

CITY CHIMES.

The people of Halifax have given Mr. Somerby a cordial welcome on his re-appearance in the city this week, and the large audiences which have attended the show at the Exhibition Building give material evidence of the appreciation of Uncle Rufus' efforts to please his patrons. Between two and three thousand spectators have each evening enjoyed the marvellous performance of Bristol's educated horses, ponies and mules, and if the animals know as much as they appear to they must have felt highly flattered by the expressions of approbation given by their audiences. The intelligence of the equines is wonderful, and the patience and skill of their trainer, Prof. Bristol, must undoubtedly be unlimited. Each horse knows its name and apparently is as well up in the order of the programme as is the manager. In quiet tones each horse is called to the front of the stage and introduced to the audience, and, after making a bow, retires to its place in the "class." The feats of arithmetic are well done, but our credulity was severely taxed when the clever creature told its master the date and the exact time. Their education is very complete, and their faculties of understanding wonderfully developed, but it is not easy to believe that by looking at the face of a watch they can tell the precise time. However, the many remarkable acts performed by the handsome animals so entirely surprise one that almost anything seems possible. A score of feats are performed at a simple word of command. The last act showing the animals in a military march is carried through with great precision, and the antics of "Topay," the mule, are very amusing. The performance closes with a laughable scene between the owners of horse and donkey, which calls forth hilarious merriment from the small boys. On the closing night \$100 in gold will be given to the lucky holders of the three winning tickets. The first prize will be \$50, the second \$30, and the third \$20. Receptions are given every afternoon and evening, the former at 2.30 and the latter at 8. Children under 12 years of age are admitted in the afternoon for 15 cents, and are treated to a ride on a pony if they wish to try their skill at horsemanship.

The workers at the St. Mary's Glebe Bazaar, in progress this week at the drill shed, have done a rushing business, thousands of people having patronized the fair. The old building is prettily decorated. Red, white and blue streamers of tinting mingled with evergreens are artistically suspended from the roof supports, and flags and flowers profusely adorn the sides of the building. The display of fancy work has been magnificent, and speaks highly for the skill and ingenuity combined with exquisite taste of the Halifax ladies who have wrought the numerous dainty articles. The refreshment department, the flower stand and the ice cream booth have all been extensively patronized, and the numerous attractions of the fair have taken well with the multitude. The handsome parlor suite to be disposed of by ticket has attracted much attention. Among other articles to be disposed of by lottery are a silver tea service, silver coffee service, China dinner set, China tea set, smoking table, a "cosy corner," etc., etc. The doll department is the delight of the little girls, and she must be hard to please who cannot find there a baby suited to her fancy. The fair has been a thorough success and as the ladies who have worked so faithfully for the advancement of their object count their proceeds undoubtedly a source of gratification well more than atone for all feelings of weariness.

The sultry days of August are over and a chilliness is easily to be detected in the air, which faintly reminds us that "empus is fugiting" rapidly, and that ere many weeks have passed the autumn in full glory will be upon us. Poets sing, and enthusiastic lovers of nature rave, over the manifold charms of the joyous summer season, but we who live where the heat doth not oppress and invigorating Atlantic breezes fan our shores from day to day, can feel that the half has truly not been told of the delights of the season. Now that we are forced to realize that our summer days are numbered, we naturally doubly appreciate our opportunities, and excursions, picnics, driving, etc., etc., anything to keep us out of doors in the pure free air, are the order of the day. We have been favored with clear sunshiny weather this week, and the temperature, not too hot and not too cold, is simply delightful. One can drink in the sweet pure air in abundance and emphatically answer in the affirmative the question "Is life worth living."

Between sixty and seventy guests surrounded the handsomely decorated and bountifully spread tables at the complimentary farewell dinner tendered by the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron to their Commodore, Mr. A. C. Edwards, on Tuesday evening. The main table was in the form of an anchor. At the centre, in front of the Vice Commodore, who presided, were the Wenonah, Barkers and the Squadron cups, and at each end were other trophies of the Squadron. At the centre of the table, facing Vice-Chairman J. W. Steers, was a floral design bearing the words in variegated colors, "Farewell to our Commodore," and on the wall at the rear were the Squadron ensign and burgee. The scene was very attractive. The superb menu provided by host Hesselein of the Halifax Hotel was done ample justice to, and for two hours thereafter toasts were proposed, drunk and responded to in a happy manner. James Fraser proposed a full bumper for the honor of guest, Commodore Edwards, and gave utterance to the sentiments of the Squadron in expressing the deep regret with which they bade farewell to Commodore Edwards. Mr. Edwards responded in an appropriate speech, expressing his sorrow at leaving old friends, and his interest in the affairs of the Squadron. After songs and humorous speeches the company dispersed.

