MUSIC'S REALM

Would-be singers in opera. Henry Hayne, in The Boston Herald, writes the following to such:

"Four weeks of lyric music in Boston, that is to say, a double season of opera barely finished, the echoes of voices and instruments still being heard, so to speak, and already there is a baneful effect produced on young persons hereabouts, who would like to be opera singers—on girls especially. A great stream of those who go abroad for the study of music continues with all its original volume and its almost barren results. There have been more than five thousand aspirants for operatic honors supplied to Europe from the United States within the past 28 or 30 years, and yet all these have not furnished our country with more than a dozen women who are shining as stars on the lyric stage. It is true that many many more than that number have made their appearance in opera, and for a while have been prominent, in a certain sense, but they do not last long. I would not have the continuous flood that is pouring from our country to Europe, of young Americans, whose purpose is the study of art, more especially of music, completely stopped, but it would prevent a further record of disappointment, beggary and despair if no one was permitted to go abroad until a sufficient sum of money was guaranteed, so that she could study without starving or being compelled to walk the streets of foreign cities half-naked. Before being made one of the happiest benedicts in the world, the writer lived the life of a bachelor in his own apartments. Into these rooms, whether in the Rue St. Florentin, Rue de Rivoli, or Rue Robert Estienne, and for the last sixteen years there walked hosts of young women who had not a dollar to their names, and whose bodies were so thinly clad in winter that they were almost frozen to death. There was one young lady, who came once upon a time bearing letters from a famous Paris teacher, which was sealed with wax and it told the present writer that this particular student had had no remittances from America for over six months, that she was moneyless, that she had sold or pawned all her clothing, and that she was without food or shelter. This good teacher had been giving her money from time to time, he had fed her at his own table, and he would gladly have done more, but he could not afford it. Delicately, but determinedly, the visitor was questioned to ascertain the facts, and her misery and degradation was so great, that she could hardly tell him all. Yes, it was true, her garments were in pawn and that she was pennilessness. "I am without money, without food, and, I fear, without maiden shame." Her cheeks reddened, her eyes grew moist, her figure trembled, but she went on: "Professor made me promise to tell you everything. I have not eaten food for two days. Last night I crept into the carriage house at the back of the court yard of the place where my Italian teacher lives, and slept there until the stableman came this morning. See here, this is every stitch I have on." And her delicately chiselled face blushed as she partly lifted up the thin skirt of a dress that was seedy and shiny all over. 'Bear with me until I have told you the whole of it,' she cried. "I am without stockings, underclothes, or other gown than this.' Then she fell from her chair to the floor in a dead faint, and it was a faint which was produced as much by hunger as it was by shame.

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"Some lady friends of the writer furnished that poor girl with clothes to wear, and the Relief Society, of which Gov. Morton—then our Minister to France—was president, and Mr. Hopkins was treasurer, sent her home again. Here she remained, working hard and saving all she could, for she was determined to be an opera singer. In seven years she saved $1000, and, when her mother died, her share of the property gave her $700 more. Then she started for Europe once more to study music, but this time she went to Italy, to be fleeced and fooled, until she again found herself penniless, and she would perhaps have starved to death in the "land of song," had it not been for the charity of a Chicago Board of Trade man, who found her in Naples, and sent her back to America. These two attempts were enough for her; she gave up all idea of being a prima donna, and turned typewriter. One evening while Damrosch's German singers were in Boston recently, I heard my name spoken during an entracte, and turning recognized the same young lady. The pleasure of that unexpected meeting was mutual. She gave her office address, and was visited soon afterward. Then she told me of her present happiness. The good fortune that plenty of work and an honest life generally brings is hers now, and she has been doing well in these past two years. Her health is good, her clothes are neat and becoming to one in her position. There are a few gray hairs scattered among her brown tresses, and her eyes—well, they would be bright if they were not just now so overflowing with tears that she can hardly see to touch the keys as the writer dictates her own story, and she stays his words to enable her to use her handkerchief, she turns her good face to exclaim in plaintive accents: 'Yes, beg them, beseech them never to go abroad to study unless they have plenty of ready money. I would not go through it all again for the whole world.' She would not go through it all again, because her effort was unsuccessful, and because she suffered so much. The other morning Mme. Nordica spoke those same words in the Parker House. We were talking of her triumphs and of her ways of work, and study in order to succeed, and when she was congratulated on her success at Mechanics' Building, she exclaimed: 'No, do not congratulate me, sir, for of what good is it all? I would not go through it again for all the money there is in America,' and there were tears in the diva's eyes as she spoke."

