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# THE DOMINION MUSICAL JOURNAL

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1891.

No. 2.

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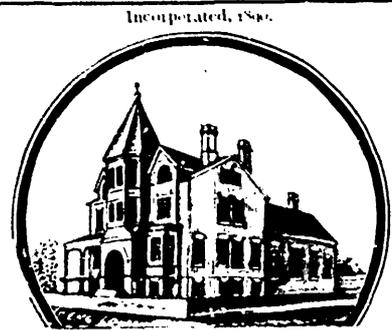
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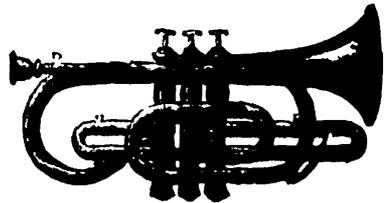
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At the Head of Exhibitors having obtained the GOLD MEDAL at the PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

PARIS, 25th October, 1889.

DEAR MR CLAXTON.—We take pleasure to inform you that Messrs. Couesnon & Co have obtained a Gold Medal at the "Universal Exhibition of Paris, 1889," and we beg to enclose a list of the Awards obtained for Musical Instruments by different manufacturers, classified by Order of Merit.

This is an official document which we have obtained from the International Jury and of which we guarantee the correctness, and we are glad to call your attention to the fact that Messrs. Couesnon & Co. stand **FIRST** of all the Brass Band Instrument Manufacturers of the World, who have made a show in the Paris Exhibition.

Soliciting the favour of your orders, to which we will give our usual attention, we remain, yours most respectfully,

From "Musical Journal," December, 1890, page 4.

FENWICK, FRERES & CO

THOMAS CLAXTON, Esq., TORONTO.

PARIS, December 13th, 1889.

DEAR SIR.—We beg to enclose Invoice for three cases of instruments shipped per steamer "La Gascogne," from Harve to New York in bond to Toronto.

Mr. Couesnon has been very much pleased with your printed card, and is much obliged to you for the same. He has taken the liberty to put in one case a new Slide Trombone, exact model of Courtois, which has been acknowledged by the Jury a better instrument than Courtois. With the compliments of the season, we remain, yours very truly,

From "Musical Journal," January, 1890, page 4.

FENWICK, FRERES & CO.

THOMAS CLAXTON, Esq., TORONTO.

PARIS, December 24th, 1889.

DEAR SIR.—We are in receipt of your esteemed favors of the 9th and 10th. We guarantee that the list which we have published of the Awards of the Exhibitors, by order of merit, is an exact copy of the decision of the Jury. But as the official documents of the work of the different Juries will be published and printed at the French Government Printing Office, you may for the present bind yourself to give an official proof of our assertion.

The decision of the Jury was governed by a certain number of points, and we had more points than Fontaine-Besson; this is a positive fact, which that official document will confirm.

We are much obliged to you for taking our interest in the matter so much to heart in Canada, and you may depend that we will stand by you. Yours most respectfully,

From "Musical Journal," January, 1890, page 4.

COUESNON & CO.

"In regard to the truthfulness of our contentions, and to show up the untruthfulness of those who say that Couesnon & Co. did not take the first place in order of merit, I will publish, if not next month, the month following (or as soon as the French Government Press reports reach me) the actual points by which Messrs. Couesnon & Co. obtained the first place over Mr. Fontaine-Besson and Mr. Antoine Mille."—Extract from correspondence, page 15, "Musical Journal," January, 1890.

T. CLAXTON, Esq., TORONTO, CANADA.

PARIS, July 31st, 1891.

DEAR SIR.—By to-day's mail we send you our new illustrated catalogue of Brass Band Instruments.

We also beg to enclose copy translation of an extract from the Jury's Official Report, Paris Exhibition, 1889, showing indisputably that Messrs. Couesnon & Co. have obtained the **First Gold Medal**, and that all other brass band instrument makers, such as Besson, Mille, Millereau, etc., have to take a back seat. We have in our possession one copy of this official report printed at the National Printing Office by order of the French Government, and the enclosed is copy translation of an extract taken from page 63 of this report. We are going to have it fixed on a piece of boarding, and certified correct by a Government official, and will send it to you in one of your cases. We will also do our best to obtain a copy of the entire report to send on to you, but it is pretty difficult to get hold of one, and as we have only one, you can readily understand that Messrs. Couesnon cannot well part with it, as they have to show it every day to their customers when they drop in to see them. We will see what your friends have to say, now that we prove conclusively what we advanced twelve months ago. We remain, yours most respectfully,

FENWICK, FRERES & CO.

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION, PARIS, 1889.

Extract from the Jury's Official Report, page 63, published at the request of the French Government, and printed by the National Printing Office.

MEMBERS OF THE JURY.—Ambroise Thomas, Mahillon, Thibouville-Lamy, Gand, Dickinson, Clarke, Gavioli fils, Arnold, Cavaille-Cool, Lecomte, Ruch, Havac, Dumoustier de Fredilly, Salvayre.

The Exhibit shown by Mr. Couesnon (94 Rue d'Angouleme, Paris) gives evidence that some decided improvements have been accomplished by this house since 1878. His instruments are well made and well tuned. These considerations, and his interesting exhibit of Flutes and Sarrusophones decided the Jury to award him the necessary number of points to place him at the head of the Exhibitors having obtained the Gold Medal.

Mr. Couesnon's Exhibit was composed of brass instruments of all kinds, and a complete set of wood instruments.

CORNETS.—One cornet (of a cheap pattern) was found good, and of extraordinary quality for the price; another, of a more expensive kind, had good tone and fine tune.

BARITONES, BASSES and TUBAS.—The Baritones, Basses and BB♭ Tubas are well tuned and of fine tone.

FRENCH HORN.—The French Horn, with and without valves, is of fine tone.

SARRUSOPHONES.—The Sarrusophones, Basses in B♭, and Contra Basses in C—played with great talent—gave full satisfaction to the Jury, who appreciated the peculiar tone of these instruments.

FLUTES.—A Piccolo in D♭, a Flute of cylindrical bore, in C, and a bass Flute, was found perfect in tune, and of fine tone. We took note of a Piccolo in C, Barbier model, in which one of the keys was so disposed as to enable the player to close the lower part of the pipe, and the sharp notes of which produced some exceptionally fine sounds.

HAUTOBOIS.—The Hautbois, descending the scale as low as B♭, had good time, and of desirable correctness.

BASSOONS.—The Bassoon, of fine sonorousness, and in perfect tune, it is handy, and easy to play.

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No. 2.

## Mr. A. S. Vogt.



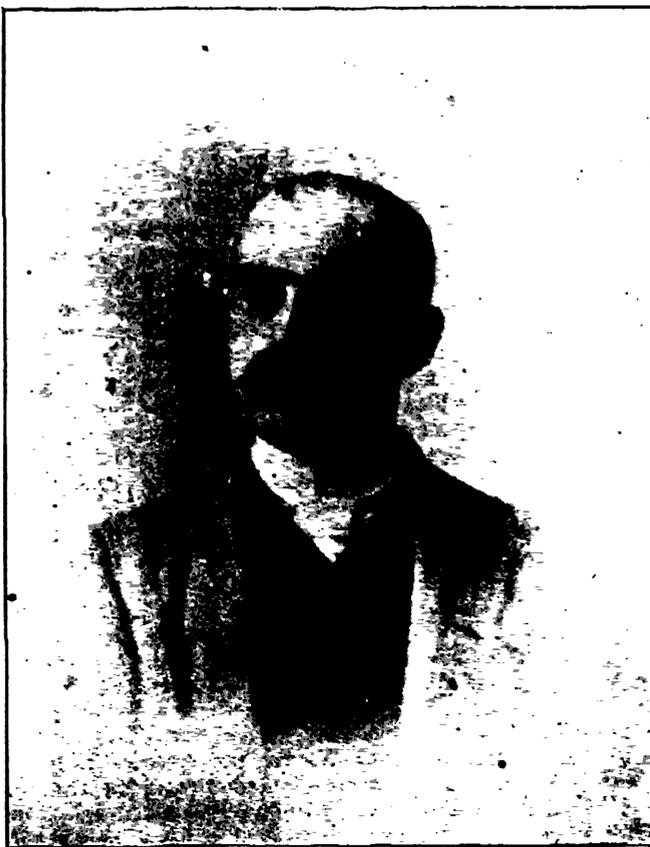
ONE of few in the highest rank of Canadian musicians stands Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist and choir-master of the Jarvis Street

Baptist Church, and teacher of piano and organ at the Toronto College of Music, and at Moulton Ladies' College. No musician ever came "to the front" more rapidly, nor with greater ease than Mr. Vogt. Although still a young man, he is deservedly recognized as one of our most prominent musicians.

When but twelve years of age Mr. Vogt was appointed organist of the Lutheran Church, Elmira, Ont. Four years later—1878—he was appointed organist of the First Methodist Church, St. Thomas, Ont., a position which he held for three years, resigning it to spend a year at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass.; where he was a pupil of Mr. H. M. Dunham on the organ, Mr. Buckingham on the piano, and the late Stephen Emery in harmony. While in Boston Mr. Vogt distinguished himself as a student of exceptional ability and untiring energy. His work in original composition also attracted some attention. Upon his return to Canada, Mr. Vogt was appointed to his old position in St. Thomas, where he remained for three years. In Sept., 1885, he went to Germany to study at the Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipzig, until 1888. While there he was a pupil of Adolf Ruthardt in Piano, Dr. Papperitz in Organ, and Dr. Jadassohn, in Theory. Shortly after his return to Canada he was appointed to the important position which he so ably fills.

