

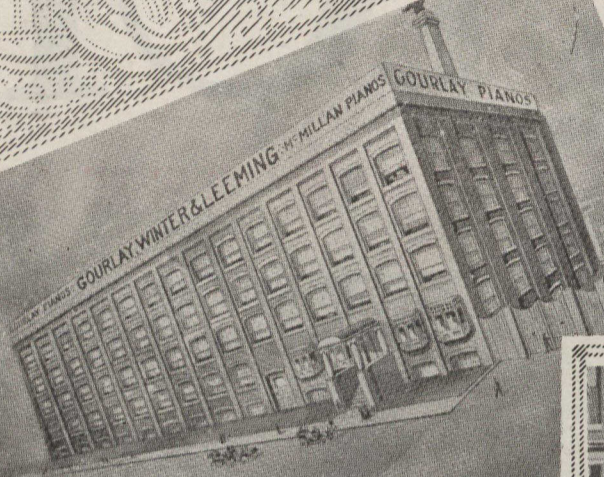
The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MUSIC
NUMBER

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

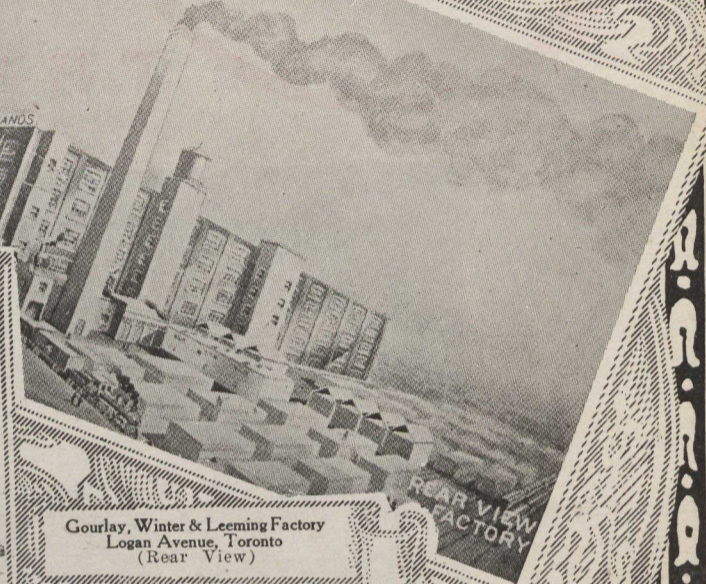


FRONT VIEW
FACTORY

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming Factory
Logan Avenue, Toronto
(Front View)



Waterrooms and Head Office
188 Yonge St., Toronto



REAR VIEW
FACTORY

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming Factory
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(Rear View)

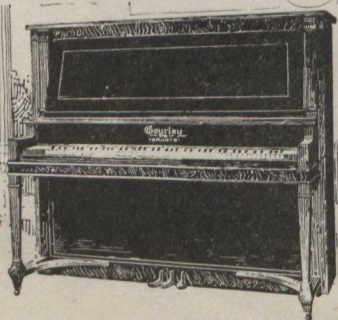
The Idea Behind the Statement

"Gourlay Pianos are High-priced but Worth the Price"

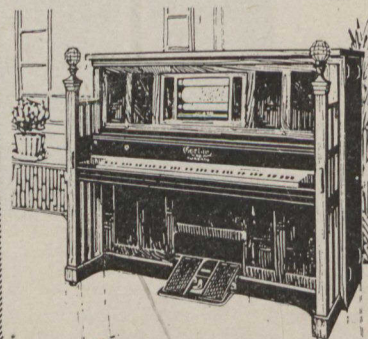
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GOURLAY
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LEEMING



The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited

VOL. XII.

TORONTO

NO. 20



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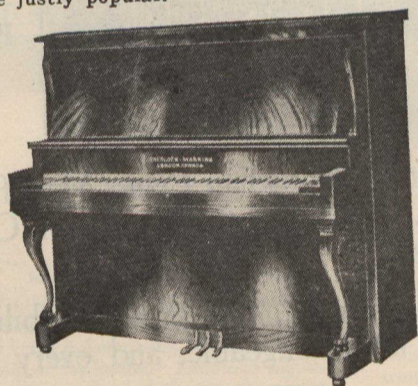
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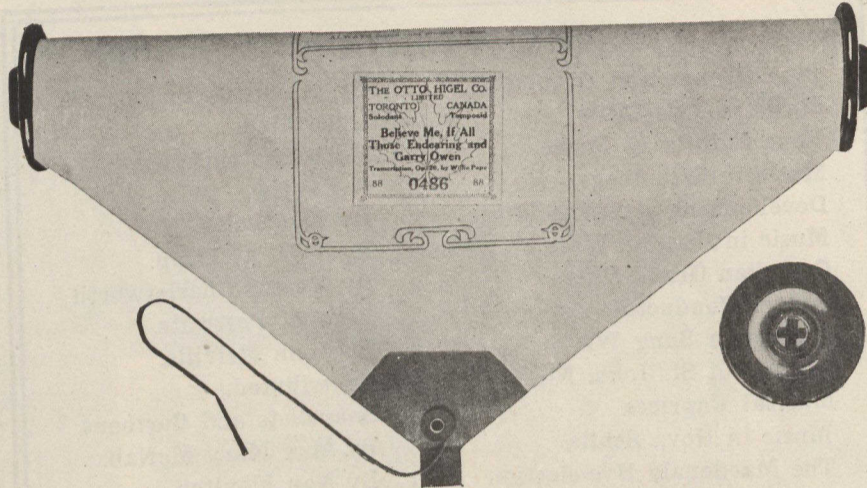
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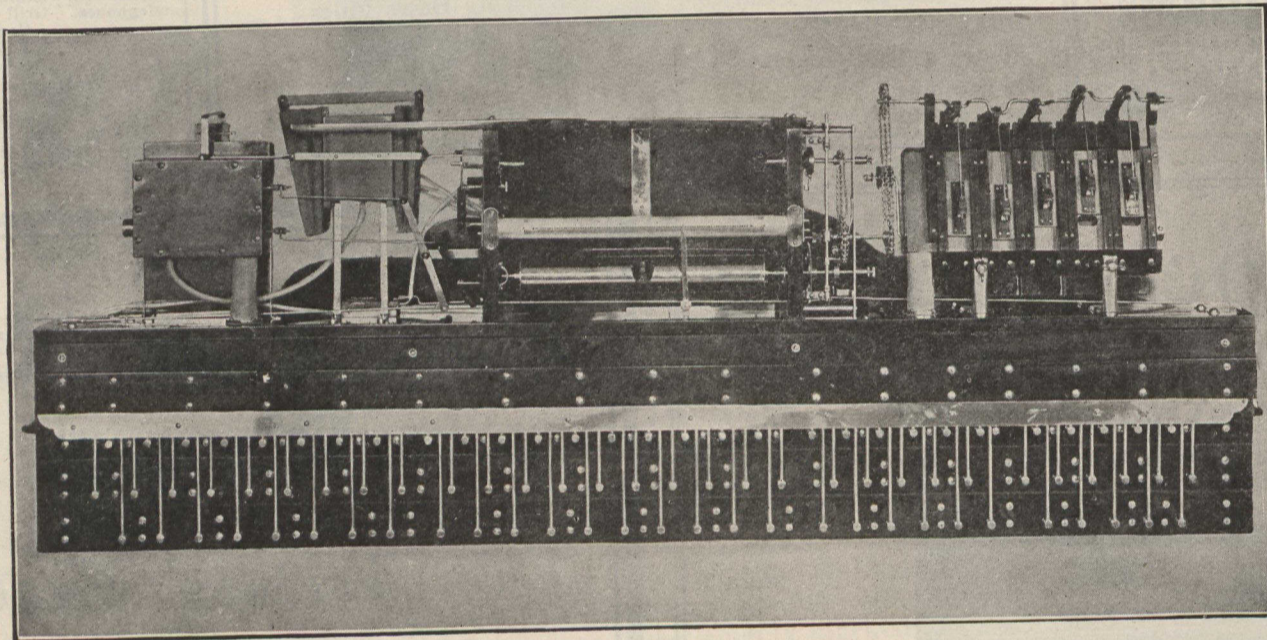


The spool ends are made of hard rubber and cannot warp or check.

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Every step in the manufacture of Otto Higel actions is carefully supervised. No good piano manufacturer would impair the value of his instrument by putting in an inferior action. No matter how well the rest of the piano is constructed it is nothing without an equally as well made action. Therefore Otto Higel Actions are to be found in the highest grade pianos made in Canada.

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OTTO HIGEL
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PIANO
ACTION
HAS NO
PEER



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INTRODUCED
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The Otto Higel Player Action—the mechanism which the majority of Canadian Piano Manufacturers install in their player pianos—is the choice of those who want the best. It is also the choice of German, French and English buyers, with the whole world from which to choose.

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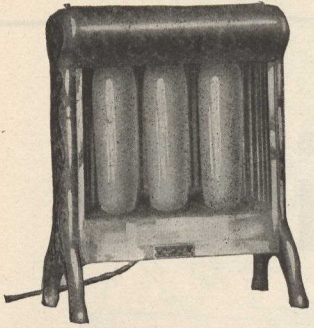
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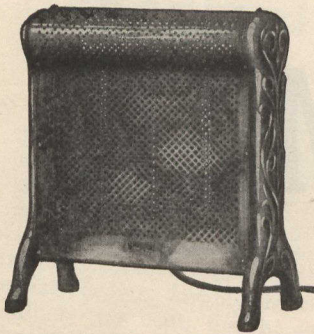


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Editor's Talk

PEOPLE sometimes ask—Is Canada musical? The man with a London monocle may not think so. There are about twenty kinds of musical people in Europe who may not think so. Even the man from New York or Chicago or Boston may have his doubts. But the music editor of this paper has no doubt about it.

In fact, just at the time of writing there seem to be more musical people in Canada than any other kind. Once upon a time it rained forty days, and it was called a flood. Forty days the music editor has been inundated with musical material. The paper has been enlarged nearly fifty per cent. over average size to accommodate the material in its most condensed form. Regular departments and current news features have been eliminated. Still we have been compelled to crowd out some of the most desirable material, particularly a very fine lot of singers' photographs, which were so numerous that it would have been impossible to include more than half the number. It was considered better to hold them all, and deal with them upon another occasion.

From now until further notice part of each issue of the "Canadian Courier" will be devoted to music; news and views and pictures and opinions and matters of general interest; in old Canada and new Canada, east and west, north and south, far east and far west, for there is no lack of material. Meanwhile the Music Number is cordially presented to the public, with the hope that it will prove of interest to many more than musicians.

**What the
Internal Bath Is Doing
for Humanity**

Under our present mode of living the large intestine cannot get rid of all the waste that it accumulates—so it clogs up, and then biliousness, constipation, is the result, and that lack of desire to work, to think.

This waste in the colon, as we all know, is extremely poisonous, and if neglected, the blood takes up the poisons—and brings on countless very serious diseases—appendicitis is directly caused by waste in the colon.

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There is just one internal bath which will keep the colon as sweet and clean as nature demands for perfect health—that is the J. B. L. Cascade.

Many thousands are using it, and doctors prescribing it with great success all over the world.

This "assistant-to-Nature" treatment is interestingly described in a booklet, "Why Man of To-day is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient," which you should send for. It will be sent free by Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 524, 280 College Street, Toronto.

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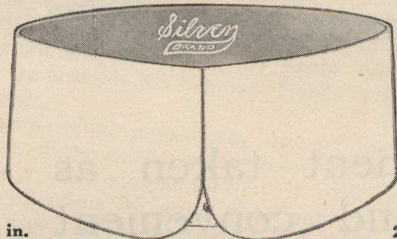
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—like his waistcoat or his breeches—set the mode in his day. He originated and the world followed. Today Fashion is the choice of the majority.

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A postal will do.

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Beau Brummel

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"Am I quite correct? Are there creases in my cravat? I would not wish to make creases the fashion."

(From Clyde Fitch's "Beau Brummel")

Note:—The cravat of Beau Brummel's day was the ruffled stock collar.

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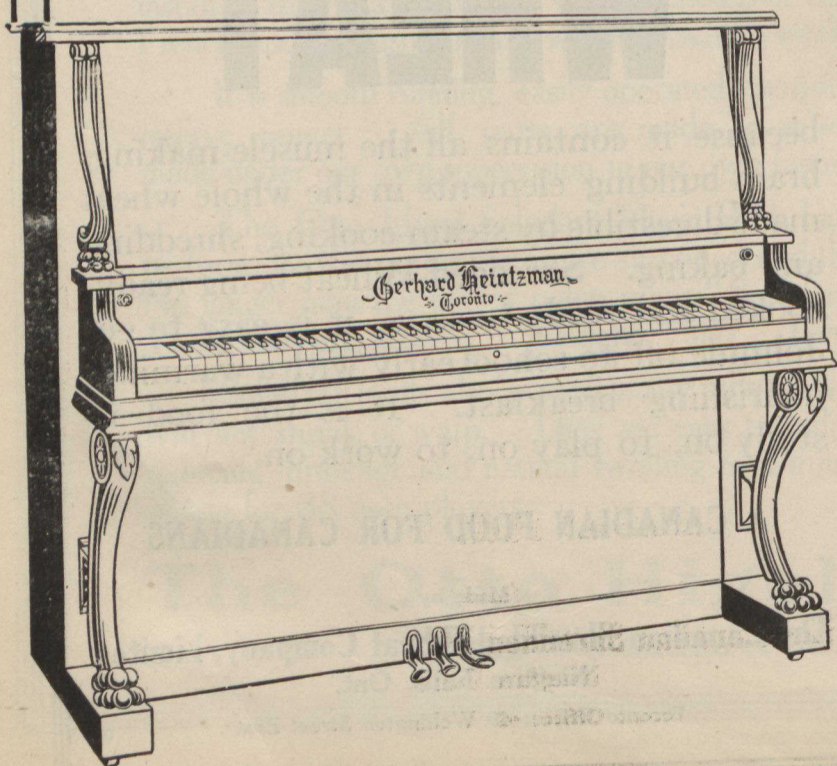
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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XII.

October 12, 1912

No. 20

An Issue Whose Main Business is Music in Canada

Prepared by the Music Editor, with Much Thanks to Many Musicians

Beginning With the Pipe Organ

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

IN treating of music in Canada we begin with the biggest of all instruments, the pipe-organ. One might begin with the jews-harp and work up to the "king of instruments." But jews-harps are not made in Canada. The best pipe-organs in America are—made in large numbers, by nearly all-Canadian workmen, supervised and capitalized by Canadian brains, largely from Canadian material and ninety per cent. for the markets of Canada—in the little city of St. Hyacinthe, P.Q.

The pipe-organ has been looked up to with more reverence than even the "hoempa-horn" in the village brass band; because a great many boys have fancied they might learn to play the horn, but very few the pipe-organ.

Now, of course, the modern pipe-organ is not really a single instrument except that it is operated by one set of bellows—and played by one man by the use of from five hundred to six or seven thousand pipes, two to five banks of keys, ten to a hundred and ten stops, with all sorts of couplers and swells and pedal combinations and pistons. It is the most complicated set of contraptions ever controlled directly by a single man. It simulates almost as many instruments as are used in a symphony orchestra. It is contained in one case or it may be in several. It may be in one part of a building or in half a dozen, up in the loft, or down in a cellar, or built into the roof. The console—which is the part where the organist sits and does his work—may be at one end of a cathedral or in the middle; half the organ may be above him or behind him, and the rest of it may be at the other end of the church. But it all centralizes at the banks of keys and the pedals where he uses his hands and feet—and as far as possible his brains. Hence it is called an instrument.

Now, the original pipe-organ, one of the oldest because one of the most natural instruments in the world, was a very simple affair. It was made of a simple collection of pipes that might resemble shepherds' pipes or tin whistles; whence the Scotch name for it "kist o' whistles." Tradition says that it was invented from the pipes of Pan long before the Christian era. Other legends assert that St. Cecilia, whose portraiture by Raphael appears on this page, invented the pipe-organ away back about 200 A.D. And because of this tradition many odes on the subject of St. Cecilia have been written; among them one of the most celebrated being that by the poet Dryden.

place for the organ. There are pipe organs in Canadian millionaires' houses and pipe-organs in American hotels. There is an ancient pipe-organ in the Massey Music Hall, Toronto. There is a modern organ in the Convocation Hall at Toronto University, and another in Dawson City. Nowadays almost as soon as the hotel is in running order in a new western town it becomes necessary to let a contract for building a pipe-organ. There are more



Raphael's Fresco of St. Cecilia, who has been credited with the invention of the Pipe Organ.

BUT oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
 And trees unrooted left their place
 Sequacious of the lyre:
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
 When to her Organ vocal breath was given
 An Angel heard, and straight appear'd—
 Mistaking Earth for Heaven.
 —Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

THE pipe-organ has been the cause of much discord—especially but not always in the Presbyterian Church. It has been the cause of many a big debt; the ambition of many a congregation, the despair of more, and the one instrument which in a town or village made more noise than even the village band. It has been played by many people who are not musicians and by many that are. One of the most ancient, it is still the most modern of instruments. It has kept pace with modern inventions more than any other instrument known to man. There are pipe-organs in Canada almost as ancient in character as the chest of whistles invented by St. Cecilia. There are others as modern as an ocean liner. There are pipe-organs in churches that never should have had them at all, because the architect who built the church never dreamed of leaving a

pipe-organs west of Kenora now than there were in the whole of Canada thirty years ago.

And when you would get a real harmonic glimpse of modern Canada in the making—you must take a run down to the lovely French-Canadian little city of St. Hyacinthe, forty miles below Montreal. Because in the factory of Casavant Freres there are now building organs for each of the nine provinces. One of these organs will be the finest in America, and the greatest except one which, built for the St. Louis Exposition, has a few stops more but is less modern than the great organ building for the new St. Paul's Anglican Church in Toronto.

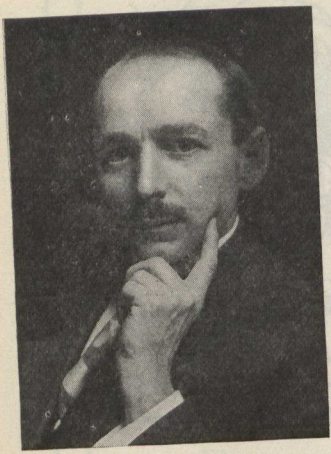
This marvelous organ will have four banks of keys, 107 speaking stops, 7,384 pipes, miles upon miles of electric wires, more possible permutations of mechanism at the keyboard than any electric switch-board in the world, equipped with all the ultra-modern devices known to the great builders of pipe-organs and costing as much as a large church. From bellows-batteries in the basement up to the tiptop of the echo organ hung in the nave and back again to the keys of the four manuals, this organ is being made and built, and one of these days will be set up in a huge erecting shop as high as a church in that lovely little city of St. Hyacinthe, whose grand, sweeping elms and sublime river, Yamaska, seem to have been designed by nature to mark the home of harmony.

OF all factories in Canada this of the Casavant Freres is the most odd. A queer-shaped, many-sided conglomeration of workshops, it stands almost fair into a great classic grove where the workmen voicing the pipes—oboes and clarinet and cellos and trumpets and tubas resounding—can hear the eternal wood-winds of the elms and the maples played by the great god Pan of the winds. From the lumber yard one side to the last finicky twitch at a pipe the size of a man's finger, this organ-shop is manned by French-Canadians who came up from the farms of St. Hyacinthe to have jobs in the factory where the most wonderful pipe-organs in America are made. Casavant Freres have nearly two hundred men and boys, all but perhaps half a dozen of them born in and about St. Hyacinthe. Not one of them has ever belonged to a union, or struck for higher pay or shorter hours; because in building a great organ it is necessary to have harmony everywhere.

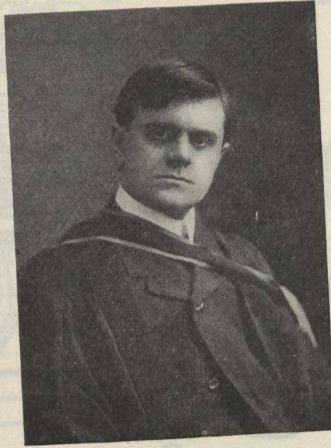
Pause on the winding, elm-hung street above the silent Yamaska to listen a moment; you will hear above the common hum of the planers the fantastic voices of many pipes playing chords—almost at every window, it seems. Begin with one of the Casavant Freres to go through the labyrinth of the organ-shops, and you will feel as lost as a mouse scrambling through a pipe-organ. The office is the beginning—somewhere between the shops. The end is one of the huge erecting shops, where all the organs are built up just as they are to stand in the churches; played there and taken down again, ready for shipping on box-cars by thousands upon thousands of pieces along with the blue-print plans, thousands of miles over Canada and the United States.

In the office hangs a group of portraits—Casavant Freres and associates and employees; a picture taken to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the firm's founding. The firm was started in December of 1879. The factory then was a shop, thirty-six feet square. The old shop is now like a little red organ built into a pipe-organ.

But before that shop and the year 1880 the real



ALBERT D. JORDAN
(London, Ont.)
Plays the first Casavant organ built in Ontario.



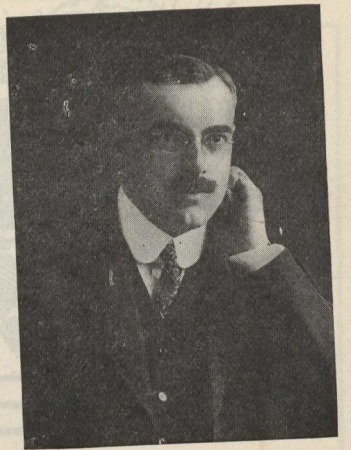
W. H. HEWLETT
(Hamilton, Ont.)
Something of a wizard on the Organ.



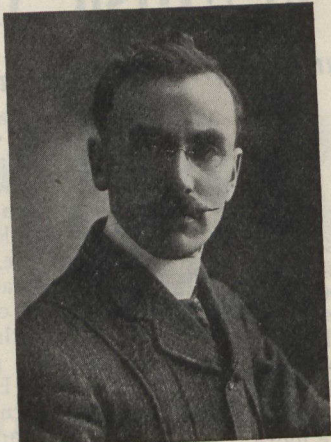
RICHARD TATTERSALL
(Toronto)
A scholarly player with fine temperament.



W. E. FAIRCLOUGH
(All Saints Church)
One of the first to make organ music popular in Toronto.



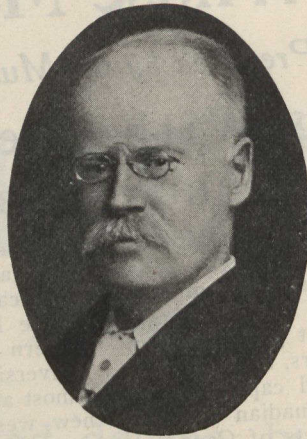
T. J. PALMER
(St. Paul's Church)
Who will play the organ with 7,384 pipes.



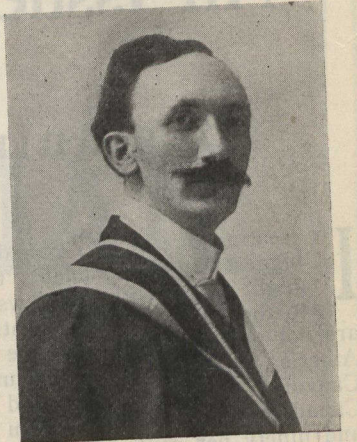
VERNON BARFORD,
Who, long before Edmonton had a railway, introduced good organ music to the West.



G. D. ATKINSON
Sherbourne St. Methodist Church; Musical Director Ontario Ladies' College; Secretary Toronto Clef Club.



J. E. P. ALDOUS
(Hamilton)
Organist, Composer and Principal Hamilton Conservatory.



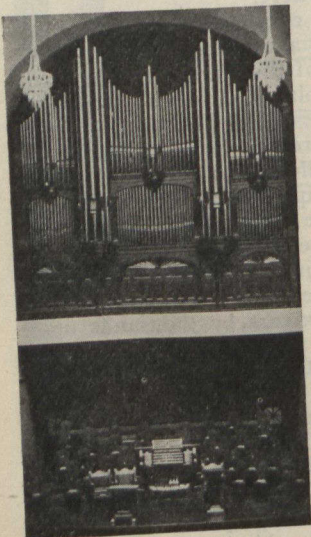
DR. HERBERT SANDEERS
(Ottawa)
Called by one critic "The Rubinstein of the Organ."

A FEW
OF MANY
FINE
ORGANISTS
IN
CANADA

beginning of Casavant Freres, master organ builders, was in the musical head of Casavant the blacksmith. Born at St. Hyacinthe and shoer of horses there he went for a while to a college at St. Therese, near Montreal, to learn a few things besides hammering at an anvil. A priest there was trying to build a little pipe-organ. Casavant obligingly helped him—for he was handy with tools and he had that eternal liking for music born in the chanson-loving folk of French-Canada. When the organ was done the priest told Casavant that he should build some little organs for the churches near by St. Hyacinthe; which Casavant, mainly as a hobby, for many years did, while his two boys grew up and became familiar with the rude fundamentals of how sweet-toned little pipe-organs were made from very crude materials.

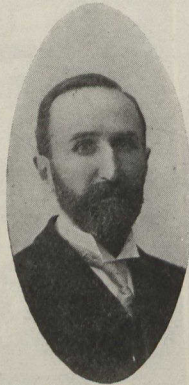
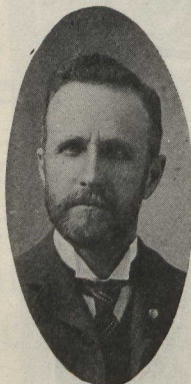
Love of music and of organs led the lads when they became young men to establish the shop. Afterwards and many times they traveled to the organ-lofts and organ factories of Europe—especially of Paris, where they began to learn what is best in the greatest organs in the world; such famous organs as lately Dr. Vogt wrote about when he admitted that one Canadian city had now as many fine organs as could be found in most cities in Europe.

Little by little in the face of much discouragement the at first small organs of Casavant Freres became known in the cities and towns and villages of Quebec, the land of many churches. But until the close of last century the firm had not got known to the world at large. Up till eleven years ago not a single organ of Casavant Freres was known in Ontario. The first went into the First Methodist Church, London, Ont., and that organ is now to be rebuilt into one of the grandest concert organs in America. The next was built ten years ago in St. James Church, Stratford. The next was a medium-sized organ in the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto. That became the prelude to the rebuilding of the



New Organ in Convocation Hall, University of Toronto. One of the largest organs in Canada.

TWO
GREAT
ORGAN
BUILDERS



Casavant Freres, of St. Hyacinthe, P.Q.

organ in St. Andrew's, organist Dr. Norman Anderson. Already in the big churches of Montreal were many Casavant organs—Notre Dame, St. James Cathedral, St. Gesu and many more. But the fame of Casavant organs in Toronto spread faster than even in Montreal. Now in Toronto there are about fifteen Casavant organs; so many there and in Hamilton and Brantford and London and scores of other Ontario towns, that it has become necessary for Mr. Lorenzo Morel, head of the erecting staff of Casavant Freres, to live in Toronto just to look after the interests of so many organs. Mr. Morel is an old St. Hyacinthe boy; one of the first employees of Casavant Freres, who, like many others, worked up from the planing shop to know how every part of a great organ is made and built and fitted together.

BECAUSE a pipe organ is an empire of instruments in one case, it is not possible in an article like this to describe how it is made in that wonderful factory of Casavant Freres. That is a life study; and with Casavant Freres it has been mainly a labour of love. These great builders of organs have not become wealthy, even though their organs are to be found in New York, and Boston and Chicago and Syracuse. In one of the erecting shops you may see now a ten-thousand-dollar, four-manual concert organ being built for a Methodist church in Saskatoon! Ten years ago there was scarce a church west of Winnipeg that cost as much.

The profit on a pipe organ is very small. Skilled labour is expensive; and most of the labour in Casavant Freres becomes skilled right in St. Hyacinthe. Materials are costly, and there is a duty on importations. There is a forty-five per cent. duty in the United States on organs going in from

Canada. Yet Casavant Freres are building more organs in that country than they can easily afford time for, when so many orders are booked ahead from coast to coast in Canada. The most important organ of that make in the United States is the grand new organ in the Boston Opera House.

