

CITY CHIMES.

Our friend the enemy, otherwise the N. S. correspondent of the *Dominion Illustrated*, evidently has not yet recovered from the shock of finding that her work was open to criticism. In her last effusion she says "Somebody ought really to pat my little friend, THE CRITIC, on the back, to put it in a good humor, also in order to restore it to its proper sphere of usefulness; a critic that allows its spleen to get the better of its veracity, is, to say the least of it, unreliable. I was fair enough to admit that I had been misinformed in some minor detail of the article; I most certainly did not admit the correctness of the criticisms on my workmanship. She must not forget, this fair critic (for surely it is a lady editor who wields this illogical pen) the sacred character of her office." Now in order that our readers may fully understand the case, we will refer to our first mention of N. S. correspondence. On March 20th we said, "Sometimes, we will not say always, she has talked twaddle unworthy of publication in a paper with a field stretching from ocean to ocean, and dealt in small personal matters of little interest to any but the people mentioned. We then proceeded to strongly endorse her remarks on dress reform. Our criticism was meant, and certainly expressed in a friendly manner, and we are sorry our friend has made so much of it. Perhaps many of the weak spots in her articles were owing to overwork and consequent carelessness in the preparation of copy. Our veracity has never suffered from spleen, and we are sorry our friend should, being a lady, accuse us at one and the same time of being illogical and a lady. By so doing she strikes a blow at her sex. The fact that there is a lady on our staff has influenced her—the editor of THE CRITIC is a man. Later on in controversy, finding our friend was slightly hurt at our criticism, we gave reasons for so expressing ourselves, speaking particularly of errors in fact in one article. She thereupon wrote in her next, that she had no doubt THE CRITIC was right in what he said. She presumably meant only so far as it concerned the one article, for our saying that we were glad the N. S. correspondent had the good sense to acknowledge the correctness of our remarks, has brought out the little equib which we quoted at the beginning of this article. Our "spleen" is all in our friend's imagination, and we were never anything but amused by her, and as for veracity, we said nothing but what was absolutely true. The sacredness of our office is ever borne in mind. If necessary to settle the question, we will cheerfully publish some of this correspondent's back work, but as we see little use in prolonging the controversy, it had better drop where it is. We have the friendliest feeling for her, and as she tells us we are one of her warmest personal friends, we have no desire to lay aside the foils of good-natured contest to take up the sharp weapons of war. She must not however, challenge our veracity lightly again, or mind friendly criticisms, taking umbrage at it only serves to make us think that she is very young, a state of affairs that time will surely remedy.

Last Friday evening the "Steadfast" circle of King's Daughters gave a very successful entertainment to a large audience in the Reform Club Hall, Dartmouth. The tableaux were without exception good, and the musical part of the programme, as supplied by Mrs. Davies and Miss McKenzie, and Messrs. Emerson, Ward and Sobeski, was highly satisfactory. A large number of ladies and gentlemen took part in the tableaux, but the greater part of the labor of getting them up, and of stage management, devolved upon Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Creighton, who invariably take a foremost part in all such undertakings. Mr. Creighton's attitude and expression as the "Bumpkin" in the "Pastoral without words," was decidedly the best individual effort of all the living pictures presented, but for artistic beauty the groups from a sculptor's studio must be given pre-eminence. One distressing thing about tableaux vivants is that they are over so soon, the poses being difficult to retain long. For this reason plenty of repeating is desirable, but unfortunately the gentleman who acted as showman made the mistake of saying that the scenes of the "Pastoral" could not possibly be repeated, and this threw the audience into a state of not knowing what to do. There was no reason why all the pieces should not have been repeated several times. We congratulate our Dartmouth friends on their success, and would advise them to repeat the entertainment at some time in the near future.

There was an overflowing audience present at the Church of England Institute on Tuesday evening, on the occasion of Miss Laine's farewell concert. Miss Laine's numbers were perfectly rendered, and the concert as a whole was most successful.

Halifax society will not for long rejoice in the presence of a Prince. It is said that the *Thrush* will leave about the middle of next month with the fleet for the St. Lawrence, and will then proceed to England. H. R. H. Prince George will be much missed.

The public holiday, when all Halifaxians feel in duty bound to honor their native city by having a good time, was unfortunately very cold for the season, and many people had their holiday fun spoiled by it. A plentitude of amusements were provided, and all were well patronized. We will merely speak of those that came under our particular notice. Picnics were out in every direction.

The annual closing exercises of the Academy of the Sacred Heart took place on Monday, and were, as usual, very interesting.

The base ball game between the Mutuals and Socials on the Wanderers' grounds on Monday morning was witnessed by about 800 people. It was a splendid game, and the Mutuals won.

The horse races at the Riding Grounds on Monday were attended by about 3,000 people, and the grand stand enclosure was filled by the youth, beauty and fashion of the city. It was awfully cold. Those ladies who wore their seal skin jackets or fur-lined cloaks were the only comfortable ones, and the men who were enveloped in great coats did not look over warm. There were seven races. We have not space to go into particulars, but will merely say that they were interesting and awakened a large amount of enthusiasm, especially the latter races. Betting was freely indulged in, even the ladies going into it largely—probably driven to do something to keep themselves warm. A few things we would like to see changed in the general arrangements at the Riding Grounds. Why cannot the large paddock inside the track be utilized and give the crowd, each member of which pays his or her twenty five cents to see the races, a chance to get their money's worth? Crossing the track need only be permitted at certain times, and surely there is a sufficiently long time between each race to allow of crossing in safety! The gates could then be shut, and the result would be that many who have to stand in the rear of the crowd would have a chance to see more than the heads of the jockeys passing. The programme would also bear improving. For instance, when we read on the card (which is sold for ten cents,) that a certain horse will be ridden by a jockey in Nile green with olive sleeves, and instead of that we see a black and gold arrangement and no Nile green and olive, how are we to know the other from which? Surely such details could be definitely arranged before the programme is printed, and then be carried out as stated. The frigid weather detracted greatly from the pleasure at the races. All, or nearly all, the ladies looked painfully cold, and we thought that races for spectators, between the regular races, would have been a good idea. They could have been started in pairs, hare and hounds fashion, a lady and a gentleman, and they would have got warm. Such races would have been quite as becoming as the regular hare and hounds, if not more so, because there are no fences for the ladies to tear their skirts getting over. The Leicestershire band was in attendance, and performed a good programme of music, and the meet was under the patronage of Sir George Watson, Sir John Ross and Lieutenant Governor Daly, and as we said before, the ladies of the six hundred were there in force.

The concert in the Gardens was postponed from Monday on account of the cold weather until last evening. Many people were disappointed.

There was a very large attendance at the closing exercises of the School for the Blind on Monday. This was the first closing in the assembly hall, new wing, and it was most successful, and a great improvement over former years.

The Academy of Music was packed on Monday evening to greet Mr. W. S. Harkins' Fifth Avenue Company. The piece put on was "Captain Swift," and it went from first to last in first-class style. Miss Julia Arthur, who is a firm favorite in Halifax, was greeted with rounds of applause when she appeared as Mrs. Seabrook, and was presented with a beautiful bouquet. Her acting was fully up to the previous high standard she had achieved, and all who visit the Academy during the Harkins' season will have a treat. Mr. Harkins is a fine actor, and his impersonation of "Mr. Wilding" was a powerful piece of work. The Company remains another week, and will give "Woman Against Woman" the last three evenings of this week, and other attractions next week.

The Saturday afternoon band concerts in the Gardens will begin in about two weeks, we believe.

The Bijou Opera Company, with the American prima donna, Adelaide Randall, is a promised attraction for the Academy of Music next month.

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