As a teacher Mr. Vogt's work receives

universal praise. Recitals given by his pupils at Moulton College, also the numbers furnished by his pupils at the College of Music, give evidence of his ability and conscientiousness as a teacher. At the College of Music, Mr. Vogt has



lectured on the History and Aesthetics of Music, much to the delight of the genuine student, and the amazement of those who "didn't know there was so much in music." This musician has been particularly happy in his lectures on the Development of the Opera, and the Art Reforms of Richard Wagner. Mr. Vogt is an enthusiastic disciple of Wagner. This is owing partly to the course of study he pursued, and partly to the natural bent of

a mind too rugged to be at home with anything but the strongest, and too cosmopolitan to be satisfied with anything less than that which embraces Art in its entirety.

Mr. Vogt is at his best as organist and choir-master. The singing by his choir is artistic in every particular. Nothing is sacrificed: the enunciation is good, the tone full, but musical, and, when desired, can be brought to the most exquisite *pianissimo*; and, above all, it is pervaded by a spirit of devotion, that reaches as a benediction every sincere worshipper who hears it. Mr. Vogt's organ work is brilliant and rugged. Perhaps a shade of the delicacy that characterizes his choir training might be brought into his solo organ work, without destroying the elements that have made him to be nominated our "all-round musician."

Mr. Vogt has just returned from Europe, after making a brief tour of the Continent, visiting the principal musical centres and attending the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth.

## Church Orchestra.



LONDON *Truth*, says:

"It is not everyone who has the courage of the popular rector of a well-known church at St.roud-green, who has adopted a special method of disarming the opposition of a minority of his congregation to the occasional employment of an orchestra as part of divine worship. The reverend gentleman in question, in his address to his parishioners, boldly declares: "After all there will be an orchestra of angels in heaven, and we must accustom ourselves here to like what we hope to enjoy in the courts above. We shall therefore have the band three or four times a year."

The threat (or the promise) of a permanent orchestra in the next world did the trick. Four hundred of the congregation voted in favour of hardening themselves to the orchestra on earth, while thirty worshippers, who at first refused, withdrew their objection, and thus wisely made the vote unanimous. Personally, I cannot understand why an orchestra (always supposing it to be a competent one) should be deemed less suitable as an accompaniment to divine worship than an organ. Moreover it is an English custom; for before money to purchase an organ has been raised by the vicar or congregation many a country church boasted its performers on the viol, the flute, and the recorder in the days of our ancestors, and its village wind band even in our times."

### Music and Worship.\*

By H. C. SHUTTLEWORTH, M.A.

*Lecturer of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, and Professor of Pastoral Theology in King's College, London*

"The Beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."  
PSALM XCIV.



HERE was a day in the history of Florence, many centuries ago, when through her famous streets there swept an unpremeditated procession of triumph, with singing, and thanksgiving, and every sign of joy. No victory had been won, no prince was born; it was not an anniversary, or a festival of Church or State. A painter had finished a picture; that was all; and at the sight of its glorious beauty his fellow citizens, transported by an irresistible impulse of admiration and wonder, lifted it from its place, and carried it rejoicing through the streets, to its home above the altar of their great church. And so memorable a day was that, so deep the impression it left upon Florence, that the part of the city through which the picture was carried is called "Borgho Allegri" (The Road of Beauty) even until now.

It is not unlikely, that to the mind of the practical Englishman such a story may sound a little absurd. He does not greatly like sudden outbursts of popular feeling, even when they are called forth by some important event; and that a whole population should be stirred to enthusiasm over a picture seems to him to show a childishness and impulsiveness of character for which he has no admiration, indeed, but scanty tolerance. The value of the picture in the market would interest him much more than the enthusiasm of the Florentines over its beauty.

We have touched assuredly, a weak point in our national character. We have

\*A sermon preached at the festival of choirs, in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, on Thursday, May 28th 1891.

not as a people, a keen appreciation of the beautiful; and we are inclined to smile at these old Florentines because they had, and were not ashamed to show, the feeling which we lack ourselves. It would be wiser to recognize that our want of it is a real defect than to try to believe it a virtue. For beauty is a sacrament of God, a fragment of His perfect splendour revealed to our dim sight. And every endeavour on man's part to shape or to set forth a beautiful thing is an attempt to give form and colour to his thought of God. In so far as he succeeds, he has done a thing no less useful to the people than if he had drained a marsh, or bridged a river. We thank God for the success of such works, and we do well. But the beautiful embodying of a beautiful thought is a thing to rejoice in, and to praise God for, no less than these. A great poem is not less of a treasure than a great invention; a noble picture is as priceless a national possession as the sword of a conquered king. Shakespeare, Handel, Michael Angelo, these were prophets of God, and servants of man as true and as illustrious as were ever George Stephenson, or Nelson, or Lord Shaftesbury. The poet, the musician, the painter, are our benefactors no less than the scientist, the warrior, and the statesman. Through them our eyes see something of the King in His beauty; through them the beauty of the Lord our God—though it be but in fragments, as the sunshine falls through stained windows upon this chapel floor—through them that supreme beauty is upon us.

Hence all great art has been inspired by, and has expressed, religious feeling. The greatest masterpieces of painting, of sculpture, of poetry, of music, are one and all attempts to embody religious truth in an external form; to convey some inward spiritual idea through its outward and apparent symbol. Art is sacramental; and the conscience of Christendom has ever recognized and employed it in the service of God.

Even among ourselves the value of art, as an attempt to show further something of the ineffable beauty of God is becoming more fully understood. We are naturally, and rightly considering our history, very sensitive to the dangers of an aesthetic worship. We fear that some peril of idolatry still lurks in a reedos, or that superstition lingers in a vestment. But in spite of this deep-rooted and not altogether groundless prejudice, the change which has taken place during the last half century in our church and chapel services is proof sufficient to show that even among people of Puritan inheritance and tradition, it is found impossible to shut art out of worship. It gradually asserts its right; it slowly but steadily makes its way back to its home in the religious feelings and highest aspirations of men. It is well that we should jealously guard the purity of spiritual worship, and

keep the externals of Church service in their rightful place. But they have a rightful place. They are not opposed to spiritual worship, but are rather its expression and ministry. They are capable of abuse; but they have a high and most sacred usefulness. "What is falsely called a spiritual worship," says Ruskin, "is an attempt to evolve and sustain devotion from isolated powers of the spirit, that were never meant to stand alone. That God is a spirit has not hindered Him from shaping the vault of night, and hanging it with stars, or from clothing the earth with its beauty. They are the works of His creativeness; the appeal of His beauty to our hearts."

There is one branch of art which has always been recognized as foremost among means and helps to devotion. We broke the sculptured figures and painted glories of the saints, that formerly looked down upon the kneeling congregations; but we still sang psalms. We covered over the old frescoes upon the church walls with whitewash and plaster; but we developed a noble English school of anthem and service-music. Even poetry was banished from our Prayer-book, so far as that was possible, when the old hymns were dropped out of it. But music has always remained. The practice of the cathedrals and larger parish churches carrying out as it did the express direction of the rubrics in the Prayer-book, witnessed to the original intention of the Reformers, and to the ineradicable instincts of the people. Our English Church service was meant to be a musical service; and, however imperfectly, the tradition has always been preserved among us. We rejected painting; we destroyed sculpture; we would have none of the divers colours of needlework; we preferred the prosaic and halting measure of Tate and Brady, to the wealth of poetry enshrined in the ancient Latin hymns. But we kept our music. English psalm tunes are the noblest Church medodies in the world; English cathedral music is a development purely national, of the highest artistic value and the deepest religious interest. Through this department of religious art, if scarcely through any other, the beauty of the Lord our God has been upon us.

1. Music is, in the first place, the voice of God to the soul. There are other ways, of preaching the Gospel than by speaking from the pulpit. A singer, filled with the power and the pathos of some great spiritual song, can touch the hearts of men who would listen unmoved to the most eloquent of sermons. The voice of the organ or of the orchestra, interpreting the consecrated thought of a great composer, has carried home, often and again, the message of the Cross of Christ. The strange, uplifting power of a mighty chorus is familiar to us all; not one of us but has felt it; most of us have known it in this place. And in the passion of the singer

in the manifold voices of strings or keys, in the great brotherhood of choral song, we reverently recognize that voice which pleads in every heart, but which uses human means to win the human race; the voice of the Most High God. The beauty of the music which so strangely stirs us is a "broken light" of that eternal beauty, a gleam of which surely shone upon the dying eyes of Charles Kingsley, as he murmured at the last, "How beautiful God is." My brethren of these gathered choirs, is it not a great thought for you, that through the music of your voices, God speaks to the souls of men? that in your measure and in your sphere, you, too, are preachers of the glorious Gospel of Christ? If the priest's lips should keep wisdom, so, surely, should the choristers. If it is ours to set an example, it is also yours. The white robe of our office is shared with you; we sit side by side in the sacred precincts of the sanctuary; and, in the old time, the singer was in orders as well as we; the difference one of degree, scarcely of kind. And thus you will banish all light unworthy thoughts of your office and your work as church singers. You will consecrate your lives by prayer and communion; you will ever be mindful of the meaning of your white dress. You, too, are of those through whom the beauty of the Lord our God comes upon your fellow men.

