IN SEASON AND OUT.

Chronic Comments on Things Personal and General.

The barter and sale of old postage stamps has become quite an industry in this country. Old Canadian stamps are very rare, and have become an object of great quest to stamp collectors the world over. In fact, there are few more desirable articles in the philatelist's books than the old Canadian unperforated twelve-pennies. One of the largest collections in Canada, possibly the largest, was that of Mr. W. H. Brouse. Confined as it was to home issues it was probably the most complete collection of Canadian stamps extant. Mr. Brouse has, during the past year or so, disposed of his whole collection, and I have it on excellent authority that for two stamps alone (the twelve-pennies, I believe) he received $1500. The total amount realized from the collection was a fortune in itself, although it seems hard to believe that any collection of Canadian stamps would bring $15,000, yet this is the amount stated. Mr. Brouse has started another collection and will probably in a few years be again celebrated for his philatelic treasures.

"Everyone to his taste." It is difficult for those who know not the joys of stamp collecting to appreciate the interest and time spent on this harmless pursuit. Perhaps the pleasantest feature of it is the correspondence which it circulates all over the world. There is a freemasonry and an exchange among stamp collectors that are most agreeable. I know one stamp collector who points with pride to letters from the Duke of Coburg, the Queen's second son, the Grand Duke of Russia and a number of European royalties who are addicted to the pursuit. There are several people in Toroto who make a living out of old stamps and nothing else. One would think a bale of 50,000 used up Canadian two-cent stamps would supply the market for some time. A Toronto broker recently sent a batch of 50,000 to one dealer in the States and a couple of weeks later received an order for 50,000 more. The broker buys them at a cent a hundred, or even less, and sells at from 2 1-2 to 5 cents a hundred. That the collection of old stamps is becoming quite a business is evidenced by the fact that on Friday there was discovered passing through the mails at the Toronto general postoffice a die for counterfeiting the 12 1-2 cent stamps with Prince Albert's head on them, or which the issue by the Canadian Government was very limited.

So much at present for old stamps. Of course the sale of new stamps is another branch of business, and is an object to many people as vendors or purchasers, that the system should be put upon a more sensible basis than that now obtaining. We are told that free trade in stamps is deprecated by the permanent authorities of the postoffice on the ground that it would lead to wholesale forgeries of the article. At present only licensed vendors are allowed, under a heavy penalty, to sell postage stamps. The commission allowed these vendors is 1 per cent. In a little stationer's shop in St. John's Ward, for instance, a poor woman has to sell a hundred dollars worth to make a single dollar! It is quite clear therefore that the commission cannot be the inducement in their application to the Postmaster-General for leave to sell stamps. It is done that the applicant may be able to accommodate customers, who frequent the little shop for other purposes. Mr. Haggart, when Postmaster-General, saw this point and reduced the commission from 3 to 1 per cent, thus effecting a very large annual saving to the department. He should have gone a step further and dispensed with commission altogether. In that case any shopman, especially chemists, whose shops are open night and day, week days and Sundays, would be forced to keep postage stamps for the convenience of customers. It is mere "chimney-corners and traditions" to suppose that the multiplication of vendors would increase the chances of successful counterfeiting. It would have a contrary effect. As it is now, the commission is so small that vendors' licenses are seldom applied for, and as the unlicensed are afraid to sell, the public are exposed to an unwarrantable inconvenience, and it is one that very few households do not suffer from. Abolish the commission, institute free trade in stamps, and no shopkeeper dare be without the means of obliging his customers.

My friend Sans Gene was talking to me the other day on the art of lying and deploring its decadence. These busy modern days do certainly seem to have removed the masters of the art. The liars of the present do not seem to have the same skill; they exaggerate, they are blatant, they have few fine touches. At present I don't know a really artistic liar among my acquaintances. Not that there are not a great many liars among them. There is one young man of whom I have great hopes in the future as a romanticist. His local color and his wealth of detail are remarkable while his volubility is above reproach. He is seldom at a loss, but at present his imagination runs riot, and his memory lacks at times because he encumbers it with too many side issues. Still "he will lie, sir, with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool."