Besides the small profits the constant study of how to improve against the most skilled competition in the world at large is a heavy handicap on making organs. Casavant Freres are always studying how to improve what sometimes seems to be perfection itself. And they do improve. Many of their employees invent improvements. The latest important one is the sostenuto stop invented by Mr. Morel. When you sit beside Mr. Casavant in one of his organs at the factory and hear him talk about and show you how the million things in a huge organ are being made finer and finer, until the many voices of the organ become almost the tongues of all peoples, you realize what a complicated yet beautiful business it is to make great organs. When you hear a stop that along with a tremolo sounds for all the world like a man playing a 'cello you know that somebody has put a world of labour on those pipes to make them so.

Then there is the trouble of climate; such cold and heat and wet—when this summer has been the worst ever known on pipe organs.

There is the queer riddle of acoustics. Always the builders are confronted with strange freaks of sound in a church or a hall whereby it seems almost impossible to make an organ sound the way it did in the factory where it was built. Often the builders have to resort to varying wind pressures to overcome the very bad carrying power of an alcove or a chancel or some hole-in-a-corner left by the architect, who never thought about the organ till the church was built. Casavant Freres have most of their real troubles outside the factory, with the churches whose architects should have known that the organ, next to the church itself, is the most important part of the building, and should have been included in the original design. For the organ is built into the church and becomes part of it. Whereas the organ builders are often at their end of wits to know how in the world to fit into the space left by the architect the organ which the organist wants and only heaven knows how it can be put there.

But Casavant Freres are very patient and they are never discouraged. They remember when the blacksmith Casavant helped the priest at St. Therese to build a little organ; and that organ by slow growth and the love of music has become the finest organ made in America.



The first Residence Pipe Organ in Toronto was that of Mr. J. W. Flavelle, in Queen's Park.

Music in Two Cities

MUSIC has been called the universal language. People who can't talk to one another can sing the same tunes and understand the same pieces played on any sort of instrument.

But it happens that music is also the great divider. And in the matter of music the two chief cities of Canada are very largely isolated one from the other. Financiers in Montreal and Toronto know one another on the stock markets. Manufacturers in the two cities are acquainted through having common problems and meeting in association. Newspaper editors know one another very well. Labour leaders go from city to city and find out each what the other is doing. Even painters are somewhat acquainted and exhibit canvases from both cities in the same galleries.



DR. CHARLES A. E. HARRISS, Most remarkable Canadian Musician Impresario; who founded McGill Conservatorium in 1902, twice brought out the Sheffield Choir to Canada, and conducted a performance of his own work, "Pan," before the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra in Covent Garden, London.

And the musicians of Montreal are as remote from the musicians of Toronto as the Jews were once isolated from the Samaritans. Why? It is so with New York and Chicago. Some say it is as much so with old London and all the other big British cities. Musicians will not mix. The universal language uniting other people keeps musicians separate.

TO begin with, all Toronto musicians know that the Montreal Opera Co. is financed and headquartered in Montreal. But there are probably 100,000 people in Toronto who don't know whether it's comic opera or grand opera or plain musical comedy. Most of the music-loving people in Montreal know there is such an organization as the Mendelssohn Choir. Less than 500 people in Montreal have ever heard the greatest choir in America, and it looks as though the other 500,000 will never have the opportunity. Less than a hundred in Toronto know that not so long ago Montreal had a Philharmonic Society doing big standard programmes in a style worthy of comparison to any other such society in America. Perhaps ten per cent. of Montreal are aware that Toronto has a permanent symphony orchestra; and about nine per cent. in Toronto even know that for about ten years and until the grand opera season opened, Montreal had a more or less permanent orchestra of symphony dimensions giving programmes before the T. S. O. was organized. Very likely Col. F. S. Meighen, who finances the M. O. C., is personally acquainted with Mr. H. C. Cox, whose financial hobby has been the T. S. O. But they are not musical cronies. Perhaps Signor Jacchia, principal conductor of the M. O. C. orchestra, knows Frank Welsman, who wields the baton of the T. S. O. But they have never had a confab on the difficulty of getting horn-players and wood-winds in Canadian cities. Mr. Alfred De Seve and Prof. J. J. Goulet and Mr. Saul Brant, the principal violinists in Montreal, know little or nothing of Messrs. Frank Blachford, Jan Hambourg and Luigi Von Kunits, from Vienna. What, for instance, does Mr. Edward Hesselberg, teacher of advanced piano in the Toronto Conservatory of Music, know of Mr. Alfred J. Laliberte, chief teacher of piano in the Columbian Conservatory in Montreal; what does Mr. Laliberte know about Prof. Hambourg; or Mr. J. B. Dubois, 'cellist, of Montreal, know about Boris Hambourg, except that he is the brother of Mark?

These individual cases are selected, not because of their individuality, but because they are typical—of the curious, but by no means unbridgeable gulf that divides the musicians of two metropolitan cities. There are, of course, many excellent reasons for this mutual estrangement. Distance is one. A few hundred miles is a long way in music. Race helps to make another. Musicians, like everybody else nowadays, are peculiarly busy people when the season is on; and when it is over, the summer resorts in Muskoka are a long way from these of the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay.

Most surely, however, Prof. Guillaume Couture, one of the two deans of music in Montreal, his birthplace, is well acquainted with that other musical pathfinder in Toronto, Dr. F. H. Torrington. They began to be acquainted many years ago, when Torrington was a young organist and teacher in Montreal.

Now, when the case is cited in outline, the worst is really said. There is, in fact, no sort of sadness about this lack of acquaintance. Musicians in Montreal are not at loggerheads with those in Toronto. Of course which is the more musical city never can be determined without a Royal Commission. Each has its own peculiar musical personality as marked as New York and Chicago or London and Paris. In many respects it is better so. Not long ago a writer in the *Montreal Standard* drew some more or less invidious comparisons, the gist of which was, that Toronto is sedately confined to the more or less pious restrictions of choral programme and orchestral concerts, while Montreal has her fine French fling in grand opera.

This again is individuality, which must smack of the provincial to be a really effective basis on which to build. But if Canada is ever to achieve anything national in music, the people who make music, as well as those who listen to it, must at least find out what has been and is being done in other parts of the country than their own. There is such a thing as a musical melting pot. And it is the chief aim of this music issue of the *CANADIAN COURIER* to get the separate musical individualities in various parts of Canada into a sort of massed band; largely because no attempt of the kind has ever been made, and because the conjunction of so many isolated personalities and interests has the character of real novelty.

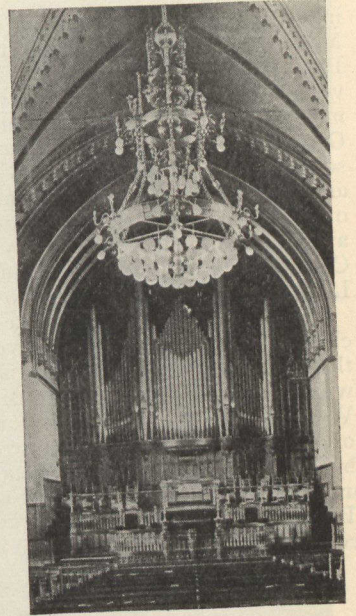
MONTREAL as a centre of music is as different from Toronto as St. Catherine St. is from Yonge St. This is not merely accidental. It is temperamental. It depends upon race. Montreal is more than half French. Musically it traces back to a French root—just as Mr. Bourassa regards all Canada as a tree with a French root. Most of the leaders of music in Montreal in the earlier times were French-Canadians; of those still living a majority are French-Canadians: Guillaume Couture, choirmaster St. James Cathedral; Octave Pelletier, organist of St. James; Alfred de Seve, violinist and capitalist, who many years ago studied under great French masters and afterwards became soloist with the Boston Symphony; Alexis Contant, composer of first French-Canadian oratorio, "Cain," sung by 300 voices at the Monument Nationale, also of several excellent masses; Joseph Dussault, organist Notre Dame, student in Paris under famous French masters and one of the best-known organists in America; Albert Clerk Jeannotte, managing director of the Montreal Opera Co., student in Paris, 1897, when a lad of 16, again in 1902-04; Gustave Labelle, 'cello soloist, son of Charles Labelle, from whom he took lessons; Alfred Laliberte, chief of piano faculty in Columbian Conservatory, Montreal, pupil of Dominique Ducharme, afterwards studying in Berlin under Lutzenko and later under Schriabne; Ernest Langlois, teacher of piano; Arthur Letondal, son of the celebrated Paul Letondal, studying first with his father, later in Paris, succeeding Dominique Ducharme as organist, Church of the Gesu; Emil Taranto, student of violin under Ysaye in Belgium; Joseph Saucier, student of singing in Paris.

These, with many more, are some of the contemporaries who have done much to give character to music in Montreal.

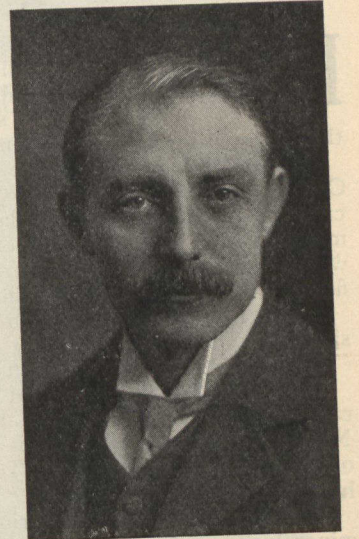
THE pioneers before these. Consider Paul Letondal, distinguished 'cellist and pianist, born in France, living in Montreal from young manhood till 1893, where he died, the teacher of Dominique Ducharme, Gustave Gagnon and Clarence Lucas, the Canadian composer now in New York. Not forgetting Charles Labelle, born in Champlain, P.Q., who gave up law for music, a well-known composer and the father of Mlle. Adrienne Labelle and Gustave Labelle. Also Dominique Ducharme, born at Lachine, student under Paul Letondal and renowned Paris teachers, and founder of the celebrated musical service in the Church of the Gesu, along with the great organ opened by Gaston Dethier in 1901.

All these and many others of lesser note were Frenchmen or French-Canadians. They were born with the Frenchman's love of melody. Most of those, both past and present, it will be noticed, became students in Paris or Belgium. Most students from Toronto and Winnipeg go to Germany—or Vienna. The reason is obvious. The musical atmosphere of Montreal is most like Paris; a large preponderance of Catholic churches, masses and requiems and mysterious organ lofts; the French tongue; the common love of opera as well as of the mass.

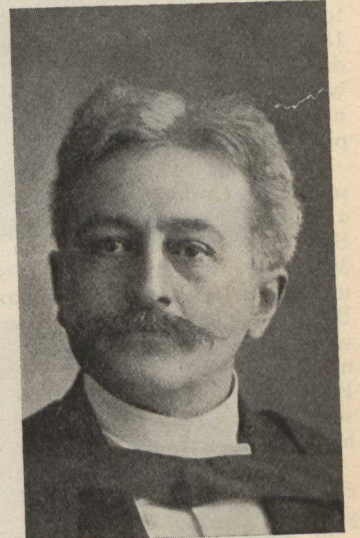
So that if Toronto has perpetuated some of the provincialism



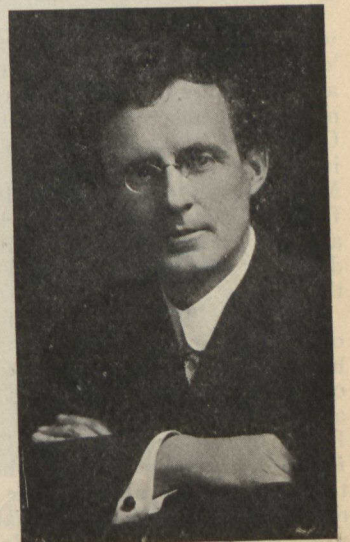
Organ in St. James' Methodist Church, Montreal.



Dr. H. C. Perrin, the Scholarly Head of the McGill Conservatorium in Montreal.



Dr. Edward Fisher, Capable Director of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.



Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, Director Columbian Conservatory, Toronto.

inherent in Leipsic, Berlin, Munich and Vienna. Montreal has transplanted the provincialism of Paris and Liege and Brussels. Music, the most universal language, thrives on provincialism. Europe musically is divided into a number of camps. Even German cities quarrel for prestige in music. Less so in Paris—which to many German cities, as well as Italian and Vienna, has been somewhat the envy of Europe. Similar, if not more so, in Great Britain. London, the greatest city in the world, thinks Covent Garden is greater than the Gewandhaus of Leipsic and Elgar the equal of Strauss.

What more can be expected in Canada? The chief cities of Canada will never be more in unison than are New York, Boston and Chicago, each of which considers itself the musical hub of America. We may achieve nationalism in music by the art of composition. The patriotic hymn, "O Canada," by the French-Canadian, Lavallee, has come near uniting the English and the French. This is well. But there is no need of worry that our musical centres do not amalgamate. We need individualism

in music as in other forms of art.

In this connection a few lines from the Musical Red Book of Montreal, edited by B. K. Sandevell, once a Toronto journalist, are appropriate:

"The musical activities of the 'nineties in Montreal were in character those of the great English provincial towns; the musical life of the 'seventies, 'eighties and 'nineties was that of a provincial town; and neither will ever be duplicated in the Montreal of the future.

"In Montreal the collapse of the provincial period was accentuated by several local conditions. It is characteristic of provincial towns that their musical activities almost always depend on one or two persons; but it is seldom that even there the responsibility is monopolized so completely as it was in Montreal by Mr. Gould and Prof. Couture. It was not the general collapse that ended Mr. Gould's good works, for when he laid down the baton his Mendelssohn Choir was probably as strong as it had ever been both musically and financially, but it was assuredly the general collapse that prevented

the rise of even the most modest successor to carry on the work. *A capella* singing may be said not to have existed in Montreal for the last ten years. The Philharmonic, conducted by Prof. Couture, came to an end in consequence of the persistence of its deficits. The Philharmonic was an extremely strong society with an extremely strong conductor, and it seems as if with a different business management, one that should have known how to adapt itself to the new requirements of the time, it might have been tided over into the new era, and have provided a starting-point for fresh endeavours.

"These two great organizations, which divided among themselves not only all the choral music given in the city, but also the greater part of the visiting soloists and orchestras, and provided most of the work for the local orchestra players, traced their foundation and their traditions back to an epoch which the present day Montrealer would scarcely be able to recognize, could he be precipitated into it for a day or two, as belonging to his own city.

Four Fathers of Music

F. H. TORRINGTON is writing the story of his life. Which will be worth any Canadian's while to read, because it will tell the story of nearly sixty years' labour in this country in the cause of music.

The best-known of all the fathers of music in Canada was born the year Queen Victoria was crowned. When he was a lad of ten in "Brumagen," across the street from his father's home was a tavern where once there was a raffle for a fiddle. Herbert wanted the fiddle. He got it.

"Now, my lad," said his father, "you learn to play six tunes on that and I'll buy you a watch."

He got the watch also; a huge "turnip."

This was the beginning of F. H. Torrington's career as a musician. His first love was the fiddle. Now and then he still uses it over at the College of Music on Pembroke St., Toronto, when he rehearses his orchestra.

His next passion was oratorio. He attended some miners' classes in Handel—now and then stopping the notes as they went by. Then he got studying organ; as a mere lad played in St. Anne's Church, Bewdley. As a young man of nineteen he migrated to Canada. He landed at Montreal. That was in 1856. Surprised at the absence of wolves and Indians and at the size of the sleepy stone city, he wondered what he should do for a living—till he noticed that a large number of the inhabitants had pianos.

He began by tuning pianos. He taught piano, sometimes tramping over the mountain, at fifty cents a lesson. He became organist and choirmaster of St. James Methodist Church, first fiddler in the Montreal orchestra, and he studied band instrumentation with the bandmaster of the King's Borderers' band—for in those days British troops were barracksed in Montreal. He taught the bandmaster theory. For three years he was bandmaster. But all the while he played in the orchestra. Once set down to play a violin solo with the orchestra he was suddenly asked by the conductor—

"Look here—a very celebrated violinist has just come to town. I'd like him to play that solo. Do you mind?"

"I should be delighted," said the concert-master.

The violinist was the Belgian Jehin-Prume, who left the impress of a big life work on Montreal and Quebec, as Torrington has on most of Canada.

Those were the days when Torrington hobnobbed with Dominique Ducharme, Paul Letondal, the blind 'cellist; Charles Labelle and Octave Pelletier; now and then meeting Ernest Gagnon, the father of music in Quebec; casually associating with young Guillaume Couture, one of the two fathers of music in Montreal, where he still is. When D'Arcy McGee was shot it was Torrington who played the funeral service in St. Patrick's Church. He was an ambitious and able organist; though in those days, long before Casavant Freres began to build, the organs of Montreal were a bit wheezy.

One day Torrington read about a marvelous organ built in the Boston Music Hall. This organ had 91 stops. He got a hankering to play such an organ and wrote down asking to be allowed to give a recital. He was permitted. When he got to the Boston organ he was amazed to find it much different from the description he had read. But at the try-out in the afternoon he made marginal notes on his scores of the combinations he intended to use. And that was the prelude to Torrington's four years in Boston.

In Montreal he met Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore,

who went up there selling band instruments. The great bandmaster was beginning to revolutionize choral and band music in Maine and the New England States, about the time that Theodore Thomas was pioneering in Chicago. It was Gilmore who had charge of the great Peace Jubilee Music Festival in Boston, when twenty thousand singers and a thousand of an orchestra performed to seventy-five thousand people in a huge building between the river and the hills. He asked Torrington to send him down a Canadian contingent—since Canadians had fought in the Civil War. Torrington took down a corps of bandsmen.

It was Pat Gilmore who advised Torrington to try for the organ of King's Chapel, Boston. Something of the old story then just beginning; he could get more money in Boston than in Montreal. And in 1869 he decided to pull stakes. His choir in the Methodist Church got wind of it. One Friday evening, just as he was about to dismiss the choir, the lion voice of Dr. Douglas boomed out from under the gallery—

"Mr. Torrington!"

The sequel was the presentation of a massive diamond ring, which Torrington has worn ever since.

So Torrington went to Boston, where in the four years from 1869 to 1873 he was organist in King's Chapel and played in the Boston Orchestra; professor of piano in the New England Conservatory

and solo organist in Boston Music Hall; conducted six choral societies in the environs of Boston; and at the second Peace Jubilee was assistant choral trainer to Gilmore.

In 1873 he came up to Hamilton to give an organ recital. There he was met by two prominent Methodists of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, then a new church, built in 1867 through the efforts of Rev. Dr. Punshon. He was offered the position of organist and choir leader. He accepted—not without misgivings, for Toronto, which had known considerable good music since the days of old Dr. Frank and the queer orchestra of bassoons and such in old St. James, was badly in need of an organizer like Torrington.

For a dozen years he laboured with choir and organ—building up the best choir in Canada and giving organ recitals, whose huge red and blue tickets you may see sticking in his stack of scrap books at the College of Music. His first concert was on behalf of the Lacrosse Club in the old Public Library. There also he gave the first performance of "Elijah"—when the Scotch door-keeper tried to keep him out because he hadn't a ticket. He was building up for his subsequent Philharmonic, which for many years was the main thing in choral singing in Toronto.

In 1886 Torrington's desire for more room than a choir gallery or a library hall led him into the first great festival held in this part of the country. He got together seven hundred voices to sing Handel's "Israel in Egypt," and Gounod's "Mors et Vita."

But there was no hall. The only place big enough was the Caledonia Skating Rink, which stood just where the new Arena is now. It cost a couple of thousand dollars to rig the barn up; but the place was packed at all performances and considerable money was made.

That began the Philharmonic, which, with its own orchestra, gave a long list of oratorios in the Horticultural Pavilion. Those were the days of Gilmore's Band. Then came Massey Hall, which was first intended by Hart A. Massey to give Torrington more room for his choral concerts. That was opened by a week's festival in 1894.

Seventeen years after that event Torrington kept his oratorio society together—except for two seasons. Most of that time he kept his place at the Metropolitan organ, which, during his last year in the church, was replaced by the present great organ of Warren build, which he supervised in construction. He is still head of the Toronto College of Music, which he himself founded in 1886.

A VERY mild, benign man, is Professor Guillaume Couture, whose big, square studio is in the Fraser Institute, Montreal. He is a teacher of singing; choirmaster in St. James Cathedral, associated with Mr. Octave Pelletier, organist; formerly when a young man in Paris *maitre de chapelle* of the Church of Ste. Clothilde, when the great Cesar Franck was organist there. Two years Guillaume Couture, then the scholarly young Canadian, was the close friend of "Le bon Pere Franck." It was a great honour; and to Guillaume Couture, now beginning to let go of strenuous activities in Montreal, a very great pleasure in recollection. There has always been a close connection between the music of Montreal and of Belgium. The confrereship of the great Belgian composer-organist and the scholarly student of singing born in Montreal is one of the finest examples of this connection. The Professor also recalls Jehin-Prume, the great



Almost as vigorous as the day he went to Toronto in 1873: Montreal, 1856-1869; Boston, 1869-1873; Toronto, 1873—and, we hope, for many years to come.

Belgian violinist in Montreal. He remembers all the men who helped to make Montreal musical since his return from Paris. And as he recalls the story it has been a good deal of struggle. Surrounded by portraits of professors and pupils, in his big, square studio, Mr. Couture spoke of the old days. He was once the leading musical spirit in Montreal. As conductor and czar of the Philharmonic Society he did for Montreal what Torrington did for Toronto. That society gave a long list of great works; a repertoire not quite equalled by any other Canadian society, and quite too long to reproduce here.

He was also one of the first conductors of the Montreal Symphony Orchestra, following the days when F. H. Torrington was first violin. Those were the days when there were no musical unions and when musicians contributed the best they had for the love of music.

But the Professor does not complain that the Philharmonic is dead, or that choral singing has declined in Montreal, or that grand opera has supplanted it. In fact he is proud of the opera, where he is a regular attendant.

"But we have long needed a music hall," he said. "Ah! we had one—not very good to be sure—in the Windsor. But you see, it was pulled down to enlarge the hotel. Now we have none. The Arena is not suitable for any but great bands or orchestras. Fine choral effects are lost in that place. But there have been some good things there. Twice the Sheffield Choir sang in the Arena, and I heard them. Then in 1903—we had the great band of the Garde Republicaine in Paris, a hundred men on their way back from the St. Louis Exposition. We were the only Canadian city to have them, and it was a much-appreciated honour to hear a hundred such eminent musicians play—all of them old men.

The Professor has never outgrown his love of French music; yet he is most cosmopolitan. Besides conducting the Philharmonic he has been for nearly thirty years Professor of Music at the Girls' High School. He organized the Montreal Amateur Operatic Club, for doing light English and French operas, away back in the eighties. For the celebrated male choir of St. James, where he is choirmaster, he has arranged many French masses originally written for mixed voices—since by an edict of the present Pope, women were forbidden to sing in churches. He has composed masses—one being performed under his direction at the funeral of the late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine. Besides, in France he was the friend of Faure, composer of "Les Rameaux"; of Theodore Dubois, with whom he studied harmony; and of D'Indy, modern French composer. And some of his compositions have been performed by the Societe Nationale of Paris. The great city of Montreal owes a big debt to Guillaume Couture, the best of whose work was

done when the city was not so distractingly big. But his work in the choir loft of St. James still makes that cathedral service one of the most notable in America.

AND somewhat the same may be said of Mr. Octave Pelletier, oldest of all Montreal musicians, who lives in a staircased house on the hill. Above his house the great dome of St. James rolls up looking like the full diapason stop in his great organ feels when he plays it.

And Mr. Pelletier, the chronological father of music in Montreal, is a long-experienced organist. Forty years he has played the organ of St. James; for many years a different organ in a far other cathedral. He is a quiet, modest little man, whose only interest is in music—and the best of that in the masses and chants of the church.

He was the first to introduce Bach organ music into the churches of Canada. In this respect he proved himself a man of the broadest catholicity in ecclesiastical music.

Nowhere in America, if in the world, may be found two such *peres de musique* in one church as Mons. Pelletier and Couture—the organist and the *maitre de chapelle*. And the interest of Mr. Pelletier in choral music is very remarkable. He loves to recall the visits he has made to Toronto to hear the Mendelssohn Choir; more especially the performances of the great Requiem Mass of Verdi, which to his acute French perceptions and great ecclesiastical experience, was a revelation of religious beauty in music.

But Mr. Pelletier is very retiring. He never talks for publication. His voice in public is the great organ of St. James on the hill that looks over the St. Lawrence.

SO we come also to Frederick Ernest Gagnon, farthest east of the four musical fathers of Canada; who for nearly forty years was organist of the Basilica, cathedral in Quebec. But before that, away back in 1853, and till 1864, he was organist in the parish church of St. John's, Quebec. From 1864 to 1909 at the Basilica; but not exclusively an organist, though thoroughly by temperament and training a musician; professor of music in the Laval Normal School, and for thirty years Secretary of the Department of Agriculture and Public Works. At the same time Mr. Gagnon has been a voluminous and scholarly writer on many subjects. Of chief interest to musicians, however, are his volumes, "Cantiques Populaires du Canada Francais," and "Chansons Populaires en Canada"; the latter brought out at the time of the Quebec Tercentenary, in 1908, when the *chansons* of old Quebec were part of the great historic drama, mingling with the chimes of the nine parish bells on the St. Lawrence.

Music in Winnipeg

TEN or a dozen years ago, if you came across a man from Winnipeg on a train, he might tell you that he was in the habit of going to hear Solomon Cleaver preach and the Methodist Choir sing under the direction of the late Dr. Tees—who organized the first choral society in Winnipeg. Twenty-odd years ago a distinguished preacher came down from Winnipeg to take a big church in Toronto. When he heard the first anthem by the Toronto choir, he stopped conning over his sermon notes to listen.

"In Winnipeg," he said, "I used to go over my notes during the anthem. But the Toronto choir anthem was too good to miss."

Fancy a Winnipeg preacher saying that in 1912!

In the matter of musical progress Winnipeg has probably done as much as any other city in Canada. The situation is rather peculiar—to Winnipeg; and it rather resembles Chicago, which a quarter of a century ago set out to become musically independent of New York. Winnipeg is geographically independent of Toronto and Montreal in musical matters; much for the reason tersely expressed by one prominent musical lady in Winnipeg, who said, "We are a hundred dollars from anywhere."

That is, no public chorus, orchestra or band from Eastern Canada has ever been heard in Winnipeg. Solo singers from the East occasionally go there; usually in touring concert companies. Eastern organists are heard there mainly by accident. The Montreal Grand Opera Co. has not yet arranged a season in Winnipeg.

Which means that while commercially the chief city of the West is in direct touch with the East through wheat, banks, manufacturing, and railways, in matters of music Winnipeg has been compelled to be both self-sustaining and dependent for luxuries on circuits that embrace Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Orchestrally, Winnipeg depends in the main upon Minneapolis and St. Paul—with prospects of a visit from Chicago.

Chorally, she has developed her own organizations, beginning with the splendid work done years ago by Dr. Tees; more recently by Fred. Warrington from the East, Dr. Ralph Horner with the Oratorio Society, and Mr. Edward Winen with the Elgar Society. Two years ago the Oratorio Society, with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, gave Gounod's opera, "Faust"; last year, Verdi's Manzoni Re-

quiem, a colossal work. The orchestra gave also five orchestral concerts. Last year the Elgar Society, with the St. Paul Orchestra, gave Mendelssohn's oratorio, "St. Paul." This year they will give "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," by the late Coleridge Taylor, and Bridge's "Flag of England." This society specializes a good deal in English part songs, an Imperial asset.

In band music Winnipeg has made remarkable progress. The Winnipeg City Band, under the leadership of Mr. S. L. Barrowclough, has won a premier position among bands of that class. This company of musicians, a picture of which appears in the middle of this paper, has been heard to great advantage in the East, not least at the Canadian National Exhibition, as well as in the United States. Military bands are also rapidly developing.

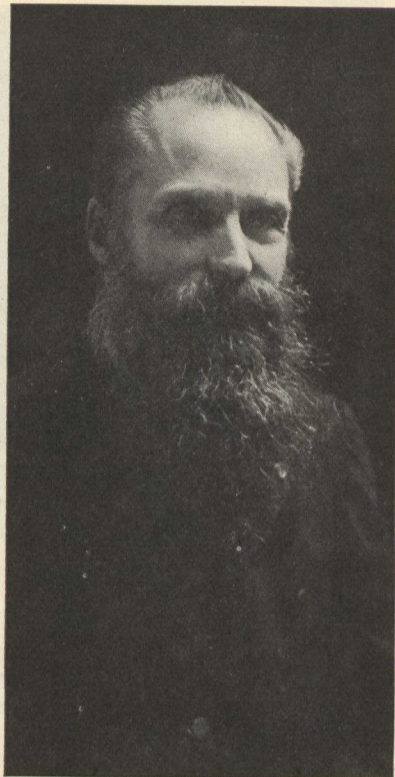
And there is hope now of a local permanent orchestra. Late last season a body of players, under Mr. Gustav Stephanj, gave a performance which has led to a reorganization this year.

