

## CITY CHIMES.

Lovely weather greeted August, and has kept up the welcome to this queen of the summer months. We think the poet who said "how sweet at summer's noon to sit and muse beneath the shadow of some ancient elm," knew what he was talking about, and had enjoyed being there; but while envying our fortunate friends who are taking it easy out of town, with nothing to do but dream away the lovely lazy days, we busy toilers may manage to put in a fair time in the loafing line even in the city; if not through the busy daytime, at least in these deliciously cool evenings, all may enjoy the refreshing rest of a row on our beautiful waters, a stroll down to Greenbank, or a drive around the Park or through the suburbs of the city. Oh, it is a fine land, this fair Halifax of ours, in which to spend the summer, and we are glad to see numbers of strangers in town, Americans and others, all of whom are expressing great pleasure with our delightful climate.

We have all heard from our own fellow citizens, as well as from strangers in our land, expressions of their opinion of the slowness of Halifax, a non-progressive city, the half-awake appearance of our business streets, etc., etc., and while it makes us very weary to have to listen to these reiterations, it strikes us very forcibly that those who say the most unkind things of our surely and steadily growing, solid old city are the citizens who do the very least to make things boom. We admit that we are not quite as energetic as our friends across the border, but we wish to impress upon our readers that we have some among our prominent business men who have enough push and enterprise in their composition, had they only the assistance of the wealthy ones who hold back and refuse to risk anything until the success of the ventures is assured. A syndicate of Halifax and Boston gentlemen have recently purchased a large block of land in the south-west portion of the city, and propose to lay it out in handsome squares, avenues and building lots. It is now a most fashionable quarter for residence, and when planned out and properly built up, "Marlborough Wood" will undoubtedly be a most desirable location, and a monument to the enterprise of some of our people. Another new departure is the appointment by the Government of a commission to lay out and hold in preservation for the good of the public, the extensive Ocean Park, which consists of land from the head of the North West Arm down the harbor to its mouth, a most beautiful stretch of country. Visitors to Halifax, within a reasonably short time, will be able to drive on a fine turnpike road, which will skirt the Arm and harbor as far down as Herring Cove. We are sure many of our Halifaxians will adopt this as a favorite drive, and will be loud in commendation of this admirable plan.

In times past we have experienced plenty of trouble with our shoe-strings, but we were taught by a kind friend how to tie them so that they would stay tied. As we believe in passing on a good thing, we will endeavor to describe the *modus operandi* of this knot for the general good of man and woman-kind, but at the same time we think an ocular demonstration would prove more satisfactory. As that is not convenient for us, our time being otherwise employed, we will try what we can do in the way of describing it. The knot is much like an ordinary bow knot, and to outward appearance is just the same. You proceed exactly as if you were tying a bow knot, only before you draw it up tight pass the right loop through the knot; pull firmly and simultaneously on both loops after this and we will warrant it to stay tied. In untying pull the right hand end of the string and it will untie without any trouble. This knot has proved a blessing to very many people, and we consider that by showing it to them we have been instrumental in preventing the occasion of a good deal of strong language. We hope our readers who wear shoes will try the recipe—it saves so much trouble in the way of bending double a dozen times a day to tie those dreadful shoe-strings.

During the past few weeks a good many ladies throughout the country have been busy collecting wild rose petals to dry and make fragrant cushions on which weary heads may rest when the snows of winter make an indoor life to some extent necessary. What an ideal occupation! Gathering roses during the bright summer days, and what sweet memories of happy holidays may be laid away with the sweet flowers. The roses are almost done flowering now, so it is too late to advise our friends who have not thought of it to begin collecting at the eleventh hour. It takes the spoils of many a raid on the road-side or meadow to fill a cushion, for the petals, as every one knows, shrivel up to very small scraps when dry. We saw a pretty cushion a few days ago which had just been completed by a young lady who believed in gathering rosebuds while we may. The case was of myrtle green plush, embroidered in outline with a spray of wild roses sketched by herself from nature. The bag was about fourteen inches long and eight wide, with a frill of Nile green silk all around it, and the mouth end deeply faced with the same and tied up with a Nile green ribbon about three inches from the edge. It was both sweet and pretty. A sprinkling of dried sweet bay and sweet fern adds very much to the quality of the perfume.

Some people appear to incline to the opinion that we have been having "dog days" recently, and the weather has certainly been warm, but we think not too warm. Unless we have some hot weather in the summer, we usually feel disappointed at the end of it, and we very seldom have cause to complain of too much heat. The delightful weather we have been experiencing during the last week has given picnickers a benefit, and all out-of-door people have rejoiced. We cannot but feel glad of our pleasant country when we think of the cities whose brick walls get heated through and through

by the sun, and whose inhabitants can scarcely sleep for the oppressiveness. We cannot be too thankful for our cool nights. Rarely indeed is there a night in which we do not require at least one blanket. The contrast between this degree of comfort and the pitiful tale of how people in New York and other United States cities have to fan themselves to sleep is sufficient in itself to make us feel devoutly grateful for our privileges.