2. And music is, in the second place, the voice of the heart's aspiration towards God. It is the speech of the spirit, the language of the soul. What we cannot utter, but only dimly feel, that music seems to say for us. It is the voice of our unshaped and unspoken prayers; its heavenward strains are the wings of our dull and flagging devotion. The melody of a hymn is often for us the expression of a spiritual emotion; a phrase from oratorio or anthem, wedded to some text of Scripture, some verse of a psalm, calls up and tells forth a mood of penitence, an aspiration after Christ-like life, an utterance of abiding hope, or the expression of fervent faith. Who can hear, for instance, the opening chords of the "Dead March" without a sudden solemnizing of the spirit as if in the presence of the dead? Who can listen to the characteristic phrase of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and not dart up an unspoken but deeply felt Alleluia to the throne of God? Music is not merely a mode of preaching; it is a form of prayer. So he who saw the vision of the City of God in the Apocalypse has told us that music is the highest symbol of the eternal life of the blessed; that unbroken and unspoiled harmony is the truest likeness of the rest and the activities of heaven. If it is much, my brethren of the choirs, to speak to men's souls, it is perhaps an even higher privilege to speak for them; to voice the most sacred emotions of their inmost being; to find utterance for the feeling which in them is too deep for

words. Oh, what a high and holy service is this of the chorister! Let him remember how, in regard to a sister art, it has been said that no painter ever lived a base or careless life without showing deterioration in the delicacy and purity of his colour. Can a chorister be indifferent or conceited, sensual or selfish, coarse minded or unspiritual, without tainting and defiling the freshness and sweetness of his song. I trow not. What a man is, that must of necessity colour and characterise his work. Let earnestness, reality, following after the Lord Jesus Christ, be the dominant motives which rule your lives. So shall they enter unconsciously into your music, and the beauty of the Lord your God be upon you, and upon us.

3. That the music of our English service is not merely or exclusively the share of the choir. The offices of the Prayer Book are constructed upon a congregational principle; and the people have their appointed place, their share in psalm and canticle, their response and antiphon. Artistic music of the highest order, the best work of the best composers, rendered in the best possible manner, with every aid that art can add—this has indeed a place, and a chief place, in the worship of our sanctuary. But this is not, and at present cannot be, congregational. It is confined to trained and disciplined musicians. But room must be left for the singing of those whose musical faculty exists, though untrained and undeveloped, they are the great majority of our congregations; and the plain chants and simple hymn tunes in which they can join, should be supplemented indeed, but on no account ousted by music of the more artistic, or of the cathedral type. I have often wondered why we have not instituted occasional practices for the congregations. Many would surely be glad to remain after service on a Sunday evening and try over the psalms and canticles and hymns for the succeeding Sunday. The day might even come, when the chorales, so largely introduced by Bach and Mendelssohn in their oratorios, should be sung, as those great composers intended, by the people as well as by the choir. Let the people assert their right to their part in the music of the congregation; and do their best to learn so to exercise that right as to be a joy, and not a hindrance and an annoyance to their fellow worshippers.

My brethren, we have said that beauty, of sight or of sound, is a Sacrament of the Perfect God. But man himself, through the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, is the Great Sacrament of God; made in God's image, His child and son, destined to be "like Him" when we shall see Him as He is. Through the glory of fair colour, or the harmony of noble music, we gain indeed a glimpse of the beauty of the Lord our God. But through the splendour of noble human life, the moral and spiritual radiance of Christ-like service,

that fadeless beauty is most clearly seen, most nearly realized. Through such lives as those of Father Damien, or Sister Dora, or David Livingstone, more than all "the beauty of the Lord our God is upon us." Men may be colour blind, and see nothing in the fairest picture; they may have "no ear," and regard music as merely the least disagreeable of noises. But no one is really blind or deaf to the beauty and harmony of a noble life. The pattern and the flower of humanity, Jesus our Master, showed us once for all how inspiring through the moving centuries the power of such a life can be. Follow Him, O my friends! Show forth in the music of your own lives some far echo in the flawless harmony of the perfect and gentle life of the Lord. The life-long struggle with sin, the unflinching endeavor after holiness—this is the path along which the beauty of the Lord our God shines most radiantly, endures most lastingly, in the life of man.—*The Church Times.*

### A Musical Legend.

BY HELEN SLATER.



T was a wonderful night in June. The moonlight lay full and soft on the pretty villas and gardens of one of the suburbs of Vienna; quiet and peace reigned everywhere, and even the noise and bustle of the great city were scarcely to be heard in this beautiful retreat. But now the stillness is broken by a firm and quick step; a man walks up the almost deserted street an imposing figure, yet stooped and bowed down as if with sorrow or mighty thoughts; a magnificent head, with long, dark, shaggy hair; genius written on his massive brow; honesty in his rugged features, and sombre melancholy in his deep-set eyes. On he walks, his arms listlessly folded, his head bent down, seemingly quite unimpressed by the beauty of the surroundings and the sweetness of the hour.

But suddenly he stops right in front of a little cottage that is all covered with June roses, and out of which some strains of music float. He listens, and lays his hand against his ear, as hard-hearing people are used to do; a dissatisfied expression comes into his eyes, and quietly he steps through the open gate, and well-kept little yard to the open window out of which the sounds come. A smile flits over his face that lights the stern features up wonderfully; yes, now he can hear! It is a piece written by his own master-hand, played crudely and imperfectly, it is true, but yet with a certain genius and deep, loving understanding through delicate, maiden hands. He leans against the window, and in doing that he makes a slight noise. The playing stops, the girl turns her face in his direction.

"Is somebody there?" she says.

"Yes," answers the man. "Forgive me, I heard you play a piece that I know

very well, and I listened. Do you love music?"

The girl came towards the window, and stood now revealed in the full moonlight; a slight, girlish figure, she could not be more than seventeen years old; a lovely face, but oh! such a sad, wistful, patient expression on it, and soft, wavy dark hair.

Her groping movements, her always lowered lids showed the man outside at once that she was blind, and a deep pity filled his heart.

"Do I love music?" she answered. "It is the joy and light of my soul; it always cheers and comforts me when I am sad and lonely; and that happens very often, for I am blind."

"Poor child!" he said with infinite compassion in his voice.

"Yes, it is very hard sometimes" She said it bravely and quietly, but her sensitive lips trembled. "But, then," and her face brightened up again, "there are a great many things left to me; I can hear. Listen."

She raised her hand; from the leafy recess of the little garden came the long-drawn, flute-like notes of a nightingale. Sweet, sad, yet comforting at first, and towards the last ending in a joyous, almost triumphant trill.

The girl turned her sightless eyes to the man.

"That is music," she said, with a sweet smile; "and I am so thankful I can hear it."

The man gazed a second into her lovely face. "I will play for you," he said, suddenly. "Music is not only the light and joy of my soul; it is my very life itself."

Her face lighted up. "Will you?" she cried, joyfully; "how good of you; come in."

No thought of impropriety or danger entered into her pure, innocent heart, though she was all alone. He entered the room, seated himself at the piano and struck a few chords.

The silvery moonlight flooded the room; it lighted up his rugged features and showed an almost divine light in his uplifted eyes; it rested fully and lovingly on the girlish figure in the window; the exquisite face, the sightless eyes; the perfume of the roses filled the air with subtle sweetness, and the melancholy strains of the nightingale's song were once in a while borne to them by the whispering night wind.

The hands of the master wandered over the keys, hesitatingly, gropingly; sweet melodies, brilliant passages chased with each other, sad and joyous strains followed one another in an unclear, indifferant way. But now the sounds came defined, clear, and through the moonlit room, out into the dreamy summer night, floated the most wonderful strains that ever human ears listened to!

So sweet, and yet so grand; so mourn-

ful, and yet so quieting; so sad, and yet so comforting! First, the most wonderful of all *adagio* like the solemn, flute-like notes of the nightingale; then the melodious, restless little *allegretto*, like the broken, chirping sounds that follow the first long-drawn ones; then the magnificent *presto*, like the joyous, triumphant trill that ends the song of this sweetest of all feathered singers.

The last sound had died away; the master rose from his chair, his face disfigured, his eyes alight with holy fire.

Sobbing, trembling, the girl stretched out her hands to him.

"Who are you?" she cried; "tell me, that I may cherish your name in my heart until my dying day!"

He lightly laid his hand on her pure, clear brow.

"I am Beethoven!" he said simply, and walked noiselessly out into the glorious night.

Thus it was, they say, that the "Moonlight Sonata" was given to us.—*The Denver Music and Drama.*



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Toronto, August, 1891.

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Criticism.

**I**N our July number our composers have us say that "criticism, in the highest sense of the word, does not belong to a free country," instead of a "new country," as we wrote. Only a free country can know anything of that true criticism that means death to all that is not genuine, and life to all that is worthy the name of Art. Liberty of conscience, freedom of thought and expression go hand in hand with a spirit of independence and a well-earned consciousness of superiority, and these combine their influences to enlarge and elevate every condition of life; and all these belong only to a free country. There can be no criticism without them, but they are only the blossom, we must wait for the ripened fruit. "Criticism" is one of the most comprehensive words in

the English language. The critic must be one of impartial habits of thought and of scholarship, and he must have been born and reared surrounded by Art in its perfection. Like everything else, Art is valued by comparison. We might talk of a true Art flourishing in our own Dominion did we not know of a truer elsewhere. It is absolute folly for people of this continent to say, "Our music, our painting, our literature is just as good as that of the old world." We do say that there is teaching done at home that is as conscientious and complete as most of that done by individuals in the old world. But in the old world there are thrown around one Art influences that could not live in this country. The very air is pregnant with them. It is in such a place that criticism may be found. We do not place the reports found in some of our city papers under the head of criticisms, and we do not think they were intended as such. And just here we cannot refrain from giving a passing commendation to the writer of the musical column in *Saturday Night*. The paragraphs are modest and impartial, and exhibit sufficient scholarship to make them first-class reports, with none of that empty phraseology that would label them as attempted criticism. Yes, we are a free country, free religiously, politically, educationally, and it may be that, some day, we—will—be—free—commercially. But we are a new country, and when any one in our midst clothes himself in the borrowed dress of the critic, it fits him so badly that we have to stand still and laugh and laugh and laugh.