Amateur opera has for many years been a strong feature of musical life in Winnipeg. Last year "The Chimes of Normandy," an old favourite with Winnipeg players, was the chief work. This organization has been the means of developing a great deal of local talent; not least of whom is a gentleman now studying for grand opera abroad.

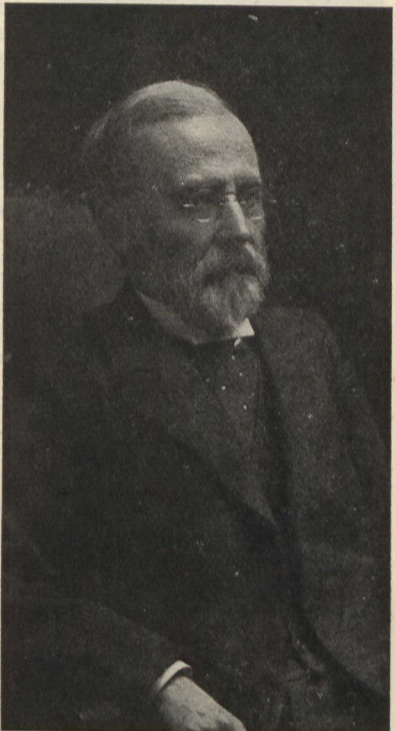
Institutions of music are becoming almost independent of the East. Years ago a conservatory was started much owing to the efforts of Prof. Osborne and Mrs. Charlotte Evans Osborne. Shortly thereafter, Mrs. Sanford Evans, well known in the leading music circles of Toronto as a piano artiste, gave much of her time and talent to the cause of the Women's Musical Club, organized for the cultivation of vocal and instrumental music and the presentation of eminent artists. The celebrated Flonzaley Quartette appeared last year under their auspices.

More recently the Columbian Conservatory, organized as a branch, by Mr. S. L. Barrowclough, has taken a big hold on the musical life of the West. Many individual teachers are doing splendid work in Winnipeg, conducting examinations in connection with colleges and conservatories in the East.

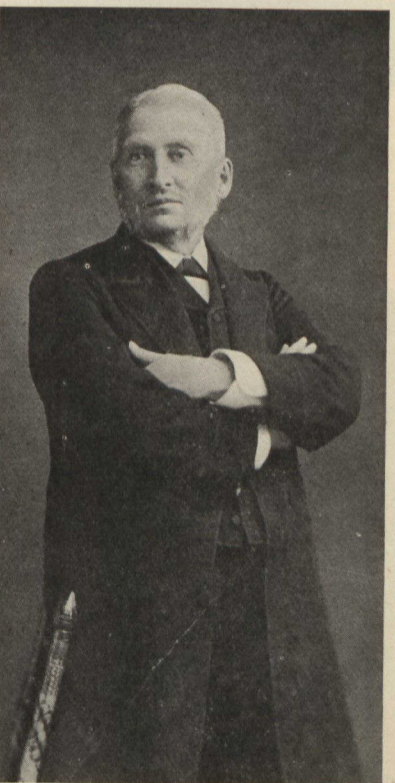
And we must not forget the Winnipeg Clef Club, which, while it contains many musicians, is not restricted to music.



Prof. Guillaume Coutre, Maitre de Chapelle, St. James Cathedral, Montreal.



Prof. Octave Pelletier, Organist of St. James Cathedral.



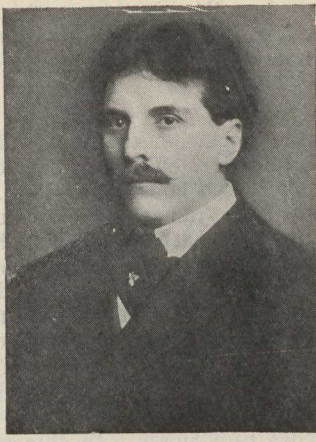
Ernest Gagnon, Litt. D., F.R.S.C., Forty Years Organist in the Basilica at Quebec.



Jan Hambourg, Leader Concert Society.



Frank E. Blachford, Concertmeister T.S.O.



Luigi Von Kunits, Faculty, Columbian Conservatory.



Alfred de Seve, Violin Instructor, Montreal.

PLAYERS
ON THE
VIOLIN FROM
MANY
LANDS BUT
ALL
CANADIANS

The Development of String Music

By LEO SMITH

THE importance of string music in the history of all civilizations—though perhaps not of the magnitude of the chant—is nevertheless of great moment to all who favour that form of musical art. For we find evidence, in the innumerable treatises written on the subject by the Chinese, that the string instruments were both numerous and important, while the wonderful invention and skill displayed by the Hindu in the making of his "Vina"—an instrument showing remarkable insight into the use of the sounding board—and the "Sarindas" or "Sarungis," with their sympathetic strings, proclaim the fact that the music of the string instrument was of great moment and significance in the history of his life. The wonderfully preserved delineations on the monuments and buildings of the Egyptians show us that the string instrument was favoured above all others. It is also of great interest to note that the depiction of groups of performers, evidently acting in concert, has been found, suggesting that ensemble music was practised and performed as a courtly luxury or social diversion. The Greeks, with their sculptured monuments and popular legends, have handed down to us many stories of the magic to which they ascribed the power of their favourite string instrument, "The Lyre." Orpheus, with his Lyre, "stayed the rocks of the Symplegades which threatened to break up the ship Argo; at the sounds from his instrument the guardian of the Golden Fleece became harmless; even Hell itself was moved, and delivered Eurydice." A great French scientist, in fact, has likened the musician of ancient history to the expert, "whom the individual or the social group called in on occasions of difficulty." A mere cursory glance, therefore, would tend to show with what significance the ancients regarded, not only the power of the singer and the chant, but also the skilled performer on his instrument.

Turning to early mediaeval music we find, among the northern peoples, the bards, whose minstrelsy probably always involved the use of instruments. Of these the harp was the most popular, but the crwth was another striking example which was much used. According to musical historians this habit of song with instrumental accompaniment was common to all classes and was of considerable social importance.

String music, therefore, has played its part in history at all times, and the efforts of the modern day musician to further and cultivate a general liking for this branch of the art, must, in the light of precedence, be open to the greatest encouragement. The path, however, as most of us are aware, is not an easy one to tread. For chamber music—the medium in which the string player is most fitted to display the beauty of his art—as typified from the time of Haydn until that of yesterday, is essentially of the classical school. The quartettes of Beethoven, perhaps more than any other music, exemplify Schopenhauer's saying: "We seem to see all the feelings reduced to their pure state." To the Anglo-Saxon mind, more prone to tack on a libretto to his music—usually in the shape of oratorio—this pure untranslatable thought has rarely appeared to be indigenous or to take root very firmly in the people's

affection. Consequently it is that one must look to foreign sources for the wonderful literature which permeates the life of the ensemble player of to-day. Nevertheless there have been signs of a glowing appreciation of the value of this both in England and her sister states. Towards the end of the last century the efforts of Joseph Joachim at the Monday Popular Concerts did more than anything else to popularize this "highest branch of the art." In the north of England the appearances of the Brodsky and the Schiever quartettes have exercised an increasing interest along the same lines. In Canada the increased interest in the string and instrumental player has been the outstanding feature in musical development of the last five years. Pre-eminently responsible for this are, of course, the artists—many of wide reputation—whose photos appear in this issue of the CANADIAN COURIER. In conclusion, we may note that Montreal, helped perhaps by a French population, with a taste a priori for strings, has its own quartette and chamber concerts. Toronto, likewise, has had splendid series of orchestral and chamber music concerts, and it may be that future activities in this city will result in placing this great branch of the art on a par with the position it holds in the great continental cities of Europe.

Four Violin Sketches

LUIGI VON KUNITZ, born in Vienna, studied under Johann Karl and J. M. Gruen; in Prague, Bohemia, with Sevcik; leader of string quartette of the Tonkuenstler Verein when Brahms was president; concertmaster Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under Emil Paur, and head of a school of expression in Pittsburgh; afterwards principal of the violin staff in the Vienna Conservatory; now head of string music work in the Columbian Conservatory, Toronto.

Frank E. Blachford, born in Toronto, studied both violin and piano at the Conservatory; afterwards violin under Hans Fitt in Leipzig. Returning to Canada he became chief of string faculty in the Conservatory, organized the Toronto String Quartette and became concertmaster of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

Alfred de Seve, French-Canadian, born in Montreal; at a very early age studied in Europe under Sarasate, Mossart and Vieuxtemps; afterwards in Boston for nineteen years member of Boston Symphony, leader of Philharmonic Club, concertmaster Philharmonic Orchestra, professor of violin, New England Conservatory; now in Montreal.

Jan Hambourg, born in Russia, went with his father to London; studied violin Belgian School, under Ysaye and also under Fritz Kreisler; gave a series of historic violin recitals in London and Europe; in 1910 came to Canada; a year ago became chief of violin department in the newly-organized Hambourg Conservatory.



Mr. Camille Couture, Solo Violinist, Winnipeg.



Roland Roberts, Toronto String Quartette.



Saul Brant, Conservatorium of Music, Montreal.



Alfred Bruce, Violin Department, Columbian Conservatory.



Mrs. Dreschler Adamson, 1st Violin, Toronto Symphony.



Miss Nora Hayes, Concert Violinist and Teacher of Violin.



Miss Lina Adamson, Toronto Conservatory of Music.



Miss Lena Hayes, Teacher of Violin.



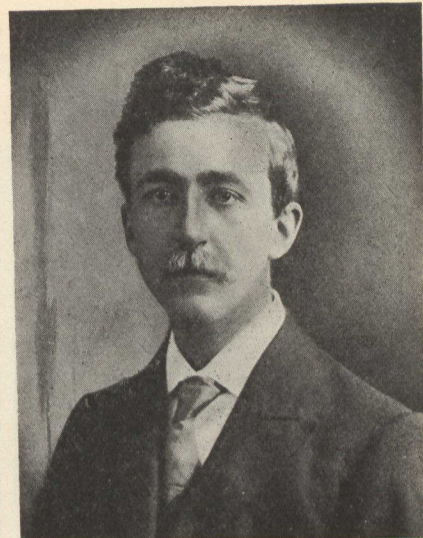
Paul Hahn, who played the 'Cello in Toronto when 'Cello-playing was a rare thing.



Gustave Labelle, who first studied the 'Cello with his father, Charles Labelle, in Montreal.



Boris Hambourg, who this season has a hundred performances booked in Canada and the United States.



Leo Smith, musical scholar, composer and gifted teacher of the 'Cello.

Music In the Far West

By J. D. A. TRIPP

TO expect much in a musical way at this stage in the development of that part of the Great Dominion, west of the Rockies, would be somewhat unreasonable as it is quite within the memory of most of us that the city which is to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the Canadian cities, was visited by a fire which left practically nothing, and when there was no railroad to bring foreign artists and concert companies to these shores. Able men in different lines of the musical profession came in those days but left again for towns farther East, where there was some encouragement, and where they might gain a respectable livelihood by teaching.

Music, then, naturally, fell into the hands of enthusiastic amateurs who worked tooth-and-nail to keep music alive, and to create something in the way of diversion and entertainment in the place before the days of picture shows and various other forms of amusement.

With the development of the great North Country money began to pour in and the concert agencies were not slow in recognizing the fact that in Victoria and Vancouver there were elements that would surely support something more than the efforts of musical amateurs, and to-day the latter place is known as one of the best entertainment towns in America.

The musical situation, strictly speaking, is about on a par with most other situations, and there is plenty of room for development. The cities have increased so very rapidly in population, and there has been so little cohesion existing among the best musical forces, that one finds it rather difficult to discover much of what might be termed "a musical atmosphere."

Efforts have been made from time to time to establish orchestras, and teaching institutions, but at present there are none such held in any respect by the musical people. We have, in Vancouver, several capable specialists with international reputations, who occupy the enviable position of being among the best on the continent.

These masters have a large clientele, and their pupils appear in public concerts from time to time with much credit to themselves and their teachers.

One of the most prominent of the local musicians was far-seeing enough to secure a charter, recently, for a large conservatory of music, with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, and he has a number of public-spirited citizens signed up on his directorate.

When this institution can be properly supported the enterprise will, no doubt, be launched on a scale that will make it of great value and a credit to the city and province. It is to be regretted, but nevertheless true, that local concerts of much excellence are not well patronized by our citizens from the mother country, for the reason that they do not think anything outside of the British Isles is worthy of their consideration.

Vancouver has its vocal society, musical society, two male choirs, and several excellent church choirs. Victoria has its choral society, musical union and the Arion (Male Voice) club.

Other places are falling into line. Every few days I learn with pleasure of some new musical organization which has for its object the performance of good musical works. One regrettable feature of the country is the existence of certain musical examinations which, fortunately for our middle Canada's musical future, were discounted some fifteen years or so ago, and the place of which has been taken by some of our Canadian examining bodies with a much higher standard. To the women's musical clubs, both of Vancouver and Victoria, much is due in a general way for the development of music. In these clubs there are many talented amateurs and semi-professionals who have had instruction from some of the best continental teachers, and who take this means of keeping their music up. While the musical situation may seem somewhat crude, one has only to look back to the time when our larger cities were the same size as our young coast cities and ask—were they farther on in a musical way at the same stage of development?

The 'Cello in Canada

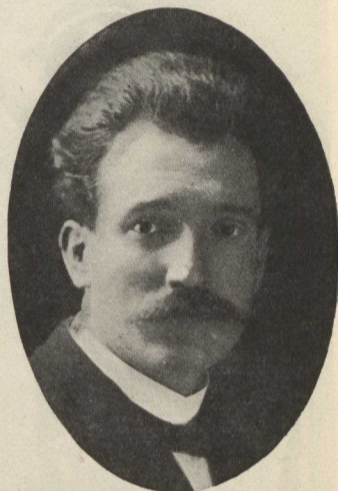
THE 'cello is peculiarly an instrument of culture, less popular because in some respects more difficult than the violin. It is worthy of note that Canada as a 'cello-playing country is now well up in the race. The artists whose portraits are here reproduced are by no means all the serious exponents of the 'cello in Canada. But they are numerous enough to call marked attention to that branch of art. Boris Hambourg, born in Voroonej, Russia, and studying the 'cello under the greatest European masters, is in many

respects one of the world's most eminent 'cellists. Mr. Gustave Labelle well inherited his distinction on the 'cello from his distinguished father in Montreal. Leo Smith, the scholarly Englishman, is a real interpreter of 'cello music and a fine type of the cultivated English musician. Mr. J. B. Dubois has been known for many years in Montreal as a true artist, and is now leader of the Dubois string quartette. Mr. George Bruce is one of the few Scotchmen who have mastered an instrument so unlike the bagpipe. Dr. Fred Nicolai, the Belgian in the Toronto String Quartette, has for some years been one of the best-known 'cello-players in Canada. Paul Hahn, who plays the 'cello more because he likes it than because of any strictly professional connection, is by no means an amateur.

Chamber music, which depends so vitally upon the 'cello for a foundation, has begun to be a recognized permanent form of art in this country. Montreal became addicted to this earlier than Toronto, largely owing to the cultivated enthusiasm of a few French-Canadians and Belgians. The Dubois Quartette is now the leading established organization of that kind in Eastern Canada. In Toronto the first permanent chamber music corps was the Toronto String Quartette, following a brief season or two by a quartette under direction of Herr Klingensfeldt. For six seasons now these four players have been developing a refined ensemble and a most extensive repertoire. The Brahms Trio, Messrs. Richard Tattersall and George Bruce and Miss Nora Hayes, gave a successful season or two. The Hambourg Trio came next, Messrs. Jan Hambourg, Paul Hahn and Richard Tattersall. The Hambourg Concert Society is the latest arrival, Messrs. Jan and Boris Hambourg and Miss Mary Campbell, of which more will be known when their series of historic recitals begins later this month.

And the viola must not be overlooked. This beautiful instrument, so much like the violin, is not taught by many people. The leading exponent of the viola in middle Canada at least is Mr. Frank C. Smith, of the Toronto String Quartette. Neither must it be imagined that playing "second fiddle" well can be done by any but a real artist.

PLAYERS ON THE VIOLONCELLO



J. B. Dubois, Leader of the Dubois String Quartette, Montreal; born in Belgium, and first-prize graduate Brussels Conservatoire.



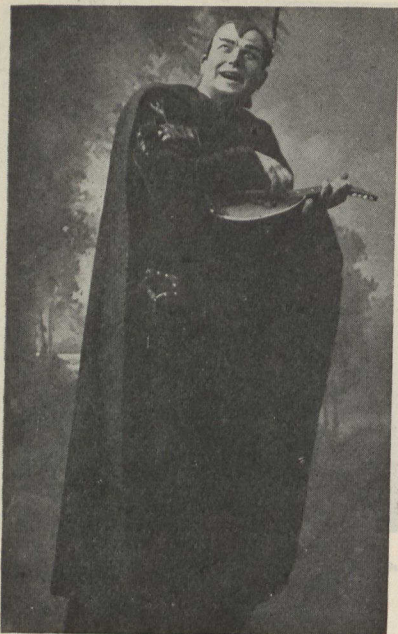
George Bruce, who is proof that a Scotchman has an affinity for a very un-Scotch Instrument.



The Toronto String Quartette, first Chamber Music Corps established in Toronto. Leader, Frank E. Blachford; Second, Roland Roberts; Viola, Frank C. Smith; 'Cello, Dr. Fred Nicolai.

Grand Opera in Canada

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH



The French Basso, Albert Huberty, as Mephisto, doing the Serenade in "Faust."



Carmen Melis, Soprano, who will sing the roles of "Thais" and "Butterfly."



Beatrice La Palme, the Celebrated Canadian diva, as "Rosina" in "The Barber of Seville."

A FEW years ago the answer to the question, "What are the possibilities of Grand Opera in Canada?" would have been, "None"; if the average man familiar with theatrical and musical conditions had been asked to reply to it. Within the past three years, however, contingencies have arisen which have changed the entire situation and which make the question a pertinent one for discussion. For many years the chief cities of Eastern Canada had been subject to sporadic outbreaks of grand opera, contributed by travelling companies organized in New York. Some of these productions were very good indeed (though in such cases the prices charged were of necessity abnormal), but in many instances they were ragged and bad. When a theatrical manager in Montreal or Toronto found that his New York agents had booked a grand opera aggregation for him, he at once anticipated a losing week for his own theatre accompanied by a request at the end of it for a loan to enable the company to get to the next town or to assist in sending the stranded singers back to New York. In fact grand opera was viewed with disfavour by those interested in the business end of the theatrical business and with complete indifference by the general public. Even in instances when the late Maurice Grau would send from the Metropolitan Opera House a well equipped organization with half a dozen of his best stars, the sums which it was necessary to pay the latter practically eliminated all profit from the enterprise. This situation was by no means peculiar to Canada, but extended to all the smaller cities of the United States. Even so fine an enterprise as Mr. Henry W. Savage's English grand opera company, which was most cordially supported in this country, was found to be so unprofitable on the continent taken as a whole, that this astute manager abandoned his really meritorious effort to give artistic productions to the best class of works.

Let it be said at the outset that any hope of profit from grand opera in this or any other country is purely fantastic. Grand opera has never paid a dividend anywhere except under very exceptional circumstances, and has no status whatever as a permanent speculation. To acquire any permanent hold on the community it must be endowed; and it is the fact that Canada now has a well endowed grand opera company, directed by a small group of strong-willed and resolute men that has changed the entire situation in this country, and especially in the city of Montreal. One alludes to the Montreal Opera Company, of which Mr. Albert Clerk Jeannotte, a distinguished musician of mingled Scottish and French-Canadian lineage, is Director-general with a group of distinguished capitalists, headed by Lieut.-Col. Meighen, an unselfish musical enthusiast, at his back. Through the public services of these gentlemen grand opera seems to be assured of definite possibilities and no uncertain future in Eastern Canada at any rate. Whether it will get a foothold in the Canadian West within the present generation is at least doubtful. Geographical conditions—in other words our magnificent distances—militate against its extension thither.

GENERALLY speaking, we owe the development of endowed grand opera in the East to the fact that Montreal is not only one of the wealthiest cities of its size in the world, but one that in some degree lies out of the range of convenient circuits for large travelling organizations. This latter fact is not without its compensations, because last season Montreal playgoers were better served from an artistic standpoint than any other city in this country. They enjoyed not only three months of grand opera seriously and meritoriously produced, but a two months' visit of Miss Horniman's players, probably the best stock company in the English-speaking world, which produces only pieces of intellectual quality. That is to say, Montrealers on practically every night for five months last season enjoyed something worthy of serious critical attention. What other city of similar size on this continent can make a like boast?

It was the desire of Col. Meighen and his friends to give their home city worthy entertainment that led them to back Mr. Jeannotte in his ambitious enterprise. From boyhood the latter had cherished the dream of directing a great Canadian national enterprise and some day perhaps the story of how, from the nucleus of a small band of opera singers in hard luck, he has built up in three years the splendid, all-round organization now known as the Montreal Opera Company will be written. When the enterprise was first announced, at the outset of the season of 1910-11, it was not seriously regarded even by Montrealers themselves; but as the season progressed it turned out to be precisely what music lovers and theatre lovers, especially among the French population, had been waiting for. Wealthy men, whose previous interest in the theatre has been limited to musical comedy, suddenly woke up to the fact that grand opera, if an expensive luxury, was a delightful one.

To broaden the scope of the enterprise the company was sent on a tour of several cities and it must frankly be confessed that this tour was most disastrous. It seemed im-

possible to eliminate from people's minds the idea that it was merely a company of amateurs. However, Col. Meighen was resolved to give the scheme a fair show. The second season a company stronger in every way was provided and was successful beyond expectations with the Montreal public. When it went on tour there was the same story to tell. The people of Toronto especially took the enterprise to their hearts in the fortnight spent in that city, Quebec and Ottawa made a much handsomer response than during the previous year.

Last year's season was so successful that the directors have been encouraged to plan a series of productions on a much more ambitious scale. It is always discouraging to a man, however altruistic in his motives, and unselfish in his devotion to art, to feel that he is giving the public what it doesn't want. Any movement of the kind to be really valuable to the community must rest on the broad basis of public support. There is every evidence that the Montreal Opera Company has won its way with the people at large, and therefore its backers can face the inevitable losses involved with a feeling of cheerfulness.

WHILE the director-general, Mr. Jeannotte, is an enthusiast and an optimist, a Scotch strain has prevented him from "biting off more than he can chew," if the phrase may be permitted. At present he is confining himself to the production of the best French and Italian works, though Wagner will no doubt come later, when the company has the permanent home that certain supporters of wealth project for it. It has been found that owing to the nature of its population, Montreal prefers the modern French works; whereas the public of Toronto and Ottawa shows a weakness for the Italian repertoire and the old favourites.

This year, in addition to familiar operas like "Carmen," "Faust," "Lakme," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "La Boheme," "Madam Butterfly," "La Tosca," "Trovatore," "Rigoletto," and "The Barber of Seville," the company will do Verdi's "Aida," which, because of the vast equipment required to present it properly, is seldom seen outside of the great cities; Charpentier's "Louise," which many regarded as the most interesting of last season's offerings; absolute novelties like Godard's "Vivandiere," Leoncavallo's "Zaza," and Massenet's "Cendrillon," and operas which are to all intents and purposes novelties to the people of this country, like Massenet's "Herodiade," his "Thais," and his "Jongleur de Notre Dame," Bizet's "Pêcheurs de Perles," Erlanger's "Noel," and Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffman." These will be interpreted with a first-class scenic equipment and a first-class chorus and orchestra, but by a much more distinguished array of principals than in the past. The conductors, Agide Jacchia, a man of genius in the Italian field, and Louis Hasselmans, an expert in modern French opera, have been retained; and the membership of the company includes such famous women as Louise Edvina, Esther Ferrabini, Elizabeth Amsden, Evelyn Scotney, Carmen Melis, Maria Gay, Beatrice La Palme, Maria Claessens, Bice Delva, Yvonne Courso and Jeska Swartz. The corps of tenors numbers eleven and includes such famous men as Giovanni Zenatello, Giovanni Sachetti, Enrico Aresoni and Leon Lafitte. The basses and baritones include the great Huberty and two newcomers, Edouard Lankow and James Goddard, who are said to equal him in vocal power, Rodolfo Fornari, Natale Cervi and many others of European fame and experience. With such an organization ever growing and assured of ample financial support the possibilities of grand opera in this country are indeed infinite. It has, for instance, been found necessary in response to public demand to extend the Toronto visit to the term of three weeks, and the interest of the Canadian public in the enterprise is by no means limited to the cities where the company appears. Already the enterprise is winning support from many outside towns, and unquestionably its influence will spread widely.

The Necromancer Nikisch

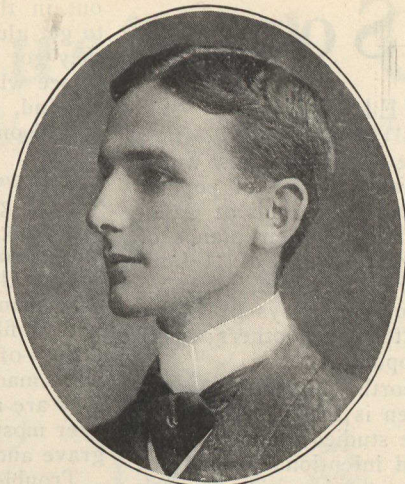
NIKISCH, the musically omniscient; he the weaver of spells, the focus of traditions from Bach to the end of the beginning; the Hungarian rhapsody set in a Titan brain: rhythm with all its nuances, fire with all its consuming; passion with its poetry; the universal Palette of the modern orchestra; to whom a score is a superfluity and a band an opportunity: when the magnified picture of music, the drama of sound, the apotheosis of ultimate meaning, the pathos of profundity, the jocundity of the universal, the evolution of an idea, the absolute All of Music by interpretation, make him also a creator, and the musically omniscient Nikisch.

This was how the performance of the London Symphony Orchestra, under Nikisch, prompted one person to write. The language is rather mysterious.

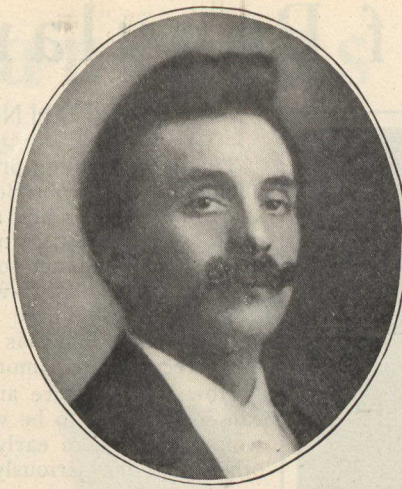




DR. J. EDWARD BROOME
 Founder and Conductor, Toronto Oratorio Society, Which in January, 1911, Gave Two Concerts With the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York. 200 Voices.



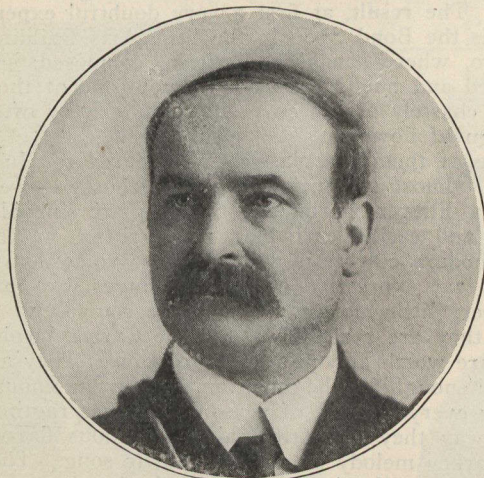
HENRY K. JORDAN
 Organizer and Conductor of the Schubert Choir, Brantford. Since 1907 Has Given Six Miscellaneous Choral Programmes With Well-known Soloists and Three Outside Orchestras.



PROFESSOR J. J. GOULET
 Lately Conductor of the Montreal Symphony Orchestra; Solo Violinist and Teacher of Violin.



