MUSIC'S REALM

Orchestral Music in Toronto.

There can be no doubt that since the establishment of the Toronto Orchestral School, orchestral playing amongst amateurs has become quite a new development, the principal field of operations being in Sunday schools, church concerts, ladies' orchestras, quartet parties, etc., most of which would have been almost an impossibility some few years ago. We do not, of course, forget the work done by the music schools and private teachers, but we are dealing with the question from a collective point of view. Almost every Methodist Church Sunday school has now its own orchestra, and we notice that the Methodist Book Room has recently published properly-arranged orchestral parts to many of the hymns used in these schools. This is a decidedly good move, as formerly each player had to pick out a part from the ordinary piano score with very unsatisfactory results as a consequence. On Easter Monday a further step was taken in advance when the Sunday school orchestras united with the Toronto Orchestral school to play the orchestral parts of choruses from the oratorios and demonstrated their ability to do it well, and we may now expect to see quite a demand for not only oratorio choruses instead of the simple tunes hitherto in use, but orchestral accompaniments of them also, played by the regular school orchestras, with concerts and festival entertainments given, in which the grand choruses of the great composers will form an essential part. There can be no better means of extending the love for music than by such useful means, and certainly no more healthy means of recreation can be provided for our young people. There may be those who look upon everything amateur as quite beneath their dignity, but everything must have a beginning, and we are inclined to think that a very good beginning has now been made to start the orchestral movement, and we feel sure that as the results become more and more apparent, there will be found none but well wishers and sympathizers with what will eventually be found to be a live source of useful effort in the wider dissemination of a love for music in its best form. In time the interest in the visiting prominent orchestras will find here more and more numerous audiences of appreciative listeners, because of the knowledge of and the interest encouraged in the local study of instrumental music. Benefit will accrue to professional teachers, and all will feel that they are doing something at least to aid the cause of music. All at once may be seen orchestras of our young people employed in concerts under different leaders, and it will not be long before we have in Toronto a goodly crop of efficient orchestral players and a local orchestra formed up from our own resident talent. Orchestral study in every form should meet with encouragement at the hands of professional and amateur alike; and when everybody can play a musical instrument, we can fairly claim to be a centre for good in the musical world.

* * *

The report of the Easter Monday meeting of the C.S.M. has not yet come to hand, but we are in a position to say that the proposed idea of a graded system of examinations in music, leading up to the degrees in music at the University of Toronto commends itself favorably to those high in authority, to whom the scheme has been made known. Such a movement would vastly aid the musical development of our people throughout the country.

* * *

We notice a letter in The Globe on what may be termed musical stagnation in certain directions here, and asking the reasons therefor. As the signs are just now in the direction of united action tending to improvement in the direction indicated we shall withhold our opinions upon the point for a time. It would, however, serve the cause, if those who have ideas upon the subject could be induced to discuss the subject, and give an estimate as to what has been done in the past, what is being done, what should be done, and how far everyone interested in music is prepared to go in supporting efforts made to make Toronto what it certainly was until of late years, viz., a musical, if not the musical, centre of Canada.

* * *

It occurs to us that one of the first things to do will be for every musician, heads of musical institutions and private teachers in every branch of the musical profession, to acknowledge the principle that all are working in a grand cause—rather than for immediate personal advantage—to acknowledge one another's work and to cultivate a friendly regard for each other. In a young country, business interests, even in music, may clash sometimes, but if a sincere desire is manifested to live and let live, surely there is no reason for any but a kindly feeling to exist amongst musicians generally. This once established, everyone concerned would take a new interest in every musical effort—sympathy goes a long way in this connection, and if all can be made to know that this is what is expected and accorded, the exhibitions of a jealous and narrow policy will soon disappear. We can, at any rate, individually, do all possible to bring about fraternal relations.

* * *

The visit of the Yunck String Quartet to Toronto is a decided step in the direction of raising the standard of musical work, as an object lesson on high lines always does good. Such concerts as Herr Yunck provides, require that a "cult" be established, as it is only amongst the refined in taste that the class of composition found in his programs can be fully appreciated. No matter therefore under what auspices such clubs visit Toronto, every music student, no matter what institution or teacher they may be studying with, should be there to listen and learn.