* * *

A lady who was in Europe for a while with her mother, who studied in England, France and Italy, who sang in Rome, Florence, London and St. Petersburg, though nowhere with any kind of success, who finally gave up the lyric stage because she realized that if she did not she would, as she expressed it, "have to give up the ghost," and who is now married to a dentist, wrote me from Milan when she was studying there, as follows: "In my opinion study in Italy is decidedly a farce, for there are few, if any good teachers. As for the language, if one lives here, it is to learn a dialect, called Milanese, and which resembles pure Italian to a slight extent, but there it stops, and once acquired is rather injurious than otherwise. I have been to see several of these teachers, including San Giovani, and Sampeiti, jr., and compatriots have told me of the others. They are all alike in wanting lots of money and little work to do. They shout always, 'Bravo, bravissina,' to everything, and if a scholar has a fault and in ignorance asks to be corrected their maestro's reply: 'Oh, we will see to that to-morrow,' and that day never arrives. There are almost as many teachers in Italy as there are singers; there is almost as much mediocrity in the one class as there is in the other. Every other artist who can no longer sing in opera, sets up as a lyric agent or takes pupils. Every other man you meet in the city considers himself a Mario or a Campanini. The women are all Patti's or even better than that adorable cantatrice. The history of some of these girls is sometimes appalling. Only the other day an American young lady called on us, and begged mother to do something for her. She has been doing nothing, she is without money, and she won't go home. No, she is bound to stay in Milan until she can go to Paris, where she wants to study next, and she begged so hard for help that mother was obliged to give her $50 and some of my things to wear. Hope keeps up her courage, but it never fills her stomach or buys her clothes. "An American opera singer," whom you know, went into a sure thing with an Italian professor, who had already got a lot of her money, while teaching her a bad method. She had a large sum to her credit at the bank, so she advanced 10,000 francs; they went to Rome and there found—well, no theatre, no impresario and no public. She had been robbed, that's all. The moral of this incident is this: They can all talk as much as they please—without "filthy lucre" here, no one can make the singing career successful in Italy. The worst of it is that it is really after the musical education is finished, when a person ought to be earning something that the most money must be paid out, as one cannot live without money while awaiting an engagement. You would be surprised to learn how many girls pay to learn to sing and get caught. There are more blasted hopes, broken hearts and misery in the city of Milan than anywhere else on earth, and as for the morals of Italians I doubt if they have any. I pray God that no friend of mine will ever venture into this dreadful place, for I know of its dangers and distresses." Another singer wrote: "In Italy a beginner must pay to be mentioned by the critics or to be written up by the reporters. Moreover, money, and lots of it, must be spent before a debutante can get a hearing, especially if she is an American, for we are all supposed to be rich, and are preyed upon. Sometimes they compel the debutantes to pay for the 'spartito' or score of the opera, and this is usually very dear, or they may insist on a girl's paying the salaries of the tenor and the basso. These agents are all scoundrels of the deepest dye and yet we are obliged to visit them, sing for them, and pray them to look up an engagement, and this goes on until a reputation is gained, and not one in five hundred ever gains a reputation. I wish with all my soul that I could put every girl in the United States that has any thought of coming to Europe to study, on her guard against all theatrical Italians, for they will rob her at every chance they get. But even more than this, do I wish I could induce my singing compatriots to remain away from Europe unless they have money to spare, and can prevent themselves from ever being hard up." It is not the present writer's intention to say that a girl's ambition to be an operatic singer is not an honorable one, for it is; but too often it is a mistaken one. What is being aimed at in the article is the prevention of so many girls going abroad to carry out a musical education and a vocal training, for which they are not fitted. Unless a child shows more than a little natural aptitude for music it is a great mistake to devote much time to the attainment of that art; and most assuredly, if a girl is permitted to go away from home to study—for no student can teach herself, even with the best methods—an experienced and capable teacher should first be professionally consulted in Boston, New York or elsewhere. And, again, once such a teacher approves of foreign study, see to it that that girl's bank account is large enough to shield her, not so much from harm—our girls are in no more danger in Paris, morally speaking than they are in New York—as from the despair and misery that sudden poverty produces.

