

Jackson was a favorite pupil of the late Joachim himself, and at her English debut last year at the Queen's Hall, London, created quite a furor. With a strong concert company, among whom may be mentioned Selden Pratt (a pianist not unknown to Victorians), Josephine Elbrina (soprano), and For Van Pyk, a Swedish tenor of considerable note, Miss Jackson will appear in Seattle on February 28th, and it is to be hoped that Manager Jamieson will include so eminent a musical aggregation in his itinerary and give Victorians an opportunity of hearing them.

From Spokane's two musical clubs, the Matinee Musicale, and the Oratorio Society, comes an excellent suggestion. It is proposed to form a State Federation of Musical Clubs that will bring the Northwest all the greatest artists who come to San Francisco. The circuit just formed would include Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, with an annual convention at Spokane, when all the clubs of the state would meet in a musical festival. Provided our choral clubs were not under contract to travel to Washington by the Air Line via Sidney, Liverpool and Everett, could we not with little expense send our quota direct to such a convention? This matter will be further dealt with later on.

Our readers will remember with vivid pleasure the visit to Victoria of those genuine artists, Ysaye and Gerardi. It will therefore interest them to hear of a little business transaction between the two musicians in which the talented cellist came off second best. It appears that after the tour of Ysaye, Gerardi and Pugus through America, Ysaye told Gerardi that he had sent \$3,000 to a person in New York, and on the faith of this representation induced his younger confrere to send \$1,500, for the purpose of an Australian tour. Gerardi duly forwarded his \$1,500, but through some interference, local or domestic, says an exchange, Ysaye did not continue the consideration of the project, which, accordingly, fell to the ground. Gerardi could get no satisfaction from Ysaye, and still less from the New York man, but vows on his return to the United States to collect the money, which after all will make another story.

(At the theatre:—Miss Chic: "Oh, I am sure I don't look nice at all.")

Miss An Felt: "Why?"

Miss Chic: "Because I am so comfortable."

A cook says that anything rubbed against a grater becomes less.

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Penelope's Letter.

Victoria, B. C.,

November 20th, 1906.

My Dearest Madge:—When I last wrote we were looking forward to the Hospital Ball. Well, of course it came on, and also, of course, was a great success. The rooms were beautifully decorated, the walls of the ball room being covered with flags—not the usual ragged, musty old flags that look as if they had seen better days, but nice, clean ones, that I am sure are only taken out for special occasions—and from the centre of the ceiling to the corners and sides of the room were festoons of evergreens, giving the most charming effect. The sitting-out rooms took my fancy, though, they were so delightfully cosy. Shaded lamps, comfortable chairs, and screens galore. Now that I would even dream of going behind a screen. I hope you won't for a moment imagine such a thing; but still, they make a room look pretty—take off the angles. You know the old saying, "Nature abhors an angle." is it an angle? Now that I come to think of it, I don't think it is. However, I am quite sure that she would agree with me, and abhor them if she could once enter a ball room. Now that we have settled the angle question, I may as well tell you that the floor was good, the music was good, and the supper—Madge, dear, I really believe that I have arrived at the age when I can appreciate a good supper at a ball. At one time, how long ago I wouldn't dare to say, I never gave a thought to such a prosaic thing as supper, but took advantage of the empty floor to dance all the extras, but now, I may as well face up, that my partner and I elbow our way to the front of that hungry crowd waiting by the bar, the one at the entrance of the supper room, I mean, and as soon as it is raised make a wild bolt inside the room, pick out the prettiest table, sink into our chairs, and with a sigh of relief, and must I say it? a triumphant glance at those unfortunate still behind the bar, resign ourselves to the tender mercies of the waiter, or, as in this case, waitress. By the bye, I must not forget to tell you that a number of young ladies had volunteered to act as waitresses. They were dressed in white, with red crosses on their arms, and looked quite picturesque. There were not many strikingly handsome gowns, although everyone looked their best. I couldn't help noticing the amount of white that was worn; quite half of the girls being dressed in white, so different from last year, when, you remember, there was so much blue.

The next night there was a fancy dress Cumberella for the children. I say for the children, but really there were more "grown ups" than children, and I must say I felt sorry for the poor little things who were knocked and pushed into corners out of the way, until it was a perfect miracle that some of them were not hurt. They were supposed to go home at one, but some of them stayed till the end. It was too amusing to watch them dodging their mothers when it began to get late. One young man who had undertaken to chaperone a crowd of girls had a very hard time of it. He would get them gathered together count them, and find that there was one missing; looking wildly round he would see her slipping out of the ball room, make a rush and capture her; but, lo! when he came back all the