* * *

We are glad to notice that at the pupils' concerts given by different teachers, professional fellow-teachers are to be found in attendance and this is as it should be.

* * *

The University of Toronto was well represented at the Yunck concert in the persons of President and Mrs. Loudon, Mr. B. E. Walker, Prof. Spotton, and University students. In the audience we noticed Mrs. Beatty, Miss Gurney, Miss Carty, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Torrington, Mrs. Tesseman, Mrs. Vogt, Mrs. Forsythe, Mrs. Fairclough, Mrs. Klingenfeldt, Mrs. Roberts, and amongst the representative musicians F. H. Torrington, A. E. Fisher, W. E. Fairclough, A. S. Vogt, W. O. Forsythe, H. Klingenfeldt, Signor Tesseman, Mr. Saunders, Mrs. Adamson, Mr. Tasker, Mr. Parkhurst, Mr. T. G. Mason, Mr. Youngheart and others.

* * *

The Yunck program made a most delightful concert, and from the first number, a Beethoven quartet, to the end of the program, the audience evinced the most enthusiastic satisfaction. The novelties were a quartet by Arthur Foote, a most ingeniously constructed composition, divided into characteristic movements of great originality of construction and full of delightful musical thoughts. The club did not allow of time between the movements, of which there were four, for the audience to applaud, which they were quite ready to do, as each movement was rendered. The other concert number was the Rheinburger quartet, in which Mr. H. M. Field joined Messrs. Yunck, Kaltwasser and Fitzpatrick, making a most effective combination. Mr. Field sustained his reputation as our leading pianist, and must have felt great pleasure in being associated with such artists. Herr Yunck in his violin solos and Herr Heberlein, cello soloist, showed up as artists of the first rank. The purity of tone of the instruments used by the club was remarked, and in the hands of such artists the combination was delightful. It is proposed to give two concerts next season by the Yunck Quartet. The vocalist of the evening was our accomplished local artist, Madame Adele Strauss Youngheart, who by her voice and artistic style of rendering, made a marked impression, and was enthusiastically applauded. Miss Fannie Sullivan accompanied Mrs. Youngheart artistically. Such concerts are of inestimable value from an educational standpoint as well as giving the greatest pleasure to a general audience. We think that every educational establishment—musical and otherwise—should be well represented when the Yunck Quartet comes here.

* * *

Pianos are now extensively manufactured in Toronto and Canada, and no doubt competition lines are drawn pretty tightly, but as most of the instruments are really possessed of great merit, there are some features of feeling in this connection that could be dispensed with to the advantage of all concerned—manufacturers and performers alike. If merit is to be the criterion in each case, and the particular instrument compares favorably with any other, then, beyond the pecuniary gain in the matter, why not give it its due regardless of who made it? What do we find in some places? Unless the piano made by a certain firm is used, then this firm's absence with all its friends is a marked feature at the particular concert where the instrument selected is used. We may just as well say that we would not go into a garden where any flower but our particular favorite is grown. If in the musical profession there has been too much jealous feeling manifested, we fear piano dealers are not altogether perfect beings. Why not meet together and decide that for one year they would not depreciate one another's pianos, and also agree to attend in a body every concert without regard to who did or who did not make the instrument used. And we would suggest that the great placard usually displayed to the admiring gaze of those who cannot help seeing the advertising card, be for the time dispensed with, allowing the excellence of the instrument to appear through its own merit, as we are sure it would. An artist's picture has to be appreciated upon its merits, and why not musical instruments? For these are certainly works of art also. Consideration on this point will help the cause of harmony, and will in the end sell more pianos. Try it, gentlemen, and see how pleasant a thing it would be for brethren to dwell together in unity for a season—and it would pay.

* * *

Don'ts for Musicians.

