

CITY CHIMES.

THE WEATHER.—It is coming nearer every day, this springtime, for which we are eagerly waiting. On Monday morning the "Sun entered Aries" at precisely five o'clock (my information is drawn from Belcher's and is therefore authentic) so that we may now correctly speak of the present as spring. However, notwithstanding the foregoing undisputable fact, winter clothes still feel very comfortable, and the furnace fires are still much in evidence. The March winds are very searching, and the common complaint of all our friends is, "this horrid cold," but the sun is rapidly gaining power, and bright days are close at hand.

THE FAIR OF THE SEASONS.—The members of the Reapers' Mission Band in connection with Brunswick Street Methodist Church have been for some weeks busy preparing for the Fair, which was held yesterday in Masonic Hall. The idea carried out in this Fair was the representation of the four seasons—spring, summer, autumn, winter, and the fair maids who presided over the booths looked exceedingly pretty. The Leicestershire Band was present in the evening, and gave Halifaxians their last opportunity to listen to the perfectly-rendered music for which the band of the Leicestershire will long be famed in Halifax. A large number of people were present during the afternoon and evening, and the bright young reapers were apparently gathering in a bountiful harvest.

For croup and whooping cough, mothers try Johnson's Anodyne Liniment used internally.

THE ORPHEUS.—I have been quite in luck this week, in that I have enjoyed two musical treats, the Orpheus concert on Tuesday evening and the African choir on Wednesday evening. However, as these entertainments differed so entirely in character I must jot down my impressions of one while for the time banishing all thoughts of the other. First, the Orpheus. To Club, Auxiliary and Orchestra be all honor due for the grand effort made, and for the grand success of the effort. When it was announced that the club intended to include in the programme of their Lenten concert Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," "The Flight of the Holy Family," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," there were not a few of their patrons who wondered if the ambitious attempt would be crowned with the success coveted; indeed I heard one or two doubting ones express their opinion that in the short time allowed for preparation it would be out of the question for the work to be gotten up. However, the Orpheus members have settled the matter and have added materially to their fame. The concert was a success, and though thoroughly trained musical critics may have discovered a few defects in the rendering of the magnificent productions, all must agree that the Orpheus musicians fully merit unstinted praise, and no Halifaxian who is interested in the musical culture of our citizens feels aught but pride in the organization which acquitted itself so creditably in its difficult task. By a quarter past eight o'clock the usual Orpheus audience had assembled, and the usual amount of animated conversation was being indulged in, but at the signal of the leader's baton all was quiet, and the melody of the beautiful chorus, "All Men, All Things, All that has Life and Breath, Sing to the Lord, Hallelujah," filled the hall. Miss Homer and Mr. Gillis took the solo parts of the hymn, and Miss Homer with Miss Wilson the duet. Miss Homer's undoubtedly fine voice did not seem quite up to the mark, and I beg to differ with the writer in one of the dashes who thought it well suited to sacred music. Certainly we have all heard Miss Homer to greater advantage than on Tuesday evening. Miss Wilson showed herself possessed of a sweet voice. Mr. Gillis on this occasion, as ever, did well his part and delighted his hearers. This beautiful piece was followed by Bruch's "Flight of the Holy Family," which being of a much lighter vein was very acceptable. The music is lovely and it was expressively rendered. After a few minutes breathing space the grand old "Stabat Mater" was begun, and it is not fulsome praise to say was magnificently rendered, singers and instrumentalists apparently throwing their whole heart into their undertaking. Mrs. Hagarty, Mrs. Taylor, Dr. Slayter and Mr. J. B. Currie took the quartettes, and no words of mine could express the artistic skill with which these sweet-voiced songsters performed their parts. Mrs. Hagarty is one of Halifaxians' greatest favorites, and her well cultivated voice and earnest manner never fail to charm her audience. On Tuesday evening she was at her best, and the high notes in solos, duets and quartettes were taken with ease and fine effect. Mrs. Taylor's full rich tones, ever pleasing, were highly appreciated, and she was the recipient of hearty applause from an audience that seemed too interested or fascinated to often show its satisfaction by applauding. Dr. Slayter's beautiful tenor really seems to improve as he grows older. His solo was particularly fine. Mr. Currie's deep rich voice was heard to advantage and added much to the enjoyment of the audience. In this number the Club, Auxiliary and Orchestra, did some fine work, closing with the Amen chorus, in which the full strength of the musicians was effectively brought out. The Sacred Concert of the Orpheus season 92-93 will long be remembered as one of the best ever given in Halifax, and the hearty congratulations of the many friends of the Club, and the sincere gratitude of all who were fortunate enough to be present for the thorough enjoyment afforded them, will be freely tendered.

Captain John K. Hirc, of schooner "Lillian," says: "I was suffering with inflammation of the chest, brought on by exposure at sea. Took a good supply of Putnam's Emulsion, which perfectly cured me. It has given me a new set of lungs."