The most accomplished master in this respect was a major who has since gone to his rest. Occupying a Government berth in a border town, he was thrown in with many people doing the American tour. He was one of those masters of mendacity whose effusions were entirely harmless, but who at length came to believe in them himself. In his bachelor home he had a number of curious articles. Among them was a woman's shoe. Hung on the wall it naturally attracted the newcomer's attention. "Whose slipper is that, major?" was the question always asked by the visitor. "That, oh, that is Madame Vestris' slipper," and in those days the name of the great prima donna had not been forgotten. "I well remember the night in Dublin at the opera," the major would continue. "The house tronged with the nobility and fashion of Ireland went mad over her. I myself went behind the scenes to her room. I begged of her the slipper and she gave it me." He would conclude with a frank simplicity that was charming. Yet the fellow had never seen the great Vestris. One time the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia was passing through. "A fine young fellow," remarked the major afterwards, "I saw him standing alone and I went up to him and addressed his in his native language. He was delighted." But the major knew not Russian from Koptic. It was the fine unctuous simplicity of his narrations that won for him a lasting fame. The labored exaggerations of the present day liars are by comparison excessive.

Possibly the readers of The Sunday World may remember a little discussion carried on in the sporting columns of this paper lately over the tradition that Louis Napoleon, afterwards Napoleon III., had once been at Niagara and witnessed an historical race on the common. One gentleman interested in the matter wrote to an old resident of Niagara, asking him whether he ever remembered Louis Napoleon having been at Niagara. The answer received was couched somewhat in this wise:

"My Dear ——, I never remember anyone by the name of Louis Napoleon living at Niagara. There is a man of that name who used to live at the Falls, and worked for the telegraph company. I don't know whether he lives there still or not, but if you wrote to P——, the agent at the Falls, you could probably find out all about him.

Yours ——"

The naivete of this is quite irresistible.

It is possible that there is a genuine painting by Rubens in Toronto. The recent exhibition of valuable paintings at the Toronto Club aroused the interest of Mr. E. Scott Griffith in a picture which had been in the possession of his family for fifty years. It was a painting bequeathed to his father as a legacy by an English gentleman resident in Quebec for some time. This gentleman was a man of considerable wealth and the highest culture and devoted to the fine arts. He had often told Mr. Griffith's father that he intended to leave him an heirloom which might some day bring money and fame to him. It was this painting. It was reputed to be by Rubens, but it was only recently that Mr. Griffin took occasion to inquire into its authenticity. Several local authorities pronounce the painting a genuine example of the great Belgian's work. The subject of the painting is "Samson and Delilah." ERYX.

The Next Great Musical Event.

The next great musical event in the city will be the concert of the Mendelssohn Choir, which takes place on Tuesday night next at Massey Hall. Last season at both its concerts this society, which devotes itself mainly to that delightful class of music, unaccompanied part singing, created such a profound impression by its good work that the public have been eagerly waiting for its appearance this year. It is indeed rare that such a unanimity of opinion exists amongst musical critics upon the work of any singing body as was revealed in the press last year when criticizing the work done at the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir. The verdict was general that never before in this city had any chorus shown such purity and quality of tone, such delicate treatment of light and shade or such satisfying work in general. It is said the chorus this year even surpasses that of last season. Assisting the choir on Tuesday will be the eminent pianist Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, of whom the German, Austrian, and American critics speak as the "Female Rubenstein," and who, after a performance at Carnegie Hall, New York, a few evenings ago, was recalled seven times, whilst the men cheered and women waved their handkerchiefs; and America's leading tenor, Wm. H. Rieger, a great artist, who will be remembered as singing at the opening of Massey Hall, and who, at that time, won the hearts of Toronto's concert-goers.

A Skating Party at Moss Park.

On Wednesday evening last the Misses Street tendered their many friends a skating party at the Moss Park Rink, which was enjoyed by over 100 guests. The band pavilion was reserved for the guests, all of whom wore colors to distinguish themselves from the other skaters in attendance. After an hour and a half of skating the party adjourned to the parlors, where dancing was indulged in till a late hour. The floor was in perfect condition, the music—by Mrs. Earsman—excellent. This, combined with the jolly crowd present, among whom were many of Toronto's fairest debutantes, made the evening one of the pleasantest events of the kind yet given. Special mention should be made of the refreshments, which were both plentiful and toothsome. Those diaries begun with the new year, and which have not yet died the death, will have the 5th of February marked with a red letter by those who participated in this event.

A Birthday Party.

Mrs. F. P. Brazill gave a delightful children's party on Wednesday at her residence, 68 Pembroke, the occasion being the birthday of her eldest son, Master Ivan. Mrs. Brazill was assisted by her sister, Miss Minnie Kidd, and by her nelce, Miss Florence Small, also by Misses Cottam and Kormann. Among those present were Misses Cathleen Murphy, Gertie Small, Ethel Doherty, Patricia and Inez Brazill, Mono McLaughlin, Madeline Herson, Maud O'Connor, May and Florence McConnell, Theresa McKeena, Rose Laycock, May Stockwell, Irene Cassidy, Clara Cook, Mary Simpson, Masters Frank McLaughlin, Charlie Foster, John McKeena, Eddie and Willie Cook, Frank O'Neil, Frank O'Halloran, Fred Doherty, Harry McConnell, Johnnie Ellis, Charlie Callan, Frank Job and Rudolph Brazill.