Don't run down one another.
Don't club together to the prejudice of some one in particular.
Don't fail to give any worker in the musical cause credit for what he or she does.
Don't forget to cultivate "fraternal relations."
Don't stay away from a concert because you don't give it.
Don't be jealous.
Don't all try to be leaders at once.

RICORDI.

* * *

Julia Arthur is a Song Writer.

The most recent contribution to Canadian song is from the pen of that well-known actress, Julia Arthur, whose childhood's home was in Hamilton. It is a pretty little song entitled "Mother's Eventide," and is set to music by Joker Lewis. It has just been issued in sheet form by Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer.

Our Suburban Hotels.

Editor Sunday World: My attention was called through The Canadian Sportsman of last week to an article in The Sunday World of the 26th ult., headed "In Season and Out," and signed "Eryx." Now, sir, as this criticism on suburban hotels and hotel keepers is very unjust, I desire space to reply.

I have the honor, sir, of being president of the Hotel Keepers' Protective Association for the license district of East York, and reply to "Eryx" for the other license holders as well as myself.

"Eryx" says: "Is it not an extraordinary thing that in all the fair country about Toronto there is not a single inn that one might even stretch a point and call well kept? I do not know of one. They are dirty and ill-smelling. The food one gets is abominable. The service is worse, if, indeed, the clumsy blunderings of a down-at-heel slattern or shirt-sleeved stable boy could be called service; and I do not speak altogether of the extremely remote districts. The point holds good in cases near enough to this big city to know better."

The writer then goes on to compare our road houses here with the "clean, cosy wayside inn one meets with in England, with its neat, trim exterior, snowy linen, etc." As now "Eryx" runs up against a farmer, The Canadian farmer is favored with highest regard; "for shrewdness and perspicacity commend him to the Canadian farmer. The English bumpkin is a clown in comparison."

Like the pilgrim, "Eryx" travels on, and presently hits another unfortunate hotel keeper, exclaiming in an agony of soul: "I abhor eating at these country hotels. Tea they understand not, bacon is an enigma, their bread is inedible, the butter—well, let us draw the veil of reticence over the butter. Their strong point is the irrepressible soda biscuits, damp and mouldy. This appears even at a midnight snack, which, I give you my word, I heard called the other day a 'lunch.' Soda biscuits, pickles and watery beer—that is about the size of it." And more to the same effect, and winding up with a kind of prayer in which he says: "Let us meet as seldom as we can." Amen, say I, fervently.

Now, sir, I have been in the hotel business for a period of over fifteen years, in the same house and within a few miles of the city limits. I know almost every hotel within a radius of twenty miles of Toronto. I know the class of trade they do and the class of house they keep, and I tell "Eryx" to his face that when he makes the statements that I have quoted in this letter, and gives them to the public as facts, he is an impertinent falsifier.

I submit, sir, that in the majority of the hotels within the limits I have mentioned, anyone can get a clean, good meal at any reasonable hour; they can get clean, airy and well-furnished rooms, "snowy linen" as pure as any English inn can produce, and at very reasonable terms.

There is no city or town in Canada where one can get such good hotel accommodation as can be had in Toronto and the neighborhood. I have heard tourists and travelers remark this hundreds of times, and I know personally that it is a fact.

In the meantime, Mr. Editor, if you require hotel accommodation I earnestly trust that your experience will be more happy than your critic "Eryx's" has been in the past, and that the landlords you think proper to honor with your patronage will give you something better than "damp and mouldy soda biscuits and watery beer" and "po'tively call the blooming thing a lunch, ye know."

D. B. BIRRELL,
Pres. E. Y. L. H. P. Ass'n.

Personal.

Rev. Burrl Dean Allen of Millbrook is visiting at the residence of his son, Dr. Norman Allen, Carlton-street.

Rev. Prof. Sherwood of Huron College, London, Ont., a brother of Mr. W. A. Sherwood, the artist, is visiting friends in the city.

GREAT ARE THE MINSTRELS

AN ENTERTAINMENT AT THE TORONTO THAT WILL ASTONISH EVERY THEATREGOER.