BRUCE A. CAREY
 Organized the Elgar Choir, Hamilton, Which Has no Superior in Canada Outside of Toronto. 100 Voices.



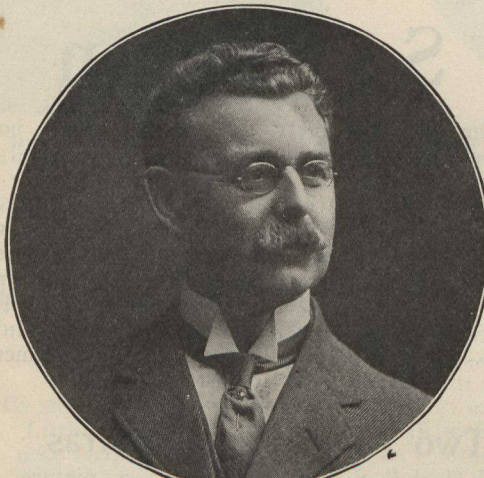
DR. ALBERT HAM
 Established the National Chorus in 1904 and is Reported as Likely to Take the Chorus to England in 1913. 200 Voices.



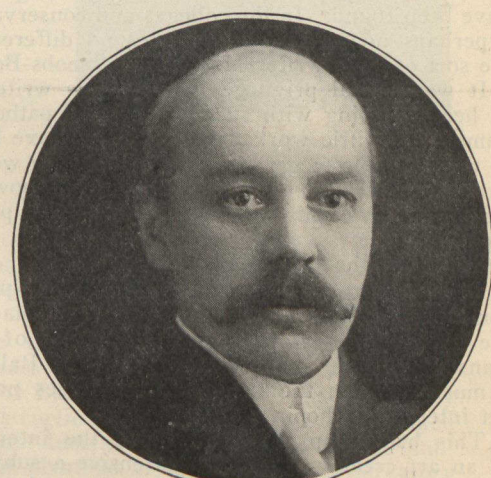
AUGUSTUS STEPHEN VOGT
 Conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, Toronto, Which He Organized in 1894 to do Unaccompanied Works. The Choir Has Given in Toronto Nearly Fifty Programmes of all Kinds of Choral Music Except Oratorio; Besides Nearly Twenty Concerts in New York, Chicago, Boston, Cleveland and Buffalo. 225 Voices.



JAMES DICKINSON, Mus. Doc.
 Conducts the Cecilian Society of Toronto, Formerly the Festival Chorus Under Dr. Torrington. 200 Voices.



MR. H. M. FLETCHER
 Conductor of the Schubert Choir of Toronto, 175 Voices; also of the People's Choral Union.

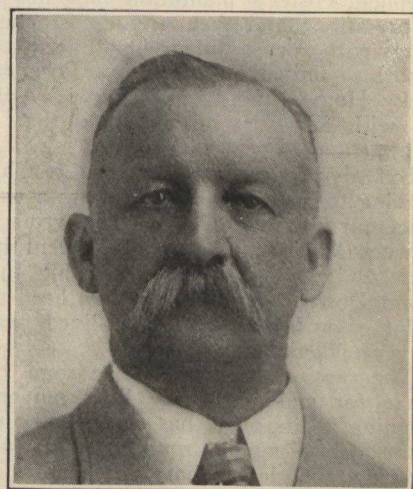


FRANCIS COOMBS
 Conductor of the Madrigal Society, Toronto, Organized This Season for Unaccompanied Work. 60 to 100 Voices.

Choral Conductors



MR. J. E. HUGHES
 Conductor of the Brandon Choral Society of 60 Voices.



FREDERICK WARRINGTON
 Lately Conductor of Oratorio Society, Winnipeg; Formerly Baritone Soloist and Teacher of Singing.

CANADA is becoming a great choral country. Already the choral performances in this country are of a higher average than in the United States. We are in chorus work considerably what the United States has become in orchestras. The difference is that our choruses are non-professionals and our conductors are not all imported. The most remarkable choral conductor in America is a German-Canadian. Just at present and until next spring he is in Europe on a musical pilgrimage. This year there will be no concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir, which, when the conductor gets back, may be expected to do even better things than in the past. He is a cosmopolitan. His great choir, ninety per cent. Canadian-born, is also cosmopolitan—in its work. Dr. Albert Ham is an Englishman. The National Chorus has an English character; and next year it may go on tour to England. Mr. Bruce Carey is a Canadian. He has given Hamilton a choral society second in Canada to the Mendelssohn Choir—for some kinds of work. Every year Mr.

Carey goes on a musical trip to Europe with some of his pupils. Mr. H. M. Fletcher, with his Schubert Choir, of Toronto, has come near to making a first-class unaccompanied organization. His choir has been in the United States. Mr. Henry Jordan, of Brantford, is doing a fine line of ambitious choral work with his Schubert Choir. He is a close student of Mendelssohn Choir methods. So are others. Mr. J. E. Hughes, of Brandon, is one of the real pioneers in choralizing the West. His choir has given a concert, aided by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, and is organizing a tournament of singers to take part in one of the Provincial Music Festivals. Mr. Fred Warrington is no longer in active choral work, but he was one of the first to follow up the good work of the late Dr. Tees, in Winnipeg, before the Oratorio Society and the Elgar Society were brought to their present pitch of excellence. Mr. Francis Coombs is the newest conductor to come before the public in Toronto, with a chorus to do unaccompanied madrigals and glees.

A Writer of Popular Songs

By JOHN MELVILLE



The Composer of "A Perfect Day."

It was on a Sunday afternoon a few weeks ago that a breezy, bright woman from Chicago paid her first visit to a Canadian city. In that city thousands upon thousands of her songs might have been found. In the colleges and conservatories—perhaps none. But that makes no difference to the sort of song-writer Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond is.

It was a real privilege to meet this writer and to hear her sing with such delicacy of pathos and humour the little workaday lyrics that have helped so many people to get a glimpse out of the working world into a kind of world that is somehow only discovered by such as have hard luck and poverty and lonesomeness, and yet preserve a simple, cheerful faith in the best of it all.

But of course that isn't always what a "popular song" does. It is a moot question what place has the writer of popular songs in the world of musicians. Was the composer of "After the Ball" less a musician than the tutor who composes nothing, yet interprets Chopin or Schubert?

This brings up the question of the interpreter as an art creator; much too extensive a subject to deal with in this number. It also places the writer of popular songs in the ranks of the interpreters.

That is—"After the Ball" may have reflected very obviously some phase of American life. Stephen Foster's plantation melodies were an interpretation; and they are almost classic. Scotch songs with very ordinary but tuneful melodies have a sort of universal character. Possibly "Old Kentucky Home" and "Annie Laurie" will never die. So with any sort of folk-song that contains the sentiment of a generation.

But about the time "After the Ball" was beginning to make Chas. K. Harriss a wealthy man—since our Canadian Cy Warman wrote the words of "Sweet Marie" and "Bedelia" went her lonesome way "On the Banks of the Wabash" "Just as the Sun Went Down"—we seem to have been afflicted with a lot of unfeeling and short-lived twaddle, in the way of popular songs.

The ragtime craze has done some of this. The craze for making "every little movement have a meaning all its own" has cheapened and vulgarized many of our popular songs; so that when they are dead we are glad to have the funeral over as soon as may be. Also mere fashion seems to have affected songs. Hats of yester-year are old this: songs of last year—nobody sings them now.

One always feels glad to have been brought up on "Nellie Gray" and "Annie Lisle" and afterwards treated to a course of "Banks of the Wabash" and "Comrades." But nobody will ever look back with great fondness to "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" or "The Shade of the Old Apple-tree" "In the good old Summertime."

This is a rambling prelude to saying a few words about Carrie Jacobs-Bond, as a writer of popular songs, both words and music. Thousands of Canadian lovers of music may find on their pianos or in the music cabinet somewhere copies of "I Love You Truly," "Just a-wearyin' for You," and "A Perfect Day." These are old stand-bys of Carrie Jacobs-Bond. She has written many others; many more recent; none more popular.

How these sincere and worth-while little American songs came to be written is the life story of a woman who at an early age studied piano as many other girls do, seriously and intentionally; married and lived as a doctor's wife in a logging camp for some years; while still under middle age became alone in the world—with little but her love of music between her and the world. Sixteen years she has been in Chicago. A good deal of that time and before her songs became popular Mrs. Bond lived in poverty. Publishers didn't want her songs. Somehow they never do—the ones they should. She lived over a butcher shop—writing and giving public recitals and now and then publishing a song of which, as usual, the publisher got the profits.

One evening she was asked to give a recital at the Chicago Press Club. A good many of the bontons were present. When it was all over one of the bontons insisted on taking the composer home in her carriage.

"The very thing I dreaded," she said, recalling the thing. "I had never been used to the smart set calling at my place. Our street wasn't much for carriages."

Corner after corner the rig went. Mrs. Jacobs-Bond told the driver that she lived over a butcher shop on So-and-So St. The driver stopped at the most flourishing meatshop he came to.

"No, no—that's not my shop. Mine's quite different. Drive on."

She was beginning to enjoy it. The lady in the carriage had the discomfiture. The street—away

out in the 2,000 limit somewhere—was beginning to get glum and very pitch-holey. And by the time they got to the butcher shop it was really too dark to see what sort of dowdy little dive it was.

"And, of course, I didn't ask my bonton friend to call on me," she says, laughing.

SHE went to the piano. Best of half an hour she sang to her own accompaniment many of her own songs both old and new. Not much of a voice; but it wonderfully well expressed the native music of the things she had made, and she played the accompaniments with an easy, tender grace, dashed with a fillip of humour. In this she was the real artist—of expression. One imagines her songs were made so—not by puzzling over a score. Yet they are musicianly in construction; and they range over most of the gamut of sincere, easy expression, grave and gay.

Trouble is—few singers even with much better voices could so sing these simple things.

But by hundreds of thousands these simple nowadays American songs have found their way into the homes of many lands. Some time in her career Mrs. Jacobs-Bond decided to try publishing her own songs. The result, at first a very doubtful experiment, is the Bond Shop in the Fine Arts Building, Chicago, where songs are written, composed, embellished and published. You'll know one of them by the chastely ornate cover in colours; very often a design of flowers.

None of them are classics. Compared to Hugo Wolf's, almost too melodious; to Debussy's—well, rather a different harmony. But they are singable; simple and easily learnable; not written to test what modern culture is doing for the voice, but to be the easy expression of many a singer who may have very little more voice than the composer.

But they are real. The songs of Carrie Jacobs-Bond are worth anyone's while to know. They are musical enough for the musician, and human enough for the everyday sort of person who likes ragtime. Some way they have the naive ingenuous flavour of a darkey melody or an evangelistic song. They are almost oddly American. And the composer herself is; a real voice from Chicago, which she considers the musical centre of America.

A Reverie of St. John

NO survey of music in Canada would be anywhere near complete without a consideration of what has been and is being done in St. John and New Brunswick. On an Anglo-Saxon basis the music of Canada began in the Maritime Provinces, just as on a French basis it began in Quebec. Many years ago fine beginnings were made in St. John. Going no further back than 1883 we come to the splendid work done by the distinguished musician, Mr. Thomas Morley, conductor of the St. John Oratorio Society. It is almost astonishing to know that owing to the efforts of this society, St. John became acquainted with such great works as Handel's "Messiah" and "Samson"; Haydn's "Creation" and "Seasons"; Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "St. Paul" and "Athalia"; Spohr's "Last Judgment" and Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen." Another surprising feature of this was that after a few seasons of support from a local orchestra the Society had the enterprise to employ players from the great Boston Symphony Orchestra, with leading oratorio soloists from the same city. That is St. John and Halifax are musically akin to Boston, just as Winnipeg is to Minneapolis and St. Paul, and Montreal and Toronto to New York and Chicago.

Among the earlier conductors who did good work in St. John were Carl Peiler and C. E. Grubb.

After the lapse of the Oratorio Society, a few years ago, a body of picked voices, called the Euterpean Club, was organized to do unaccompanied work under Prof. Jas. Ford, organist and choirmaster of Trinity Church. This body did splendid art work, considerably owing to the fact that Trinity Church choir is one of the best in St. John; other excellent choirs being St. John's, St. Paul's, and the Centenary Church.

The Euterpean Club had a very brief career; since which nothing of a permanent choral character has come to light except the newly-formed

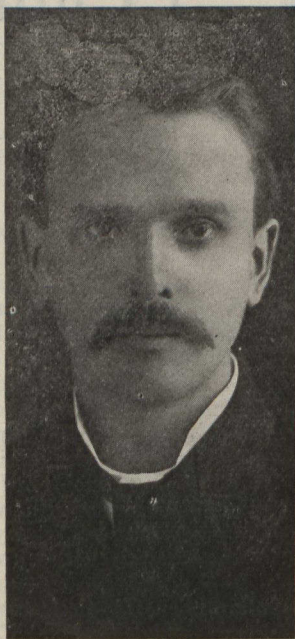
St. John Choral Society and the Arts Club, both of which ought to be able to carry on the work so ably begun years ago.

In teaching the various departments of music, St. John is doing better work now than in the choral field. There are several excellent lady pianists and good teachers, among whom must be mentioned Mr. D. Arnold Fox, Mr. Moritz Emery, and Mrs. Kent Scovil. Military bands are making splendid progress; more especially that of the 62nd Regiment. As yet there is no local orchestra.

Two Amateur Orchestras

THE Quebec Symphony Society, a picture of which appears on page 22, is the oldest established and still existing orchestra in Canada. It is also the largest band of players all amateur, except two first violins, and ten brass instrument players from the R.C.G.A. military band. The conductor, Mr. Jos. Vezina, is a retired bandmaster of the R.C.G.A. In addition to the three regular concerts an additional programme will be given this year to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Society. The officers are: President, M. J. A. Gilbert, violin teacher; vice-president, M. Wilfrid Edge, advocate; secretary, M. J. A. Gauvin, agent and concert manager; treasurer, M. J. A. Bouchard, clerk; recording secretary, M. Raoul Vezina, mail clerk; librarian, M. Ludger Robitaille, architect; ass't. librarian, M. Henri Talbot, civil engineer; members of the committee, Mr. W. Noble Campbell, notary; M. Hermann Courchesne, draughtsman, and Mr. W. T. Davies, manager Dominion Arsenal.

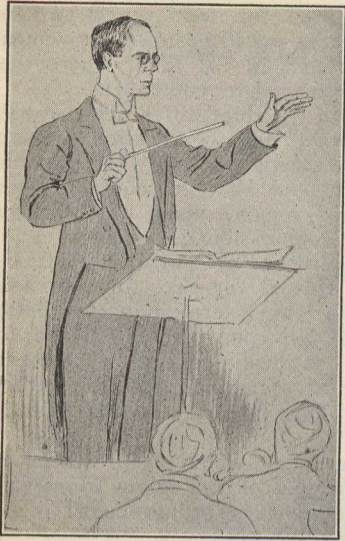
There is considerable good-natured rivalry between the Quebec Symphony and the Ottawa Symphony, so ably conducted by Mr. Donald Heins, of the Dominion Conservatory. Both have won the Governor-General's Award, both rank as amateurs, and each is doing splendid work.



PROF. JAMES S. FORD,
Organist and Choirmaster of
Trinity Church, St. John.

Musical Caprices

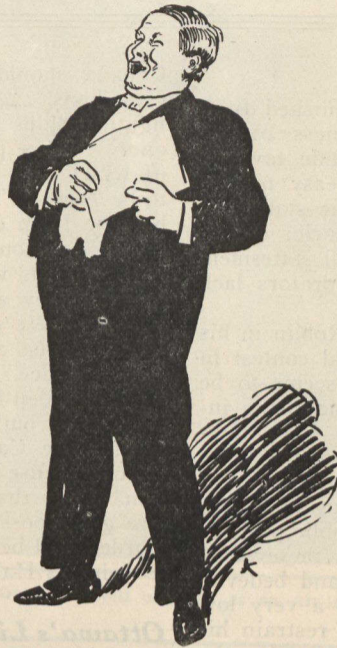
Casual Unconventionalities Caught by Camera and Cartoonist



Frank Welsman, Getting a Pianissimo from his Orchestra.



Kathleen Parlow, Canadian Violinist, Playing at the Palace of the Grand Duke Michael in St. Petersburg. What Does Prof. Hambourg Think of This? (Reprinted from Musical Canada.)



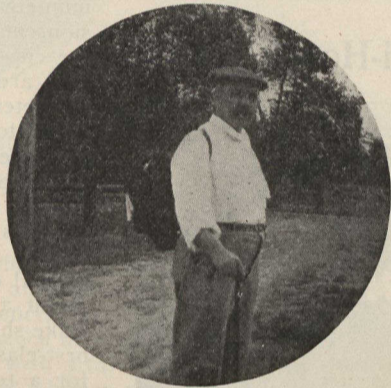
Percy Redferne Hollinshead Caught by the Artist Somewhere in the Vicinity of High D.



A. S. Vogt, Beginning to Develop an Ethereal Decrescendo from his Choir.



Boris Hambourg at a Friend's Cottage in Muskoka, Studying Music at Close Range.



Francis Coombs, Organist of St. Alban's Cathedral, Pack on his Back, Tramping the Country Roads.



Jan Hambourg Keeps his Violin Muscles up Playing Tennis with a Pupil, Douglas Crowe.



Richard Tattersall, Organist of St. Thomas Church, Toronto, Getting Ready for a Muskoka Shave.

Casual Cartoons by Owen Staples and Fergus Kyle.

Back to the Folk Songs of Nova Scotia

By MRS. MARY McNAB

THE story of the development of music in our "Little Province by the Sea" is still in its first chapter. Along almost every other line we have kept pace fairly well with the times, but we are only beginning to realize our deficiencies and lack of growth in this branch of art. Intellectually, and physically, we are the equals of any, and even commercially we are not so backward as some would make us believe. In church and state, in the arts and sciences, in counting house, market-place, and in those pursuits where brawn and muscle are also needed we can more than hold our own—but in music and painting we are still in our infancy. It is, however, a vigorous infancy, and an interesting first chapter.

The prologue was written by our pioneer forefathers, who brought with them to the new land an intense love for the songs of their old homeland. In the log cabins the homesick settlers sang of their "Ain Countrie," or cheered their hearts with merry glees and catches and songs of the olden time. The Scottish, Irish, English and Welsh have a rich store of these handed down through countless generations, songs grave and gay, full of a sweet, wild melody that thrills the heart and stirs into life the best and deepest feelings of the soul. On the Sabbath they sang the old chants and Psalms, thus keeping alive a love for the music of their church. As the settlements grew, the custom of meeting together to sing became prevalent, and singing-schools for old and young were held, where the boys and girls were taught to sing at sight by the old *sol fa* system. In the homes the children learned the old ballads and folksongs, and few were the settlements that did not have a singing-school, or at least good singers of both sexes who were in great demand at all gatherings. Growth how-

ever, in anything but love for music then was very little for many years. The struggle for existence claimed all their powers. In the last century, however, the outside world came nearer—parents sent their children to England, Germany or to New York or Boston for a musical education, and towards the last of the century, music made an entrance into our educational institutions.

The Glee Club was, and is still, deservedly popular in towns as well as rural districts, and has done much to create a love for good vocal music. Within the last thirty or forty years great advance has been made in the study of instrumental music, and throughout the province a home without an organ or piano is hard to find. Music teachers abound, so that a beginning has been made, and a foundation laid, upon which a good structure may be built. I have been told that this vocal and instrumental teaching is driving out the old custom of united family singing of the old folksongs. This is a pity, if true, for these songs are national; they sprang from the hearts of the people of old and speak to ours in tones that thrill like no others ever can.

IN Nova Scotia are many institutions of learning, which include music in their curriculum. Acadia Seminary, in Wolfville; the Halifax Conservatory of Music; Edgehill, in Windsor; Sackville Academy—which, though in New Brunswick, is very largely patronized by Nova Scotians; Mount St. Vincent, Rockingham, and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Halifax, are all doing good work, and in their several centres stand for what is best in musical culture, and have aided in leading the way into deeper thought, and forming higher ideals, in music. This must result in time in the development of more correct musical taste, and a deeper

love for and understanding of music in all its branches from the humblest measure to the finest classic.

Dalhousie University, of which we are all so proud, includes music in its curriculum and confers the degree of Bachelor of Music. "The University provides instruction in English, Acoustics, French and German. Instruction in the professional subjects may be obtained at the Halifax Conservatory of Music or other institutions recognized for this purpose by the Senate." The course extends over three years. The Diploma of Licentiate of Music is granted to those who complete two years of the course for the degree of Bachelor of Music. The students of these schools and conservatories have done good work wherever they have gone, and have taken a good place in the conservatories abroad to which they have gone for further study.

MUCH good work is being done everywhere by church choirs, glee clubs and choral societies. In New Glasgow, there is a very fine choral society, of which the townspeople are justly proud, and Truro has a small but enthusiastic musical club. In Halifax we have "The Orpheus," with its Ladies' Auxiliary, successor to the old Philharmonic, which did grand work many years ago under the late Professor Doane. The Orpheus did splendid work for many years under Prof. C. Porter, of the Halifax Conservatory, now of Hartford, Conn. The club is still active and doing much to promote the love of good music in the city. The Knights of Columbus have also a musical society which makes a specialty of light opera, and deserves great credit for the way in which its performances are given. Many good voices come to light through these agencies.

Perhaps the most ambitious of our musical societies is the Halifax Ladies' Musical Club, organized some eight years ago by Mrs. Charles Archibald and Miss Elizabeth and Miss Margaret White, aided later by Miss Kate Mackintosh, Mrs. J. McD. Taylor. (Concluded on page 29.)

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Temperate Language.

A STATESMAN is usually distinguished from a politician by the temperateness of his language and his elevated attitude towards public questions. For example, it is easy to distinguish between the politicians and the statesmen who are speaking with Sir Wilfrid Laurier on his tour through Ontario. They are not all statesmen. One or two of these leading Liberal orators lack the primary elements of statesmanship.

So one may judge of Sir Rodmond Roblin in his recent utterances concerning the federal contest in Macdonald, in which Premier Roblin seems to be unduly interested. Some of his speeches have indicated statesmanlike qualities; others have indicated the absence of them. When he compares the members of the Saskatchewan legislature who are campaigning there with a threshing gang and compares adversely, he belittles the great public position which he occupies. When he accuses these same legislators of "organizing to debauch and bedevil" the electors of Macdonald, he falls to a very low level indeed. If Sir Rodmond cannot restrain his tongue and his temper, it would be better for the public life of the Dominion if he ceased to take an active part in it. There are just as many gentlemen in Manitoba and Saskatchewan as in any other part of Canada, although Premier Roblin's language would indicate the contrary. "Boodler" and "political thief" and "thug" may be suitable words for a United States politician, but we are not accustomed to hear them from a Canadian statesman.

Sir Wilfrid on Tour.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER has been touring Ontario and has been enthusiastically received everywhere. He still regrets the defeat of reciprocity, and maintains his campaign for wider markets. He does not admit that reciprocity is dead, though some of his ministers do.

In his speech at Cornwall last week he again declared for a Canadian navy, "built in Canada, equipped in Canada and manned in Canada." All the advocates of a Canadian navy are not prepared to go so far as that. They admit that this must be the ultimate aim, but that temporarily it may be necessary to build some ships in Great Britain as Australia and New Zealand have done. The Toronto *Star* takes that view, for example, and this is probably what Sir Wilfrid Laurier means, too.

A Canadian navy there must be, with Canadian shipyards, dry-docks, arsenals and naval colleges. But while these are being developed, the big cruisers and dreadnoughts may be ordered in Great Britain. Even for the smaller ships, the equipment must be brought from England. It will be a long time before Canada is able to make big guns. Even our present field and garrison artillery are supplied with guns wholly produced outside the country. It must be the same with the navy for some years.

With these qualifications, all the advocates of the Canadian navy will agree with Sir Wilfrid's latest statement of the policy which he adopted nearly three years ago.

Slowly Coming Around.

OPPONENTS of the Canadian navy are slowly coming around to a reasonable point of view. The three chief opponents have been Sir Hugh Graham, Hon. Robert Rogers and Mr. Henri Bourassa. The latter we can afford to forget, but we must hope for the conversion of the first two. Nothing has been heard from Mr. Rogers on the question recently. It is *sub judice* with him, but there is hope that he will compromise now that he is in power and has responsibility. As for Sir Hugh Graham, he has come around fairly well. His views as expressed in the Montreal *Star* are now fairly moderate.

In the first place, the *Star* advocates a conference between the Government and Opposition. The *Star* is willing that the Government shall lay its views before the leaders of the Opposition, with the information on which that policy-to-be is based. The *Star* would even have the leading journalists of the country at that consultation. This is a breadth of view from this fire-eating, German-menace organ of public opinion which is quite as commendable as it is surprising.

Again last week (October 2nd) it admits that

Canada should have Canadian ships, manned by Canadians. "All Canadians will insist that any fighting ships we get be sent to her assistance at once." This pre-supposes a Canadian fleet, some of which may be built in Canada. Note they are to be "sent." That must mean Canadian-built ships, because I am certain the Montreal *Star* would disapprove of our building the ships in the United States. This view is deepened when the *Star* proceeds, "They will be as Canadian in every way as possible. We will pay for them; our lads will man them as fast as they can; we can recall them on proper notice." This is fine.

Mr. Borden has always been in favour of a Canadian navy, built as far as possible in Canada, and manned by Canadians. He opposed the Laurier policy because Sir Hugh and the Hon. Robert bade him. Now that Sir Hugh has come around, there is a great possibility that within a few months Mr. Borden will be back in the sound position which he took in his Halifax speech in October, 1909.

Ottawa's Liability.

DOWN in Ottawa, the great civic question is, "How can we get a supply of pure water?" But another question is pressing close upon the heels of the first. Is the city liable for the loss

Ulster and Anti-Home Rule



H. T. Barrie, M.P., Sir Edward Carson, and F. E. Smith, M.P., being cheered on their arrival in Coleraine.

occasioned to the citizens by the typhoid epidemics of 1911 and 1912? They have had 2,500 cases of typhoid and some one must pay the hospital charge, the nurses' wages, the doctors' bills and the loss in wages. Should the citizens who suffered foot the bills or should the city bear the expense?

The city solicitor thinks the city must pay if the victims seek reparation. Two thousand five hundred cases at \$200 each would make a total of \$500,000. This would be a nice bill for a bit of civic mismanagement.

But what of the mental suffering and anguish? What award will the courts give for this? And what about the loss of life? The whole situation is full of interrogation remarks.

The Board of Control.

A BOARD of control for a city is a good institution. It is the cabinet of the city council and keeps the business of the city going regularly. No board of control should consist of men elected for one year only as in Toronto. The controllers in Montreal are elected for four years.

Four controllers elected for four years, two retiring every two years, would be an improvement. This is the arrangement in St. John, where they have commissioners instead of controllers.

Indeed this is one of the chief differences between aldermanic government and commission government. Aldermen are elected for one year, commissioners for four years. A board of control elected for four years would remove many of the arguments in favour of commission government.

An annually elected board of control is good; but a board of control elected for two, three or four years is better. The longer term induces a better class of candidates. No good man will stand for election every year. It means constant canvassing, frequent attendance at social and political gatherings, constant log-rolling, and a continual play to the gallery.

Let the Canadian cities which are thinking of adopting the board of control idea follow Montreal's model, not Toronto's. The Toronto board is not a failure, but is not a success.

Municipal Commissioners.

SUCH cities as retain the old form of civic government by yearly elected aldermen are trying to alleviate their difficulties by putting their public services under commissions. Toronto's electric lighting system is controlled by a commission; so is its police, its harbour, and its annual exhibition. It is now talking of putting its waterworks under a commission, because the city council has failed utterly in its management of this branch of the civic service. Such is the case in Ottawa, and so it is in Winnipeg.

Now that the Canadian cities have gone into the municipal ownership business, they find commissions necessary. Most of them are slow to abolish the city council and the annual civic elections. So they are trying to get rid of some of the civic incompetence by turning over all the larger departments to commissions. These commissioners being appointed for terms or during good behaviour are composed of men who are not professional vote-seekers and hence have some time to devote to the business which they undertake to manage. It is a step in the right direction, because it relieves the council of work which it is unfitted to perform.

But at best, these small commissions are only a make-shift. A single commission consisting of first-class business men (not experts) and elected for a term of years, is the ideal for all cities of 20,000 or over.