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Four boats contested in the Yacht race for the Ruth cup on Saturday afternoon, viz: *Lenore*, *Wym*, *Yolta*, and *Mentor*; *Wym* came off victorious. Next week's race will be for the Lord Russell cup.

The Spanish dancer *Cyrene*, who appears with Cleveland's Minstrels at the Academy of Music on the 7th of next month, is said to be little short of a marvel. Her salary is reputed to figure at \$600 a week.

The lacrosse match played on Saturday afternoon between the Wanderers and Crescents, was won by the former, six goals to one.

A large number of families who have been summering out of town have bidden farewell to the friends they have made in their rustic homes, to the free, fresh air of the country, to the quiet of the forest, to the music of the birds, and to all the delights attendant on a summer in the country, and have returned to the city. Regrettably they retrace their steps while the season is still full of outdoor pleasures, but duty calls. The public schools and many of the private schools re-open next week, and the little folks must be ready to begin again the turmoil of school life. Robert J. Birdette, in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for September, has a characteristic sketch of the time. "When the thistle-down, like the spirit fair of the summer, floats on the sunlit air, when against your will, your thoughts will stray to the noisy city so far away; when you say 'the weather is growing cool,' and the children wail 'oh, that horrid school!' When whistling softly, without a sound, the smiling landlord hangs around, etc.," in which he happily voices the feelings that rise as the sojourners in the summer-land say goodbye to the scenes that have grown familiar and dear to the people who have formed their daily companions. "Farewell the old friends newly met, farewell the new friends old by a summer day's trial! Landlord, adieu! The sails are spread that w.f. us from the rising bell. Thy dainties pie, thy fearless bread, peace to thy lashes; then farewell!" Mr. Birdette continues in a more serious strain—"Woe is us that summer should be so short and winter so long! That the greeting is the crisp and monosyllabic 'Hail' and the parting phrases the regret on the lingering 'farewell!' But so it must be." However, our old and solid city is not by any means an undesirable place in which to pass the remainder of the season, and more than likely those whom necessity has forced to take up their abode in their city homes thus early, will find compensation full in the sea-breezes, the freedom from the playful antics of the festive mosquito, and the many other advantages of life in Halifax.

The annual summer races took place on the Riding Grounds on Wednesday afternoon. The weather was delightful and a large crowd gathered to witness the sport. The numerous ladies in attendance, clad in bright summer costumes, lent a brightness to the scene, and much interest was manifested by the fair spectators in the events, some even going so far as to join their friends of the eternal sex in laying wagers on their favorites. The track was in good condition and the races were most successfully carried out. The first race was for the Riding Ground Pony Cup. *Kitty*, *Tipperary* and *Mignonette* were the starters in this race, which was closely contested and won by *Tipperary*. The run for the Jubilee Purse came next. There was in this, as in the pony race, considerable false starting, but after a time the horses *Stag*, *Norris* and *Messary* got off. The latter went lame and the race was practically between *Stag* and *Norris*, being won by the former. There was quite an excitement created over this race, many of the spectators and the owner of *Norris*, charging his rider, Finnegan, with pulling the horse to allow *Stag* to win. In the race for the polo purse, *Tipperary* came out ahead, but the judges announced that the swift little pony had been disqualified for short weight, and the race went to *Muffin* with *Annie Rooney* second. The remainder of the races were interesting, and with the exception of much unnecessary scoring were well managed. An unfortunate occurrence was the action of *Mignonette*, in throwing her rider Mr. Jack and thus losing her chance of winning, which was favorable. Music was furnished by the band of the Leicestershire Regiment, and all present apparently enjoyed fully the "Derby" of 1892.

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