Al G. Field Gives a Performance With Half a Hundred Genuine Southern Negroes That Has Filled All America With Wonder and Has Attracted the Biggest House on Record.

The attraction at the Toronto Opera House this week will be Al. G. Field's big black boom, "Darkest America." In it are fifty real southern negroes. Home life among the negroes is the basis of the entertainment, showing the amusements, antics, frolics and games of the southern negro in his

ARAB PYRAMID BUILDERS.

humble home. The negro is the most humorous of mortals. Care sits lightly on his hopes. To be amused is the prime motive of the southern negroes' life. The dance, songs and music are their greatest delight. There is nothing in which they excel as they do in singing and dancing. There is a catchiness about negro melodies not heard in any other music. Sit in an audience and listen to a classical selection from the orchestra, and then

HADI CHERIFF'S ARABS.

note the effect of the introduction of a few bars of any negro melody. The audience with one accord brighten up, keep time with the strain and manifest an inspiration no other music can inspire. Even in Europe, where negro airs are seldom heard, "Our Old Folks at Home," "Suwanee River," and similar airs have become popular. How many people of advanced years remember the good old primitive ways of country life thirty years ago? Innocent games, taffy pullings, quilting bees, wood choppings, husking bees, cotillion dances, and such like, made up the amusements of the people. You cannot find anything of it now; it is only a memory of the past. When Denman Thompson put his picture of country home life on the stage under the title of the "Old Homestead," critics assailed it, contending it had no dramatic force, no plot. The people flocked to see it, however, because it brought back recollections dear to memory, happy scenes of early days in their lives. Up to the beginning of the war no more interesting people lived than the negro slaves of the South. Their games and amusements were fascinating to all people. Time has nearly obliterated the genuine plantation negro. He is very seldom seen. But he is just as interesting as of yore.

Mr. Field, with his usual good judgment, has not only selected first-class talent, but has introduced a great variety of material of a novel and original character and arranged the program in an admirable manner. There is plenty of good dancing, much popular music, both vocal and instrumental, and many other features calculated to please. The olio is composed of high-class specialties, beautiful marches, etc. The company, numbering one-half hundred people, travel in their own train of palace cars. This is positively their only appearance in this city, and all lovers of good minstrelsy should take advantage of the opportunity and see it. Hadji Cheriff's troupe of Arab tumblers, acrobats, gunspinners, whirling Dervishes and pyramid builders are a special feature of the performance. This is the largest negro show ever organized to travel, numbering one half-hundred people. The performance is full of original features. From the rise to the fall of the curtain there are two hours and forty-five minutes of continuous enjoyment, with not a moment's pause. The opening is a picturesque scene on the banks of the Suwanee River, with fine stage effects, handsome costumes and other attractive surroundings. It is in this first part that many of the choice, old-fashioned songs are introduced, as well as all the latest and popular ballads and many high-class specialties. After the first part comes the olio, composed of such people as McCarver Bros., John Rucker, Billy Miller, Larry Fidler, Reid Bros., Prof. Edwin Winn, Andy Williams, Fred Simpson, The Magnolia Quartette, Prof. Hallstock's mammoth orchestra and twenty others of note.

At St. Michael's this morning Rev. Father Ryan will make special reference in his sermon to the late Hon. T. W. Anglin.

A Constantly Moving Panorama of Scenes in the South Enacted by real Southern Negroes

25—Mobile Buck and Wing Dancers 25

Home Life in the South

The Original Tennesseeans

Plantation Pastimes

Colony of Camp Meeting Shouters

Clarence Alston's Mammoth Military Band

20 Matchless Musicians 20

TORONTO Opera House.

ONE WEEK, Starting Monday, MAY 11th.

A BIG BLACK BOOM,

Al. G. FIELD'S "Darkest America" AND REFINED NEGRO MINSTRELS.

The Biggest, Best and Most Expensive Entertainment of the kind in the World.