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### That Telephone Girl.



**T**HE *Indicator* says that someone has written an operetta entitled *The Telephone Girl*. The operetta is said to be amusing, and the *Indicator* is "glad that someone has found something amusing about a telephone girl." The *Indicator* never did, and considers her, under ordinary circumstances, a "nuisance." Now, we like the *Indicator* real well; we think the *Indicator* says a great many nice things, a great many fine things, and a great many true things. But the *Indicator* is a little astray on the telephone subject. Yes. We "just love" the telephone girl. Excepting the wife of the poor clergyman with the large family, she is the most patient person in the world. And how her head aches sometimes, and how sore her brain gets! and how monotonous are the days!

Ring to left of her,  
Ring to right of her,  
Ring in front of her  
Volley'd and thunder'd!

Still she smiles. Yes, we know she does, for when we ring up "Central" the smile slips along the wire to us, and we feel happier right away. Then we give

our number, and she repeats it so gently, the sound of the last named figure dying away like the refrain of a song. Now she has connected us, and we wait, and wait, and wait; and she waits, and waits, dear soul! How can she know our embarrassment? But she does know, for soon a soft and sweet "Hello" comes over the wires, and there is something about that rising inflection in the last syllable that makes us feel so comfortable; it brings thoughts of home and mother and a bright fire and a singing tea-kettle and warm hands and warmer hearts. We have nearly forgotten where we are, when she asks, as slowly and gently as ever, "Did you get 678,432,591?" No, we didn't, and before we know it she has helped us out of our difficulty, and we are selling that lot we bought yesterday, or ordering a ton of coal or a box of berries. O yes, there is a great deal that is very nice about the telephone girl, and we suggest that the *Indicator* call her up again, in his most musical voice. Let him put a little tenderness and sympathy in his tone, and we will wager our new gold pencil that her reply will sound to him like a song of home in a far country.

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#### Mr. Henry Russell.

**A**MONG those who are "resting on their oars" after a long and a steady pull is Mr. Henry Russell, the composer of "Woodman, spare that tree," "There's a good time coming, boys," "A life on the ocean wave," "Our Empress Queen," and other soul-stirring songs. Mr. Russell is 78 years of age, and has had the peculiar pleasure of reading his own obituary upon several occasions. But he still lives, to enhance the joy of his intimate friends, as he rehearses to them, in his inimitable way, some fact or lesson of his life, or sings to them one of his own songs. Mr. Russell came to America in 1833 and was engaged as organist at a Presbyterian church, Rochester. While there he began his career as a descriptive singer. In that capacity he has never been equalled. He is an Englishman, born at Sheerness, December 24th, 1813, with a heart so large that it can hold love for all the human race. He loves everyone, and the purpose of his life has been not only to amuse, but to enlarge the ideas and warm the feelings of those to whom he sang. Mr. Russell knew most of the English musicians of the last generation. Sir Henry Bishop was his fast friend; he was also on friendly terms with Mendelssohn. He is very partial to English music, thinks the German school leans too much to the heavy and sombre side. He believes that music was intended to make the human race happier and brighter and better; that its mission is to the heart more than to the head. And we think the dear old man comes close to the truth.

#### • Mrs. J. E. M. Whitney.

**S**OME day, yes, some day, we will have a Canadian "School" of music. Why not? And among such names as D'Auria, Lucas, Fisher, Forsythe, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Blackstock and others will appear that of Mrs. J. E. M. Whitney, of Montreal. Mrs. Whitney writes principally for the piano and orchestra, but publishes an occasional song characterized by the grace and vivacity that are so prominent in her pieces for piano. There is nothing rugged about Mrs. Whitney's works, and nothing that suggests sustained effort on the part of the writer, but they are pervaded with a delicacy that is especially pleasing, with a rhythmic grace and aget-at-able theme that find their way into the hearts of the listener. They are cheerful and pure, and if combined with a little more strength, will make valuable additions to the music of our country. We do not suppose that there is a very great amount of genius among Canadians at this early period of our country's history, but we know there is much talent among us. Most musicians, however, are so busily engaged with their practical work that they rarely find a quiet hour for thought. This is a mistake. It is time now that we began to have a music of our own, and we suggest that Canadian musicians make more of their annual meeting at which original compositions only are to be performed.

We are glad, indeed, to see that Montreal appreciates so thoroughly the efforts of Mrs. Whitney. Her compositions are rendered there by other prominent musicians and Gruenwald's orchestra perform her waltzes and *morceaux de salon* at the Academy.

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#### Music and Moonlight.

**U**PON first hearing, these two words sound very well together, but one's mind does not want to dwell very long upon the combination. Although Shelley, the most exquisite of poets, writes

"Of some world far from ours,  
Where music and moonlight and feeling are  
one,"

Yet this making thought and feeling visible or tangible is something we do not altogether like. We give in this number a legend written by Mrs. Helen Slater, for the *Denver Music and Drama*. It is a pretty little story and, no doubt, will please many of our readers, but it belongs to that class of musical literature which, we fear, has not a tendency to enlarge the conception students have of music. It has always been a mystery to us that one of the strongest Sonatas Beethoven wrote should be called "The Moonlight Sonata," even if the composer did first play it when the moon was in its full. What did the dear old man care about the moonlight or anything else around him as he sat

there and unburdened his great soul, while he gave to the world his rich, rare harmonies? It was not "moonlight" with Beethoven, it was heart and soul and mind; it was love and life and energy. The composer played something that he called a sonata, but no language in the world can tell just what that meant to him; we imagine that Beethoven would almost have gone mad if compelled to listen to an interpretation of what he heard in his high soul. And we feel a pity for the dead man when we chance upon some long analysis of this sonata, or any other work of a master. It seems absurd to us. The ninth symphony may be one thing to Mr. A. and quite another thing to Mr. B., and yet both may be scholarly men and able to appreciate what is strongest and best in a master-piece. Psychologically-treated analysis, however, of a musical composition if ably done—has in it some degree of fitness, but this finding in music moonlight and starlight and forests and fields and brooks and birds, taxes our patience. Mendelssohn's "Songs without words" are often the subjects of such treatment; and in such instances the beauty of the work is lost. Perhaps the sixth symphony—the pastoral may be the one exception to the rule that the ideal loses its beauty and force when joined with the real.

However, the "Moonlight" legend has come down to us, and Mrs. Slater has told it very prettily.

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HERE is a chance for the Canadians who sometimes surprise us with the productions of real genius. The 27th Sængerfest of the North American Sængerbund, which will be held in Cleveland in 1893, offers \$1,000 for the best chorus for male voices with orchestral accompaniment. The work may be in the form of a cantata, ballade, secular oratorio, dramatic scene, or a connected series of male choruses. Only composers living in America may compete for the prize, but of course that includes Canadians. For particulars address the director, Emil Rinf, Cleveland, O. Two years for the writing; it can easily be done during spare moments.

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London *Figaro*: The most interesting performance on Thursday was that given by the African Native Choir, consisting of seventeen representatives of Kaffir, Zulu and other South African tribes. Some of the music they sang is national and characteristic, but it is too often mingled with European harmonies, and there is not the slightest doubt that in the progress of civilization the old music of South Africa is becoming more or less lost. The party present a picturesque appearance in their war-paint, and doubtless will be successful on their provincial tour.

Dr. Burney, 1796, was the originator of the Academy or College of Music, when he drew up his "Plan for a Public Music School."

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The *Musical Times* (London) says:—

According to a journal of Toronto, that city boasts an "aggregation of local talent calling itself the Canadian Nightingales." Well there is nothing like having a good conceit of one's self.

We beg to assure our venerable and esteemed contemporary that the aggregation bearing that name is now nearly extinct. The pools and ponds in our vicinity are drained, and the merry music of *les grenouilles* is no longer heard, except miles away from the city. Even there his bullship is afraid to lift up his voice, fearing the hand of the destroyer who, possessing more love for lure than music, is eager to capture him, amputate his limbs, and prepare them for the city gourmand.

### Music and Astronomy.

(For the DOMINION MUSICAL JOURNAL.)



I was anciently supposed that there was an affinity of music to astronomy. This doctrine was taught by Pythagoras, the celebrated philosopher who was born at Samos. He received an excellent education, for his father, Mnesarchus, was a very distinguished personage. Almost in his infancy Pythagoras was made acquainted with poetry and music. Later on, eloquence and astronomy became his private studies. In this latter study he seemed to derive the notion from the Egyptians that between music and astronomy there was an affinity. Pythagoras exemplified this to his pupils by comparison of the lyre of seven strings with the planetary system. At that time the sun was believed to rotate round the earth, and was deemed the principal planet, next to which were, on the one side, Mercury, Venus and the Moon, and on the other side, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. According to Pythagoras the strings of the lyre, not the notes they sounded, were thus named: Mese (middle) being the principal or key note, corresponding with our A on the fifth line with the bass clef, and likened to the sun; Paramese (next to the middle) or B flat, likened to Mercury; Paranete (next to lowest, *i.e.*, shortest, highest in pitch), or C, likened to Venus; and Nete or Neate (lowest), or D, likened to the Moon; these constituted the upper tetrachord or scale of four notes, to which the lower tetrachord was conjoined by having Mese for its most acute note; then came Lichanos (forefinger string), or G, likened to Mars; then Parhypate (next to highest, *i.e.*, longest, lowest in pitch), or F, likened to Jupiter; and last of all Hypate (highest), or E, likened to Saturn. The Moon being nearest to the Earth and Saturn being the farthest

away, becoming the shortest and the longest string.

