



J. W. F. HARRISON,  
Piano and Organ.

The piano and violin are so much in vogue that we are apt to have no keen sense of gratitude for the many excellent, or even the goodly number of first rate performers upon these instruments whom we possess. In the case of less "common" instruments we are more appreciative of our good fortune. This is what makes us so proud of Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge as a townsman, for example. This gentleman is a master of the flute, and one of the few artists who are able to convey to a hearer the possibilities of that little instrument. It is a revelation to hear Arlidge play. Technical difficulties, yea, the flute itself is forgotten, and we are only conscious of a melody almost impossibly beautiful, elaborately ornamented with variations of more than fairy delicacy. Mr. Herbert L. Clarke is an accomplished performer on the cornet, whose solos are always "a treat." Mr. Clarke is young in years, and, with diligent practice (to which in his case the neighbors would not object) he may easily aspire to the position now held by Levy and Liberati. Musical Toronto is represented in the Press by two monthly periodicals, the *Musical Journal*, published by Messrs. Nordheimer and edited by Mrs. Eva Rose York; and the *Musical Herald*, published by Mr. E. T. Coates, and edited by Mr. W. E. Haslam and Mr.



A. S. VOIGT,  
Organist.



ROBT. MARSHALL,  
West End Orchestra.

Mitchell (the latter gentleman being a violin soloist recently from the Conservatoire of Brussels, Belgium.) To supply all possible wants in the way of books, sheet music and instruments, we have the retail houses of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, Messrs. Whaley Royce & Co. Messrs. Suckling & Sons, W. F. Shaw, Thomas Claxton and the Anglo-American Music Association, (Edwin Ashdown, Manager.) Then, to supply the native instruments which these enterprising merchants handle, we have the busy factories of Messrs. Mason & Rische, Heintzman & Co. and the Dominion Organ & Piano Co., though the pianos of celebrated foreign makers, such as Steinway, Chickering, Knabe and Sohmer, each find agencies in the firms named.

{This sketch is necessarily hasty and imperfect, but it has served its end if it has impressed the reader with the potency and promise of "Musical Toronto."



I. and G. SUCKLING,  
OF SUCKLING & SONS.

poor man who has no more sense or principle than to hire himself out to do the dirty work of "statesmen," aristocrats and capitalists in killing people with whom he has no quarrel, has no special claim to public sympathy on that account.

## MOTHS.

(A Comedy.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CONSTANCE DITH, daughter of a wealthy broker.  
MARGARET RUSSEL, her cousin.  
ALFRED HUDSON, a young practitioner.  
WILLIAM SCOT, his friend.

SCENE I.—MORNING—A bedroom at Dith's—cheerfulness, freshness and taste prevailing. On the couch to the right Margaret lies back with her hands pressed upon her forehead. The door of the closet in the left wall is ajar. Constance stands on the threshold examining the dress she has just taken down.

CONSTANCE—"Dear, dear, dear! Those abominable, wicked, contemptible, destructive—Oh! have been at my new blue!"

MARGARET—"Moths?"

CON.—"The house is infested. Mamma doesn't seem to care; nothing disturbs her—nothing. They are all over, in spite of the trouble I have taken with them. They're a perfect nightmare, they're actually in the drawing-room carpet. Monsters!"

MARG.—"Is anybody coming to-night?"

CON.—"Yes, dear, Mr. Hudson."

MARG. (raising herself on her elbows energetically)—"I am glad."

CON.—"Why, I would like to know?"

MARG.—"Every person is going out, and my head will be too bad to permit of my coming down-stairs. You will have to see him alone."

CON.—"What nonsense! Why should I see him alone?"

MARG.—"For the simple reason that you never do; that he likes you and you like him; that although you have known him for years you don't know him at all. How much would you and I know of one another

"There is a caterpillar which has a growth of fungus on the top of its head which keeps increasing and increasing while the caterpillar keeps decreasing and decreasing till eventually it disappears and the fungus takes root and becomes a plant."—Wood's *Natural History*.



LET THE GIRLS BEWARE!

THE attention of the people of England, and, in fact, the whole civilized world, is being drawn to the wretched condition of the survivors of the "Charge of the Light Brigade." Many of them are in the workhouse and others in very destitute circumstances. Such is military glory! The veterans are now serving a much more useful purpose than when they charged the Russian batteries. Their fate is an impressive object-lesson to their fellow-countrymen of the folly of enlisting to fight the battles of a thankless and selfish upper class. The