The East End Minstrels.

The "Alabama Coons" minstrels repeated in St. Matthew's school house last week to a very large audience the successful entertainment given by them twice in St. George's Hall. The troupe comprises 7 trebles, 8 tenors, 5 basses, besides the interlocutors, bones and tambos. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison is musical director, and Mr. Allan Fairweather business manager. The other principal singers are Masters Willie Wilson, Michael Young and Fred Race, and Messrs. Carlisle, Cashmore, Garrow, Hutchinson, Claude Norrie and Willoughby Norrie. The "Coons" will give the entertainment again in two West End halls.

Dr. Palmer's Surgeonship.

Some days ago The World stated that influence was being used to have Dr. L. L. Palmer made assistant-surgeon of the Queen's Own. Yesterday The Canada Gazette confirmed the prediction by announcing the Doctor's succession to that berth.

Smallpox in Detroit.

Smallpox has broken out in Wisconsin, and some of the pupils at the Indian schools in that State have been stricken down. Provincial Health Officer Bryce has also reports from Detroit that the scourge still appears in that city, where it has lingered ever since May, 1894.

NEW YORK STOCKS.

The range of prices is as follows:

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Am. Sugar Trust..	111½	113½	111½	113½
Amer. Tobacco	75½	76⅞	75½	76⅛
Cotton Oil.....	19	19	19	19
Canadian Pacific....	..	..	..	58b
Atch. & As's paid..	16½	16½	16¼	16⅜
Chicago, Bur. & Q..	80¼	81	79⅝	80⅞
Chicago Gas.....	64⅞	65¾	64⅞	65½
Canada Southern...	50⅝	50¾	50⅝	50¾
C., C., C. & I.....	38½	38⅝	38	38⅝
Delaware & Hud...	129¾	129¾	129¾	129¾
Del., Lac. & W....	161½	161½	161½	161½
Erie	16⅞	16⅞	16¾	16¾
Lake Shore.....	146½	146½	146½	146½
Louis. & Nash.....	48½	48⅞	48¼	48⅜
Kansas Texas pref..	29	29¾	29	29¼
Manhattan	106½	108¾	106½	108½
Missouri Pacific....	23¼	24	23	23⅞
Leather	11⅝	11⅝	11½	11½
" pref.....	68	68⅛	67	67⅛
Balt. & Ohio.....	39	39	39	39
N. Y. Central.....	98¼	98¾	98¼	98½
North. Pacific pref.	..	..	..	15b
Northwestern	103½	104¼	103½	104¼
Gen. Electric Co...	29⅝	30	29⅛	29⅞
Rock Island.....	72⅞	73¼	72⅝	73
Rubber	..	..	..	27½b
Omaha	..	..	..	40½b
N. Y. Gas.....	158	159	158	158⅝
Pacific Mail.....	29¾	30⅝	29¾	30⅝
Phil. & Reading....	13⅞	14¼	13¾	13¾
St. Paul.....	75⅝	76	75⅛	75⅝
Union Pacific.....	7⅜	7⅞	7¼	7½
Western Union.....	85½	85⅞	85⅝	85⅞
Distillers, paid-up..	18⅝	19¼	18⅛	19
Jersey Central.....	107	107¾	106¾	107¾
National Lead.....	27¾	27¾	27¾	27¾
Wabash pref.....	18¼	18⅝	18¼	18⅝
T. C. & I.....	33½	33⅞	33	33⅞
Southern rail.....	10½	10⅝	10½	10½
" pref.....	32½	32⅝	32⅛	32½
Wheeling	12¼	12⅞	12⅛	12¾

CHICAGO MARKETS.

