

**SCOTCH DYE WORKS.**

285 & 287 Barrington St. Halifax N. S.

**W. E. KEIRSTEAD,
DYER AND CLEANSER.**

Particular attention paid to Cleaning or Dyeing every class of Goods.
Ostrich Feathers Cleaned, Dyed and Curled. Work done at Lowest Rates. Satisfaction
Guaranteed.

Madame Patti opens her new theatre at her castle, Craigy-Nos, in Wales, on the 11th. August. Mr. Irving delivers the prologue for the inaugural address. The first act of *Traviata* will be given and the Garden Scene from *Faust*. Arditi conducts the orchestra, which embraces 25 performers, all drafted from the neighbouring town of Swansea. The next night Patti gives a ball, on which occasion the floor—the place is to be the theatre—will be raised by the mechanical means provided to the level of the stage, and the dancers will have full fling.

Mr. Irving takes a wholly unique position in London society. He is greatly in request, and is an admirable conversationalist at a dinner party, but during the season, Sunday and an occasional off night are the only available times to secure him. He is one of the few public men for whom everyone has a good word, and his tale of attached friends is long. He is always most courteous and generous to the press, and has not an enemy in the guild. Both his sons have chosen the boards for their walk in life. Their father would fain have had them in a profession, but the stage was their final choice. This will be a bad week for the theatres—there is so much in the programme elsewhere. The German Exhibition is doing very well. The brilliant bands and the artistic shows are very alluring. But we have had no summer to dally under trees, sit on benches beside flower beds, drink tea in the open, and saunter round the pretty walks about the enclosure. It is cold still, and months are bringing autumn fast. In about a fortnight the season will be over, and there will be a skedaddle out of London.

It was stated in a certain evening paper last week that Lord and Lady Brooke made an authoritative denial as to the truth of most disagreeable rumours, and now it is said that the lady intends to take action against the papers that accused her of letting the Gordon Cumming scandal eke out. Lady Brooke is perfectly right to take such steps—no one ought to lie under a false charge. Royalty is the only privileged person to grin and bear. Royalty never contradicts: however absurd, the rumour is allowed its free course, given lots of tether. This is regal living it down. Bismark does not bear remark with the equanimity of a lamb. A Berlin correspondent states that the Iron Chancellor will publish his memoirs during his life, as he then can defend them under attack. He says it would make him turn in his coffin if he could not answer "some persons" who might lie about him. Bismark is an aggressive quantity.

Not so Von Moltke; no dog snapped at his heels when he beat his last retreat. He was a lucky man all his life. Once he won 13 tricks at whist, and this, singularly, was in one game at the last rubber the great strategist played. He had six columns obituary

LE BON MARCHE.

** SHOW DAYS **

PARIS AND LONDON PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS,

March 25th and 26th, and following days.

YOU ARE INVITED

LE BON MARCHE.

97

— TO —

BARRINGTON STREET

101

MAHON BROS.

The Largest Retail Dry Goods House in the City.

"Discount for Cash"

notice in the *Times*. Some one remarks that there are living now only three men who would obtain the same honour, Tennyson, Gladstone, and Prince Bismarck. I think Lord Salisbury would. How many had Disraeli? quite six, I should say. What a cynic he was—in epigram, not perhaps in reality. On returning from a wedding once he said it was a dismal affair, and that marriage always depressed him. A funeral, he said, had the opposite effect on him—he felt that he had got rid of someone! Often the kindest-hearted people have the bitterest tongues—or, at any rate to modify that statement, they are capable of the most acrid sayings. Witness Thomas Carlyle, Rogers the poet, and yet biographical history bears testimony to good and kind deeds of both, and of a tender nature deep down—ay, deep down such natures often are—so deep they never or rarely come to the surface.

The Romish hierarchy in Ireland, to all but one bishop, has signed a resolution that Mr. Parnell has forfeited the moral right to be any longer the leader of the Irish people. I rather fancy the uncrowned king will turn a deaf ear to this round robin, and go on his way as he lists. *On dit* that he and his wife mean to settle down at Avondale, in Wicklow, his own place. I doubt it; such a brain will never be content with inaction. Healy—"it's Tim"—was always twitting Parnell with, "What did ye do with the £40,000 the Irish people gave you?" Mr. Parnell now makes a statement that he "quarried" it—that he spent it on unprofitable quarrying in the county of Wicklow—and now, in his turn asks what Tim Healy did with the £20,000 or £30,000 paid him by Irish admirers and adherents during ten years? Then he tells us himself that Tim sent £16,000 of the money over to Scotland to put it into a Scotch floor-cloth factory. Says a Tory: "If all the glorious 86 have done as well as this, their savings ought to touch on £1,576,000. God save Ireland!"

IN THE SPRING.

In the Spring the poet pensive
Sings about the budding rose
In the Spring an actor's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of clothes.

Dreams of neckties quite æsthetic,
Kino's window-pattern rousers,
And off in the hazy distance
Visions of his Whitsun trousers!

138 BARRINGTON STREET.

WILLIAM GROVE,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Berlin Wools, Yarns, Fleeces,

And all kinds of Ladies' Fancy Work and Materials

— AGENCY FOR —

Miss Demorest's Patterns for Ladies' and Children's Garments.