

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1895.

## SIX BANDS IN HALIFAX.

ONE IS THOUGHT BY SOME TO BE EQUAL TO SOUSA'S.

Still Better Bands Have Been There in the Past—Some Points About the Different Organizations and the Relative Merits of Their Music.

HALIFAX June 27.—Halifax has long had the reputation of being a musical city, vocally and instrumentally, and her people consider themselves good critics. Much of this criticism, and more of it than many would admit, is not founded on a correct knowledge of what constitutes good music but is prompted either by a desire to appear learned in this subject, or is the outcome of that condition where ignorance being bliss wisdom is folly. The visit of Sousa's band set everybody comparing that organization with the King's band. Before Sousa came there were many who said his band would be found in no wise superior to the band of the King's Liverpool regiment. Since Sousa's departure the number who held this view has diminished, but there are yet some who refuse to put the King's band in a second position compared with Sousa's. This comparison makes a glance at all the musical bands of this city not uninteresting.

There are six full bands here—a pretty good collection for a city the size of Halifax. Our instrumentalists have an advantage in this respect over most other places, because here we have a band of the British army which attains a high degree of perfection and which serves as a model for others to copy and emulate. Besides there are two orchestras. Here are the names of the bands in the order of merit:

- King's Liverpool band—50 instruments—W. S. Saunders bandmaster.
- 66th P. L. F. band—37 instruments—R. Carleton bandmaster.
- 93rd Halifax rifles—30 instruments—H. Hanson, bandmaster.
- Halifax garrison artillery—30 instruments—W. Blackman, bandmaster.
- St. Patrick's band—45 instruments—J. Hopewell, bandmaster.
- St. Mary's band—W. Delaney, bandmaster.

The King's band is a good military band in itself or compared with its predecessors in this garrison. But it is not equal to some that have gone before it. The 66th Rifles, the 87th or the 101st all were better bands than the King's. The good bands of old times had an advantage not possessed by the British bands of today. Now the bandmaster is an enlisted soldier like any other member of the band, ranking not as a commissioned but as a warrant officer. The time was when the British regimental bandmaster was a foreigner, and the band committee could select the best available man. Now the bandmaster exists, he rises perhaps to be band sergeant, he graduates in a musical college, and he will no doubt be a thorough musician, but the number from which the bandmaster can be selected is necessarily limited. There is only one regimental bandmaster in the British army who ranks as a commissioned officer—Dan. Godfrey of the Grenadier Guards. Bandmaster Saunders is one of best British bandmasters, his band is almost as good as the best we have had in this garrison and there is hardly room for comparison between it and the other bands in this city. They are, of course, not in the same class. By the way, though a British bandmaster is not an officer, in nine cases out of ten he has far more claim to the title "gentleman" than three-fourths of the officers in the regiment. That is a fact very few will deny.

The best of our local bands is that of the 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers. It did not always hold this exalted position but during the last two or three years has quickly come to the front. The officers of the 66th take a keen interest in their band and they give its bandmaster and members lots of encouragement in their struggle for artistic preeminence. It is said that the 66th is the only band with which the King's will amalgamate to play a piece. The 66th band renders more difficult music than any of the others, and gives it in good style. Bandmaster Carleton is a good cornetist and an excellent trombone player.

The band of the 63rd Rifles once was by long odds our best local band, but its glory has largely departed. The officers of the battalion seemed to much inclined to let the band look after itself, and the inevitable consequence followed—deterioration. The lack of harmony between the colonel and other officers of the 63rd may have been partially responsible for the falling off in the efficiency of the band. Yet the 63rd band is poor only by comparison, for they play nicely together, their music is sweet, and always in good tune. Bandmaster Hanson is young and enthusiastic and is a good clarinet player.

The Halifax Garrison Artillery band is fast growing in excellence. It improves every time it is heard on the street. Bandmaster Blackman was Mr. Hanson's predecessor in the 63rd and since his retire-

ment from the rifles has been hard at work with the H. G. A. The result of his work is apparent in the increasing efficiency of the band. It is less frequently heard than the other bands but in future will be oftener heard. This band's street marches are good and are rendered in catchy style. If Colonel Curran and his officers determine that their band shall become the best in Halifax there is good ground for predicting that they will succeed for their determinations are usually carried into effect.