Novel Parade Monday at Noon

20—The Charleston Shouters and Singers 20

Pictures of Dixie Land

The Old South and the New

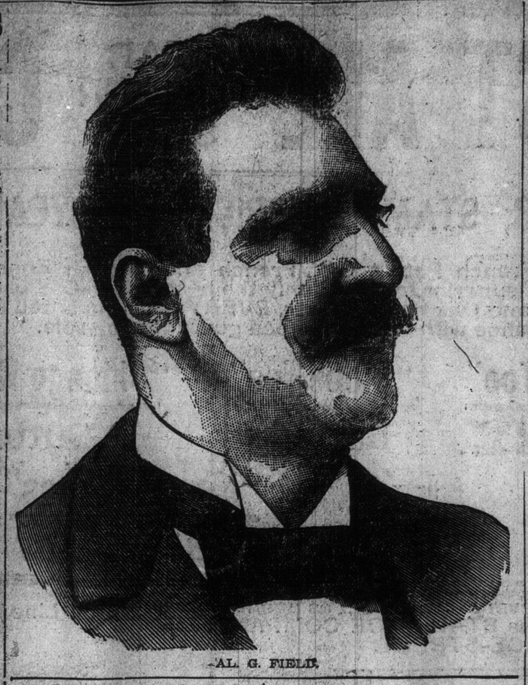
Haoji Cheriff's Imperial Troupe of Arab Acrobats, Gun Jugglers, Tumblers and Pyramid Builders

Dances of the South

Prof. Frank Hallstock's Orchestra

10 Pickaninny Dancers 10

The Same Big Show. The Same Massive Mountings. The same advanced ideas that have made the name of the Al G. Field Minstrel Companies famous the World over.



AL. G. FIELD.

Appeal to the Privy Council.

The question of the liability for the amount due the Indians for the lands north of lakes Huron and Superior, and south of the height of land is to be decided by the Privy Council. Leave has been granted the Dominion to appeal the Supreme Court judgment which relieved Ontario of the payment of these moneys.

Companies Incorporated.

James Bowden, Robert Drury, William Taylor Reid and John Walker Reid, manufacturers, and C. W. Conner, mechanical engineer, all of Toronto, have been incorporated under the Ontario Act as "The Metallic Monument Company of Toronto (limited), capital $45,000."

"The Ottawa Trust and Deposit Company (limited)," with a capital of $500,000, has been incorporated under the Ontario law. Ottawa gentlemen compose the company.

At St. Basil's Church this (Sunday) evening there will be musical vespers at 7 o'clock. Among other pieces "O Salutaris," in E flat, composed by Miss Adele Lemaître of this city, will be sung by Mons. F. X. Mercier.

MUSICAL.

WALTER H. ROBINSON, Singing Master and Conductor. Gives Instruction in Voice Production. Pupils received for study of Musical Theory. Open to accept engagements as Tenor Soloists at concerts. Concerts directed. Studio—Care R. S. WILLIAMS & SON, 143 Yonge-street.

J. W. F. HARRISON, Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Miss Veale School, 13 Dunbar-road, Rosedale.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY, Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist, Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Varsity Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College, St. Joseph's Convent and Dufferin House. Studios: Whaley, Royer & Co., 158 Yonge st., or College of Music, 12 Pembroke-st.

J. D. A. TRIPP, PIANO VIRTUOSO. Teacher of piano at Toronto Conservatory of Music, "Rolleston House" and Studio, Room 14 Oddfellows' Building, cor. Yonge and College-streets.

MISS FANNIE SULLIVAN, Concert Pianist and Accompanist, Choir Director of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, and teacher of the Piano at the Toronto College of Music. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. Address 542 Parliament-street, or The Toronto College of Music. Telephone 1069.

EVERYWHERE ECHOES.

