

## CITY CHIMES.

The Halifax Garrison Artillery ball at the Halifax Hotel on Friday evening stands in memory as an unrivalled success. We have many pleasant recollections of social events in this line in Halifax, but very few of which it could be frankly said, "nothing was wanting," until this latest addition to the list, which, with the exception of a few who are never wholly pleased with anything, all present pronounced a complete success, and the girls declared in true girlish phraseology, "all too perfectly lovely for anything." The invitations were issued for nine o'clock, and for some time before that hour cabs were to be seen hurrying to and from all parts of the city. Promptly at nine a line of carriages drew up in front of the Hotel, and the large crowd gathered around the entrance were rewarded for patient waiting by glimpses of the guests as they passed on to the north door of the Hotel. The ladies were ushered upstairs to their dressing room, and the gentlemen passed on to their cloak room on the ground floor. Colonel and Mrs. Curren received the guests in the reading room, from whence they passed to the fine new dining room, which had been turned into an excellent ball-room, with refreshment rooms adjoining. Here was presented a scene which could only be witnessed at a ball in a garrison city, and which utterly passed description. Some of the ladies' costumes were truly magnificent, others were, well not "magnificent," but very pretty, and strangers present must have been forcibly struck with the fact that for a city of our size we can gather together a remarkably large number of beautiful women and pretty girls. The officers' uniforms added greatly to the brilliance of the effect, and the whole building seemed transformed into fairyland where nothing but happiness reigned supreme. The conservatory and the promenade that was arranged on the roof of the new portion of the Hotel were tastefully lighted with Chinese lanterns, and formed a most delightful retreat from the light and heat of the crowded ball-room. Judging from the number of couples who took advantage of this picturesque and dimly-lighted mimic garden, the refreshing breezes from the harbor and the beauties of "the infinite meadows of heaven" must have been very highly appreciated. The lounges and easy chairs placed invitingly in the corridors were much enjoyed by tired waltzers and non-dancing chaperones. The supper was splendidly served; the ease and harmony which prevailed throughout (after once gaining admission to the supper-room,) was remarkable in such a large assembly, and the promptness with which the wants of all were supplied was highly satisfactory. The music was excellent, and the Leicestershire band added to their already high record another score, that of playing good dance music, a thing that comparatively few bands do, the time kept generally being too slow to correspond with the high spirits and light feet of the dancers. Time and space forbid us giving more than this mere outline of this event of the season, but officers of the H. G. A. have every reason to feel highly gratified with this their first ball, and all who were present will retain for a long time to come pleasant memories of this delightful evening.

September's thirty sunny but continually shortening days have been told, and the verdict is "a perfect month." Such weather is a blessing, and the thought that the winter is coming should only urge us to extract the fullest amount of enjoyment from the fleeting summer. During the cold spell we quoted some lines which we would fain recall, but the fates are inexorable, and a paper once printed is as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. We can think of no better word than basking to describe the country at the present time, or at least during the greater part of last month. In the spring and summer vegetation is so active and luxuriant that the idea of rest scarcely applies, but now—well, nature seems to have done her work and is enjoying herself in the ripening sunshine. The journalist grudges the long hours spent in the sanctum or den, or whatever his particular humor may dub it, and longs for a vacation, so he can take a run up to the Annapolis Valley and do his best to prevent a glut in the fruit market. But such is life; he must not lay down his quill at this time, for the Provincial exhibition demands his distinguished attention, and so he must, with note-book in hand, and as cheerful an expression as possible, pay a visit to the fair. It is not a very hard lot, after all, and the journalist, take him all in all, is as ready to try and make life go smoothly and satisfactorily on the level plane of every-day events as any man alive, even if at times he does feel inclined to soar beyond the common-place.

There is any amount of fun to be got out of crowds. Human nature is worth observing, and, thank goodness, there has been plenty of it in Halifax this week. Children particularly are amusing by their fresh and unsophisticated ways and remarks. Any lover of little folks would feel repaid for attending the exhibition yesterday, when the darlings were admitted for ten cents, but the crusty, the sordid and the selfish had better have stayed away, for "their room was better than their company."

A more inspiring service than the harvest festival held at St. Mark's Church, Russell street, on Sunday evening last, it has seldom been our lot to hear. The choir was assisted by the string band of the Leicestershire Regiment, under the direction of Mr. E. Hughes, and the thankful praises of a congregation that overflowed to the sidewalk were grandly beautiful. The church was tastefully decorated with flowers, fruit, wheat and other appropriate offerings from the plenteous harvest of the land. The opening voluntary cornet solo, "The Lost Chord," by Sullivan, was particularly fine, as was also the Te Deum at the end of the service. The Garrison Chaplain, Rev. Norman Leo, preached a sermon well fitted for the occasion, drawing the analogy between the corn sown in the ground, "first the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn in the ear," and the word of life sown

in the heart. It was a pity the capacity of the church was so limited on this occasion, for doubtless hundreds more people would have been glad to join in such a harvest home. The service of God should always be attractive, and we should always serve Him with the best He has given. Some famous preacher—we cannot recall his name just now—said he did not see why the devil should have all the good music, and we agree with him. Religion should be a joyful thing, and this annual harvest festival at St. Mark's is an effort we most heartily commend. Everyone is the better for joining in such a service, and the rector, Mr. Lemoine, deserves the gratitude of all who had the privilege of being present.

