

## CITY CHIMES.

## NEW YEAR'S CAROL.

The glad New Year is almost here,  
When better things we always seek,  
When vows we make, resolves we take,  
And keep them all—about a week

**A RETROSPECT.**—Christmas is over, but yet the goodwill of the season is abounding, still good wishes go out from friend to friend, and "A Happy New Year" is sounding on the air. To my readers one and all a very happy New Year, with but shadow enough to temper the sun of prosperity.

The year 1893 closes in many parts of the world on scenes of deep distress, and will be noted for widespread financial disaster and business depression, with the consequent poverty and discontent. In Halifax we have much to be thankful for. Times have been hard, but not painfully so, and while our city has many people who lack the necessities of existence, and not a few who find their lot bare of the comforts and luxuries of life, yet no case of distress brought to the notice of the good people to whom fortune has been more kind has gone uncared for. Our city has been visited with no disastrous storms, earthquakes or like calamities. No visitation of disease has swept over our citizens.

Truly we have much to be grateful for and reason to look hopefully towards the year upon whose threshold we are standing.

**HOW CHRISTMAS WAS SPENT.**—Generally in family reunion and merry-making. In the morning services were held in several city churches which were beautifully and suitably decorated for the occasion. In the afternoon and evening the rink and the Lyceum Theatre were both largely patronized, while the small boys found delight in trying their new skates and sleds on the ponds and lakes in and about the city. The weather was not very pleasant, and the fine snow and later on the rain made home gatherings more popular than outside entertainment.

**THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS.**—Christmas was a genuinely happy day for the pupils of the School for the Blind and of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, where the boys and girls who spent the day at these schools were bountifully feasted and received many tokens of kindness and goodwill.

**THE TOILERS OF THE DEEP IN HALIFAX.**—Christmas Eve 1893 will long hold a bright place in the memories of the 400 mariners who partook of the hospitality of the ladies of the Seamen's Friend Society at the Sailor's Home. An excellent entertainment was provided, and the sailor's enjoyment of the programme was very evident.

**SOWING SEEDS OF KINDNESS.**—A very pleasing custom has grown up in the public schools of Halifax, of which every philanthropist will rejoice to take cognizance. At Christmas-tide the children are encouraged to show their sympathy for the poor in a practical manner, and as a result generous contributions of vegetables, fruit, etc., are yearly made to the various charitable organizations of the city for distribution among the unfortunate class of people to whom Christmas brings little cheer. This season the pupils of Morris Street, Alexandra, Albro Street, LeMarchant and Tower Road schools, and perhaps some others as well, have contributed to the enjoyment and gratification of a goodly number of the poor families in our midst, and I have no doubt enjoyed their own Christmas festivities more for their good deeds. The spirit thus engendered in the hearts of the boys and girls of to-day will surely bring forth good fruit in the years to come.

**THE DOERING-BRAUER CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.**—An audience which filled St. Luke's Hall on Tuesday evening enjoyed an excellent programme rendered by the staff and pupils of the Doering-Brauer Conservatory. The first number, a Christmas chorus, was exceedingly pretty. The costumes of the small girls, veritable little angels with wings, who took part in this chorus were very effective, and the sweet young voices blended admirably with those of the other singers. The overture arranged for two pianos, played by Herr Ernst Doering and Frau Doering-Brauer was a finished performance, and delighted the audience. Herr Karl Doering's songs were gems. His magnificent voice, strong and most melodious, gives him first place among the singers who have favored Halifax. The octette of cellists rendered number four of the programme with wonderful efficiency, the time being so perfect and the rich chords blending so harmoniously that it was hard to realize that the exquisite music was proceeding from more than two or three instruments. The performers certainly did themselves and their master credit. Herr Ernst Doering's cello solo was as near perfection as is possible in the musical world. The closing number, a Christmas cantata, was very pleasing. Miss Edon made her debut as a soloist and sang very sweetly. Mrs. Payzant and Miss Doyle rendered the duett most acceptably, and the chorus did good work. The old, old story of the birth of the Christ Child, read by Frau Doering from the gospel of St. Matthew, was fittingly introduced in this piece which closed a thoroughly enjoyable evening. The decorations were very tastefully arranged, the Christmas tree being a pleasing feature. The stage was taxed to its utmost capacity by the number of performers assembled thereon, and the size of the conservatory now calls for a larger platform.