McIntyre & Wardwell report the following fluctuations on the Chicago Board of Trade to-day:

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Wheat—May	67¾	68⅛	67	67¼
" —July.....	67¼	67¾	66¾	66⅞
Corn—May	30½	30⅝	30⅜	30½
" —July.....	31¾	31¾	31½	31½
Oats—May	21⅜	21½	21¼	21⅜
" —July.....	21¾	21¾	21½	21⅝
Pork—May	10 32	10 47	10 32	10 32
" —July.....	10 60	10 60	10 50	10 50
Lard—May	5 67	5 70	5 67	5 67
" —July.....	5 82	5 85	5 82	5 82
Ribs—May	5 27	5 37	5 27	5 32
" —July.....	5 45	5 45	5 42	5 42

MUSIC'S REALM

Parsifal! The long shadows were stealing over the hills when I came out at the second pause. Those whom I met and conversed with were subdued and awed. What a solemn tragedy of human passion we had been assisting at! Not a heart there but could interpret that struggle between the flesh and the spirit from its own experiences. Not one but knew the desperately wicked and deceitful temptations that come like enchantresses in the wizard's garden to plead the cause of the devil in the language of high-flown sentiment, or even religious feeling. Praise and criticism seem dumb; we rather walked and spoke of what we had just witnessed, like men convinced of judgment, and righteousness, and sin. It was a strange mood in which to come out of a theatre after witnessing what would commonly be called an "opera." I felt more than ever the impossibility of producing the "Parsifal" in London, at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, before a well-dressed company of loungers who had been well dined, and were on their way to balls and suppers afterwards. I would as soon see the Obermmergan play at a music hall. No; in "Parsifal" all is solemn, or all is irreverent. At Bayreuth we came on a pilgrimage; it cost us time and trouble and money; we were in earnest, so were the actors; the spirit of the great master who had planned every detail seemed still to preside over all; the actors lived in their parts; not a thought of self remained; no one accepted applause or recall; no one aimed at producing personal effect; the actors were lost in the drama and it was the drama, not the actors, which had impressed and solemnized us. When I came out they asked me who was Amfortis. I did not know. I said "the wounded King." As the instruments played out the faith and love motive for us to re-enter, the mellow sunshine broke once more from the cloud-rack over city and field and forest before sinking behind the long, low range of the distant hills.

Act III. The opening prelude to the third and last act seems to warn one of the lapse of time. The music is full of pain and restlessness—the pain or wretched years of long waiting for a deliverer, who comes not; the restlessness and misery of a hope deferred, the weariness of a life without a single joy. The motives, discolored as it were by grief, work up to a distorted version of the Grail subject, which breaks off as with a cry of despair. Is the Grail, too, then turned into a mocking spirit to the unhappy Amfortis? Relief comes to us with the lovely scene upon which the curtain rises. Again the wide summer land lies stretching away over sunlit moor and woodland. In the foreground wave the forest trees, and I hear the murmur of the woodland streams. Invariably throughout the drama in the midst of human pain and passion, great nature is there, peaceful, harmonious in all her loveliest moods, a paradise in which dwell souls who make of her their own purgatory.

In yonder figure, clad in the Grail pilgrim robe, I discern Gurnemanz; his hair is white; he stoops with years; a rude hut is hard by. Presently a groan arrests his attention, moaning as a human being in distress. He clears away some brushwood and beneath it finds, waking from her long trance, the strange figure of Kundry. For how many years she has slept we know not. Why has she been roused to life? She staggers to her feet; we see that she, too, is in a pilgrim garb, with a rope girding her dress of coarse brown serge. "Service, service," she mutters, and seizing a pitcher, moves mechanically to fill it at the well; then totters but half awake into the wooden hut. The forest music breaks forth, the hum of happy insect life, the song of wild birds. All seems to pass as in a vision, when suddenly enters a knight, clad in black armor from top to toe. The two eye him curiously, and Gurnemanz, approaching, bids him lay aside his armor and his weapons. He carries a long spear. In silence the knight unhelms, and, sticking the spear in the ground, kneels before it, and remains in devotional contemplation. The "spear" and "grail" motives mingle together in the full tide of orchestral sounds, carrying on the emotional undercurrent of the drama. The knight is soon recognized by both as the long-lost and discarded Parsifal. The "guileless one" has learned wisdom, and discovered his mission—he knows now that he bears the spear which is to heal the King's grievous wound, and that he himself is appointed his successor. Through long strife and trial and pain he seems to have grown into something of Christ's own likeness. Not all at once, but at last he has found the path. Penitents to bear salvation and pardon both to Kundry and the wretched King, Amfortis.