In the famous Des Moines charter, which is the text of all recent commission organizations, the five rulers of the city are not termed commissioners. One is "Mayor," and the other four are "Councilmen." It does not matter what they are called, provided they are elected for a term of years and given sufficient power.

Victoria's Semi-Centennial.

FIFTY years ago the city of Victoria was incorporated. Twenty years previous to that the site for a city was chosen by Sir James Douglas. Victoria is therefore seventy years old. This Semi-Centennial anniversary of Victoria's incorporation was marked by the visit of H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught and all the events which naturally accompany such an occasion. He was officially received on September 27th. On the following day he laid corner stones for the parliamentary "Connaught Library," and for the Seaman's Institute.

The progress of Victoria in this fifty years has been steady. At first it was the capital of an independent crown colony. For fifty-one years it has been the seat of government of the Province of British Columbia. From a small sea-port town it has grown to a boulevarded business-block city of 50,000 inhabitants with a busy harbour and the commerce of Vancouver Island behind it.

Its distinguishing characteristic is the quiet, English-like atmosphere in home and society. Some have said Victoria is more English in type than any other city in Canada, Halifax not excepted. There is little or no frost and snow. The air is mellowed by the salt-sea breeze. The vegetation is similar. The Englishman who once finds himself domiciled there prefers his "new" England to the "old."

To Canadians this city will always be "Victoria the Beautiful," and to the weary westerner who tires of the somewhat monotonous scenery of the illimitable prairie it is a pleasant wintering place and an even pleasanter permanent home. Our only wish may be that Victoria shall never become overtopped with smoke stacks and tall chimneys and shall ever remain what her citizens love to call her, "The Sunset Gateway to the Great Pacific."

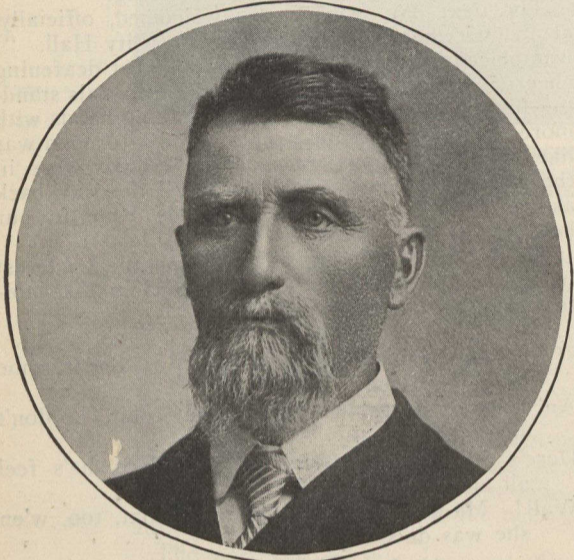
Growth in Art and Commerce

Macdonald Bye-Election

By NAN MOULTON

"I wish," quoth my Uncle Toby, "you had seen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders."

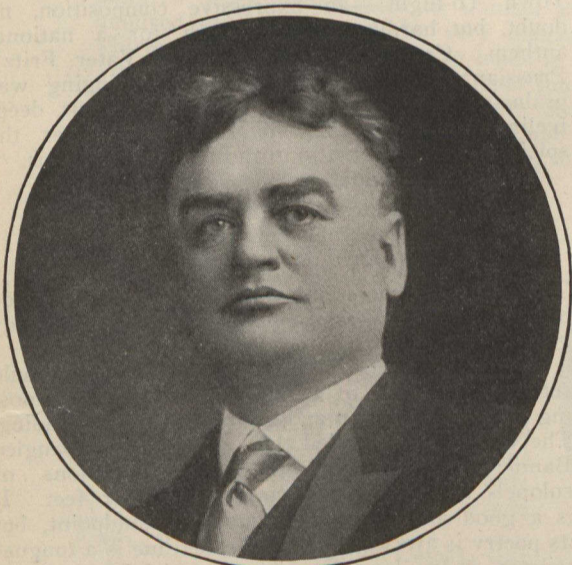
WHILE back, the Grain Growers asked Ottawa for a Grain Commission. Staples, M.P. for Macdonald, Manitoba, was appointed to that Commission. So there's a bye-election on in Macdonald while the farmers are threshing and stacking for dear life every day of sunshine and a nip in the wind bites the yellow leaves from the trees. Reciprocity is the issue. The Conservatives find themselves deadly bored



MR. ALEXANDER MORRISON,
Farmer, Conservative Candidate in Macdonald Bye-election.

at the mere mention of Reciprocity. Reciprocity was slain last September, but, since the Opposition ghouls insist on disinterring its dead and decaying corpse, it must be given passing reference, yawning over the old arguments. Figures of speech multiply, "threshing old straw," "a dead snake with a tail a-wriggle till the going-down of the sun," but it remained for Alf. Andrews to achieve the startling vision of the Independent candidate, R. L. Richardson, "riding the Dead Horse of Reciprocity into the Slough of Despond."

"Who is this Robert Lorne Richardson?" asked the Premier of Manitoba, that emphatic left fist



MR. R. L. RICHARDSON,
Journalist, Independent Liberal Candidate in Macdonald Bye-election.

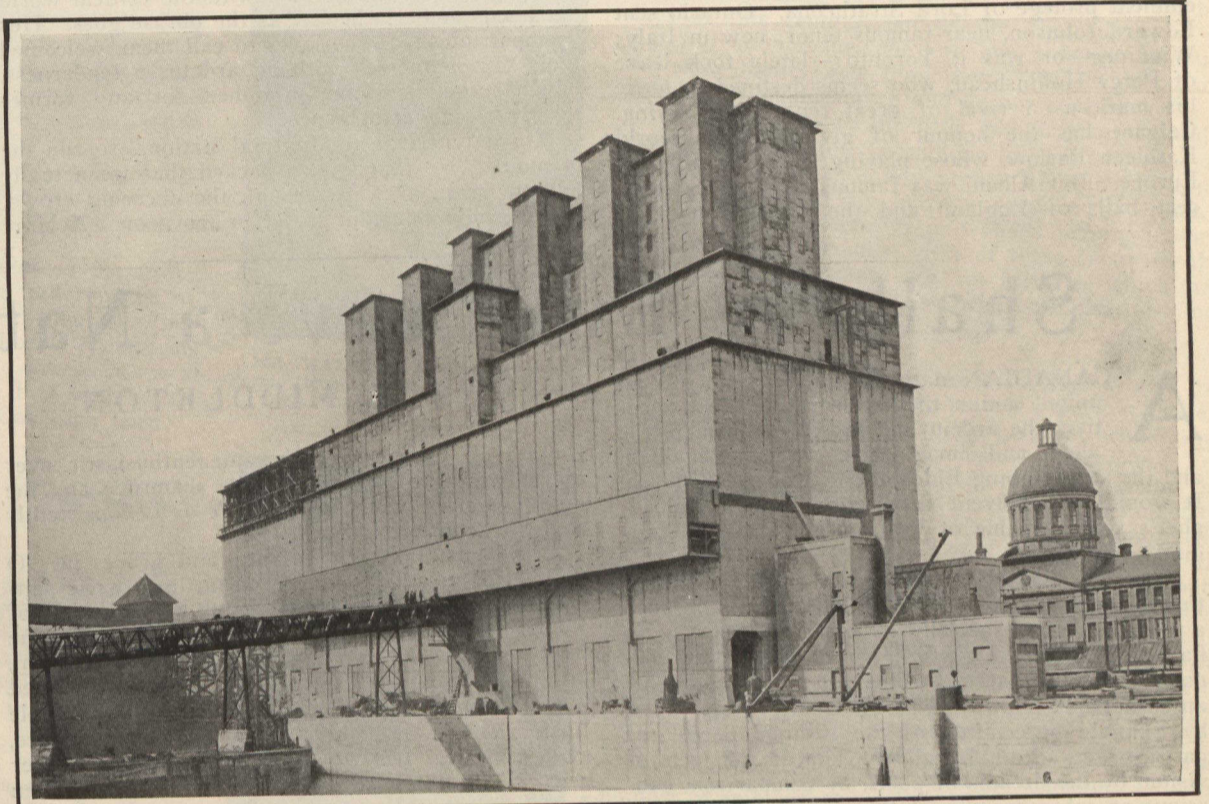
of his cleaving the smoky air. "Is he a Liberal? NO. Is he a Conservative? NO. He is a professional runner, a man who will run at any time, under any flag, for the prize of office, a man who holds no opinion over-night."

"Who is this Robert Lorne Richardson?" our rip-roaring Premier asks," answered that gentleman himself a few nights later. "He is the more or less retiring newspaper man who is sending the Premier and his galaxy into Macdonald in a sort of panic to hold in the next two weeks fifty-one meetings with over forty of the party's most powerful orators. He will know better on the twelfth

(Continued on page 25.)



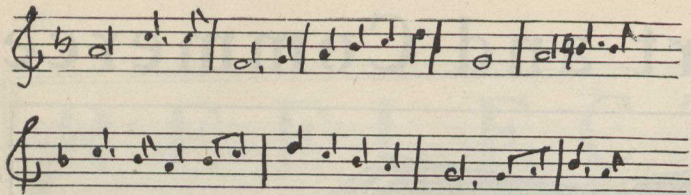
London Exhibition's New Art Gallery. Will be Used as an Art-lecture Hall and for a Permanent Civic Collection.



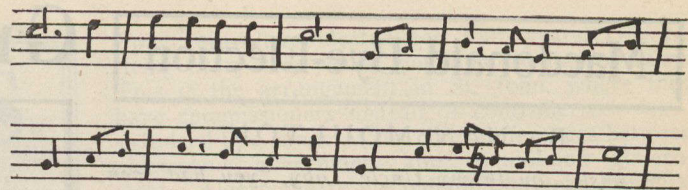
Last Week Hon. Mr. Hazen Opened the New "No. 2" Grain Elevator at Montreal. It is the Largest Grain Elevator on the Atlantic Seaboard and Doubles the Port's Capacity.



Hon. Mr. Hazen and Party Leaving Montreal on the "Earl Grey" for Sorel, After Opening the New Elevator. Photographs by W. Kiskoek.



Madame Albani



The Chambly Girl

THE greatest of all singers born in Canada, and the greatest oratorio diva of the Victorian period, was Madame Albani. In her old age the great Canadian prima donna, as the wife of Mr. Ernest Gye, sings only now and then, and teaches a few pupils—because she has spent her large fortune as bountifully as her once glorious voice. A cold newspaper item a few days ago announced that owing to the rather straitened circumstances of Madame Albani, a fund for her benefit will be started in Montreal and Quebec.

Well, Montreal has her grand opera stars now—but not forgetful of Madame Albani. In fact one real estate firm there has named a new boom town "Albani." Canada has become a musical land since Albani went abroad. But we may be much more musical than we are now before we give to the world another such an artist as "La Jeunesse de Chambly." Montreal sent out Edmund Burke, celebrated baritone, in grand opera, and Donalda the eminent protege of Lord Strathcona. Ontario sent Edward Johnson, near-famous tenor, now in Italy; Winnipeg—or was it Toronto?—lately took leave of Percy Hollinshead, who seems destined to make his mark as a rival of great tenors now living. Calgary has the honour of giving to the world Kathleen Parlow, whose playing is known all over Europe. But Albani was famous in the great concert halls of England and the opera houses of

By JOSEPHINE TROTTER

Europe before any of these people were born. She was a great figure in American oratorio and opera before there was any Metropolitan Opera House or Boston Symphony Orchestra. And she sang again and again in almost every city and large town of her native land, even after the death of her friend, Queen Victoria. England has never grown weary of Albani, who goes down to history with Patti and Jenny Lind as one of the greatest singers of all time.

Albani was born in the village of Chambly, hard-by Montreal, in 1852. Her first teacher was her own father, Monsieur Lajeunesse, a thorough savant both on instruments and the voice. To Montreal the singer returned in 1883 with the critical world "in bonds at her wheels," as the phrase goes. Her "compatriotes," as she loves to call them, welcomed their "La Jeunesse" with an ardour, a tenderness, which more than amply atoned for any former misgivings about her success.

"On our arrival at Montreal station," so run the memoirs, "we found it so packed that we actually had to fight our way through the cheering crowd, who seemed reluctant to let us move on. A large

number of the members of the snow shoe clubs had come to meet us and they lined the streets, lighted torches in hand, as, in four-horse carriages and preceded by a band, we went in slow procession to Windsor Hotel. Before the hotel so dense a crowd had assembled that I had to be carried over the heads of the people into the building."

The next day, Albani was welcomed, officially, at an overwhelming reception at the City Hall. "I was placed on the Mayor's throne amidst deafening cheers," she writes, "and remained on the dais standing for more than two hours and shaking hands with more than two thousand people. The afternoon was like a holiday, shops were closed, crowds were in the streets, and we were cheered all the way back as we returned from the Hotel de Ville to our hotel."

To the diva's singing at that time the tenderest tribute is Drummond's, which he puts in the habitant mouth of one "Antoine":

"I 'member wan tam I be sleepin' jus' onder some beeg pine tree
An' song of de robin wak' me, but robin, he don't see me,
Dere's not'ing for scarin' dat bird dere, he's feel all alone on de worl',
Wall! Ma-dam she mus' lissen lak dat, too, w'en she was de Chambly girl!"

Shall We Ever Have a National Song?

By J. E. MIDDLETON

A CANADIAN national spirit would stir to united action the conservative Nova Scotian, the ardent and radical plainman, the alert and imaginative French-Canadian, and the steady-going Elder of St. Andrew's Church. It would be a solvent for sectionalism, a philosopher's stone capable of transmuting a confederacy into a nation.

Some of us still doubt if such a spirit has blessed this Federal Union. The distillation of it is such a slow process, especially in times of peace. No flag-waving can hasten it. No Parliamentary eloquence of itself is responsible for it. It comes by an assimilated knowledge of the country's resources, by a final appreciation of the shining deeds of patriots long dead, by all the appeals of men of vision, by the dreams of poets, by comparison, conscious or sub-conscious, of this country with others less fortunately dowered.

One reason for doubting the existence of a National Spirit in Canada lies in the fact that we possess no great National Anthem. Out of the stress and horror of the French Revolution came La Marseillaise. Not from Paris, the centre of the agitation, did it arise, but from the dusty hills overlooking the Mediterranean. The sentiment of men toiling in the vineyards in a semi-tropical heat was identical with that of the swarming suburb of St. Antoine. The song was not written, in the ordinary sense of the word. It happened, a miracle of inspiration. It expressed the National Spirit of France then newly born. All Frenchmen sang it then, and sing it now. Its words are exalted by sincerity. Its music is a paean of triumph. Rhythmically it is compelling. No finer march hymn was ever written. The melody, like all war-music, is first cousin to the bugle, which can play only the tonic, mediant and dominant of the Major Diatonic Scale.

Patriotic songs have been written in Canada. Several tons of them cumber the shelves of the publishers. Only two have attained any widespread vogue, Alexander Muir's "The Maple Leaf," and Lavallee's setting of Judge Routhier's poem, "O Canada, Terre de Nos Aieux." The first expresses the sentiment of the English-speaking people whose parents were born in the United Kingdom. The second sings the passion of the French-Canadian for the good land where the Angelus has sounded continuously every evening since the year 1609. It is apparent that neither could be acceptable to the whole people. Presbyterian Bruce County may be pardoned if it regards the Angelus with calm indifference. Scarcely also could we expect the

County of Vercheres to become enthusiastic over the entwining of the thistle, the shamrock and the rose, especially when the *fleur de lis* is consistently if not truculently ignored.

Musicians find such nobility and grace in "O Canada" that efforts have been made to write suitable English verse to fit it. But a translation of Routhier, whether literal or free, is of small value west of the Ottawa. Adjusted poems lack freedom, are English in spirit and consist mainly of potted history. That, too, is the failing of "The Maple Leaf" aside altogether from its commonplace, stodgy music. It is the failing of ninety-nine per cent. of the patriotic songs that have been written in these parts. It may be taken as an axiom that the last thing to be desired in a national song is information. While we may set the encyclopaedia to music no one would desire to sing it, nor would any be moved to tears by hearing it.

THE British National Anthem, "God Save the King," would be much lengthened if it gave a brief review of the reign of every King since Edward the Confessor. The proper attitude of patriotic poets is expressed to a nice particularity in the line, "Confound their politics."

The men who write real national songs are futurists. They express a fervent hope, a flaming determination. Their one idea is that of liberty. When the Canadian National Anthem is written it will resemble neither a history primer, nor a railway travel folder.

Our statesmen inform us fully and frequently about the Atlantic breaking on the rock-bound coast, the Pacific rolling up its long swells, and the mountains knocking their snow-crowned heads against the stars. It seems a waste of time to sing them.

There is no National Spirit if we are merely proud of what we have, or of what our grandfathers have done. National Spirit is expressed in the declaration of what we ourselves are determined to

do. Great and perilous events awaken that determination. An invasion of Canada by an armed force would kindle a hot flame of resentment in every Canadian soul. It would stir emotions long of deadened by wheat, and real estate and bank clearings. With public feeling at such a pitch, passionate verse asserting the universal determination to be free would be as welcome in French as in English. Only war, it seems, can stir that feeling. And not merely a successful war. Military disaster is more likely to awaken it. In the Spanish-American affair the Americans were so sure of victory that the men sang "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night"—an expressive composition, no doubt, but hardly serious enough for a national anthem. Cromwell's Ironsides and Vater Fritz's Prussian veterans went into action singing war psalms by King David. Out of such serious, deep-feeling, self-forgetting determination comes the spirit which makes nations and national anthems.

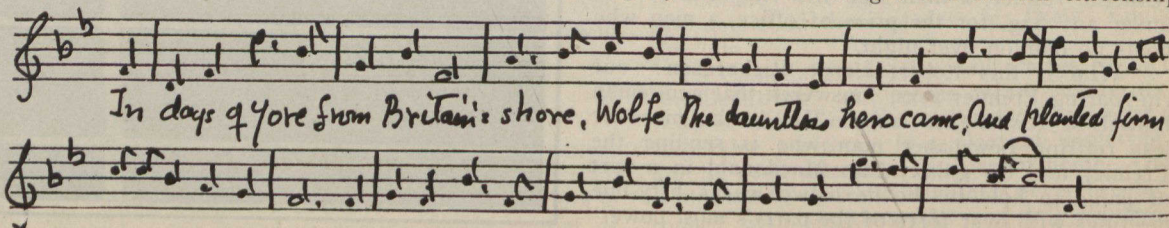
An English farmer once prayed:

"God bless me and my wife,
My son John and his wife,
We four, and no more."

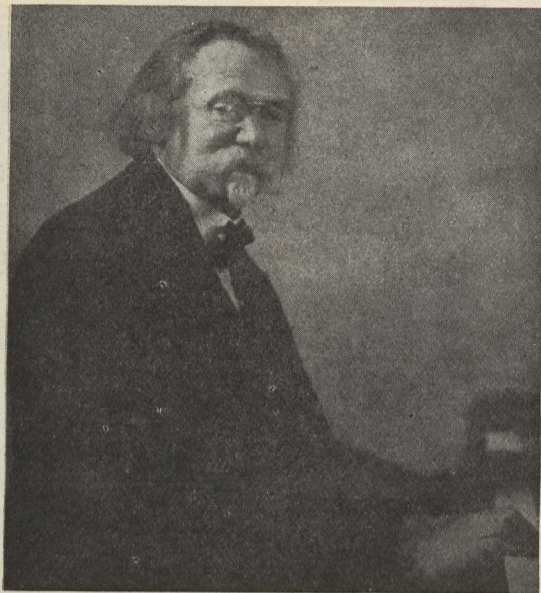
That is the commercial spirit which rules all too often after long years of peace. Out of that sandy ground no national anthem could ever spring.

Some of us imagine that the Government could settle the question of a National Anthem by choosing some composition and giving it official standing. The United States tried that. "The Star Spangled Banner" is the melody that brings millions of colonels throughout the country to their feet. It is a good anthem from a musical standpoint, but its poetry is awkward. Every short line is a tongue-twister, every long line is a mouthful. One can understand Franklin P. Adams' statement: "'The Star Spangled Banner' is a composition that everybody knows—a few lines of."

Patriotic verse and a thrilling melody live by favour of merit, and without reference to patronage. They are born in times of stress when men begin rightly to value birthright and cherish citizenship.



Pianists and Pianos



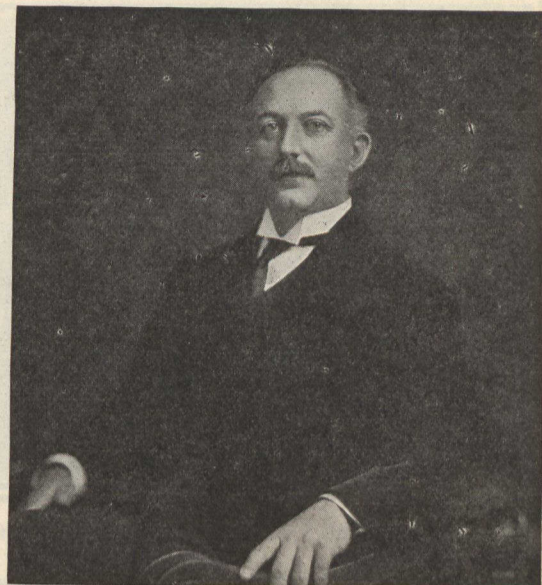
PROFESSOR MICHAEL HAMBURG,
Principal of the Hambourg Conservatory of Music; born in Russia and the first teacher of Mark Hambourg.



MR. W. O. FORSYTH,
One of the most gifted piano teachers in Canada.



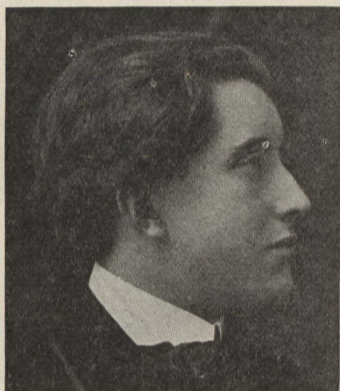
MR. WALTER HUNGERFORD,
Head of the piano faculty in McGill Conservatorium.



J. D. A. TRIPP,
Late teacher of piano in Toronto Conservatory; now Principal of the Vancouver Conservatory.

NO country whose piano culture is backward has ever achieved much in music. If the growth of music in this country traces back to the reed organ—or the melodeon—its highest development has been marked all the way along by increasing accent on the teaching and playing of the piano. The article below concerns mainly the remarkable status of piano-making in Canada. But a record so almost startling was never got by the same methods that have placed Canada in the front rank for making self-binders and steel rails. A basic cause of the tremendous expansion and perfectibility of piano-making in Canada was—the piano teacher. And in this respect Canada has come to compare favourably with any country in the world.

The portraits on this page are but a few of the many eminent teachers of piano in Canada. On other pages of this issue may be found portraits of several men who, besides specializing in piano, teach also choral, orchestral, organ and theory. Those who are pictured herewith are a few of those who teach only the piano. It is well worth noticing that of the eight chosen five are Canadian born.



MR. WALTHER KIRSCHBAUM,
From Vienna; head of piano department, Columbian Conservatory, Toronto.



MRS. ADA L. RICHARDSON,
Montreal.

old English piano house contemplates manufacturing here.

We are making better pianos than we did in the earlier days of this century, but despite the advanced price of material and labour, one can buy a better instrument for the same money now than then. This is due to improved methods of manufacture and keener competition.

It will be news to the little girl in pinafore and pigtailed that her craving for the esthetic has built up an industry in the making of pianos and organs of which fifteen million dollars would not buy out the combined interests. There are thirty piano factories in Canada making from 200 up to 3,200 pianos annually. Six of these factories also make reed organs, while there are two factories which make reed organs alone. One piano and organ company also make pipe organs in a large way.

ABOUT half the pianos made in Canada are from Toronto factories. Since pianos were first made in Toronto the manufacturers have always been behind any movement for the betterment of musical conditions. Toronto's Symphony Orchestra was given encouragement by the guaranties of the piano manufacturers. Of the thirty thousand pianos made this year in Canada Toronto will make nearly fifty per cent., or in actual figures thirteen thousand five hundred. The Province of Quebec will turn out forty-one hundred. The rest are all made in thirteen towns and cities of Ontario—no pianos being made outside of Ontario and Quebec. Close to five thousand employees are engaged in the manufacture and sale of pianos, reed and pipe organs, which means that twenty-five thousand people depend on the making of these instruments for their livelihood. The salary list totals three and a half million dollars annually. It takes six months to manufacture a piano. Dividing the number of employees, workmen and salesmen into the number of pianos and reed organs we find that seven instruments are allotted to each man, which he must take out of the raw material, manufacture and sell.

Two years must elapse from the cutting of a tree until the wood is ready for the dry kiln. Two weeks it "cooks" in the kiln, and then it must go through a six months' journey from the saws to the finishing room. So that thirty months is the quickest possible time that a good piano can be produced from forest to family.

Piano-making, like many other industries, has developed into specialized departments. There are no such men as piano-makers, and not even is a piano made wholly under one roof. Two specialized foundries in Guelph, Ontario, make for the whole trade the piano plates, or iron frames, for the strings. All the actions, except those imported, for both pianos and player-pianos, are made in Toronto. Keys and hammers, all but the imported exceptions, are Toronto made. The strings

for the most part, too, are manufactured here, and some of the varnish. Most of the interior of the reed organs are made in a Toronto factory. It is almost impossible to have a Canadian-made instrument that hasn't something "made in Toronto" in its composition. These supply houses, as they are known, employ close to one thousand people, making in all about one-half of the total employees engaged in the piano trade living in Toronto, which city would be somewhat injuriously influenced were Canada to buy less cigars and pianos, as Sir Edmund Walker once rashly advised us. A Toronto supply house has a branch in New York City.

Canada could produce a piano wholly the product of the country, but no matter how skilled the workman it would be almost impossible to induce a Paderewski to exploit it. We have to go abroad for many things that go towards making a piano. We cannot induce the sheep of this country to

(Continued on page 40.)

Making Canadian Pianos

By D. C. NIXON

AFTER you have bought it, or at least paid the first instalment, and the burly carter has got it in through the front door, breaking a chandelier and a commandment, you look about for the most suitable place in the drawing-room, sitting-room, living-room, parlour or whatever you wish to call it. Perhaps you don't realize that one hundred other pianos made in Canada are going into one hundred other homes at the very moment yours arrived. Thirty thousand pianos are being made in Canada this year. That means that at an average of four hundred dollars each Canada spends twelve million dollars annually on pianos. We pay out another half million for pipe organs. Of reed organs there will be six thousand made this year, of which the bulk are exported, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces being the chief Canadian market for organs. We find a market in Great Britain, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand for our export organs. To handle their foreign piano trade, one house has established a factory in London, England. We export about three hundred pianos and about four thousand organs. We import a few hundred pianos, but few reed organs. Our piano importations are mostly from the United States, only a small percentage being high grade grands.

When this century opened Canada was making only twelve thousand pianos, so we have advanced one hundred and fifty per cent. in that time. Reed organ manufacturing declined twenty-five per cent. Twelve years ago a third of the piano actions were imported; to-day our importations are less than ten per cent. There were no player-pianos made in Canada in 1900; to-day we are doing an export business in player-piano actions. England, France and Germany are away behind us in this branch of musical instrument manufacturing.

CANADA can boast a better average piano than any other country in the world. We have practically no cheap pianos on the market. Taken grade by grade we give better value for the money than is given in the United States. While the wealthy western farmer, who is becoming a good piano buyer, has raised heaven and earth for a reduction of the tariff on agricultural implements, he hasn't said a word about pianos. Very few English pianos get into Canada. A dozen would cover our annual importation of German and French pianos. A current rumour has it that an



MR. ALFRED LALIBERTE,
Senior Piano Teacher, Columbian Conservatory in Montreal.



MR. EDOUARD HESSELBERG,
Born and studied in Russia; Toronto Conservatory of Music.