St. Patrick's is a society band, and is a good musical organization. Bandmaster Hopewell is a thorough musician and he spends much of his leisure training the band. St. Patrick's takes the 101st as its great example. Mr. Hopewell keeps ahead in selecting new music. The latest thing out is frequently first given to the public by St. Patrick's band. Their military character keeps the other bands, but without this aid St. Patrick's fills a place in the local musical world which it would be difficult otherwise to fill.

St. Mary's band is another society band, conducted by W. Delaney. It makes no pretensions to any great excellence.

The two orchestras are the academy of music orchestra and the Orpheus club orchestra. The Orpheus numbers about 20. Many of them are ladies, while most of the male players are drafted from the King's band. They play a high class of music and without them the Orpheus concerts would be deprived of much of their charm and excellence. But the Orpheus orchestra, conducted by C. H. Porter, is not a permanent organization in the sense that the academy players are. The right musicians are the same year in and year out. Conductor H. B. Hagarty, and his men work well together. They give frequent changes of programme and are constantly introducing new music. When not engaged at the academy they put in much time visiting our charitable institutions giving free concerts for the benefit of the inmates. These appearances are always welcome, in fact the Academy of music orchestra is invariably cordially received whenever heard.

There is besides these a band in the flagship crescent, which numbers only some nine instruments. The rule precluding foreigners from taking engagements as bandmasters does not hold in the navy as in the army, but the navy bands are generally much inferior to those of the regiments, and on the other hand, the bands in the French ships of war are usually superior.

## THE NEW WOMAN IN COURT.

She insists that Her Husband Shall do the Family Washing and Ironing.

The N. Y. Advertiser tells how Alexander McIlwaine and his wife were before the Yorkville police court, the other day. She is good looking and muscular, while he is small and possesses a high voice.

She had him arraigned on a warrant on an affidavit that he failed to contribute anything to her support, got intoxicated and ill treated her.

"Oh, why did I get married?" exclaimed McIlwaine in a sad tone, as he stood at the bar listening to his wife's charges.

"It's too late to answer that question," remarked the Judge. Continuing: "What have you to say to your wife's charges?" "Just this, Your Honor," he piped; "she had me arrested because I was man enough to refuse to do the washing and ironing any longer."

"What exclaimed the Justice, becoming interested; "you were asked to do the washing?"

"Asked, did you say? Why, you ain't much acquainted with my wife," retorted McIlwaine, with a lugubrious face. "You really ought to know Mrs. McIlwaine. She doesn't ask, she commands, and backs up her order with a horsewhip—and"

Mrs. McIlwaine happened to make a motion with her hands about her skirt just then, and he bounded out of reach. Re-assured by the Justice that he was perfectly safe from being horsewhipped in his presence, McIlwaine stepped forward but kept his eyes on his wife.

"Only last Thursday," he said, "I did a whole week's washing, and she stood over me on Friday and Saturday with a horsewhip and made me do all the ironing, and this was only one of a good many times."

"Yes, Judge," becoming a little bolder, "she does not ask. She just sails in with that big snake whip of hers and makes you do it. It gives me a pain when I think of it."

"How about that, Mrs. McIlwaine?" asked the Judge as he turned to her.

"Oh, that's so, what he says," shaking her head as though to emphasize her words.

"That's all he's good for. On account of him I can't keep a servant in the house, and I don't blame him. As I would not have the washing and ironing done outside and him loafing about, I told him to do it. He first said he wouldn't, but I soon made him change his mind when I got the whip."

"Then he did it?"

"You bet he did, but it costs more than he's worth to keep him at it. I want him sent to the island."

"Well, we'll try him with a month."

McIlwaine was then led into the prison, while she whisked out of court.

She Was a Back Number.

A.—Why did Jay break off his engagement with Miss Oldacres?

X.—On account of her past.

A.—What was the matter with it?

X.—Nothing—only he thought it was too long.

## SURGEONS AND NERVES.

THE FORMER HAVE THE LATTER LIKE OTHER PEOPLE.

Sometimes They Show the Fact and Sometimes They Conceal It—Instances of Fright Felt Prior to the Undertaking of Dangerous Operations.

"Is there such a thing as stage fright among surgeons?" a successful New York surgeon was asked. Though the term stage fright with reference to surgery was perhaps a misnomer, the surgeon understood the question.