Morning, noon and night every day this week overflowing excursion trains have been arriving in the city with their loads of passengers "come to see the show." Some very amusing incidents have been noted as our country cousins arrived at North St. and proceeded to get their goods and chattels, bag and baggage and babies deposited in the horse-cars to be conveyed to their destinations. The patience of horse car drivers and railroad officials at seasons such as this must be severely tried, and the long-suffering patriarch, Job, surely must have well earned his fame if he were more tired than some officials of to-day. Be that as it may, if there aren't "millions in it" there is at least quite a spec for many of our merchants in having an exhibition in the city.

The first annual sports of the Crescent Amateur Athletic Association came off on Saturday last at the Royal Blue Grounds, and the members must have felt very much gratified with the success of their efforts. This comparatively young club now numbers about one hundred members, and is fast gaining a prominent place in the athletic circle, and before many seasons will, if their past career be any guide from which to make a prophecy, rank among the most prosperous associations of sportsmen in the Province.

Dora Wiley in the bright little opera, "Vera," has been playing to well filled houses in the academy of music every evening this week. This play is an interesting comedy, and presents some very laughable features, but has little if any plot. Miss Wiley as Vera has the leading part and makes the most of it. She has in her day been a successful artist in her line, but is now a trifle passé. Miss Clara Chester gives a good exhibition of skirt dancing, and appears to be exceedingly lithic and very graceful. Mr. Jero Grady, the Irish Doge of Venice, is a good comedian, and with the able assistance of Mr. Eddie Smith, who is "Major Domo," keeps the audience in merry mood; and at times these mirth provoking gentlemen are certainly irresistibly funny. Mr. Vincent Graham has a good voice, but Mr. Hatch is a very weak tenor, and should not have such a prominent part. The orchestra of the company is good, but the chorus is wretchedly weak, and altogether we were very much disappointed in this much advertised opera and opera company.

A musical feast is usually looked forward to by the true lovers of the European art whenever a concert by the Leipzig Trio is announced, and on Wednesday evening expectancy was increased by the advent of a new star in our armament—Miss Madeline Homer, the lady who has taken Miss Laine's place in the Conservatory of Music. Orpheus Hall was not by any means as well filled as it should have been, but those who had the privilege of being present were deeply appreciative of the beautiful music the Trio produced. The programme was more varied than is usually the case at these concerts, three trios, three songs, a violin and a 'cello solo being on the cards. It is superfluous to criticise the playing of the Trio; they give us the best music we get in Halifax, and it will bear comparison with much that we hear abroad. Their best number was the second trio, Andante by Mendelssohn, which was loudly applauded, but with no success in securing a repeat. Herr Klingensfeld's violin solo, Capriccio, Op. 16, by David, was one of the most charming selections we have ever listened to; it was full of melody and suited the taste of the audience perfectly. Herr Doering played the 'cello in his customary masterly manner, and drew forth a rapturous encore, to which he kindly responded. Certainly the 'cello is an instrument with many admirers, and in Herr Doering's hands it sighs forth sweet sounds that entrance the hearers. The audience was figuratively on the tip-toe of expectation to hear Miss Homer, who was greeted with rounds of applause when she made her appearance. Miss Homer was down for three numbers, Aria from Queen of Sheba, two songs, "I Love You," and "Devotion," and a vocal waltz, "Spring Magic." In the Aria, which she sang in French, Miss Homer immediately took her place as a singer of high rank; the two songs, German, were slightly less pleasing, but in the last number, "Spring Magic," sung in Italian, Miss Homer was heard to the greatest advantage. Her voice is full and rich, and will always please her audience. It is under perfect control, and Miss Homer knows how to use it with dramatic effect. There is that difference between her voice and her predecessors that there is between silver and golden bells, Miss Homer's resembling the latter. The inevitable comparison with Miss Laine will at first be against the new singer, but she will rapidly become a favorite. She was encored for her first and last numbers, and responded in charming style to the latter with one verse of "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms." Miss Homer is of pleasing and graceful appearance, and soon conquered her first nervousness on appearing before a new and critical audience. Orpheus Hall is vastly improved by having the back half of the floor raised about a foot—a much needed alteration.

The leading physicians of the Maritime Provinces have repeatedly endorsed Putnam's Emulsion, and constantly prescribe it. No other popular remedy is regarded so favorably by sound medical men.