Pythagoras is said to have had a voice marvellously sweet, and his eloquence is said to have been most fascinating and persuasive. Surrounded by a great number of pupils and followers he never neglected to frequent the temple of the gods, and paid his devotions at an early hour every morning. His doctrines were morals of purity, his belief being that the most ample and perfect gratification was to be found in the enjoyment of moral and intellectual pleasures. He believed that no peace or enjoyment could be found in the world by those whose minds were disturbed by knowledge of their own guilt or fears of a future life.

Pythagoras had a beautiful daughter, called Damo, of whom he was extremely fond; to her he dedicated a melodious poetical composition called "The Golden Verses of Pythagoras," and which contained the greater part of his musical and astronomical teachings.

This celebrated philosopher is supposed to have died at Metapontum about the year 497 B.C.

NORA LAUGHER.

### Death of Miss Edith Littlehales.



WITH sorrow we chronicle the death of Miss Edith Littlehales, which occurred at her father's residence, Hamilton, on Friday morning, July 31st. Miss Littlehales was one of the most promising of young Canadian musicians. She was a violinist of exceptional ability, a very good pianist, and had diligently studied the history and æsthetics of music. She will be very greatly missed in the music circles in Hamilton, where she was frequently leader of the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, and all who have heard her play cannot help sorrowing that one of so great promise as a musician, and of reputed loveliness of heart and life, should fall so early into her last sleep.

In 1887, Miss Littlehales entered the Royal Conservatorium of Music, Leipzig, and studied under Friederich Hermann and Hans Sitt for several years. Fried-

erich Hermann scored a selection from *Lohengrin* especially for and dedicated it to the Littlehales family, for three violins, viola, cello and bass. Every member of this talented family is a musician, and their *ensemble* playing was very creditable indeed. While in Leipzig, Miss Littlehales played the viola in the Ladies' String Quartette, led by Miss Nora Clench; two daughters of Mr. Franklin Taylor, Oxford, England, playing second violin and cello. These ladies had the honor of performing Beethoven's Quartettes at the King's Birthday Festival in connection with the Royal Conservatorium.

About two months previous to her death, Miss Littlehales returned from the south, where she had gone in the hope of regaining her health. Her family and many friends rejoiced in the prospect of her recovery, but she suddenly became worse, and, after lingering for a few weeks, died, beloved by all who knew her.

Miss Littlehales lived and died a Secularist. *Secular Thought*, Toronto, says: "Although she had known her danger for a considerable time, her views were not modified in any way, nor were they a source of any anxiety to her."

The funeral was a private one. Mr. William Algie, of Alton, a friend of the family, was present and made an address at the grave, referring to the exemplary life and beautiful character of the deceased. In conclusion he said:—

"In sorrow, unmixed with fear, we lay her in the windowless palace of rest. We leave her in the arms of Mother Nature, and if in her eternal procession of cause and effect, we should ever meet again, the meeting will be as joyous as the parting has been sad."

Shortly before her death Miss Littlehales said:—"I have tried to do right, and if I have done my duty I owe it to papa and mamma. What is beyond I do not know. If there is anything beyond the grave for those who have tried to do right, I feel that I have tried to deserve it." She was conscious to the last, and died with a smile on her lips.

But is this all? If the future be but a "dreamless sleep," is it worth the love and the loss? We trust that the Unseen One who is the Giver of life, the Source of love and all harmony, will speak peace to the sorrowing ones and tell them of better things to come.

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The hundredth anniversary of the death of Mozart was celebrated in his native town, Salzburg, Austria, from July 15 to July 18. The celebration was in advance of the anniversary—for the benefit of the many holiday visitors as well as the benefit of the management. The concerts opened with *The Requiem* and closed with *Don Giovanni*. Dr. Hirschfeld gave an oration on the first day.

### Toronto Conservatory of Music.

**A**s omitted to state in our last month's notice of events transpiring at the Conservatory, that the medal, won by Miss Bertha Dixie was presented by Mrs. Edgar Jarvis for competition only among her own classes. We also omitted to give the programme rendered by Miss Kathleen Stayner at her graduating recital, which was as follows:

1. Beethoven. Sonata, Appassionata, Op. 57. Assai allegro, andante con moto; allegro ma non troppo: presto.
2. Tosti. Vocal.—"The love that came too late." Miss Minnie Kitchen.
3. Chopin. Fantasia, F minor, Op. 49.
4. Massenet. Vocal.—"Brightest and Best," (*Mary Magdalene*). Miss Annie Rose.
5. Moscheles. Etude, A-flat major. Henselt.—"Si Oiseau J'Etats (concert etude). Schumann—Romanza, op. 28, No. 2. Bach—Saint-Saens.—Gavotte, B minor.
6. Lohr. Vocal.—"Norman's Tower." Mr. Wm. Robinson.
7. Wagner-Liszt. March (*Tannhauser*).

The vocal numbers were contributed by pupils of Sig. D'Auria, and were well received by the large audience present.

The Conservatory, we are informed, re-opens on Tuesday, the 1st September, next. The prospects for the year are exceedingly bright. Applications for instructions from all parts of the Dominion, as well as from the States, are numerous, and the directors look forward to a season which will prove an advance on that of last year, successful though it was. All the departments, as hitherto, are in a healthy and well-organized condition. The same regard for every detail, however minute, in connection with the pupils' studies which in previous years has marked the work of the institution is provided for this year, the arrangements made being calculated to facilitate the student's progress in every direction. The reference musical library, which dates its beginning from the early part of last season, is to be extended so as to include many more books of value to musical and other students. The other advantages to the Conservatory students, such as free lectures, concerts, organ and other recitals, free tuition in some of the earlier stages, are all to be continued as heretofore.

The progressive character of the institution is seen in the endeavors it puts forth to meet the various educational wants of the day. As an instance of this the re-arrangement of the Elocutionary Department for this year may be referred to. In this department an entire change of method has been introduced placing it upon a much broader basis than hitherto. The course in this department will this year be carried on from day to day in a class system, the Delsarte system of expression and gesture being included in the work of the school in addition to private tuition. This method it is believed will produce results which have been impossible hitherto and give students an opportunity of acquainting themselves

with the latest and most approved method in elocutionary training, and of qualifying themselves for either public or private appearances.

This last remark, however, is applicable not to the Elocutionary Department only but to all other branches of study pursued at the Conservatory.

We may mention that the management have again issued an excellent calendar for the season, in which full information as to the branches taught, and all details connected with the method and work of the institution, are fully set forth. Copies can be had gratis by applying to Mr. Edward Fisher, the musical director.

### Toronto College of Music.

**A** CIRCULAR has recently been issued containing the requirements for its certificates and diplomas, and also those for matriculation in the faculty of music of the University of Toronto, with which the College is affiliated. The examinations for the degree of Mus. Bac. are sufficiently thorough to satisfy the most exacting.

Mr. F. H. Torrington, the musical director, who has been on a brief tour to Europe, will return about the 26th inst. He will be in attendance at the College from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., daily after that date, for the transaction of business.

The College will open for the season Thursday, Sept. 3rd.

In addition to the already strong staff of distinguished teachers, the College has secured the services of Frederic Boscovitz, the eminent composer and pianist.

The season opens auspiciously. The proverbial energy and enthusiastic zeal of the musical director, and the conscientious and painstaking faculty, will ensure another brilliant season for the Toronto College of Music.

### Melodic Coincidences.

To add to the interest attached to the discovery of melodic coincidences, Prof. Stanford recognizes in a theme of the Finale of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony traces of his own arrangement of the Irish air "Norah Creina." Sir George Grove, a great authority on all critical and historical matters concerning the art, has not been able to say which was written first, the symphony or the song arrangement. It may be remembered that Mendelssohn insisted that melodic idioms were to a certain extent common property, and that composers had the same right to quote as literary men. Of course the composer cannot express the inverted commas signifying quotation. Still, idiomatic thought is a power in art, and we should not misjudge composers for using such power, short of absolute and unblushing plagiarism such as Handel habitually practised. Someone says, great men like great nations do not steal, they only annex or adopt.—*Musical News*.

## \* NOME NOTES \*

**A**S the exception of the Agnes Thomson Concerts and the meetings of the National Educational Association, nothing worthy of note has transpired during the past month.

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The concerts, which were given under the auspices of the Young Womens' Christian Guild, were good. The three well-selected programmes should have attracted large audiences, but the hot weather and the numerous outdoor attractions were fatal to their success financially.

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At the various gatherings of the N.E.A. vocal selections were given by most of our local singers, and by some of the visiting teachers, which were thoroughly enjoyed by the immense audiences present.

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The School Children's Concert, under the direction of Mr. A. T. Cringan, was really worth listening to, and augurs well for the future singing in the public schools and elsewhere. The accompaniments were played by the Royal Grenadier's Band, Jno. Waldron, B.M.

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The usual assault-at-arms took place between the Staff and Tonic Sol-fa teachers. This is simply a waste of time and energy. The object in view is—music and singing. It matters little what signs are used, or how the signs are written, that represent the music to be sung, provided the notation is easily taught, quickly learned, and comprehensive enough to meet all the demands of true art. That the Sol-fa notation meets all the requirements of the singer, is easily printed, and quickly understood is now beyond question, and it has come to stay. No musician will disparage the Staff. The wealth of centuries is treasured up in it; and Sol-fa musicians must use it; but it may be remarked, that with a knowledge of the Tonic Sol-fa method, the singer who has made the transition from that to the Staff system, generally becomes a more accurate and intelligent reader than those who sing from the Staff only. That good readers are scarce is evidenced in our choirs and vocal societies, where conductors have to sing, or the organist play, phrase after phrase in order to drum the several parts into the singers' understanding. We may have something to say further on the subject of sight-singing in a future number.