If Presbyterian parsons instead of fulminating against bicyclists for riding on Sunday would make their services attractive they would do far more to make the world good. Sunday or Monday the wheel is an aid to morality. Why do our youth take trips on Sunday into the country? Because on that day only can they enjoy the beauties of nature to the full—because on that day they can imbibe health and strength from the pure, free air of heaven. Why does the parson take his month or two's holidays in the summer? For the same reason. Because he feels the strain of the previous eleven months, or fancies he does, which amounts to the same thing. Bicyclists will go to church when the church is made attractive to them. There is music, there is singing befitting the Sabbath as well as the week day, and when the parson recognizes that as aids to his doctrinizing they are invaluable, he will accomplish the good deeds he now foolishly seeks to perform by alternate admonition and denunciation. That it is desirable to go sedately and reverently to the House of God is undeniable, but the first thing to do is to get the people there at all hazards, and the other, if the parson possesses the power of inspiration, will follow. Bicyclists are human and can be taught. If wheeling on Sunday is wrong, get cyclists inside the church, and if the teaching is gentle, and not of the ramrod order, they will doubtless in time be brought to see it that way. I very much fear that what is wanted is better men inside the church as well as outside—that, in fact, we need in the pulpit more men of the type depicted by Goldsmith:

At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place.
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest cyclist ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head.

* * *

An excellent angler's tale is told by a Nashville man in the United States centenary. He kept a pond the fish in which were so tame that they would feed out of his daughter's hand. One day a fish presented itself which was suffering—in the literal sense—from swelled head. The young lady operated successfully upon the patient, who reappeared next day completely restored to health, and with a splendid appetite. A few days later, when the daughter of the house went down to the pond, a scene of unusual commotion was observable. A small shoal of fishes were seen advancing to the shore, pushing along one of their number with a broken fin. The young lady procured a needle and thread, stitched up the wound, and again effected a complete cure. Great excitement is reported to prevail in Georgia, the centre of the snake-story industry, at this infringement of their monopoly.

* * *

Howsoever it may be with their prophets in Greece, certainly they make much of and honor the native athlete in his own country. We make a fuss of a fuss about him in Canada, but in case he pulls off a certain event we do not offer to take him in and do for him for the term of his natural life. In Hellas they do. The winner of the footrace at the recent Olympian games need take no thought for the morrow, if everybody is as good as his word. He will toil not, neither will he spin. A tailor has undertaken to robe him, a barber to shave him till the end of his days, provided the barber himself lasts so long; a restaurateur will give him two cups of coffee a day, another has asked him to dinner for a year. A laundress will wash, another will iron for him till all he needs in the way of linen shall be a shroud. The King has shaken hands with him, and crowning glory of all, a woman has offered him her fair hand in marriage. Wherever he goes crowds of people follow. Such a high old time would suit some of our athletic aspirants—lacrosse players, for instance—down to the ground.

* * *

Walking sticks will be very popular with ladies this summer. The practice is the outcome, it is said, of the golf habit. Perhaps that may be, but I remember it was very fashionable along about the middle sixties, when the Princess of Wales suffered from a lame knee and walking with a stick, set that fashion, as well as starting what was known as the Alexandra limp. From the limp came the Grecian bend and the Roman fall. Then followed the custom of padding the hips and wearing the bustle before in further imitation of Her Royal Highness of Wales, who was anticipating the birth of the now Duchess of Fife. It was this latter custom that led to the scorching articles by Mrs. Lynn Linton and the present Marquis of Salisbury, then Lord Cranborne, on the Girl of the Period, Frisky Matrons, and so on; the first of which created such a sensation that the number of the Saturday Review containing it was thrice reprinted the total circulation reaching for those days—28 years ago—the marvelous number of 68,000. A publication called the Girl of the Period made its appearance. It had a short but merry life, but was the forerunner of a long line of weekly journals, of which Sketch is now the most prominent example.