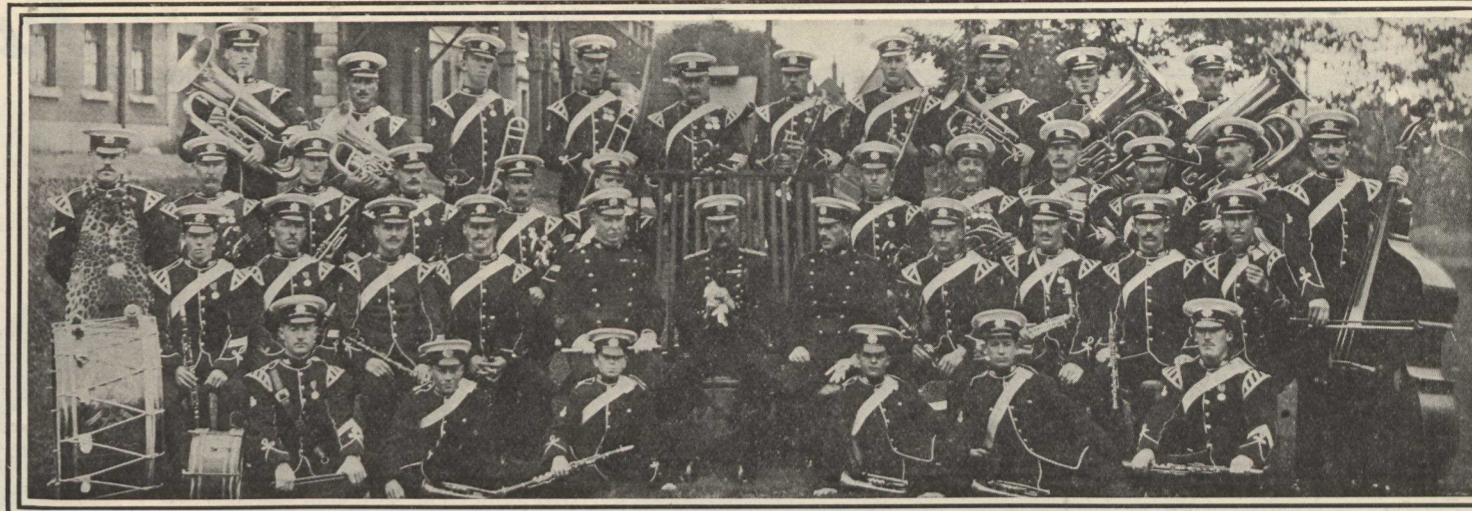
Canada's Only Permanent Professional Orchestra, Outside Grand Opera, is the Toronto Symphony. Conductor, Frank Welsman.



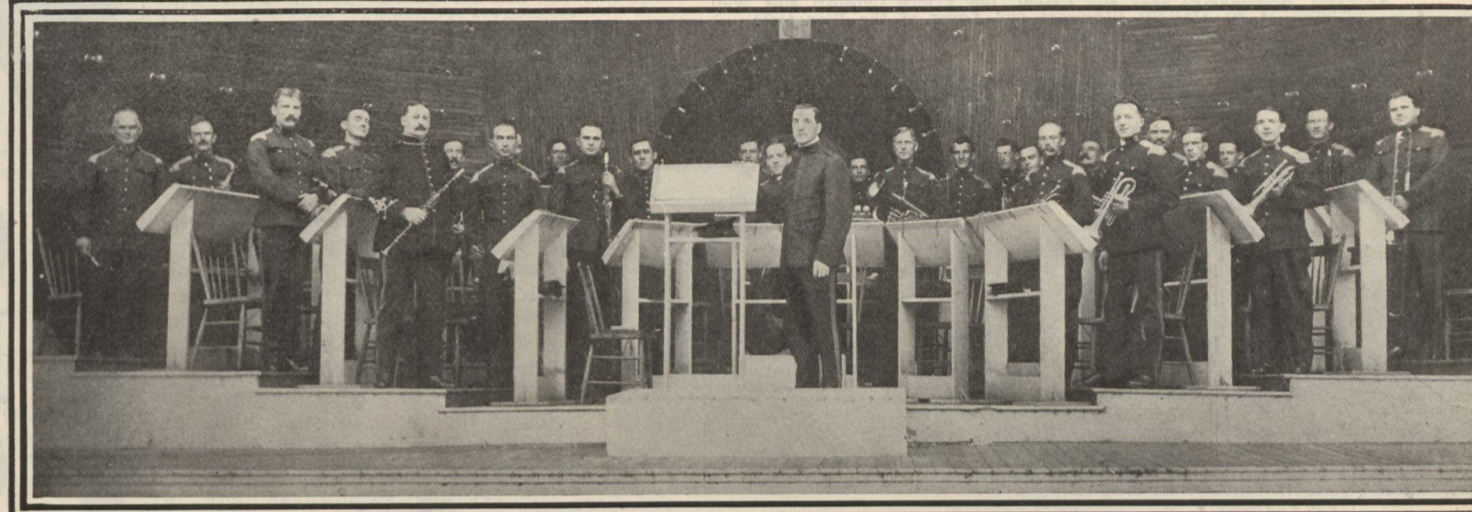
The Quebec Symphony of Sixty Amateur Players Was First to Win the Earl Grey Trophy in 1907. Conductor, Mr. Jos. Vezina.



Winnipeg is Justly Proud of its Non-regimental Band of Fifty Musicians, Under the Baton of Mr. S. L. Barrowclough.



The Band of the Royal Canadian Regiment at Halifax, One of the Best in the Imperial Service, is Led by Lieut. Ryan, a Canadian.



The Band of the 9th Mississauga Horse, Toronto, Contains all the Wood-wind Players of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Conductor, Roland Roberts.



Hamilton, Ont., Has a Right to be Proud of the Elgar Choir. Conductor, Bruce A. Carey.



Brandon, Man., Owes a Great Deal to the Choral Society Whose Able Conductor is Mr. J. E. Hughes.

Orchestras, Bands and Choral Societies

Just a Few, Somewhat Taken at Random From the Large Number of Remarkably Good Concert Aggregations in Canada

THE oldest orchestra in Canada is that of the Quebec Symphony of amateurs, organized in 1902, giving a season of concerts every year; conductor Mr. Jos. Vezina, chapelmaster of the Basilica. Second in age is the Ottawa Symphony; also mainly of amateurs; twice winner of the Earl Grey award. The Montreal Symphony, which for several seasons did excellent work, has been disbanded, owing to the compe-



Donald S. Heins, Conductor, Ottawa Symphony Orchestra.

dition of grand opera orchestras. The Toronto Symphony is the only permanent professional orchestra in Canada. Like grand opera it is expensive, but tremendously worth while. No city can be a music centre without a permanent orchestra, no matter how it develops other institutions.

As to bands, this country is peculiar. It may be taken for granted that all the bands whose pictures appear on this page are doing good work. They are all well known. That of the Mississauga Horse is the newest in the field, and contains all the professional wood-wind players in the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. The 48th Highlanders has for a long while been the most popular band in Toronto. Like most other regimental



S. L. Barrowclough, Conductor, Winnipeg City Band.

could probably be relied on to carry off high honours in any tournament of all-Canadian bands. The band of the Calgary Light Horse is another fine aggregation. Waterloo has a splendid band. Nor can we forget the old 13th of Hamilton, under Bandmaster Robinson.

There are some excellent regimental bands in Montreal and Quebec, as well as in Winnipeg and other Western cities. But for twenty years now the tendency is to concentrate the talent in military bands. Citizens' bands, except in small places, are a rarity. The Musical Protective Association, one of the most powerful and vigilant labour unions in the world, has exerted a strong influence on bands and orchestras; though it has nothing to do with choral societies.

bands it has not of late years improved on the standard set by the Queen's Own years ago under John Bayley. The Royal Canadian Regimental Band of Halifax sets a high standard in a community much accustomed to band music of a very high order. The Salvation Army Temple Band of Toronto is tonally as good a band as any in Canada—so far as brass is concerned. The Winnipeg Citizens' Band is by all odds the best in that half of Canada, and



The S. A. Temple Band of Toronto Gets a Fine Quality of Tone from Good Instruments and British Men.

Frank Welsman Has Done a Good Deal to Give Toronto a Good Permanent Symphony Orchestra, Which Has Cost a Large Fortune to Establish. Has Built up a Splendid Repertoire and Every Year Plays to an Aggregate of 50,000 People.



More Than a Million Canadians Have Heard the Popular Strains of the 48th Highlanders' Band, Toronto. Conductor, John Slatter.



When the Duke of Connaught, in Company with the Duchess and Princess Patricia, Presented Diplomas to Successful Music Students at Calgary a Few Weeks Ago, He Probably Remembered that His Father, the Prince Consort, was Well Known as an Amateur Composer and Lover of the Pianoforte.

A Voice From the Prairies

BY

KATE HAWS MILES



MR. FRANK LAUBACH,
Choirmaster, Bandmaster
and Musical Director
in Regina.



MRS. W. M. MARTIN,
A Popular Soloist in
Regina.



MISS LOVEDY BARRETT,
Supervisor of Music in
Regina Public Schools.

TWELVE years ago a man from the east went to Edmonton to run a church choir. From his vague knowledge of the far west, most of it got from the Klondike rush, he had a notion that most of the music in that country was furnished by tomtoms—with the help of a few fiddles and accordions from the half-breeds and an occasional bagpipe played by a real Scotchman. He found the tomtoms and the fiddles, the bagpipes and the accordions; but he discovered also that the choir of which he was to take charge had in stock no less than two hundred of the best anthems and part songs and glees in the world.

For an Englishman had been busy in that then remote outpost of culture. His choir had given concerts at home and gone on tour of the school-houses on the prairie. Another Englishman was in charge of the Anglican church organ and choir; a pedal reed organ. He also was building up a fine repertoire. His name was Vernon W. Barford, and he is still in Edmonton—one of the many teachers of piano and organ and voice and violin doing their best to keep Edmonton ahead of Calgary in matters of music. For it has a long while been a debatable question whether the once cow town or the once furpost is ahead in that branch of art. The matter is not yet settled. Both cities have a most remarkable musical history. Both are blessed with optimistic and able musicians; and like scores of smaller communities in that country have learned that if they are to make any progress in music they must take hold and help themselves.

The result is that there is more music in any such city as Calgary and Edmonton and Regina to-day than there used to be in some cities quite as large down east many years ago. In some respects, indeed, musical enterprise in the western cities has gone far ahead of towns the same size in the east. Many Britishers have helped, especially in choral and organ work. Many easterners have gone west to make music as well as money. Calgary had a good amateur orchestra five years ago and one of the finest organists in Canada. She now has a most excellent military band, the Calgary Light Horse, which has gone on one musical trip to England.

In a large fraternal way the scheme of Provincial Festivals has helped to push things along in the new provinces as well as in Manitoba. The result is that choral music as well as instrumental solo work is being

developed there with amazing rapidity.

Eight years ago there came to Regina from England a certain Frank Laubach. Mr. Laubach is an artist in the truest sense of the word, and his influence on Regina has been very great. With a thorough knowledge of music and painting he opened a studio and proceeded to work up a Choral Society from perfectly raw material. Consider the result. The oratorio "Creation" was produced and well rendered. Other oratorios were given and any lack of success was at least not owing to the art character of the programme. Mr. Laubach found that oratorio did not pay. So he put on "The Country Girl" and "The Toreador" so successfully as to warrant five productions of each.

In 1908 Mr. Laubach started the well-known Saskatchewan Provincial Musical Association. The Festival of 1912 was held in Moose Jaw, and St. Paul's Choir, of Regina—of which Mr. Laubach is choirmaster—won the provincial shield. Next year the festival will be held in Regina. Under Mr. Laubach's direction this choir of St. Paul's Anglican Church will be heard during the coming visit of the Royal party, and at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Anglican Cathedral during the same visit.

Two enterprising moves on the part of Mr. Laubach have been the formation of an Orchestral Society and a Society of Arts, Literature and Science, for the musical section, of which lectures have been arranged for the coming winter.

Another man of musical note in Regina is Mr. A. D. Sturrock. At different times in his career he has been soloist in St. James Cathedral, Toronto; New St. Andrew's Church, Toronto; choirmaster Erskine Presbyterian Church, Toronto; soloist Church of Mary the Virgin, New York City; soloist New York Symphony Orchestra, and with Sousa's Band. In Regina he is choirmaster in one of the churches and conductor of the Clef Club, a mixed chorus of fifty or more voices in which are to be found many vocalists of professional ability.

A Women's Musical Club has been in existence in Regina for six years. Now it has a membership of one hundred. Its president, Mrs. Francis Reed, is a graduate of Toronto Conservatory, as are several of its members. One of these, Mrs. W. M. Martin, is a pleasing soloist.

Music is given proper attention in the schools and colleges. For the last three years Miss Lovedy A. Barrett has been supervisor of music in the public schools and has done much to instill the love of music in the young. Regina College is fortunate in possessing on its musical faculty J. E. Hodgson, F. R. C. O., Mus. Doc., who, it will be remembered, was the organist who accompanied the Sheffield Choir on its western tour.

Good music teachers are to be found in Regina, too. Perhaps the most noteworthy of these is Miss Eva Clare, who has received two years' training in Germany and is at the present time returning after a post-graduate course in that country. Miss Kerr, another teacher, is the musical correspondent for Regina for the *Boston Courier*. Miss Bessie Munns, of Toronto, is a teacher of the Fletcher method.

An October Music Festival

AS this music number goes to press the biggest festival of music ever held in Canada begins at Toronto. Expectations are that by Oct. 12 more than fifty thousand people will have assembled in the Arena to hear a galaxy of opera and concert artists in song, violin, piano and popular comedy, and the Nahan Franko Orchestra of 60 players from New York. The singing talent ranges from Galski to Marie Dressler. This aggregation of music performances is intended merely as the inaugural of an amphitheatre and arena, whose chief occupation will be hockey, skating, carnivals, horse-shows, motor-shows and huge conventions, whether political, temperance, or religious.

OWING to the large number of photographs and the comparative lack of space in this enlarged issue of *The Canadian Courier*, it has been found necessary to defer publication of many pictures—particularly singers and choral societies—until other issues in the near future. These pictures are not merely crowded out. They are held for more adequate treatment when space is less congested.

THE MUSIC EDITOR.

Just WHY



Old Dutch Cleanser

Is The
ONLY
Cleaner
For

Marble

Tops,
Basins,
Columns,
Floors, Steps,
and Statues.

Because *nothing else* cleans marble without discoloring it. Old Dutch Cleanser not only preserves the whiteness and purity of marble, but also restores its original beauty when turned yellow from soap-cleaning.

Wet the marble and sprinkle on a little Cleanser, then rub over carefully with a cloth or brush, getting into every crevice. Then wash in clean, warm water and wipe dry.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 1 Oc

Macdonald Bye-Election

(Continued from page 19.)

of October who this Robert Lorne Richardson is. As for running under more than one flag, Sir Rodmond has served, like Bertie Cecil, under two flags."

The Independent candidate came from Lanark County, Ont. That was, perhaps, where he had learned to sing shanty songs. He served journalism on the Montreal Witness and the Toronto Globe, founded the "Sun" in early Winnipeg, then the Tribune, now the grown child of his affections. It was at the Deluge in 1896 that he was elected Liberal member for Lisgar, defeating the present Minister of the Interior. He broke with the Liberal party because he thought them too slow along lines of Government ownership, free-trade, etc., but, running successfully as an Independent Liberal in 1900, he was unseated. After that he was beaten, as an Independent, in Lisgar the next year in a three-cornered fight, eight years ago running for the local legislature against Lawrence, the present Minister of Agriculture for Manitoba, and again in Assiniboia against Turriff in a Dominion election. Truly a lot of running. That is possibly how he got that rather effective little pant and catch of the breath when his sentences are long. This time he had been nominated Reciprocity candidate by a thousand or two of the Grain Growers of Macdonald, he said. He was emphatic that he had not desired the nomination, accented ruefully his Sense of Duty. He worked too hard now. The Tribune owned him. What did he want to do? Take his dog and gun, shoot and hunt through these crispy days that called. And there were books in the back of his mind in addition to the two already launched on a suffering public—his smile hinted, rueful again—one big political novel he desires to do before the end. And his much running? "I have always," he claimed, "fought for a forlorn hope. To my credit it ought to be that I've been shot to pieces and got up and fought again." "You like a fight?" "One grandfather was Yorkshire, and one fought at Trafalgar under Nelson." Over his unseating he was bitter for the only time, called it one of the most disgraceful and humiliating chapters in the history of politics in Canada. "The Liberals are supporting you this time, though?" "I hope to the Lord they are!" he gasped. The questions were inconsequent. What else did he want to do besides novels? He knew every time. "Travel. Take a hand in British politics. I'd love to help kick the Established Church to pieces, to take the land out of the hands of the few into the hands of the many." And he pointed a pencil at me and talked of Single Tax and the Sovereign people and Lloyd George and Lawson and the Anarchy-to-be-My-God! and the predatory interests. Once he had been ambitious—but now he valued influence and only a strong sense of duty was sending him into this fight in Macdonald.

I heard him again before an audience, a slightly-florid, round-faced, clean-shaven man, a bit Bryanesque, restless eyes under heavy brows, restless movements of heavy shoulders, a plain-man-among-men from his rather rowdy hat to his busy brown boots, a man, who, from evidence of brow and mouth, must often be divided against himself. Before an audience, he has the advantage of his journalist's facility in phrasing, of a quick gift of rather sulky repartee, of a brusque bonhomme. He had always been the Farmers' Friend. He was in favour of lower tariffs, larger markets, an increased British preference, free-trade relations. The West would never rest till it had trade emancipation. His election in Macdonald would not be a party victory, he would not tell Mr. Borden that the Conservative party had been knocked galley-west in Macdonald, but that the West had declared for wider markets.

Mr. Alexander Morrison also comes from Ontario, born to the farm, home-staying in Manitoba as early as seventy-eight, near Carman, where he is even unto this day, with the quarter-section grown to two and a quarter, and Mr. Morrison identified through the years with school interests, municipal affairs, and agricultural progress. He was Reeve for six consecutive years of Dufferin, and has been a member of the Advisory Board of the Manitoba Agricultural College since the Board was organized, which testifies to his posi-

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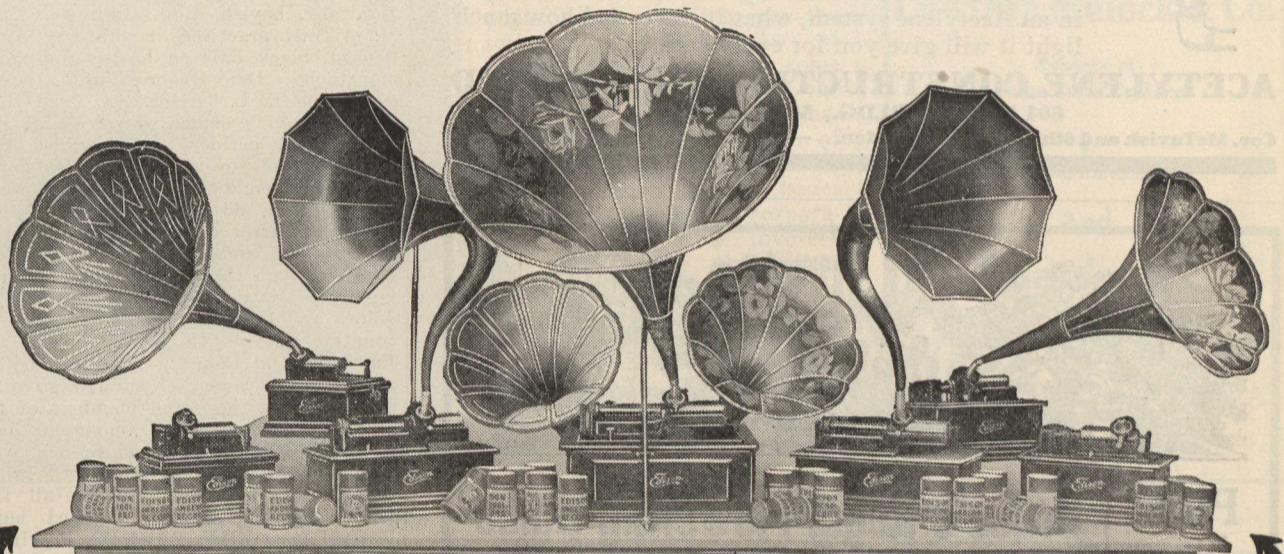
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tion among the farmers, and President of the Conservative Association of Macdonald for seven years, which sufficiently labels his political standing. He is a quiet man, Mr. Morrison, a Man of Worth, a solid citizen, of Irish blood, a bachelor, an unshakable Conservative, and a difficult man to interview, with his steady, reserved, blue eyes and his staid, diffident manner. "Old Man Morrison," an elector complained, "when nominated, will just go home and stay on his farm." He told that himself, faintly humorous. But he isn't staying on his farm, he is out visiting, making speeches, becoming known.

Grouped behind the standard-bearer when the "first gun" was fired ("That 'First gun' made a deal of smoke," commented a reporter. But I had seen the grocer downstairs opening those boxes of cigars. He was a member of the committee. "What we do, we keep under our hats," he told me cryptically. "Reciprocity is dead, Imperialism is the note." And he kept on breaking seals and labels.) Grouped around Mr. Morrison were the eloquent Premier of Manitoba, boyish A. J. Andrews, J. A. M. Aikins, practised in oratory, Aime Benard, black hair en brosse and fierce moustache; Dan Shelmerdine, a stern chairman; E. L. Taylor, K.C., and Hon. Dr. Montague's charm of voice and gift of graceful periods and dignified eloquence. And seventy-eight miles north and south, eighty-six east and west, through the old French parishes that follow the river, among the Mennonites at Brunkild, and the Germans at Starbuck, through the thirty towns and villages of Macdonald, in industrial St. James and C. P. R. Brooklands, and at country fairs, with farmers from the East and Old Country folk, and before many an old-timer, these will go until October 12th, these and members of the Manitoba Cabinet, each among his own, with M.P.P.'s, English and French, with Hon. W. J. Roche, and even the Honorable Robert Rogers himself—all this work in a constituency labelled hopelessly Conservative. And the Provincial lists being used. And the Liberals low in funds.

Because this is the first bye-election since the Borden Government went in, and if Macdonald goes Conservative, it will set the seal of approval on the Borden administration to date. Because if Macdonald votes for Reciprocity, it will be a Sign of the Times, following the elections in Saskatchewan. Because in Macdonald are pieces of eight or nine Provincial constituencies.

The Liberals did not nominate a candidate, because they wanted no party feeling to blur the straight Reciprocity vote—that was what a Scotch chairman said at one meeting. But, supporting Mr. Richardson are Hon. Frank Oliver who meets all charges of disloyalty by documentary evidence from Conservatives in Quebec on the navy question, and who statistically gives economic reasons for the Reciprocity belief that is in him; Tom Johnson, Icelandic member for West Winnipeg, speaking neighbourly for R. L. in St. James; Fournier and Giclais interpreting the Reciprocity platform to the brethren of un-English ears; George Chipman for the Grain Growers; and, later, Dr. Michael Clark, of Red Deer, for the last hard tug of the campaign. Then for Free Trade.

And the meetings echo thus: "Noisy clackers" (meaning Liberals)—"Blathering about the Flag" (meaning the ardent Conservatives)—"Judas with a tear in his voice" (R. L. designated)—"The dream of grand old Joseph Chamberlain come true" (yells of applause)—"Lloyd George, that prophet of God" (other yells of applause)—"Young Canada shaking her growing locks" (Mr. Aikins did that)—"My bones iss Fr-r-ench and my blood iss Fr-r-ench" (Joseph Bernier's imperialism and loyalty going into spate whenever his machine did not get stuck in the country roads)—the Panama Canal Treaty pointing a moral—Outraged Englishman, "it does not seem joost the thing to call the Premier rip-roarin'." Chairman explains it isn't a circumstance on what the Premier called R. L., and that the Premier and R. L. understand each other's pleasantries. Englishman sits down murmuring that of course he doesn't understand Canadian politics very well yet. Another one wanted to tell the gentlemen about the price and quality of his shirts from home—"Damn it, I will ask my questions!" (but the persistent Irishman had to sit down).

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

A Far-Seeing President.

A STRATEGIST is a man who keeps one or two well conceived plays concealed in the inner recesses of his mind, doesn't blab, and when the psychological moment arrives comes out with them and dazzles everybody.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has just been giving a strategic exhibition in the matter of the new C. P. R. stock issue. Six weeks ago, it became noised



SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, C. P. R.'s President, has been upsetting the Calculations of some of his Critics.

abroad that the railroad had asked parliament for permission to increase its stock from \$200,000,000 to \$260,000,000. A great howl of criticism arose throughout the entire Dominion. The West, in the throes of rate troubles, urged that the new stock programme of the road meant an aggravation of the rate question, because additional dividends to pay the interest on the increase of capital would have to come partly out of the pocket of the already oppressed prairie farmer. A general conviction of the Canadian press and public was that frequent capital issues by such public service corporations as the C. P. R. involved the solution of that great national problem of how to secure cheap transportation.

The critics of C. P. R.'s financial policy wrote learned economic disquisitions, solemnly warning the Ottawa Government to censor closely this proposed new issue of sixty millions. What would Ottawa do about it? The centre of interest shifted to the Finance Department in the Capital. The interest was world-wide. Paris,

Berlin, London, as well as Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and New York, are strong supporters of Canada's greatest security. A universal speculative movement started in C. P. R., prompted by the uncertainty of the Dominion Government's plans with respect to C. P. R. The stock made new records on the exchanges.

Then came the meeting of the shareholders in Montreal, last week, to consider the proposed capital increasing. In the minds of the public this gathering was to be a mere preliminary to the review of C. P. R.'s ambitions by the Government. To the public, the examination of the company's proposals by Ottawa was to be the most tense scene.

But Montreal furnished the climax with Sir Thomas Shaughnessy carrying off stellar honours. C. P. R.'s president told the shareholders that Parliament had already granted their request. The newspapermen, breathless at his announcement, wired their papers that Ottawa had offered no opposition to C. P. R. plans. When telegrams of denial began to come in from the Government the mystery deepened.

All was explained when Sir Thomas stated that an Act of Parliament of 1892 gave the C. P. R. power to issue ordinary capital stock in lieu of consolidated debenture stock allowed by the Act. This power was one which so far had not been used by the road. It is one of those things remembered by far-seeing men like Sir Thomas for emergencies.

This is the second occasion within a month that canny Sir Thomas has upset public calculations. The critics have been upbraiding the road for not burying their rates under the jurisdiction of the Dominion Railway Commission. Sir Thomas one day in Winnipeg informed the press that for years the road had been under the Commission. He corrected an error in the public mind that the C. P. R. did not have to subject itself to the D. R. C. until it was paying ten per cent. dividends, by giving out the information that it was earnings, not dividends, which determined the company's amenability. And he did not deny that the C. P. R. was not earning more than ten per cent.

On and Off the Exchange.

Not Every Merger Successful.

MOST people seem to think that every time a merger is brought about the result is to make a great deal of money for somebody. Probably the amount of money made as the result of forming the merger is usually much over-estimated. Sometimes considerable money is made; sometimes the gain, for a time at least, is little. Mergers have their troubles the same as corporations and business men.

The Canada Furniture Manufacturers, Limited, has had difficulties in the working out of its plans. At the annual meeting, held in Toronto a few days ago, earnings for the year of \$165,983 were reported, but no dividend was declared, the surplus profits being applied to the improvement of plant and equipment. A special committee was appointed to discuss with the officers of the company the question of reorganization.

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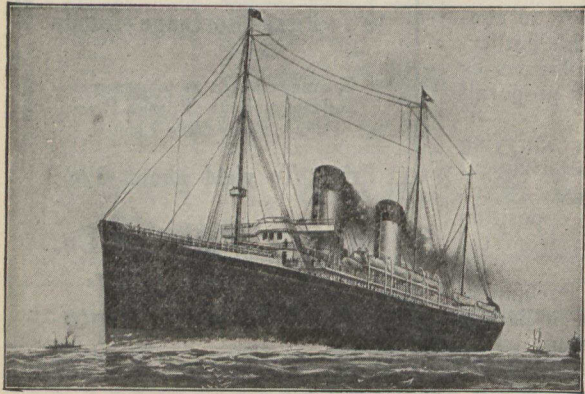
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Another Merger in Trouble.

MCUAIG BROS. & CO., Montreal, in their market review letter of last week, referring to Dominion Cannery, express these sentiments:

The advance in Dominion Cannery last week appears to have been started by a pool who were looking for a dividend on the stock this fall. As the past season has, however, been a bad one for the company on account of the failure of the fruit crop, which will make it difficult to fulfil the contracts, it does not seem likely that any dividend will be paid this year, as there is a possibility of the year's operations showing a loss. It is rumoured that the canning companies are petitioning at Ottawa to have the duty on canned goods from the United States removed, on account of the difficulty there will be in making deliveries owing to the failure of the tomato crop.