* * *

Sir Joseph Barnby.—The Rev. C. C. Hall of Brooklyn paid a high tribute of praise to the deceased musician. Falling into the error, not unnatural, that Barnby was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, Dr. Hall said: To-night, in St. Paul's, when all the grea services are over, when the anthems have trembled away into silence, and the hymns, like eagles, have winged their tumultuous flight up above the din of London into the upper, calmer heaven, there, among the mighty monuments, as among the rock walls of the desert, there, beneath shadowy dome as beneath the solemn sky, Barnby will sleep, like Jacob, in the Mesopotamian wilderness, with a stone for his pillow; and could one forget that those skilled and sympathetic hands shall never more unfold and weave those great harmonic fabrics he loved so well, that used to stand forth, as it were, before one's eyes, like tapestries of cloth of gold; could one forget that death and all that death means for us when linked with the name of Barnby; could one think of him as but lightly fallen asleep in the silent Cathedral, it were easy to fancy the dream of the sleeper, lying at midnight in the Minster, dreaming of his own life work. What sees he, as he lies, with the stone crypt for his pillow, and with the heavenly dome above him? What sees he in his dream that brings the smile of peace like light upon his manly face? He dreams, and behold a ladder set upon the earth and the top of it reaches to heaven, and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. It is a dream of the life work of such as he who, taking the earthly gift of music, so lift it and set it Godward that it reaches even to the heaven, and becomes an angelic stairway from the heart of man to the heart of God, from the heart of God to the heart of man. "Behold the angels of God ascending and descending upon it!" It is a picture of his hymns and anthems in the offices which they have performed and which they are destined to perform in the devotions of the church; angels of God ascending and descending on the uplifted structure of a well-used, consecrated talent, a talent lifted from the earth and raised in dauntless aspiration till it touched the clouds. Men and brethren, it is greatness, indeed, so to have used one's gift, whatever it may be, that the thoughts and aspirations of other hearts may have been lifted upon it, nearer to the life of God. It is greatness, indeed, to have given utterance, not to one thought only, but by that, as with a key of gold, to have unlocked the thoughts of others, to have put words into another's lips, thoughts into another's mind and kindling passions into another's spirit which have enlarged and augmented not for one, but for many, the possibilities of worship and the dignity of life. It is greatness, indeed, to have lived in this age of materialistic energy, this age of sordid realism, this age when life's competitive forces compel men to part as rapidly as may be with youth's radiant illusions and to view the problems of existence in the light of common day—to have lived at such a time and to have used one's gift in such a way that millions of men and women and children throughout the world have been led upon that gift to climb upward in thought from narrower things toward that broader life of heavenly worship

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

On the subject of devotional music generally, Dr. Hall remarked: Music is a necessity. Self-expression through music is the involuntary respiration of a high-born soul. To sing is to breathe with the soul. They who are born of God must sing, or let the stones cry out. Why is this? Because we are born of God, His life is in us, His infiniteness struggles for expression within the walls of our finite hearts. To sing is to say what we cannot speak. This is worship; utterance which, beginning in words, breaks through them and expands into thought-tone that reaches to God. Oh, friendship, the sympathies, the ministration of music for our hours of care intolerable, and weariness, not of the body only, but of the soul. We were seated at the organ, weary and ill at ease; we could not speak to God or man in words of our own. Then music became prayer, and the hymn of another did the word we could not say for oneself.

It linked all perplexing meanings
Into one perfect peace,
It quieted pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
Of our discordant life.

And so we speak to ourselves in hymns.

* * *

Mr. Clarence Lucas, a young English musician of undeniable parts, appears to be also a rhymer of no mean ability; for in the third number of a new American paper, he has a very clever set of jingles, entitled "Padrewski," which closes thus:

O pallid, poet, pensive, piquant,
Potent, pithy, pungent;
Pompous, ponderous, profound,
Preludial, polyphonic
Pianist picturesque
Promethean, pandemic!
Poland's paragon,
Prorigious, peer-ess
Padrewski.