* * *

Old habits die, old customs change. It strikes me somebody has said something like that before. It is true, nevertheless. But old habits also come back. The walking stick for ladies was in vogue in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's day and again in the time of Sheridan, when the belles of the period wore patches at Vauxhall and Cremorne and carried pretty, ribbon-bedecked pastoral crooks. And now the old habit has returned. Patches are not in order, but sticks, padded hips and cathodoscope sleeves are. Perhaps some of my readers have not yet "got on" to the last and are at a loss to know what is meant. Cathodoscope sleeves are made of transparent silk, beneath which in the sunlight the full bare arm can be distinctly seen. It is painful to imagine the length to which the cathodoscopic idea might be carried, although it will never be adopted by the lady of pads. But the walking stick habit is the most pronounced. I am told by a gentleman who has just returned from abroad that every lady carries one. She does not nurse the stick, he says, after the manner in which they nurse an umbrella, but grasps it firmly and uses it fittingly. The stick, it is true, is seldom of the integrity which one demands in a weapon for offence or defence. Some flourish Whanghee canes, holding them, as good form dictates, three or four inches from the ferrule, and occasionally, by inadvertence, catching up passers-by with the crook, much as a shepherd checks the too impetuous sheep. Others display the silver-headed malacca—the clouded cane of our ancestors—but without any of the finesse which once made that appendage of a gentleman as eloquent almost in his hands as the fan in the hands of his pet "toast." An absurd little begemmed and betasselled trifle is now and again to be seen in the foyer of a theatre, dangling from the fingers of a gilded youth, but fashion has not yet definitely prescribed this futile ornament. It is to be hoped it will not; and also that those women who are drawn to the possession of a walking stick will not think it necessary to have one of every kind.

* * *

The cent-in-the-slot system seems to have great possibilities as a method of teaching natural history. An ingenious confectioner recently invented an automatic hen which laid tin eggs containing sweets, lottery tickets and other things. The modus operandi was to place a cent in the hen's beak and simultaneously twist the bird's tail. The confectioner, when charged under the Lottery Acts, pleaded that his invention was "calculated to interest the young in poultry." The plea was ingenious, but it didn't go. Just as the sheriff, who saw no harm in the thieving sweatboard, drew the line at picking pockets, so did the judge draw the line at lottery tickets, although they only meant more worm-creators.

* * *

The early bird gets the worm, the early cricketer needs some of Harold A. Wilson's Anti-Stiff. Listen:

I'm twenty years—quite twenty—older,
All in half a week,
Rheumatics seem to grip my shoulder,
Knees and elbows creak.

I drag one foot the other after,
I creep along the ground,
I wouldn't cough or shake in laughter,
Not for twenty pound.

It isn't that I'm ill. The fact is,
This explains my woe:
I had my opening cricket practice
Just two days ago.

* * *

I must congratulate the City Council, or rather the Board of Control, on deciding to give $400 for the usual first of July regatta. In spite of the croakers, I think it is most fitting that the city should encourage manly sports. But $400 is a mere sop in the bucket. It is not sufficient to attract a single outsider, when split up into eight or ten pieces. What I should like to see is a regatta given on a scale that would bring thousands of people and thousands of dollars into the city. A race between Stanbury and Gaudaur for the rowing championship of the world would do this, and so would the proposed international yacht race for the right to fly the championship flag on the lake. It seems strange that when private individuals are willing to put $20,000 into such a contest, a city like Toronto cannot be got to encourage such enterprise, by giving a tenth of that sum. I hate to see this race sailed elsewhere, for I am persuaded it will be the greatest attraction of the season wherever it is held. And off the Exhibition grounds every inch of such a contest could be magnificently viewed. Even yet I am in hopes the board and the committee of which Mr. R. J. Score is chairman will see their way clear to offer something substantial for the race. The three-ringed circus business is all right from a certain point of view, but nobody would grumble one bit were it reduced to a two-ringed affair and the program curtailed so as to last each afternoon during the first week at any rate two hours instead of three. In this way the greater part of the thousand dollars asked for by the committee having the promotion of the race for Toronto could be saved with the result that the Exhibition would be a clear gainer of all the money taken in, owing to crowds of well-to-do visitors being attracted to the city. Our country cousins are possibly passionately attached to the circus feature of the fair, but they do not come in great numbers until the seond week, while to the average city man tumbling by antiquated women in tights, contortioning by man-troupe, dancing and singing by men and women fresh from the lager beer halls of New York are very wearisome. But still if so wide awake a business man and so truly good a man as Mr. Score cannot see eye to eye with me in this matter it is a waste of ink and good paper to talk about it. Still I believe that the day will come when what seems to the undersigned wise counsels will prevail and less money will be spent on the objects named and more on such features as will prove drawing cards in themselves.

