

## CITY CHIMES.

Easter Sunday was as fine a day as the oldest inhabitant can remember on the 29th of March. The churches were well attended, and in nearly all of them sermons appropriate to the occasion were preached, and Easter music told of a risen Lord.

Now that Lent is over, festivities of the usual kind are again lawful for good church people. Easter week has been lively with opera and dancing, and people have been having a good time generally. Spring's "dowry fingers cold" are scarcely perceptible as yet, unless by the coldness, but having got safely through March, we live in hopes of warmer days in April—month of sunshine and showers, smiles and tears. Last Saturday we must except the charge of coldness. It was almost hot in the middle of the day, and just perfect for going out for a stroll. Good Friday was too gusty to be pleasant, and walking was tiresome. The day was spent very quietly, and many people found the three hours' service at St. Luke's Cathedral quite enough exertion for one day.

Messrs. Gordon & Keith's ball on Tuesday evening at their re-constructed warerooms was attended by about 400 guests, who appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly. The rooms were handsomely draped and decorated, and splendid music was provided for dancing by the string band of the Leicestershire Regiment. The programme consisted of seventeen dances, the still-as-popular-as-ever militaire occurring three times. An excellent supper was served by Street, without whom, we fancy, no brilliant event of this kind can take place. Dancing was kept up until after one o'clock. Among the guests present were Lieut.-Governor Daly, Hon. S. W. Fielding, the Spanish Consul, and Dr. and Mrs. Wickwire. The warerooms were universally admired by the guests, who had every opportunity of inspecting the building, which was illuminated throughout.

The splendid new building of St. Mary's Young Men's Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society on Barrington St. was formally opened on Monday evening, when a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen was present. Archbishop O'Brien, Governor Daly, Mr. T. E. Kenny, Mr. Fielding and others gave addresses, after which the building was inspected and admired by all present. A number of prominent men occupied seats on the platform. This building will be to the Catholics of the city what the Y. M. C. A. is to the Protestants. With the Church of England Institute on one side and St. Mary's T. A. & B. Society on the other, the City Club should find itself so girt about with temperance that the very champagne corkers will be afraid to pop.

The first of April was bright enough to fool any body into donning a light overcoat, but only the fools did it, for the wind had a cold back bone in it, and winter garments were and are still quite as necessary as ever for comfort. With regard to April fools, it is well to remember that Bismarck was born on the first of this month, and that he is now 86 years old. He is not generally regarded as a fool, although Emperor William does not appreciate his services to the state.

In our younger days we can faintly remember we looked forward to the first of April with pleasure for some days, and laid traps for the unwary. Small parcels of trash done up as groceries tempted the passer-by, and sometimes an envelope, addressed to a neighbor, would lie on the sidewalk, just outside the gate, behind which lurked a boy holding the other end of the string to which said envelope was attached. It is needless to say that no one picked up that letter, as the boy with the string took care that it disappeared just as a hand was stretched forth to take it.

We often read "Iris'" talks about Halifax in *St. John Progress*, sometimes greatly to our amusement, and we are now led to believe that that lady must have a little Irish blood in her veins, since in her last article she produced a bull of the true Irish breed. This is what she says:—"As we lift the sombre linden curtain and emerge into the bright world, the greeting we would fain utter is checked, for hark! Do you not hear the Easter Chimes? And that sweet perfume! Is it not the breath of the Easter lillies? O joyful bells, and spotless flowers! They speak far more eloquently than any other language, and so, in silence, we join in the grand hallelujah." Now this is very pretty, but we would like to know how we are to join in the grand hallelujah in *silence*. Perhaps our townswoman has discovered a new method of singing, but our idea of a hallelujah is something of the joyful noise description spoken of by the Psalmist.