"Oh, yes, indeed; there is such a thing as stage fright among surgeons," he replied. "These are two kinds of stage fright; or rather two different temperaments among doctors, and the fright, although in itself perhaps the same, has a different seeming, affected as it is by the material through which it passes. The first is the surgeon who is anxious to perform the operation, sees no difficulties in the way, and nothing but a successful termination. His rest is not disturbed by reflections upon complications which may arise. Everything is lovely until the patient is before him, then his hand begins to shake, it he meets with the difficulties which he had not counted upon, his nervousness increases, he hurries, perhaps with a fatal result. In the case of this man, he grows worse as he grows older, and in old age he goes all to pieces.

There is another temperament of this order. From the time this surgeon recognizes that an operation is necessary there passes through his mind all the complications which could possibly come up, and he wonders if there are not more which he has not thought of. He is by no means sanguine of a happy result. He fears this and that and the other thing. As the hour approaches he dreads to commence the work more and more. But when he is before the subject his nervousness leaves him. He commences intelligently, reflecting upon what might arise. He does not hurry or get excited, but he is intensely interested, wholly absorbed by what he is doing. I remember witnessing an operation by one of the most celebrated surgeons I ever knew. It was a most difficult operation and the amphitheatre was filled with doctors who had come to see it performed. A few moments before the surgeon was to commence he was presented by a friend to two doctors who had come from a distance to see him operate. He bowed politely and spoke a few words. Shortly after that he commenced operating.

"The operation was of considerable length, and when it was finished the two gentlemen to whom the surgeon had been presented approached to speak a congratulatory word or two. As he did not appear to recognize them his friend presented them again. He expressed his pleasure at meeting them without the slightest recollection that he had met them."

"Do you recall the first operation you ever performed yourself?"

"Indeed, I remember it very well. I was in a hospital where there were three thousand five hundred beds, and thirty-three surgeons in charge. I was one of the young assistant surgeons. If an operation was necessary in any of the wards it was our duty to report it to the surgeon in charge, who then performed the operation if he chose. I reported to my surgeon the necessity of an amputation of a great toe. The surgeon came and looked at the man and concurred with my opinion that an amputation was necessary. I was directed to get everything ready for the operation. 'Then,' said the surgeon, 'I will come and operate if I can. If not, you go on and perform the operation yourself.'"

I told my young associates of the order and they said: "Well you go on and get ready, but he won't come. You will have to do the operation yourself. And that was the way it turned out. The operation was to be at 2 o'clock. All the night before I was rehearsing what I intended to do in my mind, and dreaming of it in my sleep. The next day I could not eat my luncheon. My hands and feet were cold. When it came time to commence the operation I could only steady my nerve by threading needles. I said, 'Give me the needles to thread. I am very particular about my thread.' I took a needle and commenced poking at the eye. In a few seconds my hand obeyed my will and became as steady as I could wish. I performed the operation successfully. After that I went on performing a great many operations, but it was years before I could take 1 o'clock luncheon if I had to operate at 2 o'clock."

"From the conscientious scientific man apprehension never departs, for he knows that it is impossible to foresee all things. And, then again, he takes in his hands a holy human life. If an actor accentuates the wrong word or halts in his lines the worst that can come is a slight damage to his reputation. If a minister preaches heterodox doctrines the worst that can happen to him is a trial for heresy. But the surgeon, in a dangerous operation, makes but the slightest mistake it may result in death, for which there is no remedy. Many and many a time on the night previous to a serious operation, have I awakened myself from an anxious, troubled sleep, by performing the operation in my dreams. It is also very much more trying to a surgeon to operate on a friend than on a stranger. It is hard to tell in this case who is more to be pitied, the surgeon, or the patient. I think the longer a man operates the less certain he is of the out-



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come of any operation. A frail little woman that one would almost say a breath of wind would blow away will survive the most painful and dangerous operation where a rough, stocky, iron-built peasant woman that one would think could survive any possible operation, will die from something which is not, as a rule, considered dangerous.

"The students in a medical college always have a nickname for all the professors. My first professorship in any medical college I held when I was a very young man. In fact, I was the youngest man in the faculty. In consequence of my extremely youthful appearance the boys dubbed me the old man. I was one day operating on a woman. The operation was exceedingly difficult and dangerous. I had a more than usual dread upon me that day. I was operating and lecturing at the same time when I came to a difficulty which demanded all my attention. My voice ceased and there was a dead silence in the amphitheatre. I heard one of the students whisper to his class:

"Did you ever see the old man's hand shake?"

