



"THE HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL."

THE VOCAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

A BANK of young ladies in white, with shoulder sashes of red and blue, backed up by a solid phalanx of broad-cloth coats and white shirt fronts; a dapper little gentleman with baton in hand, bowing from an upturned packing box in every variety of bow, amid a storm of hand-clapping; so opened as usual the first annual concert of the popular Toronto Vocal Society on Tuesday evening. A few sharp taps on the leg of the music stand, and the singers arose. One note from the piano, and then "God save the Queen" was done in a manner to compensate for the thousand and one cold-blooded murders that grand anthem has suffered on all sorts of occasions. Had the audience retired after this opening number they might have considered that they had had the worth of their money; but this was only the foretaste of a plentiful feast of part songs and glees all rendered in equally artistic style. We are glad to note the constant progress the society is making, and congratulate Mr. Haslam on the evidence of his ability and care, which was so markedly given on this occasion. The pianist of the evening was Mlle. Adele Aus der Ohe, a very brilliant pupil of Liszt. As was anticipated from the record of her achievements in other cities, this young artiste made a profound impression. The vocalists were Miss Robinson and Mrs. Agnes Corlett Thomson, both of whom were highly successful. It is too bad, however, for the song writers to give nice young ladies like Miss Robinson such awful nonsense as the following to sing:—

"Thou little youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart;
My heart and the sea and the heaven
Are melting away for love.
The sea hath its pearls,
The Heaven hath its stars,
But my heart, my heart, hath its love."

Mrs. Thomson's most taking number was an air with variations by Auber, for which she got a double recall. The bouquet business was perhaps rather over-done. The

performers deserved them, certainly, but it doesn't look spontaneous enough when flowers are sent up by special uniformed ushers as a regular item of the programme. We advise patrons of the concerts to bring their bouquets with them, and if they get as much provocation as they did on Tuesday night, rise up and fire them at the deserving artist in the good old-fashioned way.

A JOKER IN MUSKOKA.

REMINISCENCES concerning Alex. F. Pirie, who has recently severed his long connection with the *Telegram*, are in order. Here is one illustrative of his fund of ready humor. Pirie and a friend were spending a week or two in the wilds of Muskoka, and undertook a long walk through the bush from their camp to Port Carling some six miles distant. The day was warm and they had not gone far before they grew somewhat thirsty.

"Wish there was a tavern round here," said Pirie's friend.

"There is—I know there is," replied Alex—"See that old fellow at work in the bush?"—pointing to a man who was piling up hemlock bark collected for tanning purposes.

"Yes—let's ask him."

"Hello, friend," said Pirie, "where's the tavern?"

"Tavern—what tavern? Ain't none about here—"

"But there is—there must be. Quit fooling and show us the way."

"Don't I tell you there aint none."

"Why, that's remarkable—most extraordinary. What on earth are you doing here then?"

"Me? Can't you see I'm pilin' bark?"

"Of course—it was seeing the *bark-heap* that made me think the tavern couldn't be far off."

And the pair continued their course leaving the backwoodsman in a state of mingled bewilderment and irritation, muttering that "them city folks is a lot of gosh-blamed idiots, anyhow."