The Debut of Brazilian.

THE last stage in the completion of the big traction merger of last summer when the Rio and Sao Paulo Companies became the Brazilian Traction Company, was concluded last week. Stock certificates of the Brazilian Company were issued for deposit receipts of the Sao Paulo and Rio, and Brazilian was listed for the first time on the Toronto Exchange.

Whether the merger dividend will be above six per cent. is uncertain, but it is likely that holders will get six per cent. on their money for this quarter, at least.

On a Big Scale.

MR. A. M. GRENPELL, of the "Canadian Agency," who has just concluded conducting a tour of some of the most important British financiers throughout Canada, talked the other day of the results of his expedition.

His remarks go to show that English capitalists of means are no mere dabbling dilettantes when it comes to putting money into Canadian propositions which attract them. They go in on a big scale.

For instance, near Gleichen, men in the Grenfell party propose to irrigate 400,000 acres of prairie land which they have bought there. Water is to be brought from the Bow River and Lake McGregor, 200 miles across the prairie. If undertaken this will be one of the greatest engineering feats on the continent.

Profits in Flour Milling.

FOR many years the public has known that there is a good profit in flour milling in this country. We are now offering stern and strong competition to the king millers of Minneapolis. It is well that this pleasant state of affairs should continue. It is better that Canada should export flour than export wheat. One is a raw product; the other is a manufactured product.

At the annual meeting of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, held last week, reports were presented showing profits for the year ending August 31st, of \$457,011. This is an increase of \$45,000 over the previous year. No changes were made in the dividends, nor was there any bonus declared. During the year the company have redeemed \$100,000 of their outstanding bonds. The old board of directors were re-elected. Colonel Meighen is president and managing director, and Mr. W. W. Hutchison is vice-president.

Attacking Our Credit.

THE London Daily News and other papers in that great financial centre are endeavouring to create a little uneasiness in financial circles with regard to our ability to pay our debts. They should make an attack upon the bogus companies whose stock is sold in London, upon the unscrupulous real estate men who sell useless city lots to Britishers, and upon the venal newspapers of London who boom these doubtful investments for a consideration. There is no country in the world which is giving a larger return upon its legitimate investments than Canada. There never was a time when so many Britishers were making personal investigations and investing large sums under personal supervision.

These papers point out that in the seven years ending with 1911 Canadian issues in London, public and private, amounted to \$860,000,000. Last year the aggregate was about \$225,000,000.

They seem to think that these amounts are exorbitant and should dismay the British investor. The man who predicts that during the next seven years Great Britain will invest even more than \$860,000,000 need have little fear of being hanged as a false prophet.

Showed a Sharp Advance.

IN their market review letter for last week, J. C. Mackintosh & Co. refer as follows to the trading in Tooke Bros. Common:

Among the non-dividend stocks Tooke Bros. Common scored the biggest gain, jumping suddenly from around 46 to 52 on very active trading. On the advance most of the stock was purchased by a Toronto house. President Tooke issued a statement in which he pointed out that so far the directors of the company had not even considered the question of a dividend on the stock, but various interests have been buying on the belief that it would be one of the first of the recent consolidations that will be in a position to pay dividends, and that the earnings of the company at the present time justified the stock selling even higher than present prices.

Beware the Wrecking Crew.

THE Minister of Finance feels satisfied that had the directors of the Ontario Bank employed a proper system of auditing, it would have been the means of preventing the institution closing its doors. This might likewise be applied to the case of the Farmers Bank, which might have been averted had its affairs been under the observation of a first-class auditor. There is much truth in those assertions, says the Monetary Times. But in addition to auditing existing banks, we need to see that charters are not granted to any more crews like that which floated and wrecked the Farmers Bank.

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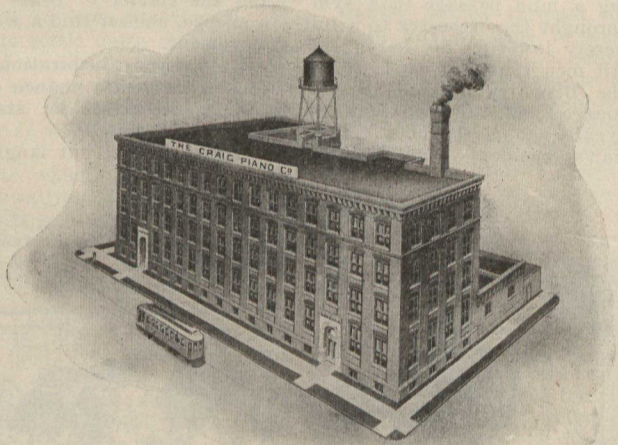
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Back to the Folk Songs of Nova Scotia

(Concluded from page 17.)

lor, Miss Agnes Crawford and Miss Frances Foster, all of these being leaders in our musical circles.

The object of the club is to "promote the more perfect knowledge and understanding of vocal and instrumental music and musical literature" among its members and throughout our city. To aid in this prizes are offered each year for original compositions, and while, as yet, no composition in any way startling has been received, the results have been very satisfactory. Also, in the club musical literature and music are very thoroughly studied along the line laid down by the Federal Society, with which it is affiliated.

This year a scheme is being considered of offering prizes to the young people of the community—boys and girls up to 12 in one class, and 12 to 17 in a senior class; these prizes to be for singing at sight from staff rotation.

One end for which we are planning is the drawing together in some way of church choirs, musical societies and glee clubs, throughout the province, in mutual interests, and finally in co-operation of all in musical festivals, hoping by this means to aid in developing more and more the musical abilities and taste of our people. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage"—and has its influence for evil as well as for good. It is the duty and delight, or should be, of all music-lovers to foster the love of good music, of melody that inspires to great thoughts and deeds, of harmonies that cheer and soothe and comfort. We may be a commercial people in a material age, but the love of harmony has come down to us from ancestors who fought for our liberties with songs upon their lips, and the peal of fife and roll of drum in their ears as they rushed to victory, or fell on the field.

The history of our little province abounds in material for the pen of the poet and the musical genius, and we hope some day to hear some of these romances set to music by some of our own people.

A Bit Off the Key

WHILE the man who insists on playing by ear and disregarding the score is very often a nuisance, it sometimes happens that the man who sticks to the score and never uses his ears, is very much worse. About fifteen years ago when music in the West was in a rather primitive state, a men's quartette from Edmonton went on a concert tour to Calgary and Banff. No doubt they succeeded in making Calgary jealous; but what happened to them in Banff was next thing to a perfect shame. They were a capable crew—mainly British born—and the accompanist was a talented native of the prairie who since his early youth had been practising early and late with very little instruction, till he had come to consider the score as both law and gospel. If there was a dead fly on the page he was sure to play it. And he never listened to what the singers might be doing, because he was altogether too busy.

On this occasion, by a perfectly natural accident, a loose leaf from the back of the book had got slipped in several pages forward. The quartette sang away in fine style without any mishap, till suddenly the accompanist flipped over a page, and then—

Things began to happen never set down in any score. The second bass, a large and robust Englishman, glared at the first tenor, a mild elderly gentleman from Lancashire. The second tenor, a thick and strenuous "man frae Glasgie," peeled an eye back towards the accompanist, who continued to play diligently on, all unaware that the quartette was going plumb to perdition.

Suddenly the second bass reached back and yanked him by the arm. He stopped dead. "You're on the wrong key!"

The accompanist scanned the page.

He got remarkably red and slammed the loose leaf to the floor.

He had been playing the wrong piece!

In one of the latest American works on music the jews-harp is mentioned—but the bagpipe isn't!

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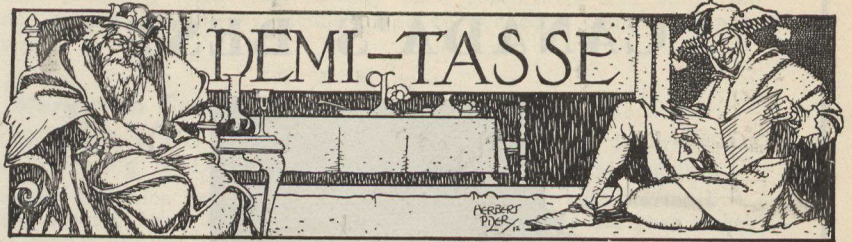


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Vogt and the German Band.

BEING a German, or even a German-Canadian, is no guarantee that a man will dote on a German band—to the extent of having one come and play for half an hour in front of his house. This, however, happened once to Dr. A. S. Vogt, conductor of the celebrated Mendelssohn Choir, whose neighbour was the late Dr. Jas. Thorburn. And Thorburn, with all his love of music, was fond of a joke. He knew that the German band had just about all the qualities that would make Vogt prefer to pay them a fee to move on five blocks. But one mild spring evening, when the windows were open, the German band came and played for about twenty minutes in front of Vogt's house. They played most of their ragged repertoire, and the tempos, and the tones, and the attacks, and the squawks, and the gargles were all muddled up—as usual. The chorus-master wondered why they were so generous. They never once stopped except at the change of programme. Not one of them saw him at the window. None of them came to the door.

Vogt stood it as long as he was able. Then, on the principle that misery likes company, he went to the telephone and rang up Dr. Thorburn.

"How do you like the serenade?" he asked the Doctor.

Suddenly he became aware that his neighbour was sniggering.

"Oh—I understand! Thanks! So kind of you—I shall never be able to reciprocate. But say—will you kindly offer the musicians another dollar to quit?"

Thorburn had paid the German band a dollar to play their entire repertoire in front of Vogt's house.

every sheet of music used by the orchestra; which is in some respects a much more difficult task than playing a French horn without stuttering.

Once, when the Thomas Orchestra were on tour in the Eastern States, they were billed to play consecutive programmes in Philadelphia and Elizabethtown, N.J.—a small town. To the consternation of all, when the music was being distributed for the Philadelphia performance, it was discovered that the luckless little librarian had consigned to the critical Quaker city the light and airy trifles intended for Elizabethtown, and to Elizabethtown the high-brow,



"Mr. Thomas, have you got—a match?"

A Match for Thomas.

THE sternest of all American orchestra conductors was Theodore Thomas—and many there be that know it. At the concert desk he was as quiet and restrained as a painter of miniatures. At rehearsals he could raise blue devils from under the stage. His command over his men was so rigid that once in Massey Hall, Toronto, before the rule was made concerning closed doors during each number on the programme, being much disturbed by the clatter of seats during a mild passage in a symphony, he brought the orchestra to a full stop by merely lowering his baton.

But of all men that had cause to remember the Bismarckian rigor of the famous Chicago conductor, the librarian of a few years ago is the chief. It is the librarian's business to look after

heavy selections designed for Philadelphia.

Deponent saith not what Thomas said behind the scenes. But it is reported on good authority that the librarian, suddenly smitten with heart failure, took the first train back to Chicago. For ten days he contrived to elude Theodore in the madding crowd—wondering whether to leave town or jump into Lake Michigan. The eleventh day—the little Zaccheus came suddenly head up to the big, Bismarckian generalissimo on State Street. They stopped. For ten seconds while the thunders gathered and the clatter of State Street became a silence, neither said a word nor made a movement.

By a happy inspiration, the librarian took a desperate chance on a way out.

"Mr. Thomas," he stammered, "have you got—a match?"

Thomas burst out laughing.



THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

Conductor (after village choir has massacred a sublime passage at oratorio rehearsal)—"Ye'll hae to dae better than that. I can a'maist see Handel, himsel' lockin' doon frae heaven an' sayin', 'Man Jamie, but ye're makin' an awfu' bungle o't.'"

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His Little Girl

By L. G. MOBERLY

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE September day was very hot and still, and Hugh Berners, strolling homewards across one of the few fields that still defied the ravages of the suburban builder, lingered to watch the golden sky in the west, and to indulge in a delicious day-dream of all that awaited him now in the house that only a month ago had been a dreary bachelor establishment. It was only a week since he and Rosa had returned from their honeymoon, and already the metamorphosis of the house seemed to him little short of marvellous. Even his consulting-room, which had formerly been the drabbiest and dullest of rooms, had begun to wear an appearance of home, and Rosa's drawing-room seemed to her adoring husband the daintiest, loveliest place he had ever imagined.

As he lingered by the stile he liked to picture her sitting there, waiting for him: he liked to think how eagerly she would spring to her feet as he entered, how her eyes would shine, and the bright colour sweep over her face at sight of him. Not to hurry home too quickly was to dream about it all for a little while, and would enhance the joy of taking her into his arms and kissing her dear lips. The glowing western sky typified the glowing happiness in his own heart; he drank in the warm fragrance of the September afternoon with a sense of being a part of all the glory of nature. Was ever wife so sweet as his wife? so his happy thoughts ran on as at last he crossed the stile, and moved slowly over the meadow that would bring him into the road near his house; was ever man so happy as he, was his final reflection, as he opened his own garden gate, and walked up the path. As he entered the door of the house he whistled three notes that were the signal of his home-coming, but there was no answering whistle from Rosa, and he paused for an instant in the hall, waiting and listening for her voice or footstep. But it suddenly dawned upon him that the house was oddly silent, and when a servant in the kitchen regions all at once broke into a gay little song, he felt inclined to call sharply to her to be quiet. That gay little song seemed to break in aggressively upon the surrounding silence, and as he went into his consulting-room some of the overflowing joy died down within him.

"She is probably out," he said to himself, "after all, why should I imagine she should always be here to greet me when I come in from my rounds. We shall have to settle down into the practical life of humdrum married people, and because she has never been out when I came home, it isn't going to follow that she never will be out."

HE tried to whistle as he opened the letter awaiting him, but the whistling was a lamentable failure, and he felt no inclination to settle down to any writing. From the consulting-room he wandered into the drawing-room, whose daintiness seemed to lack something vital now that Rosa was not there. He wandered back to the consulting-room, thence to the dining-room, then up to the bedroom above, but all alike were, as far as he was concerned, empty. His wife was nowhere in the house, and the house in consequence seemed to be without life or interest. He wondered whether he should go and meet her, but not having the vaguest notion in which direction to go, he laughed at himself for his impatience; only to emphasize how impatient he was by calling down the kitchen stairs to enquire whether Jane knew when Mrs. Berners would be back.

"Mrs. Berners hasn't gone out, sir," the maid answered, "she was in the drawing-room at tea time, and she told me she should be in till you came back."

In till he came back? Then where in the name of fortune could she be? The garden? Fool that he was, the garden was of course the very place in which she would like to be on such an evening, and he hurried out of the consulting-room window and called—

"Rosa! Rosa!" in his deep voice, that seemed to carry far beyond the bounds of his own small estate. But only the echoes of his own voice answered him; there was no sign of his wife's white gown in the place where she usually sat, under the pergola of roses close to his window. There were still some roses in flower along the pergola, and in the beds on the lawn, and along the fence tall hollyhocks, pink and crimson and golden yellow stood like stately sentinels amongst a tangle of sweet peas and pink mallows, and gorgeous-hued nasturtiums.

"Rosa!" he called again, and then walked down the path by the hollyhocks, determined to leave no corner of his small domain unsearched. At the bottom of the garden a wicket-gate opened into a lane, which, like the meadow he had just traversed was the last remains of country left in the now fashionable suburb, and as Hugh reached the gate, he saw that it swung open on its hinges. And just outside the gate, lying close under the hedge that skirted the lane, was a still figure in white, a figure at sight of which the young doctor dropped on his knees with a sharp exclamation of horror.

HIS wife lay there unconscious, apparently lifeless, a stain of blood upon the whiteness of her gown, her face upturned to the golden sky, one of her hands thrown out as if in protest, the other, that one on which rested her wedding ring, hanging limply beside her, her eyes closed as if in death. For one paralyzing moment, Hugh thought she was dead, reason overcome by the overpowering flood of emotion that had nearly shattered his senses, and in an agony of apprehension he bent over her to examine more closely what had happened to her. Her pulse still beat faintly, a feeble, flickering pulse, he felt it as his fingers touched her wrist, and as he realized that at least his most awful dread was not fulfilled, a tremendous revulsion of feeling swept over him, and he found himself shaking like an aspen leaf. But it was not in his nature to allow his emotions to get the better of his judgment and courage, and in another moment he was the cool and skilful doctor, manipulating the prostrate form with a rapid touch, until he found what he sought, a small, clean-cut wound in the breast, evidently inflicted by some sharp instrument.

Why the blow had not killed her then and there, was the thought that instantly flashed through his brain, but there was no time to waste on speculation or surmise. Before everything else, it was necessary to stay the still flowing blood, and to move Rosa to the house with all possible expedition. With the coolness of a man trained for long years in self-control, Hugh did all that could be done on the spot, and then, summoning aid, helped to carry his still unconscious wife into their house, and lay her on the bed, where, with his own hands, he took off her dainty white gown with its ominous blood stains, and tended her with all that tenderness which is so essential a part of such a man's character. It was during the process of undressing her that he discovered what had at first puzzled him—why a blow struck at Rosa, had not killed her instantaneously. Round her neck he found a fine gold chain, so fine as to be almost invisible, and on the chain a locket containing his own face, a locket which must have rested always against her heart. And upon the locket was a dent which could only have been impressed there by some sharp instrument, which, glancing off the surface, had inflicted upon its victim a far less deadly wound than must otherwise have been the case.

If it hadn't been for the locket she must have inevitably been killed, he thought, and as he knelt beside his still unconscious wife, and put his lips against her white face, his heart swelled with thankfulness, and he drew her head against his breast in a passion of tenderness. As his lips touched hers, she

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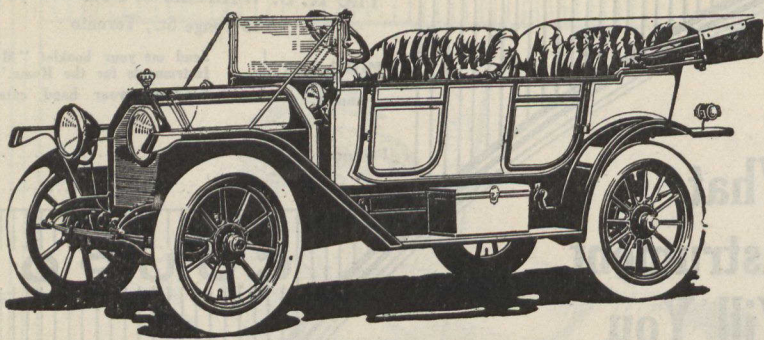
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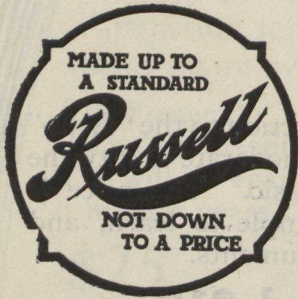
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opened her eyes and looked up at him, the fear which was their first waking expression changing to one of intense relief, and with a little moan she turned her face closer to him.

"You will soon be better, my sweet," he said softly. "Lie still and rest now, don't try to talk."

"I told you he would do it," she whispered, her hand feeling for his hand, the fear coming back to her eyes. "He never forgets—he never forgives."

"You mean—" Hugh began, but her low hurried whisper continued, almost as if she had not heard him.

"Hermann meant me to be killed—I knew it—when I saw Michael by the gate."

"Michael?" Hugh put in, and the hurried voice went on:

"Yes, Michael, he—was Hermann's servant—he helped—in all the work. I—was at—the gate—and I saw him in the lane—watching me. His eyes were so cruel—oh! I was afraid." Her voice died away breathlessly, and Hugh held a restorative to her lips, and implored her to rest now, to say no more—to wait to tell him the remainder until she was better.

"I—want to tell you now," she insisted weakly. "I want you to know. When I saw Michael's cruel face, when I saw how he smiled at me, I knew he had come to hurt me. I tried to turn and run up the garden,—I—screamed out to you, though I knew you were not there, and he laughed—Michael laughed—a mocking laugh—and sprang at me—and—I saw him lift something bright and shining—and he struck at me—and I can't remember any more. It was all dark and cold—so cold—and so dark," a shiver ran through her, as she uttered the last words almost inaudibly, and then her limbs relaxed, and she relapsed once more into complete unconsciousness.

Many days went by before she was again able to give any coherent account of what had taken place. She talked continually, but the talk was the wild wandering of delirium, and she babbled on and on of episodes in her past life, of her work with Muller—of places and people she had known, but oftentimes of Hugh, her husband: although she did not know him, and would look at him as if he were a total stranger, his touch and voice never failed to soothe her even at her worst, and she was never so quiet and at rest, as when he sat beside her bed, her hand held closely in his. The search for the miscreant who had so nearly taken her life was unavailing. Michael had vanished with a cleverness worthy of a better cause; and moreover, the house in Graham Street where Hermann and his confederates had been wont to meet, was, when raided by the police, found to be empty. The furniture, such as it was, still stood in the rooms, but the rooms themselves were tenantless. The occupants had flown, leaving no trace behind them.

CHAPTER XIX.

"THE irony of fate!" Those words leapt unbidden to Giles Tredman's lips, when on a morning in the following May he read the following brief notice in the newspaper:

"A tragic accident occurred yesterday on the high road between Aix les Bains and Chambery. Prince Damansky was driving his own motor at a high rate of speed, when, for some unexplained reason, the wheel skidded, the car rushed into a tree by the roadside, and the occupants were flung out into a field. The Prince was fatally injured, and no hope is entertained of his recovery. His wife, who was with him, received only slight injuries; their servant was killed on the spot."

Tredman laid the paper down, and his eyes looked out across the compound. All the familiar surroundings of his Indian bungalow faded from his view; he no longer heard the chattering voices of his servants in the back regions, nor noticed the harsh notes of a bird which a few minutes earlier had grated intolerably on his ears. Before his mental vision rose a long white road, with meadows on either hand, and beyond the meadows blue mountains against a bluer sky. And along the highway, white with dust, a great black motor whirled into sight, bringing with it death and destruction. How plainly he could see it all again. The sinister

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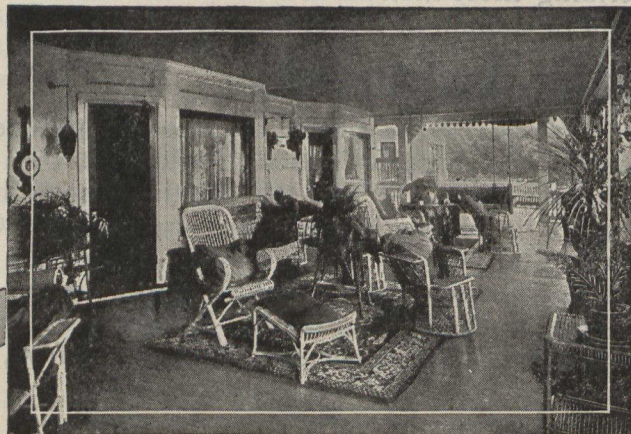
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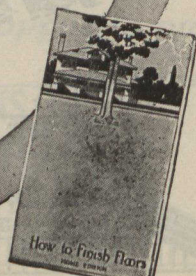
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black car; the little pony carriage overturned in the white road, the dark, evil face of the car's owner, and the pitiful face of the woman lying on the grass by the roadside; all these flashed before his mind like the slides of a kaleidoscope. And again he murmured under his breath, "the irony of fate." It would seem that Divine justice had done what human justice had failed to do. No efforts made by Giles himself to trace the man who had stolen little Sylvia, had been successful. Muller—alias Prince Damansky—alias how many other names it was impossible to say—had vanished from the ken of his world. Rumour occasionally located him here or there, now in Berlin, now in Paris, Monte Carlo, and even Rome, but the elusive rumours were never verified, and although Mrs. Cardew now and again received letters from Grace, they never gave any address, and the post mark, if followed up, proved as elusive as rumour. And now the man was fatally injured, perhaps even dead, and Grace in all probability a widow. But to Giles' own immense astonishment that last reflection aroused in him no keener emotion than if he had suddenly learnt of the widowhood of some casual acquaintance. Grace had killed his love, killed it completely and entirely on the day when his belief in her died.

"Poor soul," was all he said to himself now, "poor soul."

Those same words rose to Hugh Berners' lips when he, in his English home, read the account of the motor tragedy, and gently broke to his wife the tidings of what had occurred.

"Oh, Hugh!" she exclaimed, "if she loves Hermann as I love you, I am sorry for her. She behaved horribly, treacherously to Sir Giles, but she loved Hermann; I am sorry for her now. To see one's man die a dreadful death, oh! Hugh."

"I don't want to say she deserves all she has got," answered Hugh grimly, "but when I think of poor Sir Giles' stricken face at the time of her elopement with that man, I can't feel much sympathy for her. And you can hardly expect me to sympathize with the man who did his best to kill you," he added, with a smile.

"Now that I am so happy, I feel as if I wanted to forgive all the world," she said, putting her hand into her husband's, as he leant over the armchair in which she sat, "and, Hugh, I can't help remembering that in spite of everything that has happened since, he was good to me when I was little, and—my mother loved him."

"He didn't repay her love in a way that commends itself to me," was the stern retort. "He made a tool of you, and then, directly you acted against his wishes, he was ready to have you put out of the way. I can't feel a grain of pity for him."

"But you must let me go and see him," Rosa answered, pulling herself upright in the armchair, and looking up into Hugh's amazed face. "Yes, wait a minute before you say anything, my darling. I never want to go against your wishes, or do anything you don't like, never—never. But I feel—I can't tell you how strongly I feel—that I must go and see Hermann before he dies."

"I shall certainly not hinder you if you feel you ought to do this thing, but I confess I don't quite understand your strong feeling about it."

"I don't understand it myself," she replied, with another puzzled drawing together of her brows. "Only I feel that I must see Hermann before the end comes. Something calls me to him—I must go." Under the circumstances Hugh Berners was far too wise a man to oppose his wife, and leaving his work for a few days in the hands of a colleague, he escorted Rosa to the little town ringed round by its fertile meadows and blue mountains, in the sunny land of Savoy. There was no difficulty in discovering the whereabouts of the man they had come to see. The accident had made Prince Damansky the centre of interest in the little town, and Hugh and Rosa were driven at once to the hotel in which the Prince lay.

Rosa immediately despatched a note to the Damanskys' apartments, and the servant who took it returned in a few minutes with the message that Madame la Princesse would see the English lady without delay, and Rosa was escorted



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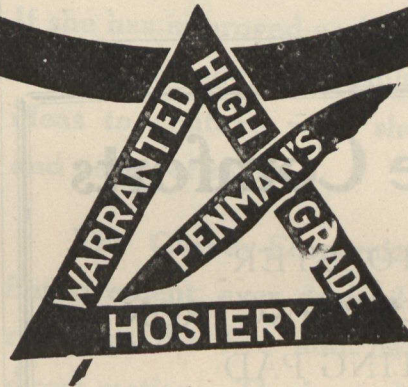
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upstairs into a stiffly furnished sitting-room. She had not seen Grace since they had met frequently in London during the weeks of the previous spring, and when she looked into the white, set face of the woman who awaited her in the sitting-room, she found it difficult to believe this was the lovely, brilliant Grace Cardew, who had been one of the beauties of the season only a year before.

"You are his niece," she said, looking at Rosa with those tired, grief-stricken eyes, "he is conscious—he would like to see you—he cannot live long, you know."

"He was so badly hurt?" the other questioned, a great pity for the woman before her filling her heart.

"Yes! nothing could be done. He is just—waiting for the end—that is all."

"Oh! but I am so sorry for you," Rosa cried impetuously, putting out her hands to Grace with a gesture of irrepressible sympathy, "you love him?"

"Yes, I love him," the strangely toneless voice answered, "I never loved anybody before. I never knew what love was. He taught me. It is heaven and hell all in one."

"I think it is only heaven," Rosa said gently.

"Heaven? Yes, if you have your man and are happy. Hell, if you have to let him go, as I must." The mechanical note in her voice all at once faltered and broke, her face lost its look of set hardness, her lips quivered.

"You had better come to him," she said abruptly. "He knows you are here—he must not be kept waiting. And you must not stay long—there is so little time for me—"

The sentence was not finished, a sob broke from her, a dry, tearless sob, infinitely more pitiful than tears could have been; and she controlled herself immediately.

"He must not see me upset," she said, "the doctor says we must keep him as quiet as we can—between the paroxysms of pain. Come!" and so saying, she led the way across a corridor, into a big bedroom where, in the bed facing the window, her husband lay. His form was very rigid and still, his face the colour of death, but his dark eyes were strangely full of life, and as the two women entered the room together they lighted up, and he smiled.