The full music flows on while Gurnemanz relates how the knights have all grown weak and aged, deprived of the vision and sustenance of the Holy Grail, while the long-entranced Titurel is at last dead. At this news, Parsifal, overcome with grief, swoons away, and Gurnemanz and Kundry loosen his armor and sprinkle him with water from the holy spring. Underneath his black suit of mail he appears clad in a long white tunic. The grouping here is admirable. Gurnemanz is in the Templar's red and blue robe. Parsifal in white; his auburn hair parted in front and flowing down in ringlets on either side, recalls Leonardo's favorite conception of the Saviour's head, and, indeed, from this point Parsifal becomes a kind of symbolic reflection of the Lord hmself. Kundry, subdued and awed, lies weeping at his feet; he lifts his hands to bless her with infinite pity. She washes his feet and dries them with the hairs of her head. It is a bold stroke, but the voices of nature, the murmur of the summer woods, come with an infinite healing tenderness and pity, and the act is seen to be symbolical of the pure devotion of a sinful creature redeemed from sin. Peace has at last entered into that wild and troubled heart, and restless Kundry, delivered from Klingsor's spell, receives the sprinkling of baptismal water at the hands of Parsifal.

* * *

Berlioz, on the "orchestral conductor," continues: "It is hardly, except in listening to the great works already known and esteemed, that intelligent hearers can distinguish the true culprit, and allot to each his due share of blame; but the number of these is still so limited that their judgment has little weight, and the bad conductor—in presence of the same public who would pitilessly hiss a vocal accident of a good singer—reigns, with all the calm of a bad conscience, in his baseness and inefficiency. Fortunately, I here attack an exception; for the malevolent orchestral conductor, whether capable or not, is very rare. The orchestral conductor, full of good-will, but incapable, is, on the contrary, very common—without speaking of the innumerable mediocrities—directing artistes, who, frequently, are greatly their superiors; an author, for example, can scarcely be accused of conspiring against his own works, and yet how many are there, who, fancying they are able to conduct, innocently injure their best scores.

* * *

A concert at Association Hall for the benefit of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A., given by teachers and students of the College of Music, brought before the public a number of excellent vocalists—Miss Alice Burrows, Miss Herson, both of whom are favorite concert singers here. A newcomer, a contralto of rare power of voice and expressive style, was Miss Dingle, who made a distinctive success, at once creating much enthusiasm in the audience. The pianists, well known performers and teachers here, were Miss Fanny Sullivan and Miss Birnie, both of whom fully sustained their high reputation, the former joining Herr Ruth in a Grieg sonata, for piano and 'cello, which, it is needless to add, was rendered in a very musicianly way. Herr Ruth should be in great demand as a 'cello soloist. He was also heard in a 'cello obligato with Miss Burrows, who sang Robandis—"Alla Stella Confidente," in admirable style, the audience insisting upon an encore. Miss Herson brought down the house in "The Sweetest Story Ever Told." Mr. Carnahan seems to be liked more every time he sings, and the fact that patriotic sentiment was the spirit of "Jolly Jack," which song Mr. Carnahan gave in proper style, he scored once more a great hit. Miss Mathews, the celebrated reader, gave a selection, "In a Signal Box," which served to show that she possesses talent of the very highest order as a dramatic elocutionist. Mrs. Kate Smith played in a most effective manner a Batiste Offertoire, and Mr. Albert Jordan contributed a concert fantasia—a Berceuse—by Guilmant, and Dudley Buck's transcription of the "Last Rose of Summer," both proving their more than ordinary ability, and demonstrating the advantages of the college training. Miss Williams and Mr. Torrington acted as accompanists.

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In view of the original notices of the recent Creation performance, it may not be out of place to bring forward the reports of the rendering of the same work by the old Toronto Philharmonic Society in 1874, Col. (now Sir) Casimir Gzowski, President; conductor, F. H. Torrington. The chorus was made up of 89 sopranos, 33 altos, 68 tenors and 63 basses, an orchestra of 34, including the famous Beethoven Club of Boston, the soloists being Mrs. Osgoode (of Boston), Mr. Rechab Tandy (of Kingston), Mr. Egan (of Hamilton), with Mrs. Cuthbert, Miss Scott, Miss A. Corlett and Messrs. Bilton, Rees and Warrington, and Mr. G. Collins at the organ. In the orchestra were Mr. R. L. Cowan, Mr. Robert Marshall, Dr. Clarke (the former conductor), Mr. F. Thomas, Messrs. Boeckh, Mr. Turvey (the predecessor of Mr. Torrington as organist at the Metropolitan Church), Mr. Claxton, Mr. Jacobi, Mr. Pember, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Carey (bandmaster), Mr. Hassard, Mr. Reddy and others. The press was unanimous in its commendation of the performance, some extracts from the reports being herewith appended.

