

CITY CHIMES.

The sixth subscription concert of the Orpheus Club series was given in Orpheus Hall before a large and brilliant audience on Thursday of last week. A splendid programme of twelve numbers was carried out. The three selections from "Martha" proved very enjoyable, but as one gazed upon the singers ranged rank upon rank, a desire for a little scenery, and for a picturesque grouping of the *dramatis personae* was awakened within us. Miss Annie Belle Hinckley, of Boston, together with Miss Laine and Herr Doering, assisted the Club in a most efficient manner, all three securing enthusiastic encores for their numbers. Miss Hinckley is a new star in our firmament. She sang her number, "Sognai," in a pleasing style which won the warm appreciation of her audience. In response to the demand for "more," Miss Hinckley gave the "Maid of Dundee," a wise choice, for a singer seldom makes a mistake in appealing to the Scotch side of human nature in Halifax. Miss Laine, as usual, delighted her hearers, the three songs from "A Child's Garden of Verses" being charmingly fresh and bright. As an encore she repeated the last and prettiest of the trio. Herr Doering fairly excelled himself by his rendition of the "Carnaval de Venise" on his cello. The execution was wonderful, but we must say, rank heresy though it may be considered, that musical gymnastics are not to our mind. The beautiful "Adagio" which he gave as an encore—the same he played at the Leipzig Trio Concert last week—had a thousand times the amount of music in it, and appealed to every heart containing a responsive chord, but the "Carnaval" offered greater scope for the display of skill, and as an exhibition of skill was splendid. Frau Doering's work as an accompanist deserves the highest praise. She appears to be in perfect rapport with her accomplished husband. One feels after leaving a concert such as that of last Thursday that a great deal has been accomplished in a musical way for a city the size of ours, but every time we hear the Orpheus Club, with Ladies' Auxiliary and Orchestra, we cannot help thinking that there is a little too much for a building the size of Orpheus Hall. It appears to get just a little too full of sound sometimes, when all the voices and instruments are at work. This, of course, cannot be helped, unless the Club could have the Academy of Music for its concerts, which is scarcely to be expected when it has a hall of its own; and after all, we ought to be well satisfied with what we have. The efficiency of the Club reflects the greatest credit upon the enthusiastic conductor, Mr. C. H. Porter, and upon Herr Klingensfeld, who leads the orchestra. Mr. T. J. Payne, who so faithfully and well performs the duties of accompanist, also deserves praise, and gets it from the discriminating public, which is pretty sure to appreciate good work. One more concert will complete the season's course.

It is rather a good sign of the times that it is not considered the proper caper for ladies to appear ill or invalidish in these days. Health, rude health, is the thing, and if a girl does not feel up to "hare and hounds" and everything else that is going—and thing are all pretty much "going" now-a-days—she had better go to the country and rusticate. They never walk there, or hardly ever, and a delicate girl might manage to get taken about in a carriage. It is so out of style to be ill, we read, that the girls, to insure the health which is now so necessary to their social standing, have provided themselves with chatelaines, upon which hang half a dozen boxes of gold or silver, in which is a collection of medicine, tonics and more or less stimulating drugs. And so the girl of to-day takes charge of her physical well being, and keeps the thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to at bay.

The third and last song recital by Miss Louise Laine was announced to take place in Orpheus Hall last evening, the Leipzig Trio assisting the talented songstress. It is with the greatest regret we hear that Miss Laine is so soon to take her departure, and that there will be a blank in musical circles that will not probably be filled for a long time is certain. There are few people in Halifax who have not listened with the greatest pleasure to Miss Laine's beautiful and cultured voice, and we know we only express the general feeling when we say we regret the approaching departure of one who has contributed in no small degree to our entertainment during the past three years. Wherever it may be Miss Laine's lot to stray, we wish her every success in life.

As if farewells were infectious, we find another of the ladies whom the Ladies' College was the means of bringing to our city taking her departure. We refer to Miss Jennie McGarry, who, both by her abilities as an elocutionist and her qualities of mind and person, has won scores of warm friends in Halifax. Owing to the closing of the college on account of diphtheria, Miss McGarry has hastened her departure, and she leaves Halifax to-day, followed by the good wishes of all who know her.

On Monday and Tuesday "A Pair of Kids" drew large audiences to the Academy of Music. This evening and to-morrow afternoon and evening Gorton's Minstrels, who come highly recommended, will give entertainments. They are highly spoken of, and as is well known, anything in the burnt cork line is pretty sure of an appreciative audience in Halifax.

Rain seems to be the portion of the bandsmen who undertake to provide music in the Provincial Building square in the evenings. On Tuesday evening the 63rd band was playing, much to the delight of a large concourse of people, but about 9.30 the rain commenced and abruptly stopped further proceedings. We hope better luck will prevail next time.