The unusual came to pass this week. We have been treated to an operatic performance of considerable merit, and Halifaxians have shown their appreciation by going to see and hear, so that the cheering spectacle of a full house has met the eyes of the performers every evening. "The Gondoliers" is not unlike other Gilbertian operas and is full of humor, the music is very pretty, although there are no decidedly strong parts, and the company gave a very good all round performance. Miss Marie Laurens as Casilda, daughter of the Duke of Plaza Toro, is deserving of the highest praise. In the first act she had but small scope, and no one guessed the power, flexibility and sweetness of her voice, but in the second act she soared away, and took her high notes with remarkable ease and clearness, giving the audience a feeling of confidence in her powers. As the Grand Inquisitor Maurice Hageman was exceedingly amusing, and his dancing was a feature of the programme alone well worth going to see. The Duke of

Plaza Toro was irresistibly comical and kept the audience in a ripple of laughter. The two Gondoliers, Marco and Guiseppe, were well presented by Robert Dunbar and Seth M. Crane, and their wives, Gianetta and Tessa, were favorites from the first. Miss Marie Bell (Gianetta) has a charming voice and acts and sings in a sprightly, lively manner. The over painting of the face was a mistake all the ladies made. We have seldom seen an opera in which the ladies were better looking in reality or more disfigured in the make up. Their dresses were very fetching, but the "dead loads"—to make use of slang—of paint and powder used on their faces was apparent even without the use of a lorgnette. The Duchess of Plaza Toro may have been intentionally disfigured thus—she was crimsoned up to the eyebrows—but we think it would be pleasanter for the spectators not to have it overdone to such a degree. We hope the ladies of the company will be less lavish with their rouge next week. The scenery was new and an agreeable relief from the old familiar "scenes of our childhood," as viewed in the Academy of Music. Last evening "Amorita" was given. The music of this opera is said to be very pretty, but as we have not yet heard it we cannot speak from experience. On Monday "Fra Diavola," an old favorite, will be presented. The Grau Company is well worthy the patronage it has been receiving, and the long dearth of such entertainment makes it doubly acceptable.

The W. C. T. U. held an Olio in Orpheus Hall on Thursday evening. A large audience was present to enjoy the fine programme presented.

The vagaries of fashion are peculiar, as every one knows, but the latest agony, we are told by an English paper, transcends them all. "There was a time when cobwebs were remorselessly dragged from their lurking places by the mandates of careful housewives, while a spider provoked as much scampering and shrieking as a mouse. Imagine, therefore, the horror of seeing a damsel of the *haute monde* whose head and face were enveloped in a mass of cobwebs, whilst spiders meandered unchecked over eyes, brow, nose and mouth. "My dear, what is it?" quoth the spectator. "Is it for a wager you wear these unseemly and horrid insects?" Her answer was enthusiastic and discursive. We condense its most interesting facts. Cobwebs and spiders are the latest "agony" in veils. Put loosely over a large hat and drawn under the chin, they are announced by Bond-street's most expensive and best milliners to be the very latest "caper," and quite too "swagger." That lovely womankind should submit to such vagaries! Another noisome veil was also encountered. This was more awful than the first, for the cobwebs were realistically gray, and the spiders were terribly black. Well may this be called the latest agony! Veils are frequently charged with serious offenses, such as injuring the eyes, etc., but when selected with good taste and judgment, they are not only a useful, but an ornamental adjunct to a lady's toilet. People talk of them as vanities and denounce them as fads, but the majority of women kind have an especial affection for the gauzy, expensive, dear, delightful things. Their virtues outnumber their faults. In the first place, they are a protection against the cutting winds of winter. They keep at least one-half the dust from finding a lodging in the pores. They hold rebellious bangs in leash, and defy the March winds or the swiftly alternating rain and snow to "take out the curl." They hide worn hat brims. They shade weak eyes. They give a feeling of retirement to a woman who goes about alone, and they add dignity to her personality and grace to her appearance. Some one has said a veil is a coquetry to a pretty woman, and a boon to an ugly one—or something to that effect. Veils are more the rage than ever now, and every woman loves to have a choice selection of them. The thin fish net patterns are as pretty as any, and very becoming.

The new hats are of most fantastic shapes, but on the whole they promise to be becoming. They are "airy nothings" almost, and if they do not look pretty their usefulness is doubtful. Flowers promise to replace the "smashed birds" that have been worn all winter, and the relief is something to be thankful for. The weather must hurry up and get warmer, so we can see how the tiny flower crowned affairs will look on our belles. Bonnet shops, in all their array, have a drawing power, which is apparently irresistible to the fair sex, and even some of the brave may be seen to gaze, lost in wonder, at the "creations" in the windows of best millinery establishments.

Mr. James Shand, the well-known Auctioneer, says: "Had considerable expectation and disagreeable cough. Physician recommended *Pultner's Emulsion*. Took six bottles—cough vanished. Am convinced your preparation brought about my speedy convalescence."

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161 Hollis St.,

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