

CITY CHIMES.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.—The employees at the Deep Water Terminus and the railway ticket agents have had a busy time for the past few weeks, receiving and despatching to their destinations the rush of immigrants who are coming to make homes among our people in this great Dominion. That a large number of these foreigners do not settle in Canada is very true, but it is equally true that a large number do, and, so far as one can judge, will prove an acceptable addition to Canada's population. The Dominion liner *Labrador*, which arrived here last Saturday, brought three hundred and fifty boys from British refuge homes. The boys went on to Ontario and the Northwest, where they hope to find good homes, profitable employment and a warm welcome. If they possess honest determination to succeed, with good characters and industrious habits, they will find Canada a fruitful land, and will when men bless the day when they landed upon her hospitable shore. I would like to impress upon the Christian men and women of Halifax who are ever upon the watch to do good the importance of the opportunities afforded for kind deeds upon the arrival of the English steamers. The crowd of men, women and children who are classed as immigrants and too often thought of as a crowd of strange people, in reality are objects worthy of compassion, and should not be permitted to feel the lack of sympathy and kind words, which must add not a little to the desolate homesickness that strikes to the heart of a stranger in a strange land. A pleasant smile, a kind word, some small attention shown to a woman or little child costs little, and may have a lasting impression upon the future life of the recipient of your kindness. King's Daughters, Christian Endeavorers and all who would cheer lonely hearts, here is a grand chance for the exercise of your philanthropy. The scene presented upon the arrival of an English steamer at the Deep Water Terminus is an interesting one to see, but don't stand idly by, take the suggestions given above, enlarge upon them and find your reward, if reward you seek, in the pleasure you receive in helping your fellow-beings whose lives have not been cast in as pleasant places as your own have been.

THE FISKE SINGERS.—Next week we are to have the Fiske Jubilee Singers at the Academy of Music for one evening only. There will no doubt be a crowded house, every one who has heard these famous songsters wishes to again listen to their sweet voices, and those who have not as yet enjoyed the genuine pleasure of a Fiske entertainment will surely be anxious to take advantage of the coming opportunity. I think Manager Clarke is justified in anticipating a big audience on Monday evening, and I feel quite certain that no one with any love for music who attends the concert can fail to thoroughly enjoy the programme that will be performed.

The ladies are in clover, figuratively speaking. The day of spring openings is at hand. The millinery establishments have already thrown open their doors, and have invited their patrons to come and see the marvellous confessions of the milliner's art displayed in their showrooms. Truly this is to be a gay season, if one may form an opinion from the variety and brilliance of color which is to crown the heads of the fair sex. Blue and green, pink and brown, yellow and heliotrope, are to be seen in every conceivable shade. Some of the combinations are lovely, and several of the imported hats show evidence of much artistic taste and skill on the part of the makers. I wonder what is more fascinating to a woman who loves to look well than a display of millinery. How many during the past week who went merely to see, stayed to purchase. I heard one fair little woman declare that she never thought of buying a new bonnet, but really felt herself unable to resist the temptation to secure "the simple perfect one that was so becoming." Weak, are they, these women folk? Perhaps so. The lords of creation smile at the folly, so-called, of their wives and sisters, but certainly if folly it be to admire beauty and to aim to present as good an appearance as possible, it is a pardonable weakness, and, compared with some of the failings of the stronger sex, exceedingly harmless. At any rate the fine spring days and the tempting "openings" of the merchants are being enjoyed to the full by the Halifax ladies and next Sunday being the day when everyone is supposed to wear something new, weather permitting, there will no doubt be lots of fine clothes displayed.

The Leicestershires have gone and the Liverpools, or King's Own, are now well installed in this garrison. The *Jelunja*, with the Leicester regiment on board, bound for the West Indies, left Halifax on Saturday afternoon, the band of the regiment playing the suggestive old song—"The Girl I Left Behind Me," and later the plaintive air of "Auld Lang Syne," as they steamed down the harbor, while hearty cheers of farewell went up from the crowd assembled to see the departure of the red-coats. On Sunday morning the route of march to the Garrison Church was lined with people, some anxious to see the new soldiers, others to hear the new band and all prepared to criticize. The band is generally pronounced not up to the standard attained by the Leicestershire band-master, but perhaps it is not fair to judge from first appearances. We have become accustomed to the grand music furnished by the regiment that has just left us, and are no doubt but too apt to find fault with anything less pleasing. That the defenders of Her Majesty's possessions now stationed in our city will prove worthy their calling while here and will command the respect of our citizens is after all the chief thing to be looked for. Probably the newcomers' impressions of Halifax and Halifax weather are far from favorable, but Halifaxians can assure them that there is a good time near at hand, and that the chilling winds will ere very long give place to delightful balmy breezes, when Halifax and Halifax weather cannot be otherwise than most pleasing.

A friend in need is Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, and more families should know it, and use it.

THE CADETS' CONCERT.—The concert to be given in Orpheus Hall on Thursday next, April 6th, under the auspices of the Halifax Academy Cadets is, I think, going to be a most interesting affair. Among those who will take part in the programme that has been arranged for the occasion, are Mrs. Haggarty, Mrs. J. McD. Taylor, Mrs. Bur, Herr Klingensfeld, Dr. S'ayter, Mr. Gillis and Mr. Dodwell. These names are familiar to Halifaxians, and are an assurance of success on any programme. Those who find it convenient to attend this concert, and I trust every seat in the hall will be occupied, will without any doubt enjoy a very pleasant evening, and at the same time will aid a worthy cause, as the proceeds of the concert are to be used in providing accoutrements, etc. for the Academy Cadets. This company of boys so diors, forty in number, has been drilling for about a year under the efficient leadership of T. C. Woodworth, Captain of the Corps, assisted by W. Gordon, Lieutenant. The boys have made good progress, are interested in their work, are developing fine muscles and show a decided improvement in physique. Captain Woodworth is very ambitious for his little regiment, and in this effort to provide suitable uniforms, etc. the boys deserve practical support.

ANOTHER MONTH.—March goes out to-day. The month has been a decidedly typical one, chilling winds and warm sunshine, but pleasant withal, bringing to us the first breath of Spring. To-morrow, beware of the small boy who will be on hand with his facetious jokes in full readiness to trap the unwary.

THE LYCEUM.—Professor Zera Semon is again to the fore, and will open up the Lyceum Theatre on Easter Monday evening with the Wallace-Hopper Company. The first play to be put on is "Reclaimed," and I understand that Zera intends giving a change of bill every evening. The large number who on former occasions have patronized the entertainments provided by the popular Professor will no doubt gladly welcome the coming attractions at the Lyceum.

THE END OF LENT.—The season set apart for fasting and prayer for this year is almost over, and on Sunday next the joyous Eastertide will begin. Social affairs have been exceedingly quiet, with the exception of numerous "farewells" for the officers of the Leicestershire regiment and card parties. In fact card playing has been generally resorted to among "the 400" to help pass the evening hours during the calm of the penitential season. Now, however, we may expect to hear of much gaiety, and judging from the number of amusements that have been planned for "after Easter" there is to be no lack of merry-making from now on.

CHURCH OF E. INSTITUTE CONCERT.—The next concert of the Church of England Institute course is to be held next Thursday evening. A good programme is in course of preparation and a pleasing entertainment is anticipated by the friends and patrons of the Institute.

CHURCH.

Constipation, and all troubles with the digestive organs and liver are cured by Hood's Pills. Unequalled as a dinner pill.

THE SCAPEGOAT.

"The heart and mind of the Count de Lesseps, on the rack for months, gave way at last, and when condemned to prison (calling for his son), he cried in his despair that he would go to England, where the Queen at least would recognize his work."—*Daily Papers*.

Aye, couldst thou come, O martyr'd pioneer
An eagle's wing is England's flag outspread
To shield the unseful soul that soars. A mark
For envy's venom'd dart. On great Lesseps
Your sentence, Judge, seems somewhat taint with spite
And chafe of those who miss a chance of spoil.
Should your Judge look as lenient hence on you,
Still more you'll chafe.

For golden deeds, you hurled
His iron words, whose sad brow's only casque
Is now a hard-earned laurel leaf o'er-fleck'd
With snow. What! Had the rocks he hewed been hard
As now your heart—O! France he ne'er had brought
You fame—and us our India's golden key
To thwart the grasping Czar.

The brightest gem
On England's great and well-mourn'd statesman's brow
Was wedding England's wealth, in Israel
To that great Christian work. Suez! whose tide
Hath brought our wounded warriors home from Death,
And grief-racked mother to her dying child.
Hath he not earned a year or two of peace
Before his memory is maimed with crime?
Is France's later Fame-roll of to day
So full, you needs must scar with felon's brand
The bravest breaking heart—so soon to die?
In this you play the brutal boorish knave
Who tracks some bright-plum'd bird, come weary-wing'd
From fair far skies—to shoot him down.

But Time
That grieves to write your words, shall blush to see
The stain, and take your curse from that bowed head
And place it home—upon your stunted brow.

THE MARQUIS DE LEUVILLE.

Our readers who have sympathized with the aged Count de Lesseps, the maker of the Suez Canal, who after his long life of toil was conducted to prison, will appreciate the above poem, which was considered worthy to be sent to America by cable, word for word. This is an unprecedented event both in poetry and tolography.