The Mail, Nov. 26, 1874, reported; "The conductor, to whose exertions the society are indebted for the progress it has made, was, upon his appearance in the orchestra, warmly applauded, and it was evident that the audience wished to convey by their manner of greeting their sense of the services he has rendered in the cause of music." After some criticism of the orchestra, the same reporter says: "The accompaniments, however, were really well played and the florid passages for the strings, such as those to the chorus, 'Hail, Bounteous Lord,' were attacked and delivered with surprising energy and correctness." Of the chorus, the report was: "The chorus singing in nearly every instance was remarkably good, and we honestly believe that it would be difficult to find on this continent a body of amateurs who would create a more favorable impression. The popular 'Heav'ns are Telling,' 'The Lord is Great,' achieved is the glorious work (both choruses R.), and the final chorus were all sung very effectively, and with increased attention to the 'pianos' and 'fortes.'" The Globe said: "The chorus left nothing to be desired. The choruses were executed in a most admirable manner, reflecting great credit on the members for the care which all must have taken to have arrived at the proficiency displayed, and on Mr. Torrington for the culture in minute details which he must have bestowed on his choir." Sir Casimir Gzowski was at this time president of the society.

The latest definition of Paderewski: "A lemon-haired wizard who plays us into a hypnotic trance." * * * (Mus. Times.) Overheard in a New York street car: Average Young Man (to neighbor): "Everything they say about Paderewski is true. He is a perfect genius. Why, he played fourteen pieces, and did not once look at the programme. Yet he played ahead and never once forgot what piece was to come next. I tell you the man who can do that is a dandy." * * * (Mus. Times.)

Notice of a "grand popular (Sunday) concert" in a New York music hall attracted thither a bejewelled person, who, looking over his programme, was heard to mutter: "Well, this is a good graft to spring on a man that's paid good money to get in! Who the ——was Beethoven, anyhow?"—Mus. Times.

Here's a new thing for reporters on solo violin performances.: "Combined with an almost faultless style of double-stopping, she is able to reach great elevation, even on the back strings." —Mus. Times.

The Berlin conductor, Weingartner, has, it appears, been criticizing his brethren of the "baton," some of whom he describes as "temporubuto conductors." The personal vanity of these brethren is such that "they are not content to execute a work as the composer intended, but wish to show the public what they could have made of it had they been in the composer's place. The conductor's desire for applause is placed higher than the genius of the composer." Thus Mr. Weingartner, and he ought to know.—Mus. Times.

The above Mus. Times notes are in the editorial column of Joseph Bennett, the eminent crtic and authority upon musical matters. R.

* * *

Miss Fannie Sullivan, our accomplished pianist, is to gve a piano recital in the hall of the Normal School Thursday night, Feb. 13, assisted by Mrs. McGann, Miss Burrows and Mr. Carnahan, vocalists, and Herr Ruth, solo 'cellist.

* * *

The Toronto Male Chorus Club concert was well attended on Thursday night last. The club looked well on the tastefully arranged platform, and did some very good work, the most pleasing numbers being perhaps "O Happy Day," by Goetze; "Now the Day is Over," by Barnby; the "Tars' Song," by Hatton, and a Kucken chorus, with soprano obligato, by Madame Sapio. Mr. Tripp deserves a word of encouragement for the work he is striving to accomplish. Noticing the soloists, Madame Sapio was much more successful in her second numbers, particularly with Weber's "Bells in the Valley," and her husband's song, "Spring." In the first song, the singer's refuge for gaining applause, viz., a high note at the close, did not enhance her well-earned reputation as a vocal artiste, and we think she could well afford to discard this means to an end, that is to catch the crowd. Certainly in this case it failed to do this. Our own 'cellist, Herr Ruth, although he may come under the ban of those who, from what s sometimes written in our papers, seem to be always ready to depreciate anything local—except perhaps themselves—certainly was next to Mr. Plunket Greene—the feature of the concert amongst the soloists. He played with a clear, incisive and firmly sympathetic tone, and the audience evidently thoroughly enjoyed his playing. Mr. Ruth ought to be heard oftener in our concerts. Coming to what may be considered the star of the evening, Mr. Plunket Greene, our public could not fail to be pleased with his earnest and sympathetic singing. He displayed a thoroughly cultivated voice and the artistic work which has gained for him a world-wide reputation. His voice, whilst at times leading to the suspicion of being a little worn, apart from this tendency, is very satisfactory—not as robust as our old friend Watkin Mills, yet very expressive in style and manner. In "Father O'Flynn" we missed, however, the feeling put into the words "tenderest crature" by Mr. Mills. Altogether Mr. Greene was essentially a success. A word of praise is also due to Mr. Dinelli, who occupied the onerous, and at times thankless, position as accompanist. Few people are aware what the artistic requirements of a good accompanist are. He has to be ready at a moment's notice to not only play so as to help, and in some cases pull a singer through, but, what is more difficult, in addition, transpose the song. And this is not so easy to do, as some of our would-be big guns know, for they have tried it and—well, they could tell you. Mr. Dinelli fulfilled at this concert all the requirements, and we cheerfully accord him credit due to him. Mr. Tripp is improving as a conductor, and, if he seeks the necessary knowledge and has the required experience, will yet be a success in this capacity. He has a good looking club, whose faces and "shirt fronts" looked remarkably well, and musically they earnestly strove to do well. Why didn't the club sing "God Save the Queen" faster?

