulness of tone and legitimate singing were as noticeable as of yore, and the popularity of the person was enhanced by her artistic honesty. The "Sempere libera" was given with sufficient *abandon* but without exaggeration, a mean not always attained by every exponent of the role of Violetta. The artist wisely avoided the distressing cough affected by many in the death scene, trusting more to her intensity of emotion than to the slight touch of realism attained thereby. The elder Germont was in the hands of Del Puente, who is now, as ever, as an artist to his finger tips, and his singing was enthusiastically received. We notice with regret, however, the increase of the *vibrato* in his middle register, an evil which seems to be yearly gaining ground, destroying the smooth *legato* singing of the old school. Ravelli was flat, being evidently tired out and in need of rest. Signor Novara's enormous voice was decidedly useful in the concerted pieces, and in view of a somewhat weak chorus. The orchestra was fair, but escaped notice of course in the interest centred in the *diva*. Sapio wielded the *baton*.

EDWARD LLOYD AT THE PAVILION.

MONTREAL cannot say that she received the great English tenor more enthusiastically than did Toronto. It is doubtful if any singer, living or dead, ever received a greater ovation from a Toronto audience, not excepting Patti or Albani, than that which was accorded Mr. Lloyd at the Gardens on Monday night last. As an exponent of the best traditions of oratorio singing, the English tenor is admittedly *facile princeps*. His early experience as a chorister in Westminster Abbey, under the late James Turle, to whom he owes the groundwork of his supreme art, together with that gained under his relative, Hopkins of Cambridge, and later as a member of the Chapel Royal choir, has doubtless been the stepping stone to the pure, legitimate method and easy delivery which are so essentially apparent in Mr. Lloyd's singing. Without robustness of tone, his perfect production renders the faintest *mezza voce* distinctly audible, and the clear articulation, so rare nowadays, which he gives to each syllable, adds to the carrying quality of a brilliant voice. The audience was sufficiently exacting to weary the most obliging of singers, but Mr. Lloyd responded most good-naturedly each time. "Cujus Animam" was followed as an encore by Blumen-thal's "Message," sung as only Reeves could or Lloyd can sing it; the exacting "Sound an alarm," from "Judas Maccabæus," by "Come into the garden, Maud," which roused the audience to a *furor*—and which the singer took at an unusually quick *tempo*—and Balfe's worn-out air, "When other lips," by "Oft in the still night," usually heard as a quartette. As a specimen of the purest *legato* singing we do not think the latter has ever been equalled in Toronto. Mr. Lloyd is, undoubtedly, at the zenith of his art when rendering oratorio music, which is, perhaps, the severest test of honest singing. Especially is this the case in Handel's stately music, which requires the most perfect balance and accuracy of phrasing. Monday night was a repast not often offered to Torontonians. Madame D'Auria sang the *polonaise* from "Mignon," and responded to the encore, which was the better performance of the twain, and Torrington's orchestra, which had a large sprinkling of professionals, played excellently, though once or twice the bass strings were noticeably behind the beat. Perhaps Suppé's much-murdered "Poet and Peasant" overture was the best rendered item, owing, doubtless, to its familiarity. Mr. Torrington has done, and will doubtless do greater, things with his orchestra. Arditi's quaint "Gavotte" was well played, and Mrs. Torrance's colourless "Rêve d'Amour" valse was honoured with an encore.

THOSE who are not well acquainted with the "music of the future" will have an opportunity of improving their knowledge of Wagner as a choral writer, on the evening of the 20th inst., when the Toronto Philharmonic Society purpose giving "An Evening with Richard Wagner." The late *maestro's* choruses have been generally supposed to be too full of orchestral and other difficulties to admit of their production anywhere but in the chief musical centres of the world, and are, therefore, not so generally known as they might be. Consequently a very interesting performance may be looked for.

THE BOSTON IDEALS.

COMING as they did after the Wednesday night with Albani and Del Puente it was hardly to be expected that the Boston Ideals would arouse any great enthusiasm. But,