"My beautiful—white—queen," he whispered, his glance fixed on Grace, "you and I—are—paying the price . . . And Rosa has come?" his glance turned from his wife to Rosa, "why have you come? To gloat over my downfall?"

"No, no—oh! no," she knelt down by the bed, and put a hand over his hand that lay motionless on the sheet. "I came—because I was—sorry, because I—could not help coming. Something—made me come."

"Ah! so that was it? Something made you come," he smiled again, a faintly sardonic smile, then went on softly: "It must have been your good angel who sent you, or your good fate, or whatever you choose to call it. For, seeing you has reminded me of what I might have forgotten, even in this place. Though this place, above all others, should make me remember," he added dreamily.

"Funny," he rambled on, after a moment of silence. "It was on that very same white road where I practically met my death that I ran—her down—Tiny, you know—and the child. What is the child's name, I forget?"

"Sylvia," Rosa put in.

"Sylvia, that was it; she was there with her mother the day my car ran down their pony carriage. I didn't know then that the child—was mine—hers and mine," he stirred uneasily, and for an instant Rosa thought his mind was wandering; but he understood her thought, and shook his head.

"No, I'm sane enough, my brain hasn't given way, though—I have come to the end. She—was my wife—Sylvia's mother—my wife, an English girl—Hester Stansdale was her name. She ran away from her own people for my sake. She—two women have loved me," he broke off to say, with a long upward look at Grace, "but—she—was afraid of what she had done. She and I—were never really mated. She—was afraid of me, as well as of her own action in running away with me," he spoke on in curiously dreamy tones, almost as though he had forgotten his listeners. Then,

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suddenly awaking to their presence, he said slowly—

"I—tired of her, it is no use pretending now—I was never much good at pretending—and I showed her I was tired of her, and when I tired of her—I left her."

There was something almost brutal in the quiet cynicism with which he spoke, and perhaps Rosa's face reflected her shrinking shame at his words, for his hand moved under hers, and in more softened accents he said quietly—

"You are thinking I was a brute. You are right. I was a brute. I believe I have always been a brute—until," again his eyes met those of his wife, "until I made Grace love me. Since then the brute in me has slowly died; but—now—all the same, I pay the penalty." Again came a long, long pause, during which neither woman spoke, then once more the dying man resumed—

"I—am glad you came, Rosa. My mind was full of Grace—only Grace—but now I see you—I remember those others, and I—must set a wrong right. Though—I am a brute," he smiled faintly, "I can—still—do justice—in the end. Yes—I meant to have had the child put out of the way, and you too," again his hand stirred under hers, "the devil awoke in me when I was crossed by that fellow Tredman—and when you betrayed me. But now, I can do justice to the child; and you—there is nothing I can do for you, you have got happiness written in your eyes."

"I am happy," she answered simply. "I have married the best man I ever knew. I am happy."

"I—am glad," his voice was growing weaker, "if I had it all to do again, perhaps—I would make a different thing of life—I don't know. I was born with a devil in me, and I have never tried to get the better of him. I have always let him rule me. If some day—you are the mother of a son—teach him to conquer his devil, teach him to keep the brute in him in subjection, and then perhaps he will not come to the end—with remorse in his heart—as I have come." Grace bent over him, her hand stroking back his dark hair, an agony of grief and tenderness in her eyes.

"Don't talk any more," she said, "you are tired. Rest now—"

"I shall have plenty of time presently for rest," he answered with a smile. "Let me tell Rosa—what she can do—to set right the wrong I have done. Then—I can rest—until the end—and afterwards—perhaps—if God is as good as they say."

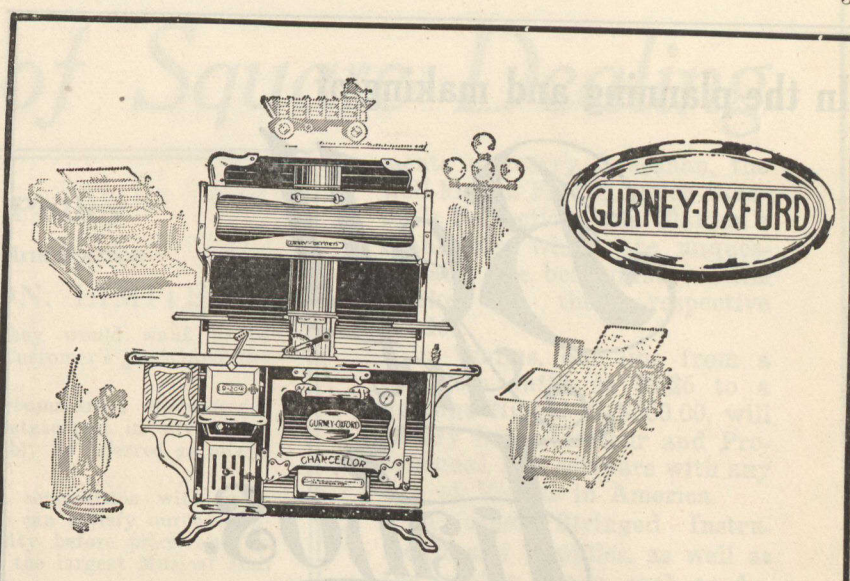
"What is it I can do for you?" Rosa questioned, when he paused once more.

"The jewel—the jewel I tried to get, is Sylvia's. I gave it to her mother when the child was born. I said it should be the child's heritage. It is hers. And—" he frowned, as if making an effort of memory, "there are lands—in Russia—which must go to Sylvia, because she is my only child. I hoped for a son, but—as I have no son, the lands are Sylvia's. You must prove that she is my child," his hand caught and gripped Rosa's hand, "the proofs are in the ivory box that holds the jewel. No one could ever find that out unless they were told. Sylvia's mother knew—and I knew. There is a false bottom to the box—and if you look you will find the papers that show my marriage to Sylvia's mother, and the child's birth certificate. She must have her rightful name,—her rightful property—the rest—all—that I have to leave I have given to my wife." With the last words he turned his gaze from Rosa, and fixed it upon Grace, and his niece realized that already he had almost forgotten that she was beside him.

"I will do all you wish," she said softly, rising from her knees, and at the sound of her voice he looked at her again.

"It has never been my way to ask for forgiveness," he said brusquely, "but I should be glad to know—you had forgiven me. I am sorry for—all the evil I have done—for all the evil," he repeated wistfully. He did not wait for her answer, but turning with difficulty stretched both his hands to his wife, and Rosa stole away, feeling that her work was done—that these two who were so soon to be parted, had a right to be left alone with no other eyes to watch their last good-by

(continued.)



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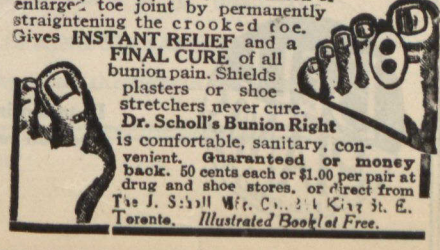
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Dr. Vogt in Europe

SOME musicians go back to Europe for a second sight. Such a traveller is Dr. A. S. Vogt, who left a few months ago to spend a year ransacking Europe from Rome to Moscow and Stockholm—for art's sake. Twenty-five years ago he went first to Leipsic; returning as a young man to Canada, his birthplace, to begin the foundations of the greatest choir in America. While aboard a steamer on his way back he was engaged by a church music committee in Toronto—without his knowledge or consent. In Jarvis Street Baptist Church he began to commence the practice of real expressional unaccompanied singing, such as made is possible to evolve the Mendelssohn Choir. Having since that time succeeded in thrilling the most critical centres of America by his great choir, he takes it into his head to make another pilgrimage through Europe.

What will he find—or bring back? An odd parallel is to be found in a similar journey made in the year 1770, by Dr. Charles Burney, the English music-litterateur and student of art; himself a musician and a man of the world, much of a traveller, and a great observer, of whom says Vernon Lee in "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy":

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If Dr. Burney were alive again he might find something of a prototype in Dr. Vogt. The characterization, while not identical, is close enough for a parallel. The Canadian conductor ransacking the remote crannies of Europe for further illuminations on the art of music production will not be likely to suffer from illusions. Europe is a storehouse of musical lore which can only be discovered by a pilgrimage. The most ambitious choral conductor in the world is sure to find enough in the musical performances, the perpetuated traditions and novelties of Europe, to be of service in the furthest cosmopolitan development of his great choir. The journey will occupy twelve months. The choir-masters and orchestra-meisters of the most musical continent in the world had better beware. Once upon a time this Canadian made a practice of listening to the St. Thomas Kirche Choir in Leipsic. Saturday afternoon, when the church was cold as a barn, he sat there making records. The present Mendelssohn Choir has its roots in the choir of the St. Thomas Kirche; which when he hears it in 1912 may sound much different from what it did in 1888. Yet it may be the same or even a better choir. Such is evolution. "Travelling is a fool's paradise," said Emerson; somewhat chiding the essential ego he took with him on his travels through Europe.

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When Percy Hollinshead gets back from his three years in Europe he will be in time to succeed to some of the laurels that Caruso and McCormack and Selezak may be dropping. In spite of all probable opinions to the contrary, it seems inevitable that this young Canadian is destined to rank as one of the greatest tenors of this age, and surely the greatest that ever went out from Canada.

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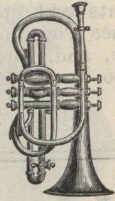
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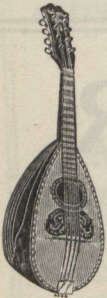
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Quite apart from any set notions as to his kind of voice or particular style of handling it, the fact sticks out bigger than all others—that Hollinshead has mastered the art of making any sort of solo profoundly interesting to either the most critical or the most unmusical listener. I have heard him sing by the hour to almost any sort of audience. He never causes a yawn, or fails to get the most hearty and unstinted applause.

Which is precisely the quality that distinguishes Paderewski from most other pianists, Kreisler from most other violinists, and Nikisch from any other living or dead conductor. It's the sort of thing that masters can't teach. That kind of singer is born—not made; except that as in Hollinshead's case he is so seized of music that he teaches himself. And this young man, just about twenty-five years of age, has done a heap of observing of other singers, weeding out the good from the bad, learning from any and all of them, even from phonographs—what to emulate and what to avoid. Over in London and Paris and Milan, which three centres of song he expects to do in the next three years, he will learn from a few masters what he has picked up that he might have avoided, and what there still remains to acquire that he may have missed.

How did he get this gift of song? Not by chance; nor by accident. Three generations on both his father's and his mother's side were musical. He sums them up. He was born in Devonshire, son of a Baptist minister who, when Percy was still a child, came to Canada and settled somewhere up around Richmond Hill, north from Toronto. Later, when Percy was a growing boy, the family went to Manitoba. And it was in the West that the young man discovered himself the possessor of a voice that gave at least himself a lot of pleasure and as many others as had a mind to listen. He put in some years driving gang-ploughs and harrows on the farms of Manitoba, shouting at the horses and drooning to himself all sorts of songs and solos he had picked up in church and school and anywhere else.

It was in Winnipeg that the young man got his first bent towards any sort of serious singing. There he took part in a number of amateur operas and sang in a church. But he succeeded in provoking a large number of decidedly different opinions concerning his strongly individualistic style of singing. He had a lot of raw elements in his vocal make-up. He was only emerging. Critics made him something of a mark. Of course they would!

And Percy has gone to Europe, not as an American nor as an Englishman by birth—but as a Canadian. He knows Canada; such as he has seen of it mighty well. He knows the hills and coulees of Manitoba, the ways of No. 1 Hard—same quality as his voice without the Hard—the birds and flowers and skies of a big country that never can have quite as much art as it has geography. He may come back to Canada to live. There is no reason why he should not do so and still sing in grand opera for American and Canadian audiences.—Augustus Bridle in Winnipeg Saturday Post.

Interesting Programmes

THE choir of Parkdale Presbyterian Church, under the leadership of Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., the organist and choirmaster, are busily preparing an interesting season's work. Upon the 24th and 25th of October they will give two costume concerts of "Ye Olden Tyme Musicke," and among the numbers to be performed will be Haydn's "Toy Symphony." Later in the season they will give a concert at which every number rendered will be chosen on account of its artistic excellence. Coleridge Taylor's cantata, "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," will be included in the programme, and also several novelties, such as Sir Edward Elgar's "Serenade" for women's voices, two violins, and piano.

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The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact, it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation, is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College, takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont.; or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

H.Q. 94-5. 9-09.

Making Canadian Pianos

(Concluded from page 21.)

grow the quality of wool necessary to make the felt used in piano hammers, nor if we could would our climate and water allow of the proper manufacture of that felt, nor of the felt for the soft pedal. The leather that enters into the action must be imported. The wire for the strings must come from abroad. The ivory for the keys must first pass through Antwerp, though we do sometimes use celluloid on the cheaper makes. Our natural woods are excellent bases for the cases, but the veneers of mahogany, rosewood, walnut, etc., do not grow on our trees.

So you begin to see where some of the cost on a piano comes in. Labor alone takes a big slice. Raw material is increasing in values. Import duty has to be paid on many items. Machinery has to be thrown on the scrap heap to make room for newer inventions. Long time has to be given to the dealers, who in turn give it to you, and the manufacturer is fortunate if he can pay a dividend of five per cent. on his investment.

There are some four hundred piano dealers in the Dominion who make an exclusive business of handling pianos and organs. The majority of these are by no means large dealers. Many of the manufacturers have branch houses all over the country, each branch being constituted a dealer. Some of these branch houses are in co-partnership with the manufacturers. Toronto has some very fine piano warehouses, as has also Montreal, and many of the smaller cities have creditable music houses. In many cases the building they occupy has accommodation for teachers of voice, piano and violin, making the house the musical rendezvous of the community.

Now as to player-pianos. You remember the musical dinner-waggon you had to wheel to the piano and carefully adjust with set screw and silent cursors. Then when you were ready you perched yourself on the piano seat and pumped like mad to keep up the wind pressure in the fortissimo passages and prevent the roll "jamming" with too much wind in the pianissimo. When you pedalled slowly to get a diminuendo effect the "wind" would give out with a wheeze. Note the distinction between piano-player and player-piano. The piano-player was the wheeled box you hitched on to any or sundry piano. The player-piano is a piano in which is incorporated the pneumatic mechanism suitable for that particular piano. To-day nearly twenty per cent. of all pianos made in Canada are player-pianos.

A growing industry is the manufacturing of player-music. The first mechanical playing device was made to operate fifty-eight notes; then sixty-five; but, now the modern manufacturer makes nothing but the eighty-eight note player-piano which takes in the whole keyboard. Of course we imported the player rolls, until the demand made it profitable to manufacture here. There is one English company and one Canadian firm making player rolls in Toronto, while a United States house has a distributing depot in the same city.

Band Instruments

WITH the ever increasing tide of immigration from all parts of the world the small goods trade, which includes band instruments, stringed instruments, accordions, etc., etc., has profited to a great extent. The new towns and cities of the West have been filled up with adventurous spirits, Great Britain being the home of many of them. As every village and hamlet of the old land has some musical organization or other the newcomers emulate conditions that they knew at home, immediately start to organize a band, an orchestra, and, of course, a choir, or choirs, which latter often evolve themselves into a choral society.

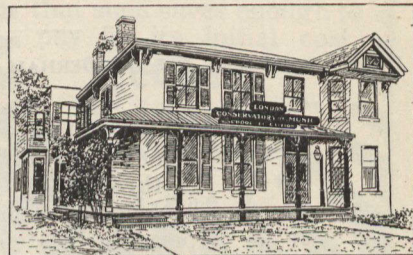
While we import band instruments from England, France, Germany and Austria, very little comes in from the United States. The leading makers are English and French. We manufacture to some extent here in Canada. Stringed instruments for the most part come from Germany, as do most of the smaller instruments. Several Canadian houses make an exclusive business of band and orchestral instruments and music, and the trade is growing rapidly.

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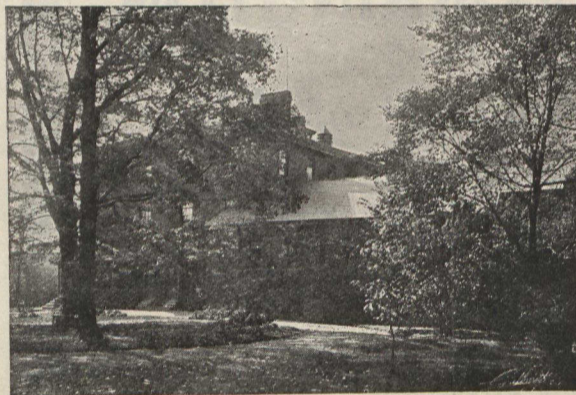
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Musical Episodes

Talking Back.

TWENTY years ago a rehearsal of the Metropolitan Methodist Church Choir in Toronto was often an oddly interesting event. Passages at arms between the conductor, F. H. Torrington, and the singers were not, however, one of the regular diversions. When any singer became bold enough to challenge any statement of the leader, he either had a good cause or plenty of courage.

The choir in those days, before the present organ was built, was a double choir, a complete chorus in four parts being on each side of the organ; and an arrangement very useful for antiphonal singing. There was always a suspicion on the east side of the choir, that "F. H." favoured the west side—for he was fond of a good-natured rivalry. And in those days—as perhaps still—Torrington was considered a bad man to talk back to. He was an autocrat, much skilled in the use of descriptive language, suitable to any emergency. One evening the choir were rehearsing the then rather new anthem, "God is a Spirit," a quartette from Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria." This was a favourite anthem with Torrington, who was the first to introduce it to Canada. And he had his own peculiar ideas as to how it should be sung. He rehearsed the east-side basses on the first phrase. But they failed to please him. Each time they did so, it seemed to get worse. The number of times they did that phrase was very large; all to no purpose. In desperation the conductor turned to the west-side basses, who after three tries got it to please him.

"There!" he said, turning to the Orientals again, "that's the way to do it!"

And he glared over his spectacles in a moment of impressive silence; till a basso near the organ spoke niftily up in a very loud voice:

"All very well!" he said. "They should be able to do it—when they heard us do it forty times over."

For one doubtful moment, Torrington glowered at the speaker. Then he laughed.

"Well, well, well!" he said. "I never would have thought of that."

A Gentle Inquiry.

AT another rehearsal of the Metropolitan Choir the big piece was the aria and chorus "Hear My Prayer," by Mendelssohn, which was to be done at a big sacred concert with the marvellous boy singer Blatchford Kavanagh doing the solo. The piece is by no means easy, with a lot of awkward accidentals—which in the case of green youths from country town choirs sometimes become very accidental, indeed. On one of these "fortissimo" a youthful basso muffed a note about a semi-tone flat. He had a bucolic voice and the effect was peculiarly appalling.

The organ suddenly stopped—oh how often it did! Torrington glanced along the back row, till his eyes lit on the youth. He said very little; in fact about two words—but they were the concentrated epitome of disgust.

"... Anybody bust?"

The Pipe-Organ Wizard.

FREDERICK ARCHER was the nearest approach to a wizard that ever played a pipe organ. The "king of instruments" is not, as a rule, much of a thing to show off genius to an audience. It was said of Archer that he was a genius to show off the capabilities of an organ; whereas Guilmant, the great Parisian organist, excelled in showing off himself. Which was true, at least of Archer, who never came across the rattle-trap organ that he was afraid to play on, and never discovered an organ so complicated that he couldn't make it do a few tricks missed by everybody else. He was not always careful as to the exact score. Guilmant was. So is Lemare. Generally speaking most English and Scotch organists are. And there was an unspeakable organ in the city of Guelph that the regular organist never dared to exploit beyond the same old half-a-dozen stops every Sunday, for fear something would break loose and fall

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out into the choir loft. But when Archer looked over the old rigamajig the afternoon before the recital, he pulled off the case in front, showing all the works of the thing and giving the sound a chance to get out. At the recital he pulled out stops that had been dead for years. He mixed up stops that never dreamed they could go together. He made the old contraption dance and sing, and laugh and weep. Guilman never could have done it. Archer did it because he liked the joy of showing what an organ could do. It was he who opened the present Casavant organ in Notre Dame, Montreal, and the present Warren organ in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto.

✽ ✽

A Trifle Exaggerated.

SOLOISTS with orchestras are not always infallible, but often troublesome. There was once a lady who used to play a solo instrument with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. She was none too good a player and rather pernickety. It became necessary for the conductor to find fault with her performances. She usually blamed the trouble on somebody else. Once she became more than usually whimsical and said in a very exasperating way:

"Mr. Welsman, I think it's the B flat cornet that's causing the trouble."

"Excuse me," he said incisively. "The B flat cornet is not present this evening."

✽ ✽

The Accompanist.

SIGNOR DINELLI, who about fifteen years ago was the best accompanist in Toronto, did most of the accompanying in Massey Hall for visiting soloists who came without players. On one occasion he played so beautifully that a young man lodging in the same house, but quite unacquainted with Dinelli, dropped a note under his door, praising his fine work. In thanking him, Dinelli said:

"It is so seldom that the critics give any credit to the accompanist."

Talking Machines

WHEN the first talking machine was introduced into Canada, and the agency went begging, nobody, not even the manufacturers, realized what proportions this business would assume. The piano manufacturers looked upon the talking machine as a noisy, raucous nuisance, interfering with piano sales, and with no prospect of its permanency. Now the Toronto firm which accepted the agency have increased their general turnover from twenty-five thousand dollars per year to a round million, and that in a very few years. Every piano house handles them now, devoting much space and time to exploit them. Of the three large firms doing business in Canada one has a Canadian factory, manufacturing one-third of the total machines sold in Canada.

Great changes have been made not alone in the perfection of the machines, but in the excellence of the records. The soft waxen rolls and discs have given place to gold moulded and hard vulcanized records, standing hard usage and continual use. The screechy, scratchy records are no more, and the selections that were first intended to amuse have made room for the more instructive, educative and entertaining. Extravagant prices have been paid the world's greatest singers, bands and orchestras for the exclusive use of their services, so that for a small expenditure one can hear grand opera, symphony orchestras, world-famed bands, vaudeville stars and musical comedy favourites. It has transferred the theatre to the home, and many people who would not enter a play house are not denied its many pleasures.

Then, too, the talking machine has been useful in the study of languages. One can get a complete education in any tongue from the verbal records and text books which accompany the course. As a business help it is a time saver with the busy man who can dictate his letters into the machine and keep a whole battery of typewriters at work.

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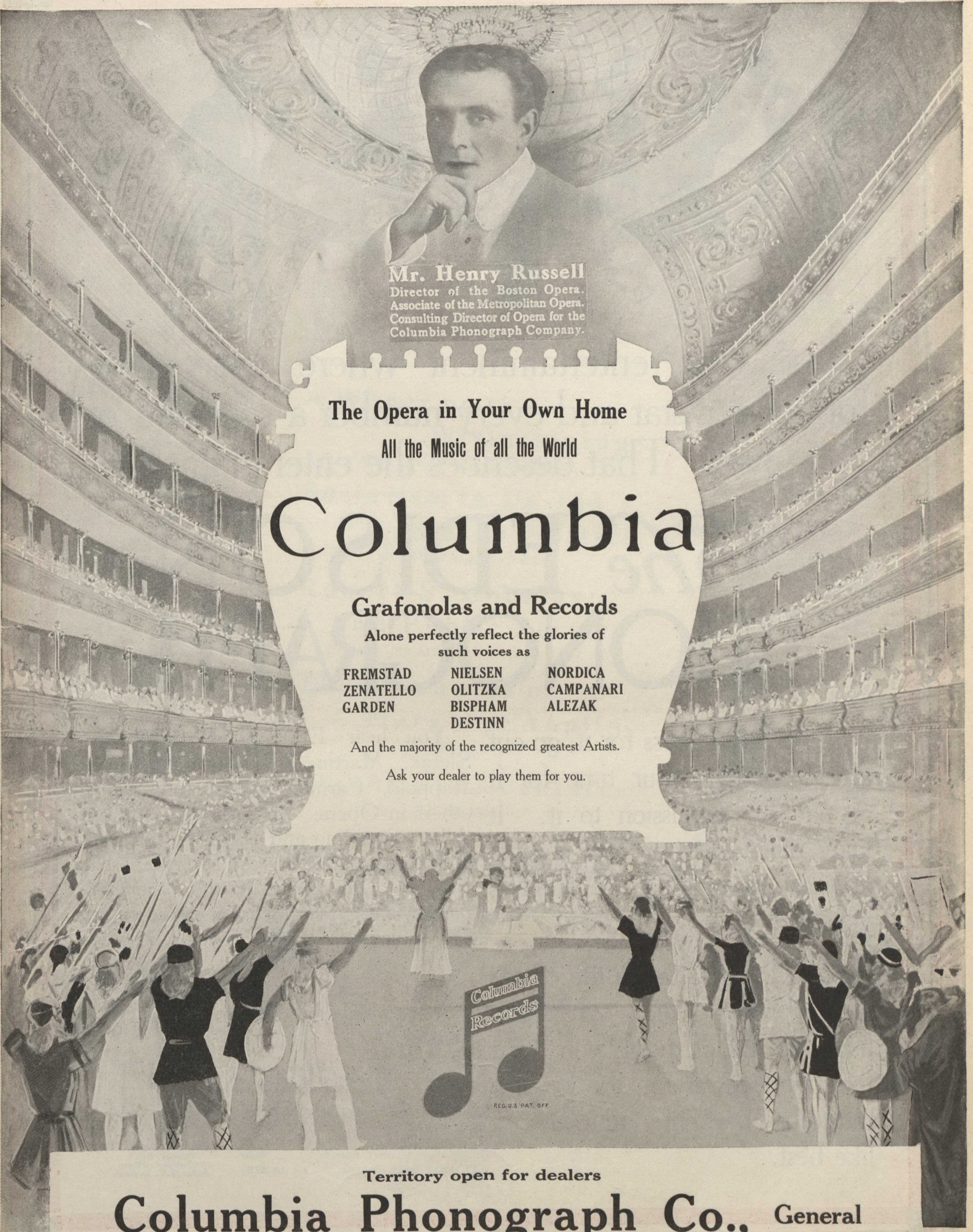
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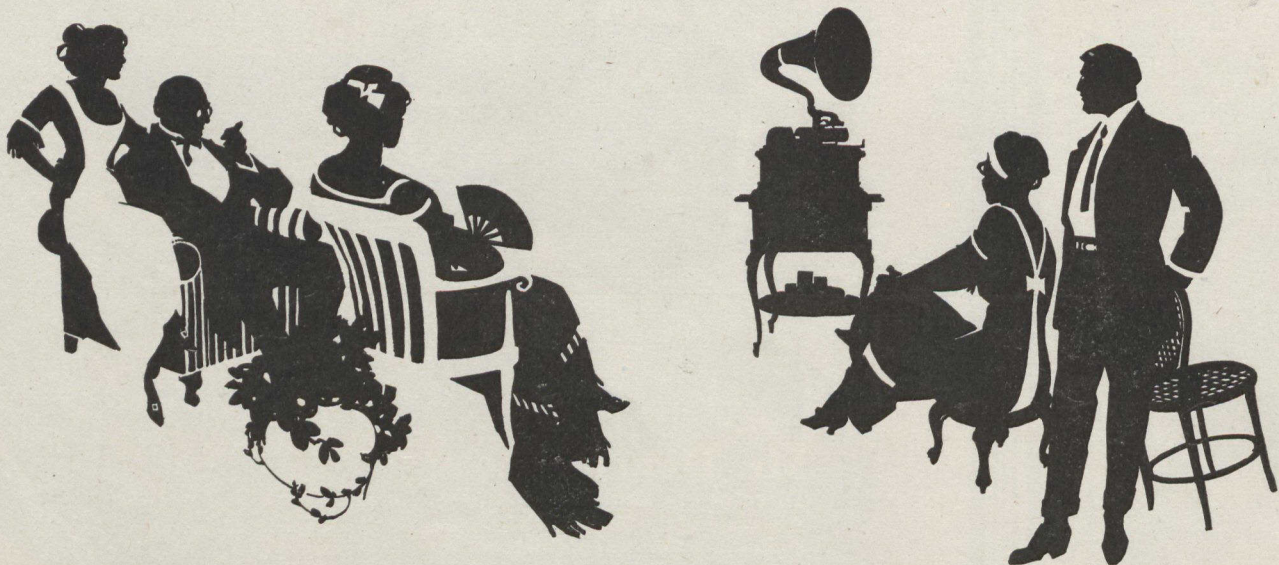
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