Alliterative verse almost Wagnerian. (Musical opinion.)

* * *

Mr. Edward Schuch, the very efficient choir master at St. James' Cathedral, is one of our most successful vocal teachers, and his many pupils, who have become known as amongst our best soloists, are the best evidence of his ability as a trainer of the voice. We are glad to say a good word for Mr. Schuch and his work. His pupils' recitals are serving to show the results of his musical work, practical results which speak for themselves in the most convincing form.

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The two young ladies from the public schools, who made such a favorable impression at the Orchestral School concert in Massey Hall, Miss Lillian Millet, vocalist, are both pupils of Mr. Torrington.

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We understand that the Nordica Stabat Mater concert, on June 2nd, will be very successful, and we hope so.

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The two young ladies from the public schools who made such a favorable impression at the Orchestral School concert in Massey Hall, Miss Lillian Porter, as piano soloist, and Miss Eileen Millet, vocalist, are both pupils of Mr. Torrington.

* * *

I understand that the Nordica-Stabat Mater concert on June 2, will be very successful, and I hope so.

* * *

A letter over the signature of Geo. Francis Beard published in The Toronto Globe recently asks some very pertinent questions concerning musical matters in Toronto; questions statements made as to our city being a musical centre, asserts that progress in the higher branches of musical art is at a standstill in Toronto to-day, that Montreal leads us in all things musical, inasmuch as they have a season of grand opera as well as oratorio; that not 96 per cent. of musical Toronto do not understand the meaning of grand opera; that Toronto has fallen to a low ebb and supports nothing but comic opera; that is is the duty of our musical critics to use their columns in helping to educate our people to a higher grade of art; asks why such a company as the Abbey-Grau Operatic Combination could not come here; asserts that whilst we have four singing societies, we have no orchestra, and asks if there are no musicians in the city; what has become of the symphony orchestra which was under Mr. Torrington; refers to petty jealousies existing among our musicians and conductors; suggests that the different society conductors meet and map out a festival to be given in connection with the jubilee Elijah performance; offers suggestions for combined interest on the part of citizens generally; deplores our marked failure with our resources to rank with other less important cities regarding music, etc. Mr. Beard's letter is a good one, and should have serious consideration on the part of those who claim to lead public opinion and on the part of the musically interested public. It would be a good thing if the points brought forward could be discussed openly by musicians and musical amateurs alike.

So far as a musical festival is concerned, there is every probability that all the musical conductors would be willing to conbine. As to a festival being given in connection with the "Elijah" jubilee performance, I think this would be injudicious, as the "Elijah" jubilee should be a celebration specially given in honor of the work and its composer. I would suggest that a combination be effected for later in the season, as it would require a longer time for preparation.

* * *

I am glad to notice the advanced work being done by our organists through the medium of their pupils. Mr. Torrington, Mr. Fairclough and Mr. Vogt regularly bring forward students who are qualifying under them for church positions. Their pupils are to be found in good appointments all over the country. It is a good sign in the interests of organ music when young players can be brought forward in programs of excellence, and is practical evidence of progress.

* * *

Our fair and accomplished vocal artist, Miss A. Beverley Robinson in conjunction with Miss Street, violinist, and Miss Hart, pianist, will have a charming recital at St. George's Hall on the 27th. There should be a rally of Miss Robinson's friends on this occasion, and I am sure she has hosts of these.

* * *

The Canadian College of Organists' operations have been held in abeyance recently. They will, however, be resumed shortly. The interests of this body could be merged into the proposed university of Toronto examinations appropriately as I understand the plans of the same, are to be of a most comprehensive nature, and above any personal considerations. Negotiations with the College of Organists have been under consideration to make the Canadian operations serve to qualify for the English institution.

* * *

The "Elijah" chorus has made extremely satisfactory progress with the rehearsals of this sublime oratorio. Most of the ground work of the chorus training has been already done, and everything points to a satisfactory rendering of "Elijah" by the Jubilee Chorus.

