

TOMMY AND HIS FORELOCK.

A yarn, which may be new to civilians, though, perhaps, a chestnut to Mr. Thomas A. and friends, is told of a certain regiment whose colonel decided that the time-honored forelock, should, in his regiment, become conspicuous by its absence. But, alas! even colonels are not always able to enforce the spirit as well as the letter of the law, as the following will show. Out come the order: "Every man must have his hair cropped close all over his head." Mr. Atkins' remark to his comrades and friends anent this order may be best described by a series of blanks—— However, Thomas, who is hard to beat at any kind of a game, whether of war or otherwise, saw a solution of the difficulty. He dutifully paraded at the barber's, had his beloved lock shorn off, close to the head, in one fell swoop; then carefully collected the discarded ornament and had the same stitched onto a piece of elastic. Regiment paraded next morning minus its forelocks. In the evening, to Colonel's astonishment, he observed several of his men out with their girls with each, a beautifully pomaded curl coyly peeping from under the forage caps. Colonel's language may likewise be summed up in a series of blanks. Next morning regiment paraded, "bare-headed." "No forelocks! Why, what the—— where the—— Well, I'm blessed! Must have had a touch of sun." * * * A few nights afterwards, two old chums go out for a stroll, one dark, 'tother fair, get a trifle mixed towards ten o'clock, likewise the toupes. Hard time getting home, but as barrack gate looms into view, sudden transformation, both sober as statues, and as stiff. Rap-rap-rap-gate! Hansom cab drives up, and Colonel jumps out ere the portals of refuge can open, and two gentlemen in red spring to attention, and salute, the right hand of "Black Tommy" indicating a golden fringe glistening on his manly, if swarthy brow, and "Sandy Bill's" left hand demonstrating a raven-hued patch in the forefront of his cranium. Colonel stops, gasps, "Eh! What! Oh! Ah!" chuckles and passes on. Sotto voce—"Why didn't I think of that before?" Colonel has a good story that might well do duty under various forms until a new one crops up.

F. F. S.

Musical Jottings

During the past fortnight, three concerts of note have taken place—the second Philharmonic, the sixth concert of the Douglas Mandolin Club, and the Arion concert. In this issue the first alone will be dealt with, the last two taking place after this column had been set up. The second Philharmonic was a pronounced success in every way. The programme was an excellent one of acceptable variety, and while the concert was given in aid of the Burns Memorial Fund, it did not necessarily follow that every number had to be Scotch in character. In a certain quarter exception was taken to the fact that there was a fulsome absence of Scotch ballads from the programme, but an interview with leading members of the Society disclosed the fact that the Philharmonic organization had been simply asked to put on a concert and were not limited in any way as far as their

selections were concerned. The orchestra on this occasion was decidedly smaller than usual, a fact which only tended to enhance the value of their work. Mr. Austin was wise in cutting down his orchestra to smaller dimensions. Quantity does not necessarily mean quality, and a small aggregation of useful instrumentalists are worth considerably more than a lot of incompetent performers. A properly equipped amateur orchestra should be an organization that would prove a goal for an ambitious youngster to look forward to, something that should be so select that it would be worth getting into. As it turned out, the orchestra was under admirable control. For good work, their rendition of Mozart's *Zauberflöte* Overture would be hard to beat. In the lighter numbers, such as the *Robin Hood* Overture, and Gungl's Concert Waltzes, pieces which may be said to carry themselves, they were equal to the occasion, but the delicate fugue effects of the *Zauberflöte* Overture were splendidly worked out.

The soloists were Mr. F. W. Dyke, of Vancouver; Mrs. W. E. Green, Miss G. Loewen, Mr. J. G. Brown, and Mr. F. Victor Austin, the well known violinist. Mr. Dyke's debut in Victoria had been looked forward to with considerable interest, and the result was fully up to expectations. While the soloists did not attempt anything prodigious as far as digital dexterity was concerned, he plainly showed that he is a musician of taste and in his rendition of Godard's *Berceuse* from *Jocelyn*, he produced an excellent tone, and played exceedingly well. Mrs. Green was in splendid voice, and her rendering of Schira's *Sognai* with quartette accompaniment was delicious. In the second part she was also responsible for effective singing in two Scotch ballads. Miss Gertrude Loewen is deserving of high praise for her rendering of the difficult allegro movement from Hiller's *Piano Concerto*. It would hardly be fair to say that the quintette accompaniment afforded the support this talented pianist deserved, the strings sounding uncertain at times, but for all that it was a creditable performance. Mr. F. Victor Austin, to whom great credit is due for the successful carrying out of the programme, was heard to great advantage in *Vieuxtemps's Fantasia Appassionata*. This composition is one that calls for considerable technique, and the soloist was equal to its demands. The slow movement was particularly well rendered. In response to an encore, Mr. Austin played a *Fantasia* on Scottish airs. Mr. J. G. Brown contributed that stirring song

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