A party of men and women from Boston will arrive in this city this evening via the Yarmouth Steamship Line, the Western Counties Railway, the "Missing Link," so recently opened, and the W. & A. Railway. They will be entertained by the civic officials and the local press in Halifax, and we have no doubt they will be afforded every opportunity to see all that can be seen during to-morrow and Sunday. We extend a hearty welcome to our brother and sister journalists, and hope that their jaunt through our Province will prove profitable from every point of view.

Last Saturday the weather was delightful, and the usual events of the closing day of the week came off well. The yacht race was over the outside course, and was a particularly fine one. The course was 23 miles in length, and of course the race could not be witnessed in the ordinary sense of the word by any except those accompanying it. The starters at 11.30 were: *Youla*, 3.4; *Lenore*, 3.6; *Hebe*, 4.8. The *Lenore* came in at 3.19.00; the *Youla* at 3.24.10, and the *Hebe* at 3.50.00, the *Lenore* thus winning, by a good margin over the two minutes she had to allow the *Youla*, the *Wenonah* challenge cup, for which the race was sailed for the second time—the first not being completed within the time limit, 5½ hours.

The tennis tournament was continued on Saturday last, and is not yet finished. Some pretty play was witnessed.

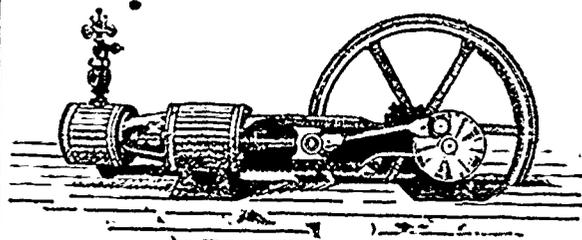
The *City of St. John* will to-morrow carry the members of the North British Society and their friends on their annual boat sail. The steamer will leave Pickford and Black's wharf at 2.30 p. m., and will call there at 6 o'clock to allow any persons who may wish to land at that time to do so. A pleasant afternoon will probably be enjoyed by all who attend.

Although the weather for the past week has been excessively warm, and people generally wish to avoid crowded buildings, much preferring out-door amusements, the Bijou Opera Company has been favored with good audiences. Billee Taylor was given on Monday evening, the *Mikado* on Tuesday, *Pinafore* on Wednesday, and the *Chimes of Normandy* last evening. To-night *Erminie* is on, *Pinafore* to-morrow afternoon, and the *Mascotte* in the evening. We can only enlarge on Tuesday's performance, as we were not with them on any other evening of this week. Of course every one knows the airs of this opera, and all agree that they are most charming. The plot of the play is very funny, and gives good opportunities for clever personifications. Miss Adelaide Randall as Yum Yum, the little Japanese bride, one of the three little maids from school, was very pleasing. Her fine voice was well suited to her part, and her performance an excellent one. Miss Clara Randall and Miss Babe Vining, the other little maidens "fresh from a ladies' seminary," were very good indeed, and the trio was excellent. Mention must also be made of Harry Leonard's part as Ko Ko, the Lord Hig's Executioner, which was very well put through. The chorus was fair, and with the additions that have been made since Tuesday evening's performance, will make a very good showing. The revival of these old operas is a good idea, as they lose nothing by age and repetition.

The postponed events of the Yacht Squadron members' regatta, which took place last Saturday afternoon, were decidedly worth attending, and a large and enthusiastic crowd assembled both at the club house and on the adjoining banks of the harbor. The band of the H. G. A. was present, and the music furnished was excellent. The main feature of the afternoon was the double skull race, in which there were seven starters; each boat with her lady coxswain did her prettiest, and the race was a close one. Miss Mary Corbett's boat won first place, Miss Luch's coming in last. His Honor the Lieut.-Governor presented the prizes, the coxswain who won receiving a gold reef-knot pin, and the coxswain of the second boat, little Miss Vizard, who is a fairy of only nine summers, but who cleverly steered her crew, was presented with a souvenir of the race. Miss Luch's boat, though not winning a prize, was awarded a doll, amidst much merriment. Lieut. Williams, R. N., one of the winning crew, offers to provide the Squadron an afternoon of aquatic sports by sailors of the men-of-war before the season closes.

Important news from different professions. Physicians prescribe K. D. C. for those suffering from indigestion and dyspepsia; lawyers are taking stock in it, clergymen take it and are all cured by it. Try it once and all the world will look brighter and you will be happier.

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