* * *

Concerts too numerous to mention are being given by the College of Music Conservatory of Music and the Metropolitan School of Music and private teachers pupils' programs are thick upon us. Let the good work go on, say I.

RICORDI

Toronto's Grenadiers.

The Royal Grenadiers, under Lieut.-Col. Mason, paraded on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, and marched to the Union Station, where they took a special train for Berlin. The battalion in their bearskins and bright scarlet tunics presented a magnificent appearance as, with the band playing and colors flying, they passed through the crowded streets. Lieutenant and Acting Q.-M. Montgomery, with a fatigue party of N.C.O.'s and men proceeded to Berlin by an early train on Saturday morning to arrange for the men's arrival in camp.

Mr. McCarthy's Big Send-Off.

Barrie, May 23.—Mr. D'Alton McCarthy left on the Pacific express this afternoon for Winnipeg, an immense procession, headed by the Citizens' Band, escorting him to the station. The streets were lined with people, who cheered the leader of the Third Party as he passed. Fully 1500 people were at the depot to wish him god-speed.

BUSINESS OF THE WEEK.

CONDITION OF OUR BANKS AT END OF APRIL.

The Decline in Bank Note Circulation—An Increase in Dominion Notes—Large Decrease in Loans of New York Banks—Wheat and Provision Markets.

The financial situation is unchanged, with the exception probably that money on call is a little more easily obtained. The fact that brokers anticipate an easier money market after the first of the month has a good influence among the speculative fraternity, and there is consequently a firmer tone to the stock market.

CONDITION OF OUR BANKS.

The note circulation of Canadian banks decreased $1,134,484 during April, the chief falling off being to the extent of $1,000,000 in Ontario banks. The banks of Quebec show a decline of about $400,00, and the banks in the other provinces show an increase. The Provincial Governments have drawn out some $744,265 of their deposits, and savings deposits show a decline for the month of $54,945, the funds having probably been deposited over the winter and now being withdrawn for spring uses. Demand deposits show an increase of $985,435, a notable increase, indicative of preparations for a brisk trade. Overdue debts for the month show a decrease of $638,008, one-half or which is in the statement of the Bank of Montreal. With regard to overdue debts, it must be remembered that the Banque du Peuple has $1,537,000 of these, about the same amount as its current loans. Eliminating the figures of this bank, we have current loans $208,568,065, and overdue debts $2,168,867. As compared with other years, this is a very good showing:

	Loans.	Overdue.
April.		
1894	$205,051,000	$2,950,000
1895	203,273,000	2,928,000
1896	208,668,000	2,168,867

There is a material increase in the holdings of Dominion notes, which, notwithstanding a small decrease in specie, swells the cash in vault by $809,857. There has been a decrease of $454,765 in the holdings of municipal securities and an increase of $381,295 in railway securities. Call loans have decreased $478,556, which, of course, had a depressing effect on the stock market, the banks having called the money in.

INCREASE IN DOMINION NOTES.

The circulation of Dominion notes, instead of having been marked by a falling-off, as shown in the official statement of the public debt, has been increased, the amount being now shown at $19,248,569 instead of $18,791,749, as given in the public debt statement, the figures of which are those of the month of March. The change makes a reduction of $456,820 in the decrease of the net debt, the decrease being $332,376, instead of $789,196, which makes the total net debt of the Dominion $250,290,557, instead of $249,833,737. The increase of $456,820 in the circulation of Dominion notes was in the issues of $5 notes, which were expanded to a greater amount, those of the lower denominations showing a considerable falling off. The issue of the notes is approaching the $20,000,000 mark, being only $751,431 short of it; and should the banks continue to increase their holding the limit will soon be reached, when, should it be exceeded, the Government will require to hold the full amount of the excess in specie.

SAVINGS OF THE PEOPLE.