* * *

We have been informed that the brass wind players at the "Creation" concert, on account of the low pitch of the organ, nearly "blew out their own valves." This is a serious matter.

RECORDI.

St. George's Society.

One of the most pleasing events at the annual meeting of the St. George's Society on Friday evening was the presentation of an address to Mr. John Edward Pell, accompanied by a handsome gold watch suitably inscribed; the occasion being his 85th birthday, and the twentieth anniversary of his election as secretary of the society. Mr. Pell has been a member of the society since the year 1841, a period of upwards of fifty-five years, and is now probably the oldest living member. Mr. Pell, who was greatly pleased as well as surprised, replied in suitable words. Another source of gratification to the venerable gentleman was the election as third vice-president of his grandson, Mr. H. S. Pell, manager of the Northey Manufacturing Company.

Conservatory of Music Recital.

The Conservatory of Music was crowded to the doors Friday evening, the occasion being the second recital of the season by pupils of the School of Elocution. Instrumental and vocal assistance was given by pupils of Mr. Edward Fisher, Mrs. H. W. Webster and Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., the numbers being a piano solo, "Lyrische Stucke," book III., Nos. 1 and 2 (Grieg), by Miss Annie Proctor; vocal solos, "Angels' Serenade" (Braga), by Miss May Young; "The Old Turnkey" (C. A. White), by Mr. Fred W. Stevenson; "Jerusalem" (Parker), by Wm. Selby; two mandolin selections (a), Wiegenlied, (b), Fruhlingslied (Hauser), by Miss Lillie Cottman. Miss Ethelind G. Thomas was the accompanist of the evening. The first reading on the program was Browning's "Herve Riel," by Miss Ida M. Wingfield, a difficult selection in which she showed rare interpretative power. "Nicholas Nickleby Leaving Yorkshire School" was then given by Mr. C. LeRoy Kenney, who impersonated Dickens' well-known characters with admirable skill and effectiveness. "Pomona and the Tricycle," by Frank R. Stockton, was rendered by Miss Gertrude Trotter, whose efforts brought forth constant ripples of laughter. Mrs. W. G. Ross read Jean Ingelow's "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," which afforded her the opportunity of manifesting exceptionally well cultivated talents of expression. A double number (a) "The Petrified Fern," (b) "The Devoted Apple," by Frederick Weatherly, was given by Miss Blanche Lehigh. The two selections being quite different necessitated some degree of versatility, a requirement to which this young entertainer proved herself fully equal. The latter was enhanced by an appropriate musical accompaniment. "Six Cups of Chocolate," a comedietta by E. Schmithof, brought the program to a close. The cast was: Miss Adeline Von Linden, a German girl, Miss Ella Metcalfe; Miss Marion Lee, a transplanted Southern girl, Miss Duluth Barnes; Miss Dorothy Green, a New Englander, Miss Florence McConnell; Miss Hester Beacon, a Bostonian, Miss Gertrude Trotter; Miss Beatrix Von Kortlandt, a New Yorker, Miss May Walker; Miss Jeanette Durand, a French girl, Mrs. W. J. Ross. This clever dramatic sketch kept the audience smiling continually, the young ladies acting with praiseworthy spontaneity and vivacity, bringing her well-deserved rounds of applause. The audience evidently felt that this was an interesting finale to a most successful recital.

In the Kit-Cat Club

This is a story told of old Admiral Vansittart, who was well known to the older families of Canada. At one time serving on the same ship with him was a junior, who retired from the navy with the rank of captain and settled in Canada. The Admiral was paying one of his periodical visits to Toronto and was told that Captain Jack had married a pretty girl, but a Roman Catholic, and he, a Protestant, had changed his religion. "Nonsense," said the Admiral; "don't tell me that. I know there's too good stuff in Jack for him to change his coat for any woman." Shortly afterwards the Admiral met Jack on King-street, and found they were dining at the same house that evening. "I want to introduce you to my wife," said Jack. "Shall be pleased, I am sure," grunted the Admiral, "but is it true, Jack, that you have turned your coat and become a Papist? I won't believe it." "Wait till you see her," was Jack's response. In the evening just after the Admiral had come into the drawing-room Captain Jack introduced him to the bride. The Admiral said a few words, looking over her closely all the time. He moved to a corner and beckoned the Captain to him. "By gad, Jack, I am not surprised. I'll be damned if I wouldn't have turned Turk for her myself." OLIM.