THE CAPTIOUS ONE.

THE CITY HALL NEWSBOY

Hully Gee, Swipesey, I think me fren' 'der Mayor is smokin.

Wot makes yer tink his nobs in gettin' dopesy Chimmie.?"

Didn't yer read in der papes dat he was goin' ter turn der Parks over ter der Board er Health, or some oder stiff dat doesn't know as much erbout runnin' er park as Sheeney Mike does erbout shootin craps. Der whole game is er fake an' if it goes troo der city will be stuck fer anudder gold brick. A guy wot knows tole me dat dis city was der stingiest place fer parks in der whole worl' and der adjacent islands an' dat me fren' Mr. Chambers does more fer de dough he gets dan any erficial wots arounˈ der Hall.

If me fren' der Mayor wants ter make good his name as a tax redoocer, why don' he turn his X rays on der Police Headquarters. Wot te'll dey wants of a chief er police, er deppity, er staff inspector an' er inspector fer is more dan er taxpayer can fin' out if he had a search warrant. I once heard a mug at der teather spiel a song dat a policeman's lot is not er happy one. I'll bet my chips agin yours Swipesey, dat der guy wot did der singin' was a copper in No. 1 Division. For if ever a lot er 'telligent an' decent fellows had ter put up wid petty tyranny dem guys has ter. Some officers whose only ability is er church & temperance pull has ter make a bluff, an' dey does it by actin' as if dey was der Czar of all der Russians, an' treatin' dose under dem like 'er lot er serfs. It keeps me gessin' why der cops don' kick en masse an'—.

Ho! on der Chimmie, wat te'll is dat on mass, don't yer go springin' hons er yer furrin gags on me.

Wot der matter wid yer Swipesey? dat en masse is der whole tip. Dats wot me fren' Frank Nelson says when der gallopers gets away in a bunch. As I was sayin', I don't see why der cops don't get togedder in a bunch an' make a holler ter me fren' der chief, cos dat guy is all right an' wot stan' fer no monkey bizness, if he gets nex' to it. If ever I get so dat I can't make er livin' widdout abusin' dem wots under me an' crawfishin' ter dose wots over me I'll double up wid Joe Peacock an' become er alderman or a ward heeler. Do yer remember dat play of Dr. Jekyll an' Mr. Hyde? It was a corker, I wish it would come back again cos' it makes me tink of some people I know.

Did yer see dat tree sheet poster of der woman on er bicycle, wot aint got any too much clothes on. If a show was to put out a bill like dat Mr. Stephen wud pinch der manager of der town der bicycle people have. Are yer next to dat fact?

Der Torontos couldn't hit dem pon for offence or defence. Some flourish Whanghee canes, holding them, as good form dictates, three or four inches from the ferrule, and occasionally, by inadvertence, catching up passers-by with the crook, much as a shepherd checks the too impetuous sheep. Others display the silver-headed malacca—the clouded cane of our ancestors—but without any of the finesse which once made that appendage of a gentleman as eloquent almost in his hands as the fan in the hands of his pet "toast." An absurd little begemmed and betasselled trifle is now and again to be seen in the foyer of a theatre, dangling from the fingers of a gilded youth, but fashion has not yet definitely prescribed this futile ornament. It is to be hoped it will not; and also that those women who are drawn to the

Here comes me fren' der leftenant Gov. he's 20 shy on last week an' I needs it. So long.

CHIMMIE.

The Bricklayers' Union is making an effort to secure a 32 cent rate, which it is understood, the Builders' Exchange will probably grant.

A runaway horse in College-street on Saturday afternoon threw two boys out of the wagon to which it was attached, and smashed the vehicle. Neither of the lads was injured.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club will play the Cornwalls on May 25 at Rosedale. This will mark the first appearance of the new team.

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