GOOD-BYE MY LOVER, GOOD-BYE.—There will be weeping and wailing in very truth on Saturday as the maids of low degree see their red-coated heroes step on board the steamer that is to bear them from our hospitable shores. There is to the strong-hearted much that is ludicrous in the scenes

at the wharf upon the departure of a regiment from this garrison, in the melancholy wail that goes up from the groups of women who stand weeping copiously, and the vain efforts of the sja-r ladders to comfort and to cheer; but to the sympathetic mind the pathos and genuine woe must appeal with force. Remembering that many of these sad faced women are wedded wives, with little children dependent upon them for support, who are being left behind in loneliness and poverty, the parting scenes cannot but touch even hard hearts. But what about the maids of high degree, as the troopship sails down the harbor, the band playing as cheerily as though no hearts were aching. It is a sad old world, full of partings and echoing with good-byes, but after all there is perhaps compensation for every ill if we could only see it. In this case, I suppose, the compensation will lie in the fact that there is another regiment in town, and consequently new firms to conquer.

1892, "THE CREAM OF THE HAVANA CROP."

"La Cadena" and "La Flora" brands of cigars are undoubtedly superior in quality and considerably lower in price than any brand imported. Prejudiced smokers will not admit this to be the case. The connoisseur knows it. S. Davis & Sons, Montreal.

COMING EVENTS.—The Dalhousie Glee Club, assisted by Herr and Frau Doering and Fraulein Buedinger, are to give a concert at the Academy of Music on Thursday next. The students' many friends in Halifax as well as the musical public generally should give them a good house. The Fiske Jubilee Singers, whose reputation for first-class performances is well established, are to be at the Academy of Music Easter Week. Arthur Roban's Company is engaged to appear at the Academy the last week in April and the first week in May. Pleasure seekers have something in these entertainments to look forward to with pleasure.

A HINT TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.—Apropos of the Orpheus Concert, there was at least one soul in the audience upon whom the beauty of the music seemed to have a most soothing effect. Sound, sound asleep, nodding gracefully, sat a lovely creature, his chubby face the picture of content, his well-rounded figure the emblem of good living. At each burst of applause his sweet slumbers were disturbed, and he apparently but then realized that his friends were enjoying a huge joke at his expense. Languidly he clapped his hands, and condescended to address a "few brief remarks" in a decidedly audible tone to the lady at his side, who, truth to tell, appeared to be as well pleased when he again closed his dreamy eyes. Verily music hath charms to soothe, etc. I trust however, that if the brilliant individual whom I have tried to picture chances to see this sketch, he will recognize himself, and take this hint kindly, since "the giftie" has not seen fit to "give us" the power to see ourselves as others see us.

Hood's Sarsaparilla positively cures even when all others fail. It has a record of successes unequalled by any other medicine.

THE AFRICANS.—Verily for the performances given by the African Choir this week in the Academy of Music unique is a most appropriate adjective. On Wednesday evening the lower part of the Academy was well filled and a goodly number occupied gallery seats. The programme began with a Kaffir song, after which the Director of the Choir gave a brief but interesting explanation of the "clicks" of the Kaffir alphabet. Then followed another Kaffir song and a chorus in English. A number five on the programme, one of the African ladies gave a solo in English, a sweet little song, which was enthusiastically encored. In answer to her encore the singer kindly repeated the last verse. The remainder of the programme was composed of a duet, choruses in English and in Kaffir, a wayside song and dance, a typical wedding song and a representation of the Witch Doctor curing a sick child. Intensely interesting throughout, and thoroughly enjoyable. To watch the grotesque figures and bright intelligent faces of this group of natives of the "dark continent," to listen to their crude music, crude yet full of harmony at times, and to note the good natured interest with which they regarded their audience, was indeed an entertainment worth having. The choir appears in native garments, all being barefooted, and some having no covering on their arms. By the way, didn't Halifax ladies envy the African ladies their capacious pockets? The two little boys of the troupe are bright little chaps, and apparently enjoyed the performance immensely, although sometimes sleep almost prevailed and the little fists were dug into the drowsy eyes in true baby fashion.

The choir left Halifax on Thursday for a tour through the province, and will proceed to "do" Canada and the United States, after which they propose visiting Australia before returning to their home in South Africa. The object of these concerts is not merely to see and be seen by their fellowmen, nor to give pleasure or information as to the customs of far away Africa to the thousands who will flock to see and hear them, although these objects would be worthy; the aim of the choir is to collect enough money to found a college for the improvement of their own people. They have won royal commendation, the approval of the people and high praise from the press, and fully deserve success in the future. The African choir has been compared with the Fiske Jubilee Singers, in some cases favorably, in others to the choir's disadvantage. There is so little resemblance in the performance of the Kaffirs to that given by the Fiske singers that I cannot see why any comparison should be instituted. Any one who can possibly do so should see both. Halifaxians who have become interested in the Africans will watch with interest their future movements, and will rejoice to hear of the success of their scheme to provide educational advantages for their fellow countrymen.

RESTORED TO HEALTH.

DEAR SIR.—For years I was troubled with indigestion, but being advised to try Dr. B. I did so and find myself quite restored to health.
HOWARD SULLIVAN,
Mgr. Sullivan Farm, Dunbar, Ont.