To the energetic promoters of this institution congratulations are tendered on the success of their Christmas festival, with best wishes for their success in the year to come.

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**A GOOD TIME COMING.**—Theatre goers will note with interest the following item:—"The Adams Comic Opera Company, with a repertoire of eighteen operas, want dates at the Academy for a few weeks' season."

**NEW YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENT.**—The performance of the military drama, "Not Guilty," to be given at the Academy of Music on Monday evening promises to be well put on, and will doubtless draw a large audience.

**QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES.**—Did you have a Merrie Krismas?  
Did you remember the poor and sorrowful?  
Did you find the very things you wanted in your Christmas stocking?  
Did you prove the truth of the Good Book in asserting that it is more blessed to give than to receive?  
Is your heart as light as your purse as a result of your generosity?  
Are you making good resolutions for the New Year?  
Can you keep your resolves without fracture for two or three months?  
Are you going to determine to begin '94 with a clear conscience and a pure heart?  
Are you letting all unkind and unforgiving thoughts go with the old year?  
Have you paid your subscription to THE CRITIC?  
Is your answer to my queries in the affirmative—If not, why not!  
CHIMES.

## THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRLS WANTED.

There is something that is getting to be awful scarce in this world. Shall I tell you what it is? It is girls. That is what is missing out of the content, breathing, living world just now. We have lots of young ladies and lots of society misses, but the sweet, old-fashioned girls of ever so long ago are vanished with the poke bonnets and the cinnamon cookies.

Let me enumerate a few of the kind of girls that are wanted. In the first place we want home girls—girls who are their mother's right hand girls who can cuddle the little ones next best to mama, and smooth out the tangles in the domestic skein when things get twisted; girls whom father takes comfort in for something better than beauty; and the big brothers are proud of for something that outranks the ability to dance or shine in society. Next, we want girls of sense—girls who have a standard of their own regardless of conventionalities, and are independent enough to live up to it; girls who simply won't wear a trailing dress on the street to gather up microbes and all sorts of defilement; girls who won't wear a high hat to a theatre, or lacera their feet and endanger their health with high heels and corsets; girls who will wear what is pretty and becoming, and snap their fingers at the dictates of fashion when fashion is silly. And we want good girls—girls who are sweet, right straight out from the heart to the lips; innocent and pure and simple girls, with less knowledge of sin and duplicity and evil-doing at twenty than the pert little school girl of ten years all too often has; girls who say their prayers and read their Bibles and love God and keep His commandments. We want those girls "awful bad!"

And we want careful girls and prudent girls, who think enough of the generous father who toils to maintain them in comfort, and the gentle mother who denies herself much that they may have so many pretty things, to count the cost and draw the line between the essentials and non-essentials: girls who try to save and not spend; girls who are unselfish and eager to be a joy and a comfort in the home rather an expensive and a useless burden. We want girls with hearts—girls who are full of tenderness and sympathy, with tears that flow for other people's ills, and smiles that light outward their own beautiful thoughts. We have lots of clever girls, and brilliant girls and witty girls. Give us a consignment of jolly girls, warm hearted and impulsive girls; kind and entertaining to their own folks, and with little desire to shine in the gaudy world.

With a few such girls scattered around, life would freshen up for all of us, as the weather does under the spell of summer showers. Speed the day when this sort of girls fill the world once more, overrunning the spaces where God puts them as climbing roses do when they break through the trellis to glimmer and glint above the common highway, a blessing and a boon to all who pass them by.—*Scottish American.*

## JUSTICE.

Dr. Frances Parkman, the late historian, had a strict idea of justice. A friend met him one day walking along the street leading a street-boy with either hand. "What in the world are you doing, Parkman?" asked the friend. "I found that Johnnie here had eaten all the apple instead of dividing with his little brother. I am going to buy another for the younger boy, and make Johnnie watch him while he eats it."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

## A CURIOUS JAPANESE CEREMONY.

It is "after night-fall on the last night of the old year" that a curious ceremony called *oni horai* or "devil expulsion," is performed. The head of the family with a box of roasted beans goes into every room in the house, and scattering the beans about the room and into every corner cries out: "Faku wa achi, oni wa soto"—"Happiness within, the devil without." On that night no one is supposed to sleep, but if one should for any reason go to sleep one must certainly wake at about 4 o'clock. New Year's Day, which is "the day of the three beginnings—of a day, a month and a year."

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