The Queen's birthday, which was publicly and almost universally

observed as a holiday on Monday, was a superbly beautiful day—true Queen's weather—and everyone who could possibly do so, laid aside the cares of business and enjoyed one or another of the various attractions provided by nature or the ingenuity of man for man's enjoyment. The city and the shipping in the harbor presented a gala appearance, all the bunting available being displayed. The sports were nearly all well attended. The ball game between the Mutuals and the Socials on the Wanderers' grounds attracted over a thousand spectators, and was won by the former. The trotting races at the Riding Grounds were also well attended, but as there were no horses of remarkable speed competing, and no bid to discourse sweet music after the manner of bands in general, there was nothing particularly noteworthy about the opening of the racing season. However, the day was so fine that few could be dissatisfied with any of the proceedings. Private picnics were out in every direction, drives through the country were enjoyed by many people, and fishing received its due share of attention. Altogether a finer holiday it has not been our lot to record for many a long day.

When we find a good thing it is well to pass it on if it can be done. In reading in an exchange the other day an article dealing with authorship and literary matters generally, the following pearl of thought, which applies equally well to all endeavors, caught our eye: "I do believe the greatest joy on earth is toiling in secrecy and anguish on a beautiful and true work; knowing the loneliness of God when he creates; tearing down and building until the ideal answers, 'Here I am'—and then being startled by the sudden joy of the public as it discovers this ideal with you."

*St. Nicholas*, that delightful magazine for children, has a genius for pretty verse. The following by Elizabeth L. Gould from the June number is quaint and seasonable, and deserves a reading by children of a larger growth:

A LITTLE VISITOR.

I spied her in my garden,  
Clasped tightly in each hand  
She held a monstrous posy,  
Her dimpled cheeks were rosy;  
She smiled and begged my pardon,  
When near her I did stand.

"I've come to pay a visit,"  
She said,—the pretty dear!—  
"For thirty long, long days, sir,  
And aren't you glad I'm here!"

"Now what may be your name, please?"  
I gently did demand:  
"Ah, whose are all these flowers?"  
She said, "why, they are ours."  
I'm June; last night I came, please,  
Straight from the Summer Land."

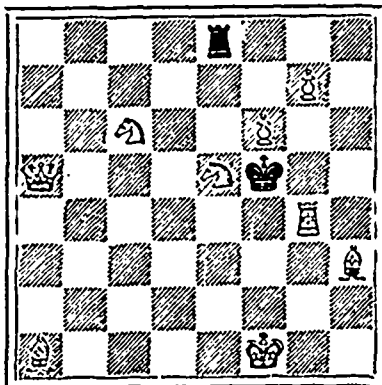
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 69.

From *Jamaica Gleaner*.

By W. E. Perry, Yarmouth, N. S.

BLACK 2 pieces.



WHITE 9 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME No. 70.

Played in the Canadian Chess Association Tourney, January, 1891.

(*French Defence*.)

T. Taylor.

J. E. Narraway.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- |             |           |
|-------------|-----------|
| 1 P to K4   | P to K3   |
| 2 P to Q4   | P to Q4   |
| 3 Kt to QB3 | Kt to KB3 |
| 4 B to K15  | B to K2   |
| 5 P to K5   | KKt to Q2 |
| 6 B takes B | Q takes B |
| 7 Kt to KB3 | P to QR3  |
| 8 B to Q3   | P to QB4  |

- |                 |              |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 9 Castles       | P takes P    |
| 10 Kt takes P   | Kt takes P   |
| 11 Kt takes QP1 | P takes Kt   |
| 12 R to K1      | Q to B3      |
| 13 Q to K2      | QKt to Q2    |
| 14 Kt to B3     | Castles      |
| 15 Kt takes Kt  | Kt takes Kt  |
| 16 Q takes Kt   | Q takes Q    |
| 17 R takes Q    | B to K3      |
| 18 B to B5      | B takes B    |
| 19 R takes B    | QR to B1     |
| 20 P to QB3     | KR to Q1     |
| 21 R to K5      | K to B1      |
| 22 QR to Q1     | P to Q5 1 b  |
| 23 P takes P    | R takes P    |
| 24 QR to K1     | R to Q7      |
| 25 R to K1      | QR to B7     |
| 26 QR to K1     | P to B3      |
| 27 R to K3 ch   | K to B2      |
| 28 KR to K7 ch  | K to Kt3     |
| 29 R takes KtP  | R takes BP   |
| 30 QR to K7     | R takes P ch |
| 31 K to B1      | R takes RP   |
| 32 R takes P ch | K to B4      |
| 33 K to Kt1     | KR to Q7     |
| 34 K to R1      | R takes P    |

NOTES.

a A bold sacrifice; not quite sound, but difficult to answer in actual play.  
b The winning move.—*St. John, N. B., Globe.*

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