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Married at Bowmanville August 19th, Mr. A. S. Vogt to Miss Georgia Adelaide McGill, of Bowmanville.

## \* FOREIGN NOTES \*

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Giuseppe de Puente has a repertoire of only sixty-one operas!

*Mikado* again in Philadelphia

Charles Bassett, a Toledo tenor of considerable promise, now of the Duff Opera Co., has gone to Europe. Mr Bassett was heard in Toronto in *Martha*, *Il Trovatore*, etc., some four or five years ago.

The English baritone, L. Barrington Foote, has arrived in this country and will appear in concerts.

Adele Aus der Ohe has returned to Germany, but will appear here again in the autumn.

Henry Abbey is endeavoring to arrange with Max Alvery to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, next season

Minnie Hauk will star in an English Opera Co. in this country during the coming season.

Constantin Sternberg gave several musical lectures and piano recitals at Glen Echo, Chautauqua, from June 16 to July 6.

Miss Christine Nielson, the contralto, has married Mr. Otto Dreir, Danish Vice-Consul, Chicago. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents in Madison, Wis.

Clementine de Vere will return from Europe early in October.

Miss Huntington will return to this country for a tour of twelve weeks next season. Her new theatre in London will not be ready before March.

Tschaikowsky talks of bringing a Russian choir to this country to let Americans see how beautiful is the church music of his land.

Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* has been set to music by a German lady.

The young American singer, Miss Rita, has returned to Berlin after a successful Russian tour.

The Munich Opera Company has received permission from Mme. Wagner to bring out some of her husband's prominent works during the summer.

The wife of Robert Franz died at Halle, July 5th. She had considerable reputation herself as a writer of *Lieder*.

The Emperor of Germany will have a statue of Wagner erected in front of the Imperial Opera House, Berlin.

Rubinstein is writing a book on "Music and Musicians," in which, among others, he criticizes severely Wagner, Berlioz and Liszt, who, he says, have retarded the progress of music.

The French try hard but fail to love Handel. A recent production of *Israel in Egypt* wearied the audience to a considerable degree. One journal thanks Providence that the seventeenth century with its formalism and coldness is past. A little more of the spirit of the seventeenth century would enhance the beauty of French character.

Mr. Daniel Mayer has been engaged by Mr. Henschel as manager of the London Symphony Concerts for next season.

During the May Festival in Cologne, Beethoven's nine symphonies were given in chronological order, and listened to by thousands of pilgrims.

Litolf's *King Lear* is said to be a work of great strength.

Tschonhadigan has written the first Turkish opera.

*Ivanhoe* has made a run of 100 nights in London; the first instance in the history of grand opera.

A choral work by Gluck, composed for the Grand Duke Leopold, of Tuscany, in 1768, is shortly to be published. The work was first rendered on February 22, 1768, but has until now received little attention.

Pauline L'Allemand is in New York. She will appear at the Casino in *La Reine Indigo*.

A Polish pianist, Stojowski, has made his appearance in London. He is said to be possessed of exceptional intellectuality and technical ability.

The death of the popular Danish musician, Baldwin Dahl, which occurred June 3rd, was said to have been hastened by his sorrow for the loss of Gade, his friend. The musicians were greatly attached to each other.

After four years' absence, and unlimited success abroad, Mme. Belle Cole has returned to the United States. Mme. Cole will return to England in the fall.

Signora Giacomette, widow of the Italian poet and playwright, has died at Milan. The Signora was a poetess and painter of considerable reputation.

Antonio Galassi, the baritone, comes to America in October.

Ferdinand, the second son of the late Robert Schumann, died at Gera, Germany, June 6, in his forty-third year.

If men of genius only knew what love their works inspire; if they only realized with what intense, concentrated devotion some hearts yearn towards them—how they would rejoice to receive and surround themselves with such kindred spirits; and how such worship would console them for the bitter envy, petty hatred and ceaseless indifference which they meet with everywhere. — *Berlioz*.

In view of Mr. Theodore Thomas' relation to the World's Fair, the following sketch, from the *Visitor*, will be of interest:—"Mr. Theodore Thomas was born October 11, 1835, in Ostfriesland, and he came with his parents to New York in 1845, when he appeared as a solo violinist at concerts. He was first violinist at the concerts given by Jenny Lind, Sonntag, Grisi and Mario. In 1854 he began his chamber concerts, which became the germ of his later orchestral concerts. He gave his first series of symphony concerts in 1864-5. In 1877-8 he was elected conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society. In 1878-9 he went to Cincinnati as director of the College of Music, but in the following year he returned to New York, reassuming the conduct of the Philharmonic Society—a position which he has held ever since. He became conductor of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society in 1863, and that post he has since held almost continuously. For over a quarter of a century Mr. Thomas has been the principal orchestral leader of musical life in New York, and during that time he has led his famous orchestra on tours through every part of the country, developing musical taste and intelligence everywhere. During the first season of the American Opera Mr. Thomas was chosen musical director, and several of the Wagner operas, *Orpheus* and Rubinstein's *Nero* were produced by him in magnificent shape. He leaves New York now to take up his permanent residence in Chicago, where, besides having a large sum of money assured to him for his concerts, he will be the musical head of the World's Fair.

Joachim, our king of violinists, was lately playing at Manchester. The concert was over, Herr Joachim was pacing up and down the station platform and smoking his cigar with the agreeable consciousness that he had never played better in his life, when an ordinary workman approached and repeatedly walked past the great musician, surveying him closely each time. At length he stepped up to him and asked him for a light. While puffing away at his pipe he stared once more into Joachim's face, then he tapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed, "After all, Paganini was the man!" That was all he said, but it was enough. Herr Joachim says he never felt so little in his life.—*Zeitgeist*.

To the high air, sunshine and cloud are one.—*Festus*.

Though you may study perfectly the rules of many sects, kindness must gain you heaven.—*From the Turkish*.

The first step in the ladder of wisdom is to know, acknowledge and perceive; that what is known is little, and scarce anything in comparison with what is unknown.—*Emanuel Swedenborg*.

Happiness is cumulative, as misery is. Happiness has no limits, as heaven has neither bottom nor bounds—and because happiness is nothing but the conquest of God through love.—*Henri Amiel*.

\* THE ORGAN \*

The great "Centennial" organ in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, is being repaired for public concerts.

BRANTFORD, ONT.—Specification of the new organ built by S. R. Warren & Son, Toronto for the Park Baptist Church:—  
Compass of Manuals, CC to A, 58 Notes. Compass of Pedals, CCC to D, 27 Notes.

GREAT ORGAN—LOWER MANUAL.

	Notes,	Ft.
1 Open Diapason .....	Metal, 58	8
2 Dulciana .....	" 46	8
3 Melodia .....	Wood, 58	8
4 Stopped Diapason, (Bass) )		
5 Principal .....	Metal, 58	4
6 Harmonic Piccolo .....	" 58	2

SWELL ORGAN—UPPER MANUAL.

7 Horn Diapason, (Grooved Bass), Metal and Wood,	58	8
8 Æoline .....	Metal, 46	8
9 Stopped Diapason (Treble) )	Wood, 58	8
10 " (Bass) )		
11 Traverse Flute.....	" 58	4
12 Fugara .....	Metal, 58	4
13 Oboe and Bassoon .....	" 58	8

PEDAL ORGAN.

14 Double Open.....	Metal, 27	16
15 Bourdon .....	Wood, 27	16

MECHANICAL REGISTERS.

16 Swell to Great.	17 Great to Pedal.
18 Swell to Pedal.	19 Bellows Signal.

"Forte" } Combination Pedals to Great Organ.  
"Piano" }

\* \* \*

OWEN SOUND, ONT.—The following is the specification of the organ built for the Division Street Presbyterian Church by S. R. Warren & Son, of Toronto:—

Compass of Manuals, CC to A, 58 Notes. Compass of Pedals, CCC to D, 27 Notes.

GREAT ORGAN—LOWER MANUAL.

	Notes,	Ft.
1 Open Diapason .....	Metal, 58	8
2 Dulciana .....	" 46	8
3 Melodia .....	Wood, 58	8
4 Stopped Diapason (Bass) )		
5 Principal .....	Metal, 58	4
6 Harmonic Flute .....	" 58	4
7 Fifteenth .....	" 58	2
8 Mixture, 3 ranks .....	" 174	
9 Trumpet .....	" 58	8

SWELL ORGAN—UPPER MANUAL.

10 Geigen Principal, Grooved Bass, Metal and Wood..	58	8
11 Æoline .....	Metal, 46	8
12 Stopp'd Diapason (Treble) )	Wood, 58	8
13 " (Bass) )		
14 Traverse Flute.....	" 58	4
15 Fugara .....	Metal, 58	4
16 Oboe and Bassoon .....	" 58	8

PEDAL ORGAN.

17 Double Open.....	Metal, 27	16
18 Bourdon .....	Wood, 27	16

MECHANICAL REGISTERS.

19 Swell to Great.	20 Great to Pedals.
21 Swell to Pedal	

Tremolo Pedal to Swell Organ.

"Forte" } Combination Pedals to Great Organ  
"Piano" }

On July 30th Mr. Clarence Eddy opened a new organ in Vaudalia, Ill. On August 4th, he will give a concert in Port Huron and one in Alpena August 6th.

BAND NOTES

Timotheus Adamowski, a Boston young man, is directing summer concerts in Boston Music Hall this season. He is also solo violinist.

Theodore Thomas gave a short season of farewell concerts at Madison Square Garden, commencing July 6.