As an instance of the naive natural ideas of children, it is related that in an English country house, a party of youngsters were sent up to the schoolroom one afternoon to amuse themselves. They were visited by two ladies from the drawing-room anxious to see how the kids were getting on. They were play-acting and the scene was a fashionable wedding. Away from the group of performers, stood in a corner, was a tiny girl of about three. Thinking the child had been banished as too young to join in the game, one of the ladies went up to condole with her. "Hush," said the tiny mite, "I'se the baby and I'se waiting to be born'd."

This is almost as good as the little boy and girl who wrote and acted a play. They were supposed to be married and the husband had gone away to a distant land to try and make his fortune. He returns to his little wife, laden with diamonds and lays his treasures at her tiny feet. The scene is in a room with curtains over an alcove. With honest pride the little girl, says, "And I, too, darling, in your absence have not been idle. Look at our children. With that she pulls back the curtain and discloses a bed with nine dolls lying on it. PASSEPIED.

In London societies for all sorts of objects conceivable under the sun are rampant, and the women frequently have afternoon teas in connection with these societies. Their name is legion. One lady addresses another, the wife of a well-known radical M.P., "Are you coming to the W.P.L. at home this afternoon?" "No, indeed," replies the radicale. "I'm not at all in sympathy with its objects." The radical lady thought she meant the Woman's Primrose League. The other woman is horror-stricken. She was referring to the Woman's Purity League. J. H. K.

The daughter of a well-known Ontario judge was once crossing the border on her way from New York to Toronto. The Customs officer was inspecting the baggage. "Anything dutiable in this trunk, ma'am?" "No, only wearing apparel," was the answer. The lid was opened and the official saw two bottles of old Bourbon whisky. "Do you call that wearing apparel?" he asked. "Of course, I call those night caps," was the ready answer. It is said that, owing to her quick wit, her Canadian friends were enabled to enjoy that old Kentuckey whisky. S. S. S.

A member of the Hare Company told me a story anent Whistler, the artist, and Sir Henry Irving. The great actor had been giving one of his midnights at his rooms in London. A delightful gathering filled his curio-laden and art-adorned rooms. Among Sir Henry's pictures were two by Whistler. After supper the artist was observed gazing intently at his own paintings. He stood looking at them for some time.

"I say, Irving," he broke out at length, "I never remember painting these."

"I have undoubted proof they are yours," said Sir Henry, "but candidly I have never been able to tell what you meant by them."

The artist regarded them for several minutes longer.

"By Jove, I have it," he finally remarked, "You have hung them upside down." SUNSHINE.

John Oliver Hobbes has returned from her visit to America, leaving a trail of epigrams behind her. Most of these are characteristically spiced with malice, and one may serve as a specimen of all the rest. It is related that at the theatre one night some one pointed out to Mrs. Craigie a lady in the opposite box as being a well-known American novelist who, like Mrs. Craigie herself, writes over a masculine nom de guerre. Some details were added as to her intense and vivid nature. "Why," said the informant, "the other day someone asked her whether she had decided how she would prefer to die, and she answered that she had long ago made up her mind on that point. She said that she had decided to be kissed to death!" Mrs. Craigie put up her lorgnette and took a long look at the lady.

"Ah, I see!" she said, after a short inspection; "she evidently intends to be immortal!"

The story is told in a Chicago paper that the Rev. Ernest M. Stires, the rector of Grace Episcopal Church, was present at the recent Charity Ball with his wife, they being the guests of friends. A woman reporter came along, and, seeing Mr. Stires, said: "I want to get the ladies' gowns." "Well, really," answered the observing young minister, "I think they need what they have." CLIPPER.

Just after the death of Andrew Jackson, a friend of his met an old family servant, and began asking him a few questions about his late master. "Do you think," he said, "that the general has gone to heaven?" "'Deed I dunno, sah; dat jis' depen's." "Depends on what?" "Jis' depen's, sah, on ef de gin'al wanted to go, sah, er not," said the old darkey, with supreme confidence in the general; "ef he wanted to go, sah, he am dah, sho'; an' ef he didn't, he ain't, sah." THE SAGE.

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