

## MUSIC.

## THE VOCAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

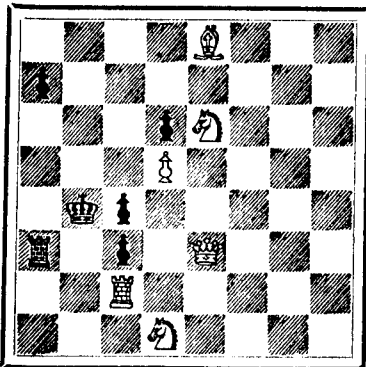
THAT the Pavilion was well filled by an enthusiastic audience on this occasion goes quite without saying, inasmuch as the Society is now apparently firmly established upon a sound basis, and numbers many friends among the musical people of Toronto. It follows also that the selections, consisting of unaccompanied part-songs, are more likely to please the unmusical portion of the public than the more ambitious or less popular programmes of the oratorio societies. Indeed the expression used in one of our dailies, music that is "unmarred" by instrumental accompaniment, states the case very plainly, as doubtless it appears to scores of our people. It used to be a frequent remark that *habitués* of the Philharmonic complained of headaches on the following morning. It is safe to say that no one attending Mr. Haslam's concert the other night need have expected retribution in this form on the morrow.

The part-songs, though remarkably well rendered, were somewhat alike in form and melody, and not perhaps sufficiently contrasted. Apart from this fault in selection, no disparagement could be hinted at unless it were a predominance of the female element, and a slight unevenness of intonation in Gaul's curious setting of *The Better Land*. It was much to be regretted that what would doubtless have proved the *pièce de résistance*—the excerpt from the *Golden Legend*—was unavoidably omitted, and the necessity for such omission, and the fact that the Society has clearly spent upon its practice what must be regarded as lost time, should make it very clear in future to both conductors and committee that too much care cannot be exercised in the matter of infringement of right.

The pianiste, Fraülein Aus der Ohe, surpassed all expectations. Her technique was many-sided and complete, her phrasing exact, and her interpretation wholly ideal and noble. A certain rawness of manner and a tendency to characterize too frequently are only the errors of extreme youth, and in her general air, and especially in her dash and abandon, she most nearly resembles Mme. Carreno. The vocalists, Mrs. Thomson and Miss Robinson, gave genuine pleasure by their unaffected and charming singing. The Duet from Boito's opera might have gone more smoothly, but it is a very difficult number. Miss Robinson's voice is of a light, almost a drawing-room quality, but pleasing throughout, and her songs were given with much artistic finish and appreciation of their meaning. Mrs. Thomson is an old favourite with Toronto audiences, and, it is needless to say, held her own as on former occasions.

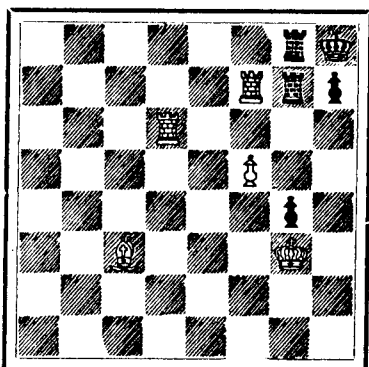
## CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 221.



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 222.



White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution to Problem No. 217.—Key Q—K B 8, and S B S or Q mates.

No. 218.—Key S—Q 6 (B—B 8) B ch. and Q mates (R x S), Q—S 5 etc. (K—Q 5) Q—Q 2 and S x P or S—R 4 mate (K—S 5) Q—B 4 etc. (any other), Q—B 4 ch.

Bro. Foster says of the Chancellor (that Knight and Rook hybrid) "A wonderful piece it is, rendering the game, of course, somewhat more complicated but more enjoyable."

Four thousand dollars have already been subscribed towards the Sixth American Chess Congress.

Capt. Mackenzie was honoured by the consuls of seven countries at Havana, Cuba. The Birmingham Chess Club of Alabama are engaged in tourney for a fifty dollar prize, etc.

The Yorkshire club commence a tourney for about eighty dollars divided into ten prizes.

A game of chess with living pieces was played at the Armoury in Scranton, Pa.

Question: Why are Pawns like Quakers? Ans.: Because they are *piece* makers.

Mons. Humbert drew "French Defence," with M. Herve, viz.:—

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 3	20. B—K 2	Q—K 5
2. P—Q 4	P—Q 4	21. B x P	Q—K 2
3. S—Q B 3	S—K B 3	22. B—K B 4	R (R 1) K 1
4. P x P	P x P	23. B—Q 3	S—K R 4
5. S—K B 3	B—Q 3	24. Q R—K S 1	P—K S 3
6. B—Q 3	S—Q B 3	25. B—K S 5	Q—Q B 2
7. Castles	Castles	26. B—K 2	S—B 3
8. B—K S 5	B—K S 5	27. B x S ch.	R x B
9. K—R 1	B—K 2	28. Q—K R 6	S—K 2
10. Q—Q 2 (bad)	B x S	29. Q—K S 5	K—S 2
11. P x B	K—R 1 (?)	30. P—K B 4	S—S 1
12. B—K 3	B—Q 3	31. P—K R 4	R—K 5
13. K R—K S 1	S—Q 2 (bad)	32. R (S 2) B 2	Q—Q 3 (bad)
14. S—K 2	P—K B 4 (?)	33. B—Q 3	R—K 6
15. B—K S 5	Q—K 1	34. B x K B P	S—R 3 (draws)
16. P—Q B 3 (bad)	Q—R 4	35. B—Q B 2	S—B 2 ("")
17. S—K B 4	Q x B P ch.	36. Q—K S 4	S—R 3
18. R—K S 2	B x S (?)	37. Q—K S 5	S—B 2
19. B x P	S—B 3	38. Q—S 4	S—R 3

An invitation is extended to chess players who wish to participate with compositions and exchanges. Address the CHESSE EDITOR. Solutions next week.