The Rick family, with Miss Adele Grove and the Hungarian Ladies' Orchestra, under VanHuber, are giving concerts in Los Anglos, Cal.

The Military Mexican Band will appear at the opening of the Corn Palace, Oct. 1. The band numbers fifty-six musicians and is under the direction of Sig. E. Payen. American managers are trying to engage the band for a tour through the United States, but no arrangement has yet been made.

This season at Manhattan Beach is Gilmore's Band; Seidl's Orchestra at Brighton Beach; Eben's 71st Regt. Band at Starin's Glen Island; Leiboldt's 12th Regt. Band at Belden's Point on City Island.

Schresmer's 4th Regt. Band, of Detroit, —forty pieces—is giving a series of concerts at the Rink, Detroit.

The 1st Regt. O. N. G. Band, of Cincinnati, is being re-organized. The celebrated cornetist, Herman Bellsledt, will direct.

The Natchez (Miss.) Orchestra is said to be one of the best amateur organizations in the United States.

The Eagle Cornet Band, of Toledo, Ohio, will soon celebrate the first anniversary of its birthday. The members are all amateurs under 21 years of age. Mr. J. C. Barrett is conductor.

Gilmore has revived the old war-song "Marching Through Georgia," at the Madison Square Garden concerts, and played it with great success as Gen. Sherman's Funeral March, introducing "Lights Out." An exchange says that the march bids fair to go down to generations as General Sherman's elegy.

At the Kansas Reunion the principal bands used instruments of the *Besson* prototype model.

The American Ladies' Symphony Orchestra is directed by Miss Maud Powell, the violin soloist, under the management of Mr. D. Blackely.

THE PHILHARMONIC CLUB.—Our oldest chamber music organization has given over one hundred and fifty successful concerts here and in other cities during its fourteenth season of 1890-91. The club has been reorganized for this season as follows:—Eugene Weiner, flute; John Marquardt, first violin; Sebastin Laendner, second violin; Friedhold Hemmann, viola; Ernst Mahr, violoncello and August Kalkhof, contra-basso.

Mr. Ernst Mahr (late of Toronto) born in Berlin, studied for six years under the famous violoncellist Prof. Rob. Hausmann, at the Royal Academy of Arts of that city, at which institution he attained a thorough experience in solo and ensemble playing, also in the quartette classes of Prof. Dr. Josef Joachim, Professor De Anna and Prof. Woldemar Bargiel, receiving such certificates of the masters named as to prove his great artistic qualities. After leaving the academy a large number of engagements as solo and orchestra 'cellist in the leading orchestras of Germany, as, for instance, the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, the Richard Wagner Theatre, under Angelo Neumann, the Berlin Concert House, etc., gave him that routine in the various styles of solo and ensemble music with which he came to this country, where he is a member of the New York Philharmonic Club.

Miss Marion S. Weed, contralto, has been engaged for 100 concerts as vocal soloist. New works will be written for the Philharmonic Club by Peter Tschaiikowsky, Heinrich Zoellner, Theodore Gouvy, Asger Hamerik, Ernst Gillert and others.—*The Musical Courier*, New York.

The Toronto City Council did wisely in engaging only the two military bands for the free open-air park concerts. The programmes have been uniformly good, and the performances gratifying to the citizens and creditable alike to performers and the bandmasters (Mr. Jno. Bayley, Q.O.R., and Mr. Jno. Waldron, R.G.) This expression is not intended to disparage legitimate civilian bands; some of which are excellent—notably Heintzman's, which is a credit to the firm and its bandmaster. Ensemble, tone, time, shading, are the factors in a good band, excellence in which are attained only by frequent persistent practice and actual work. The music (?) essayed last year by some that were engaged lacked each of these essentials, and hundreds of listeners turned away from the chaotic blare, blur, crash, bang! with disgust.

It is reported that all Jewish musicians have been ordered to leave Kiev. Some anxiety is expressed as to their places being filled in the theatre orchestras and the bands.

\* \* \*

**GUELPH CITY BAND.**—At a meeting of the members and their friends on Tuesday evening, Aug. 4th, the election of officers took place, resulting as follows: President, J. P. Fulljames; Vice-President, I. S. Armstrong; Secretary, Geo. Brown; Assistant-Secretary, George Liephardt; Treasurer, Jas. Laird; Chairman of Prop. Committee, J. Wakefield. It was determined to strengthen and qualify the band so as to occupy the first rank amongst similar organizations. A series of first-class concerts will be arranged, the success of which, from the enthusiastic spirit of the meeting, may be surely predicted.

### Oh, we all Know Him!



HE many Boston friends of Mme. Laura Schirmer-Mapleson will be pleased to learn that Manager Vert of London has concluded an engagement for her at the Vienna Opera House for the coming winter season, her selection as prima donna having been made by Dr. Hans Richter, after having heard Mme. Schirmer-Mapleson in London. This engagement will not, however, prevent Mme. Schirmer-Mapleson from visiting Boston early next October, and Col. Henry Mapleson, her husband, will accompany her to this country. It may be well to say that Col. Henry is the eldest son of the Col. Mapleson known here as operatic impressario, he having been advanced to the same rank as that of his father in the volunteer service of England, since his visit to this country about ten years ago. *Boston Herald.*

Oh, we all know him! Everybody will recognize him as the man who was Marie Roze's husband and who sneaked out of his marital relations on a technicality, casting thereby slurs upon the estimable lady who had for so many years supported him. Oh, we all know him—and we know him so well that we disbelieve the statement that he will come to this country where Marie Roze is so admired as an artiste and lady. The American people hate a sneak and despise a man who is unjust to a woman. This fellow Mapleson showed such a despicable character in the treatment of Marie Roze that his mother refused to receive him greatly to her credit.

Oh, we all know Mapleson and will adjourn court to welcome him when he arrives in this country. *Indicator.*

A soul that dwells with virtue is like a perennial spring for it is pure and limpid, and refreshing, and inviting, and serviceable and rich, and innocent and uninjurious.—*Epictetus.*

### Educated for Marriage.



**BOSTON Journal:** Among the graduates of the year a brave young woman has completed a course frankly taken in preparation for matrimony. Like many girls who make society amusements their chief existence, this young woman did not realize the deficiencies in her education until she had won the friendship and love of one who was her superior in intellectual requirements. With the realization of her ignorance came the determination to study for self-improvement. Entering as a pupil at a well-known school for girls, she took courses in literature, philosophy, and other studies which would enable her to write and read with accuracy and would teach her the best methods of thought. She entered classes of political economy and studied the newspapers under competent direction. Urging her teachers to correct all imperfections in her speech and manner, she made constant effort to attain the standard which might bring her nearer to an equality with her future husband. The struggle was not easy. There were trials of pride in studying with girls of a more youthful age; there were many moments of mortification from the exposure of her ignorance. Determination to succeed won its usual rewards. The society girl, whose bright mind had been eclipsed by the routine of pleasures, became renowned in the school as one of the most earnest and satisfactory pupils. When she graduates this year into the refined home that has been in preparation for her she will meet her husband upon an equality, and entertain his friends with a feeling of cheerful confidence. She says that the whole world seems more stable since she has made sure that her sentences are grammatical and her pronunciation according to the best authorities.

### Fatal Masterworks.



ANY musicians and composers have died young. This fact has resulted at times from irregularity of life and habits, at times also from the severity of the struggle with the wolf at the door. These unfortunate victims of the frenzy of genius seem to burn themselves out before they reach their prime. "The fatal thirties" has come to be a familiar expression among musical historians, so many composers have died between their thirtieth and forty year. Pergolesi was the youngest of the masters, dying at the age of six years of age. Schubert was not older, however, at the time of his death, which occurred at thirty-one. Mozart was thirty-five years old when he died; Mendelssohn lived to thirty-eight only; Beethoven, the greatest genius that England ever produced in the art of music, died at thirty-seven; the list might be extended indefinitely. It seems, however, that when

this dangerous age is past the composer has a good chance of longevity. Possibly this is because the world begins to recognize the work of the veteran and his trials become fewer and less severe. Cherubini lived to eighty-two; Handel to seventy-four; Gluck to seventy-three; Haydn died at seventy-seven; Rossini at seventy-four; and an equally long list of septagenarians and octogenarians might readily be compiled from the musical annals.

Often some special work was the direct cause of the death of some great composer. Thus Mozart's work on the Requiem, the superstitions it caused to arise in him, and the funeral thoughts consequent upon it, were the chief causes of his death. *Elijah* is said to have killed Mendelssohn. Haydn said on his death-bed, "The Seasons gave me the finishing stroke." *Zampa* was the cause of the early decease of Herold, or at least hastened his death, and  *Carmen* caused Bizet, the most promising composer of the French school, to die at thirty-seven years of age. It is a melancholy list and one which proves that art is a severe mistress. The world cannot help the composer as regards the dire results which sometimes follow upon the extreme tension of creation, but at least something can be done, as in France, to secure to him all the possible benefits of his works, so that popular composers, such as Mozart, Schubert, Lortzing, and others were in their time, need not at present have poverty to bear in addition to their death-dealing heritage of genius.—*Boston Musical Herald.*

### Measuring Time by Music.

A Berlin cook has written a polka entitled, "Boiled Eggs Polka." On the first page is the following indication: "To boil the egg, put it in hot water, play this polka in allegro moderato time, at the last bar take out the egg, and it will be cooked through.—*Foreign Exchange.*"



OT a bad idea—and if carried out to its logical conclusion would do more to advance the cause of music than anything since the appearance of Pauline Hall or any of the other really great artists. Cooks would become musicians—pianos would nestle around the range and the refining influences of a Chopin nocturne would mingle with the odor of a mutton chop and delightful sentiment would rule. The mistress would say: "Amanda, play thirty-three bars of this Polonaise and then jerk that tenderloin off the broiler. You played thirty-four bars day before yesterday and burned it all up. Don't take the tempo too slow."