During the month of April last the deposits in the thirty-three branches of the Government Savings banks now in operation amounted to $236,905. The withdrawals for the same period were $282,846, being an excess of $45,940 in withdrawals over deposits, which reduced the balances at the credit of depositors from $17,311,199 on 31st March to $17,265,259 on 30th April. At the end of April, 1895, the total amount of the deposits in these banks was $17,055,044, but at that time there were thirty-five branches, two of which have since been closed and the accounts transferred to the Postoffice Savings Bank. These were Truro, N.S., with $351,583, and Dorchester, N.B., with $91,601. This made the amount of the deposits in the thirty-three branches now in operation $16,611,860, making an increase this year of $653,399 instead of one of $210,214, which would be the case if the two branches referred to had not been closed.

NEW YORK BANK STATEMENT.

The statement of associated banks increased $3,123,525 during the week, and the surplus cash aggregates $21,701,495, as against $39,975,150 a year ago, and $77,601,700 two years ago. A bad feature is the large decrease of $3,068,000 in loans for the week. Specie increased $1,427,200, legal tenders increased $1,458,300, deposits decreased $952,100, and circulation increased $147,000.

WHEAT AND PROVISIONS.

"A year ago," said a commission man, "wheat advanced from 60c to 82c on the same character of crop reports as we are receiving now in Chicago. Countrymen were large buyers then, but now they are only looking on." Those who remember the situation can recall that it was materially different from the present. The entire winter wheat crop was damaged, Kansas being almost ruined, while this year the principal damage is in Michigan, Ohio and Indiana. If the Kansas crop is secured in good condition it will be large enough to offset any loss that may occur in the three states named.

The tallers who have followed the New Yorkers on the long side of lard are dropping out, a good many of them going at $4.37½ for July. The big holders at one time had 150,000 tierces, but are estimated to have not over 100,000 tierces at present, and possibly not that much, as they have been selling gradually. Hogs are coming in too freely at all the packing points, and the speculative and consumptive trade is not heavy enough to offset the selling against the output of the packing houses. Stocks are large and there has been nothing but losses for the longs for months, so that they are getting discouraged. Pork is lower than it has been since September, 1891. Lard is the lowest on record, and short ribs are lower than at any time since January, 1879, when they sold at $3.40.

The Minneapolis Record estimates that, with the best weather from now until harvest, the spring wheat crop will not exceed 150,000,000 bushels, and, with the most rosy conditions, the winter wheat yield will not be more than 300,000,000 bushels, with the chances largely in favor of a much smaller crop. This would make a total for both winter and spring wheat crops of 450,000,000 bushels. The requirements in this country for seed and consumption are placed at 390,000,000 bushels, and this leaves only 60,000,000 bushels for export and other uses.

ADVANCE IN HIDES.

Hides have advanced ½ to 1c within ten days, and are in Chicago 1c to 1½c above the low point. Packers are well sold up, stocks are not large and the demand is good. Sales within a week aggregate 20,000. Tanners who were afraid to buy thirty days ago are now coming in for supplies as they have made larger sales of leather, one lot of calf skins valued at $20,000 being closed on Friday.

"The Rivals"

Mr. C. Le Roy Kenney, a young man of undoubted natural talents, gave a monologue recital, at the Conservatory of Music Friday evening, of Sheridan's brilliant play, now on tour through America, with the famous star cast. Mr. Kenney's impersonation of the ten persons of the comedy, whose portrayal affords exceptional opportunities for artistic character work, won him a marked popular success. The applause was constant and enthusiastic. This early hit augurs well for the brightness of his future career as a public entertainer. Before the monologue and between the acts musical assistance was rendered. Miss Ada F. Wagstaff, a piano pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher, played "Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 7" (Liszt); Miss Winifred Skeath Smith, a violin pupil of Mr. John Bayley, played "Chacone" (Dancla); Miss Jean Mortimer, a vocal pupil of Mr. H. A. Shaw, B.A., sang "Hadanera," from Carmen (Bizet).

Toronto Local Council of Women.

The annual meeting of the Toronto Local Council of Women will be held in the Normal School on Tuesday, May 26, at 3 p.m. The reports of the Toronto delegates to the annual meeting of the National Council of Women just held in Montreal will be presented. The "council idea" is spreading, and each annual gathering becomes more representative and of more extended interest as well as more far-reaching in aim, and of more significance to our country and its philanthropic, educational and artistic interests. Toronto is the senior local council, and has been effective in bringing about several much-needed reforms.

A VERITABLE TOWER OF BABEL.

Proposed Construction of a 200-Story Building That Will Accommodate 400,000 Business People.

A capitalist of this city submitted the idea of a building 200 stories high to a firm of architects.

At first they regarded the idea as visionary. "Examine it carefully," said their client, "and make your report."

The architects did so. They concluded that their part of the work was practical and practicable, that a 200 story building could be erected, provided that the vast sum of money necessary to construct it was forthcoming.

Its plan, as shown, somewhat resembles that of the Eiffel tower, that wonder of the late Paris exposition. But this building will be nearly three times as high as the Eiffel tower, and its construction presents vastly different difficulties.

The structure will occupy one large city block. It will of course, be built of steel, just as the buildings that are now considered tall are built of steel. The framework of these buildings is like that of a bridge. The bridge is placed on end and surrounded by an outer wall of stone or granite.

In the 200-story building the bridge will be longer, that's all.

It will have 120,000 square feet of space on each floor; 24,000,000 square feet of space on the 200 floors.

It will contain 100,000 separate offices and suites.

It will accommodate 400,000 people under one roof.

Necessarily, the first question to be answered in planning for this sky piercing structure was: "How will people reach the upper stories."

The answer is: "By electric elevators." The building is to gather on its commodious floors 200 distinct communities of business men. On one floor will be the jewelers. On another the hardware dealers, on another the harness makers, and so on. So the conduct of great interests will be simplified, and more work can be done in that building in four hours than can be accomplished in an ordinary work day of eight or ten hours.—Cleveland Leader.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

His Singular Experience in a House that Possessed a Music Chair.

"I once had a very singular experience in a fine house in a small city in the West," said the retired burglar. "They had their silver locked up, but I found on a table in the parlor a lot of bric-a-brac, mostly silver things, that were well worth carring off. There was a curious looking thermometer that caught my eye in particular, and contrary to my usual custom I stopped to take a look at it before putting it in my bag, and then it occurred to me that I'd like to see how warm it was—it was very close in the room with the windows all shut—and I took a look at the mercury, holding it down in the light of my lamp on the table, standing up myself; but I couldn't see it very plain standing up, so I sat down on a chair that was right there by the table to get a closer look.

"The minute I sat down the chair began to play a tune. It had a music box arrangement attached to it, just like many other articles of furniture are made. Some of 'em when you pull out a drawer a music box begins to play, and all that sort of thing, and this was a musical chair. I got right up, but the chair kept right on playing. These things are apt to have a spring, you know, or a stopper of some sort about 'em somewhere that you press to stop 'em, I find that key, but I couldn't find it, and I got my lamp and looked for it, the music keeping right on playing all the time, but I couldn't find it and the first thing I knew it broke out louder than ever; it had come to some sort of a bell attachment that it had, and was making twice as much noise as it did at first, and the only thing I'd got in my bag was the thermometer, which I wished I'd never seen at all, and which I'd dropped in the bag when the first surprise struck me.

"I took another quick look over the chair with the lamp, but I couldn't find the key, and, of course, there wasn't anything for me to do but to go away, which I did. The last I heard of the chair as I went through the cellar window, it had backed out in some new direction and was booming away like a brass band."

THE PROFESSOR TRIPPED HIM.

Bicyclist Johnson Badly Hurt on the University Oval.

Cleveland, Ohio, May 23.—L. C. Johnson, the bicycle circuit rider, was the victim of an unfortunate affair yesterday afternoon at Glenville track. The Case Western Reserve University contests were being held inside the Oval when Johnson and several others, who are in training at Glenville, went on the track. One of the W.R.U. professors went on the path to order the riders off, and they failed to recognize his assumed authority. He put his cane in front of Johnson's wheel while he was going at a 2.30 clip. The rider was thrown, his wrist sprained, his leg injured and his face and body badly cut. Johnson will swear out a warrant for the arrest of the professor.

THE TURKS THRASHED.

Cretan Insurgents Repel an Attack and Inflict Considerable Loss.