## THE AWFUL VORTEX

INTO WHICH THE UNHEEDING ARE RAPIDLY DRIFTING.

Off the western coast of Norway lies the little rocky island of Moskenes. It is inhabited by a few hardy fishermen who engage in the cod and herring fisheries along the coast.

It happened one day in the spring of 1886 that an old man and his grandson, a lad of ten or a dozen years, put out from the island in a small boat, taking with them their fishing tackle and a lunch of dried fish and oaten cakes.

They row out some distance and secure a boat load of fish long before the returning tide will allow them to land, so they eat their frugal lunch and lay back on their oars to rest and wait. The old man, weary with pulling the heavy nets, is soon fast asleep, leaving the lad to look to the safety of the boat. For a time the sea is smooth, then a light wind blows from the west and the boat begins slowly but surely to drift. Little bubbles and patches of foam appear on the surface of the dark water. The breeze stiffens, and the boat, with steadily increasing speed, begins to move in an ever-narrowing circle. A sudden lurch alarms the boy, and at the same time awakens the grandfather, who seizes the oars and pulls with the strength of desperation against the now madly rushing waters; then the oars are wrenched from his hands, the doomed fishing boat is for a moment dashed about with terrible velocity, and then disappears forever in the awful vortex of the great Maelstrom.

It is the same with the blood. As it courses around through the veins, it reaches every part of the system in its healthy rush, seeking an opportunity to discharge the waste and poisonous matter from every part of the system, into the natural sewers. This sewage matter is carried by the blood to the kidneys, there to be thrown off, the same as in life the scavenger would throw his sewage into the stream to rid himself of the vile substance.

And the blood has no other place but the kidneys in which to throw off its waste matter. Sometimes it finds the kidneys unprepared to do this work. But the heart takes up the blood and again forces it through the system, where once more waste matter is gathered up the same as the sewers of our cities gather up such poisonous matter, to be discharged at one grand point, and then be carried off.

Fancy the danger of such poisoned blood coursing for years through the body!

This process continues, the blood passing through the kidneys and heart, removing the impurities from 65 gallons of blood per hour, or 48 barrels each day.

Yet the unthinking practitioner regards the kidneys as of little importance, until they are stricken down when he finds himself so far advanced in the vortex that there is but little chance for him. In such emergencies many have resorted to that great remedy, Warner's safe cure, to assist in putting these organs in a healthy condition. They have not rested on their oars, trusting their life idly in the hands of another when they can catch up the oars before it is too late, and a few strokes would put them safely beyond hopeless danger. A few bottles of Warner's safe cure at the proper time will restore the kidneys to health, thereby enabling them to rid the system of the poisonous uric acid, which is liable in its corruption to attack the weakest part of the system and thereby break it down just as the little stream at the mill dam wears away the dam, increasing the danger each hour, until at length it becomes overtaxed and gives way, causing destruction to those who a short time before looked upon it as of so little importance, but now contemplate the result of their neglect with horror.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—A dramatic event of exceptional interest to all lovers of the drama is promised in the early appearance here of Mr. E. H. Sothern, and a carefully selected company in "The Highest Bidder,"—the latest of the successes of the now famous Lyceum Theatre of New York. In view of the fact that this will be Mr. Sothern's first appearance here where his father, the late E. A. Sothern, was always greeted by brilliant and enthusiastic admirers, this occasion will possess for many a peculiar significance. The play was originally intended for a four weeks' run at the Lyceum Theatre. It was played there more than one hundred times. In the coming performances in this city Mr. Sothern will be assisted by the same well-known actors who shared with him the triumphs of the New York success. The play was written by two of England's most distinguished authors, and was intended originally for the elder Sothern, but was never produced by him. The character played by young Sothern shows that he possesses even a wider range of talents than his distinguished father had, whose excellent and memorable stage creations were limited entirely to what are known as "character parts." As Jack Hammerton in "The Highest Bidder," young Sothern plays a rôle which shows many contrasted, artistic traits, and the many who have been in the past entertained so pleasantly by the delightful exponent of Lord Dundreary and The Crushed Tragedian will find that the genius of the father has descended to the son, and that the latter, whose fame as an actor has commenced so soon, will undoubtedly attract equally as well the many who have in the past been so delighted by the distinguished father. The Toronto engagement is for three nights only, viz.: Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, with special matinee Saturday, January 26, 27, and 28.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.—Miss Bella Moore will be the attraction at the popular theatre next week in "A Mountain Pink." An exchange says: "Under the title of 'A Mountain Pink,' there was set forward in the Grand Opera House last night, a melodrama, which, although of modern build, contains all the elements of the good old plays which delighted the theatre-goer of a former generation. The plot is simple and direct. It concerns a young girl, brought up in a camp of moonshiners, who is at once as good as she is devoid of education, and as sharp as she is stupid in regard to the requirements of polite society. She is beloved by and loves a good young man, who is also adventurous and in search of a missing heiress. The Mountain Pink solves the mystery by saving the life of her lover, and turning out to be herself the long-sought inheritor of untold wealth. The piece is a good one, and is a creditable production which may be viewed with profit and entertainment. The chief interest of last night's representation consisted in the introduction to the public of a new candidate for public favour—Miss Bella Moore. It is competent to assert that Miss Moore achieved an unmistakable success. With a more musical voice than Annie Pixley; with all the verve and piquant sauciness of Lotta; with a keen sense of the ludicrous and the capacity to portray humour; with youth, grace and beauty this young woman combines a power of pathos far beyond that of any soubrette actress who has appeared upon the stage. Her acting is at once natural, pleasing, and wholly artistic. —Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle.