

## CITY CHIMES.

We have been having typical July weather for the past week, and as usual in this gay month, with its days that make one feel like anything but work, everyone seems to be doing his or her best to have a little loaf, with nothing whatever to do but enjoy life. The country is the attraction, and all who could possibly do so have packed up bag and baggage, goods and chattels, and betaken themselves to visit their country cousins, or to luxuriate (?) in a rustic hotel, where mosquitos are not sensitive to the fact that familiarity breeds contempt, and the toads in the neighboring swamp sing in concert sweet lullaby chorus as the shades of evening fall. Perhaps it may sound a little like sour grapes, but we think Halifax, with its beautiful suburbs, Rockingham, Bedford and the North-West Arm, is just about as desirable a spot for the summer months as can be found, and decidedly preferable with its refreshing breezes from the ocean, to the inland towns, where almost unbearably hot days are followed by evenings without a cool breath to stir the leaves.

Again our Royal guest has left us. This time, we fear, for an extended period. H. M. S. *Thrush*, with its Royal Commander, sailed from Halifax Harbor on Monday morning, and will not return, as she goes out of commission on arriving in England. As she went down the harbor the men on board the *Bellerophon*, *Canada* and the French war ship, all cheered heartily, while from the band of the *Bellerophon* sounded forth the sweet strains of "Far Away." Prince George leaves behind him in Halifax many pleasant impressions and some warm friends.

The band of the Leicestershire Regiment in the Public Gardens last Saturday afternoon was a genuine treat, and all who were fortunate enough to be in that delightful spot were simply charmed. The crowd was a large one, the day beautiful, and every one seemed in merry mood; while the children, in their pretty summer frocks, were in their element as they played around among the trees and flowers. The flowers are hardly as far advanced as they usually are at this season, owing to the cold wet weather of June, but in a few weeks more our Halifax paradise will be luxuriantly beautiful. We hope our citizens will take advantage of the band concerts on Saturday afternoons, for they are well worth attending.

The postponed yacht race for the United Banks' cup came off on Saturday last. The day was a magnificent one, with a fine breeze blowing from the west. The H. G. A. band furnished an excellent programme of music on the grounds of the Squadron Club House; the ladies, notwithstanding the numerous other attractions of the afternoon, were out in force, and the Club House and grounds presented a very pretty and attractive scene. The race was a good one, and was well managed. A squall struck the *Lenora*, carrying away her mast, and thus settling her chance of winning. The *Youla* came home ahead, the others in the following order: *Etienné*, *Psyche*, *Mentor* and *Hebe*. The cup goes to the *Youla*, and a second and third prize to *Etienné* and *Psyche*.

The "At Home" given by Mr. John Doull at his beautiful residence, North West Arm, on Tuesday afternoon, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Miller, of New York, was in every way a success. Nearly three hundred guests enjoyed the pleasant afternoon at Westwood, which is one of the most beautiful of the many fine residences at the Arm, and the band of the Leicestershire Regiment added not a little to the pleasure of the gathering. The ladies were very tastefully attired, and the light dresses among the dark foliage of the trees on the beautiful grounds of Westwood presented a picture to be remembered.

Strawberry festivals abound, and each one seems to be well patronized. The delicious fruit covered with cream is far from being "hard to take." Picnics are also quite in order, and besides the Sunday schools who have been taking their little ones for a day's pleasuring and a substantial treat, numerous private parties have been attesting to the fact that men may come and men may go, but the picnic is with us every summer just the same. A favorite mode of entertaining instead of the garden party is well worth mentioning. A merry and wisely-selected company, well chaperoned of course, start off with spirits high for a tramp around the Park, coming back a couple of hours later to the hostess' house for supper, and perchance a dance. There have been quite a number of these gatherings, and each has been voted a thorough success.

The young lady friends of the Crescent Amateur Athletic Association assisted "the boys" in holding a very successful bazaar and strawberry festival in Robie St. Hall on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons and evenings. These young people have worked hard and enthusiastically, and deserve the success their efforts have obtained. The Hall was very prettily decorated, and the Association entertained a large number of friends, substantially increasing the weight of the treasurer's pocket.

The steamer *Bridgewater* took a large number of those on pleasure bent on her excursion on Tuesday evening. The evening was a delightful one, and the cool breezes from the Atlantic were much enjoyed after the heat of the day. These excursions provide a truly pleasant way to rest, and are much enjoyed by all who can take advantage thereof.

At last wind and weather permitted the long-deferred Promenade Concert in the Public Gardens to come off, and as if to make up for the past, we were favored with about as nearly perfect an evening as could well be imagined. It was just cool enough to be pleasant, and quite warm enough to

permit the ladies to wear light dresses, thus enhancing the brilliance of the effect. The bands were both very good indeed, and gave excellent programmes. Special mention must be made of the last piece played by the Leicestershire, "A Hunting Song," which was new to us, and took well; the whole having to be repeated in response to an enthusiastic encore. The imitation of dogs barking, the cracking of the whips, and all the accompaniments of a full hunt were delightfully blended with charmingly appropriate music. While we hardly dare presume to criticise such an admirable performance, might we ask if the reply to the call of the hunter's horn heard in the distance was supposed to be an echo, for if so it was decidedly original. An echo, according to the popular belief, is an exact reproduction of a given sound, but when it floats back to us through the summer air, varied in pitch and rhythm, we experience a feeling of disappointment. Aside from this blemish the Hunting Song well deserved the rapturous applause it received. And while speaking of applause, we heartily commend the practice at these open air concerts, for while it shows the appreciation of the audience, it also greatly encourages the bandmen. Halifax is, and may well be, proud of her Military music, and the Leicestershire band is one of the best we have had in this garrison. Altogether the concert was a success, but where was the usual crowd. There could not have been more than a thousand people in the gardens, though a large number strolled around the square outside the fence. Was it not an aggravation to be so near and yet so far? Would it not have been much wiser to have had a lower admission fee, and have had two thousand people, instead of one, enjoy the restful promenade through the beautiful cool walks. And why is a concert in the gardens a rare occurrence, the Commissioners deigning to give not more than three during the whole season. Fancy what an improvement on the present plan would be one evening in every week set apart for a band concert in the Public Gardens (capital P for public), admission fee, ten cents. Visitors to our pretty city, with its deliciously cool evenings, would carry away pleasant recollections of our weekly concerts, while our citizens would highly appreciate this one of their many rights.

The ball given by the officers of the *Bellerophon* on Wednesday evening was, as these pleasant events without exception always are, a great success. All through the evening the steam yachts were kept busy carrying members of the noble six hundred to the scene of the festivities, and the flagship presented a gay appearance. Many boating parties were out and enjoyed sweet music in the early part of the evening from the band of the *Canada*.

We note that we are to have the Bradley Dramatic Company at the Academy of Music next week, beginning Monday evening with "My Partner" as an opening piece. During the week they will give "Mr. Barnes of New York," and will doubtless draw good audiences.

Every afternoon at precisely five o'clock, by the sun, sounds cheerfully forth the penetrating whistle from the Halifax Illuminating & Motor Co.'s Station on Moran's wharf. It is said that this whistle, which is the largest in the city, is warranted to be absolutely accurate. Certainly we Halifaxians need not have any unreliable timepieces, if guides to regulate them by is all we need. Two gun at noon, this soul-inspiring music at five, and the nine-thirty gun, to say nothing of all the factory whistles, are over with us.

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