Athens, May 23.—Advices from Candia, the principal city of Crete, under the date of May 22, say that a force of 2000 insurgents, holding strong positions, have besieged the Turkish garrison at Vamos, 1300 strong, since May 17. Turkish troops were collected at Khalivas with a view of relieving the garrison at Vamos. The entire body advanced towards the besieged town with that object, but they were met by the insurgents and defeated with considerable loss and compelled to retreat. The Turkish troops on the island are insufficient in number to insure success in another attack upon the insurgents, and in the meantime the besieged garrison are running short of provisions. According to yesterday's advices, they had only enough food to last them two days.

To-Morrow and To-Morrow.

"To-morrow," I said, "I will cleanly live;"
But I spoke with a drunken mind;
"To-morrow," I cried, "to the poor I'll give."
As I scattered my wealth to the wind.

But to-morrow came and her smiles were sweet,
And the wine was sparkling and red;
And my riches were rolled in a winding sheet
And the poor had to beg his bread.

"To-morrow," I cried, "I will go to Christ,
For Tophet's too hot to-day;"
But to-morrow came and the Styx was iced
And the devil there was to pay.

And all my good is in after-now,
And the present is always here;
And I know how the voice of my present vow
Will sound in To-morrow's ear.

For to-morrow will ever a prospect be
Unborn in the future's womb,
Till I see it stand in God's chancery,
My judge at the crack of doom.

—Temple Bar.

The Lewiston Bridge Approved.

Washington, May 23.—The President has approved the act for the construction of a bridge across the Niagara River at Lewiston, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Holmes with their two children, are spending the holidays with Mrs. W. F. Green, Mr. Holmes' sister, at "Fernclife," London, Ont.

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In the Kit-Cat Club

The bicycle is taking the place of everything else even in anecdotes. For example: She was being given her initial lesson in cycling in the park the other day. She was fat, overweeningly so, fair and forty. The instructor had been working hard for several minutes, when her worthy spouse appeared on the scene, and noticing the struggles of the instructor, who had his arm round the lady's waist, exclaimed: "My good man, don't you think you could hold my wife up by the saddle, instead of cuddling her like that?"

"Guv'nor, I've been looking for the blasted saddle for the last half hour," he replied. PINK EYE.

"If two cyclists started from City Hall, one, who could ride 25 miles an hour, at 10 o'clock, and the other, who could ride 30 miles an hour, at 10.30, when would they come together?" was the question asked the boys' class by a teacher the other day.

There was an oppressive silence before little Johnnie, who was near the foot of the class, put up his hand, signifying that he had solved the problem without the aid of a slate or pencil.

"Well," said the teacher, expectantly, "where would they meet, Johnnie?"

"At the first saloon they come to," was the demoralizing reply. CLIPPER.

There was a United States senator who was not remarkable for his education or refinement. There are many such, but this particular one was Senator Tabor. Eugene Field related of Tabor that he was one night dining with Roscoe Conkling.

When the fruit and nuts were brought on Tabor endeavored to crack a large pecan between his back teeth.

"Why, Horace!" exclaimed the amazed New York Senator, "where are your crackers?"

"I get them in my soup an hour ago," was Tabor's reply.

PASSE PIED.

An Irishman arrived home to his wife with both eyes bunged up, all his front teeth stove in, and with a general air of dilapidation about him.

His wife said: "Arrah, Mike, avourneen, what happened you?"

"Don't say one word to me now, Biddy," said Mike; "I am a Vanus arising out of the foam of the deep compared with the other fellow."

TOPPER.

The Saturday Night L. and D. Society.

The above society held its annual election of officers and banquet on Friday, May 22, at the residence of Mr. Johnson, 20 Laurier-avenue. The following officers were elected for the season of 1896-7: President, T. E. Plewman; vice-president, L. Rook; secretary-treasurer, W. Coulter; critic, G. A. C. Phillips; editor, J. H. Johnson. After engaging in various games, the members partook of the good things provided for them. The following toasts were proposed: "The Queen," "Canada," "Our Society," "The British Empire," "The Ladies," and others. The members spent a very enjoyable evening, and the meeting dispersed in the early hours of the morning.

Wayland Trask & Co. Assign.

Wayland Trask & Co., stock brokers, assigned to-day. They announced their failure at the stock exchange a short time ago.