Thus would music and culinary art go hand in hand—in fact, the same large hands—and from the open kitchen windows would float the strains of harmony and the smell of onions and the neighbours would soon learn to guess, by the length of the programme, just what was being prepared for dinner. In the case of



creatures God has made—birds, children, and angels. Oh, the shame of degrading music! Oh, the shame of degrading that which God made to be the medium by which the angels would tell the world that a Redeemer had come! Oh, the shame of so mating it to words as to fire sensual passions and stir the mind to evil thinking! Oh, the dishonor of making music a vehicle of cant and hypocrisy, the utterance of prayers when there is no praying, the voice of reverence when there is no reverence, the expression of love when the heart beats with no love! "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." I sometimes think there is no place where that commandment is so often violated as in the church; sometimes by ministers uttering prayers when there is no prayer in their hearts; sometimes by choirs singing words of praise when there is no praise in their hearts.—*Lyman Abbott.*

### Band Tournament.

**I**t beats all how united the musicians and musical journals are, all over the country, on the question of the efficacy of band tournaments as a means to promote the interests of music in general and the bands in particular. So far as we know, there is not a single journal that has not admitted the value of the movement in its main features, if we except the *Metronome*, and even this much-esteemed collaborator is not really opposed to the plan: it only makes much of a few little points of difference, mainly, perhaps, to be conspicuous. Now a new paper has broken out in Sweetser, Ind., called the *Brass Band*, and proposes to champion the cause for all it is worth. A welcome to you *Brass Band!* the more the merrier. The publisher, Mr. J. T. Pugh, declares his intention of organizing an association in his vicinity, and calls upon the bands to correspond with him on the subject. Step right out and get your committee, brother. Don't wait for people to write ideas! If you work spry you can have an association working in a few weeks and get a tournament this fall. If you want a copy of the By-Laws of the Massachusetts Association as a guide, send to *The Leader* for it and you may have it by return mail. These rules will apply just as well to district or county as to State associations.

At a meeting of the Knights of Pythias Grand Lodge, held at Wichita, Kansas, in May, a prize was offered for the best band, and many bands from all over the State competed. The Hutchinson Second Regiment Band took the first prize—one hundred dollars. This is one of the old-fashioned kind of contests gotten up merely as a matter of amusement for the Knights, and can offer but little real ad-

vantage to competing bands, while it leaves the old wound of jealousy and unfair dealing open; but it at least proves the immense interest the general public take in the bands and their concerts.

This Hutchinson Band is a member of the Kansas Association, which held its meeting June 1, 2, and 3. This association, it will be remembered, does not believe in contesting, and meets only for social purposes. From this point of view at least, this first meeting was a perfect success. Fifteen bands were present, and concerts were given in a park near the city, to which the people flocked twice each day, paying a fee of twenty-five cents each time. This makes it a financial success. It might be urged against contesting in this association that the bands are too small, as the largest among them, outside of the Hutchinson Band, had but fifteen members, while there were several with nine and ten, and two even with but six.

This may cause a smile in some of our Eastern towns, but it should be remembered that these bands of six men come from towns that may not be five years old yet; and they are full of push and energy, and the proportion of musicians to the population is very much in excess of any Eastern city. A band is one of the earliest institutions to materialize after the charter and the postoffice. There was not a band present at this reunion which will not in five years be doubled, and some of them will be quadrupled. These reunions will urge them forward greatly, but contesting would a great deal more. However, they will surely come to that in a short time.

At the business meeting held in the morning of the last day, Elmer May, of the Hutchinson Band, was chosen president; E. McBrien, of Sedan, vice-president; P. D. Lamocaux, of St. John, secretary; A. Allen, of Medicine Lodge, treasurer; and Mr. Oscar Cupps, of Kingman, was chosen musical director.

The date of the next reunion was set for the first Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday after the 15th of May, 1892, and the place was decided upon Kingman.

Matters are moving forward with relation to the Massachusetts Association fully as well as could have been expected, and a good deal of interest is developing where a few months ago all was apathy. Here the all important feature will be the contest. It is true we have better bands here than anywhere else in the country, and finer lines will be drawn between them; and there is no reason why we may not expect to see the very best tournament that has taken place in the country. Massachusetts is a stirring place and the amateur bands are quite busy, and it takes a long time to get them to stop and think

long enough to understand what the tournament scheme has to offer them. It is a fact that we meet musicians every day who have to be told what the plan embodies; yet when they do understand the matter they invariably agree that it is a good thing and they they will talk it up with the boys. A few croakers say, "It can't be done," not knowing that it has been done. Why, Mr. J. B. Claus, the president of the association, says that a few years ago he acted as judge at a tournament down Boston harbor, which was attended by twenty thousand people; and that was gotten up in a hurry by a merchant who wanted to make a little money, and he did it too. What has been done can be done again. The people are sure to support this thing well. The musicians have but to do their part and great benefit will accrue to all.—*The Leader.*

## \* TRADE NOTES \*

Miss M. Drew Ingall, of Ottawa, has just brought out an original and unique convenience in the way of a "Lesson Check." Upon the face of the check are found spaces for name of pupil, subject, day and time of lesson, teacher, college, school, etc. The check is to be brought to each lesson, filled in by the teacher, and may be sent to parents as a report of the terms work, there being space for remarks as to punctuality, perfection of recital, etc., or the reverse. We think the leaflet would be of great value to teachers. It may be ordered from Miss Ingall, at Messrs. Orme & Sons, 113 and 115 Sparks St., Ottawa, for a reasonable figure.

"The Wild Bird's Confession" is the title of a new song for mezzo-soprano, with violin obligato, *ad lib*, just published by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers Association, 68 King St. West. The words and music are by Mr. S. T. Church of this city, author of the famous song "A British Subject I was born, a British Subject I will die."

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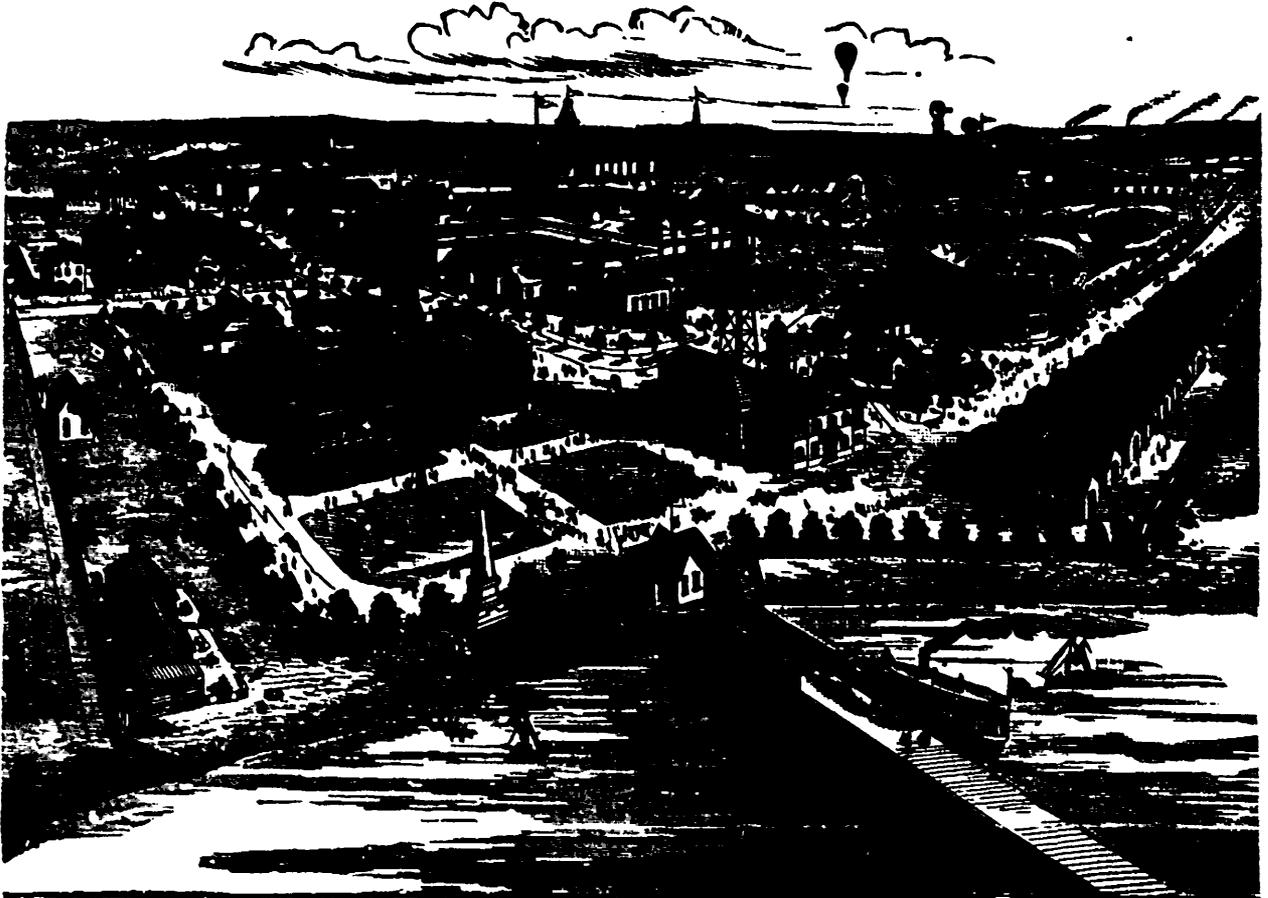
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