"Not he," said the other. "He hasn't got a nerve in his body."

"At that time I was a bundle of nerves—a highly nervous organization; but I had my nerves under control."

"Do young doctors willingly undertake their first operation? you ask. I think not. Even if they seem willing they are not. It is not an unusual thing for young students, and even young graduated physicians, to faint at the sight of another surgeon operating. Where such inherent squeamishness is manifested a young man usually drifts into the general practice of medicine, and leaves surgery to his more stout-hearted comrades. Apropos of fainting, it may surprise you to learn that men are more apt to faint at the sight of an operation than women, which is a certain indication that men are both more imaginative than women. Their dread of fatal results strains their sympathy to the fainting point, but imagination must be called into play, for every doctor knows that a patient who is completely under the influence of chloroform or ether does not suffer."

"How about women as surgeons; are they a success?"

The surgeon hesitated and then said: "It is quite impossible to say what rank women would take in the science of surgery if the doors of medical colleges and the operating rooms of hospitals had been open as long to them as they have been to men. Of course, as matters stand now, there are no really world-wide famous surgeons among women. There are, however, in our own country women surgeons who have performed some difficult operations very creditably. There are a great many more men doctors than women doctors. Whether the proportion of surgeons among the women is as high as it is among the men I cannot say."

## PURITANISM AND PIE.

Origin and Growth of the Habit of Eating Pie With a Knife.

G. Wilfred Pearce, of Boston sends an interesting letter to the New York Sun on the rise and decline of the great pie eating industry in New England. He says:

Several descendants of the Puritans who landed at Salem told me to-day that all the Puritans ate pie held in their fingers. The Pilgrims, an inferior people, who landed on the south shore of Massachusetts Bay, acquired the habit of eating pie with the Puritans, who imported the first seeds for pie fruits into this country, as may be seen by the manifest of the first ship sent out by the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The original manifest is in the archives at the State House in Boston; and it shows that "64 pyc planters and 300 pyrs of Irish woollen stockings" were packed in one box set in a case of apple, cherry, and other seeds. After the Puritans and Pilgrims inter-married, the custom of eating pie with knives was introduced for indoor meals, and for fishing excursions, clam-bakes, and militia musters the good old custom of taking pie in the hand continued from Newburyport even unto the far end of Cape Cod.

All sorts of juicy fruit pies are eaten on Cape Cod in this way. The cut is carried to the mouth by the right hand; the left hand is held underneath the right as a reservoir for the juice. The true art of eating fruit pie is only understood by Cape Cod girls, who never spill a drop of berry juice on their gowns, nor drop a flake of pie crust on their chins.

When the custom of eating pie with knives was introduced by the Anglomaniacs of the eighteenth century, many accidents befell the knife user, who became scarred

all about their mouths by cuts from the sharp scimitar-pattern steel knives made in England. After a time dulled knives were introduced; then an inventor made a knife with a straight blade and rounded point; next came the fashion of silver plating the dulled knives, and for forty years 90 per cent of the table knives used in the Commonwealth have been as dull as hoes; all on account of the necessity of catering to pie eaters.

Steel knives with sharp blades are never seen hereabouts, except in fashionable clubs, the mansions of cultivated persons, and in hotels patronized mainly by New Yorkers, Westerners, and Southerners.

Pie has been banished from seven clubs and four hotels in Boston. The consumption thereof has declined 50 to 75 per cent. In the past decade in three famous downtown hotels in Boston, "Parker's," in the days when Daniel Webster taught Harvey Parker how to make fish chowder and Bunker Hill punch, used to list twenty kinds of pie on its bill of fare. In those days a cook was judged on the goodness of his pork and beans, chowder, fried scrod, cream of tartar biscuit, and pies. Nowadays the chief finds no place in his menu for those toothsome delicacies of the long ago, except at Parker's or Young's, where nine kinds of pie and two kinds of chowder are made. But old Daniel Webster could rise from the dead and see the pie and chowder of today, he would groan in heaviness of spirit.

## THE TAIL OF A HORSE.

It has Well Defined Uses and is an Index of the Animal's Disposition.

In well formed horses a tail should be strong at the root, rising high from the croup, the direction of which it follows. When this is horizontal, the tail is gracefully carried, especially when the horse is moving. With powerful, good-shaped horses it is often carried upward, or even curled over the back, especially when the horse is lively. The health and strength of the animal are according to popular notions, indicated by the resistance the tail offers to manual interference and by the way it is carried. To some extent, also, it affords an indication of the horse's disposition. A fidgety horse usually has the tail, like the ears, always in motion. When about to kick, the tail is drawn downward between the legs. When the animal is fatigued or exhausted, then it is drooping and frequently tremulous, and with some horses, when galloping, it is swung about in a circular manner or lashed from side to side. There can scarcely be any doubt also, that, like the tail of birds, it assists in the horse's movements, as when the animal is galloping in a small circle, or rapidly turning around a corner, it is curved to the inner side.

With well-bred horses the hair of the tail is comparatively fine and straight and often grows to such a length that it reaches the ground. Coarse-bred horses may also have the hair long, but then it is usually very thick and strong and more or less frizzily, though soft and curly hair may occasionally be noticed in the tail of thoroughbred horses. In some horses there is a tendency to shedding of the tail hair (this, like that of the mane, tail, forelock, fetlocks and some other parts, is permanent and not shed at certain seasons, as in other regions of the body). The horse is then said to be "rat-tailed," and there is a popular saying to the effect that such a horse is never a bad one. In other instances the tail hair falls off, except at the end of the dock, where it forms a tuft, and the horse is then "cow tailed," or "mule tailed."—Nineteenth Century.

## A Dainty Gown.

The dainty gown will never be given up by the ladies, no matter what the extremists of both sexes may say. And Priestley's black dress fabrics make more beautiful gowns than any other material. And now this celebrated firm offers something new in "Eudora," something superlatively fine in texture, in appearance, in refinement, with great weight and width than the famous Henriettas, and the ladies are, all over the country, are calling for it. It is wrapped on "The Varnished Board," and the name Priestley, is stamped on every five yards.

## The Largest Doll Collection.

The collection of dolls at the national museum is the largest in the world. Some of the Washington, Eskimo dolls are probably the most valuable, and they certainly are instructive. Among these is a truck doll, with a string attachment, to move its head from one side to the other. One of these dolls is from Point Barrow, Alaska, and it is fashioned from drift wood, which the natives of that region picked up on the beach. The dress of the doll is made of seal gut. Some of the dolls are made out of ivory, whole Eskimo families interesting themselves during the long northern nights

in doll manufacturing. The collection also includes many dolls of the Zuni Indians, who utilize them to teach their children religion.

## Heat, Gas and Book Binding.

"Low book shelves," said a furniture dealer, who is a lover of books as well, "have an origin in reason besides the caprice of fashion. Heat is injurious to the binding of choice books, drying out the natural oil of the leather, and making them warp and get out of shape. Most rooms are very warm in the upper parts, and these five and six-foot cases are a necessity rather than a notion."

"Cold is as hard on books as overheating, and an atmosphere that is too damp or too dry also injures them. The sun pouring in directly on the shelves fades the bindings."

"An open fire is another necessity in a library: books require good air like a human being, and gas ought never to be used where valuable books are kept. Candles are hard on the eyes, though, and therefore should be avoided; oil or electricity are better than gas, which acts as readily on bindings as it does on silver. In lieu of tarnishing, however, it affects their elasticity and pliable qualities."

## All About Chimneys.

Chimneys constructed on modern principles were almost unknown to the ancients being used only in large baths, where great quantities of hot water were needed. Chafing dishes, braziers of glowing coals and bottles of hot water were employed by the ladies of the middle ages to keep their rooms warm, and a curious picture is extant of three Norman ladies chatting together, each with a bottle of hot water, placed between her feet. Chimneys are believed to have been unknown in England until the 12th century, but by the end of the 14th were generally employed in domestic architecture. For a long time there was a chimney tax all over England.

## Had Him that Time.

A small boy in a large concern approached his employer and asked for an advance in salary.

"How much are you getting a week now?" said his employer.

"Twelve shillings, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Twelve, sir."

"Why, my boy, at your age I wasn't paid so much."

"Well," replied the shrewd lad, "maybe you weren't worth it to the firm you was working for, but I think I am."

He got his rise.

## Measured to a Nicety.

A two-foot rule was given to a laborer in a Clyde boat yard to measure an iron plate. The laborer not being well up in the use of the rule, after spending a considerable time, returned: "Noo, Mick," asked the p. l. ter, "what size is the plate?" "Well," replied Mick, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick and the breadth of my hand and my arm from here to there, bar a finger."

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