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New York Jottings.

I hear from England that Col. North "the nitrate king" by going so extensively into racing, coursing, and sports of all kinds, as well as by reason of his magnificent entertainments, has made a bold bid for a place in the "first flight" of English society, and has failed ignominiously. It seems that before the big boom in nitrates the colonel very kindly put the Prince of Wales on, to use a current slang expression, and that H. R. H., cleared something like £80,000 in consequence. The two men after this were for awhile quite chummy, but the report has it, that the colonel infringed on his friendship so far as to hint to the prince pretty plainly that he was under obligations in consequence. Although Albert Edward is affability itself, he never allows any advantage to be taken of his familiarity, and the colonel got his *conge* for his pains.

The attitude taken by the English press in the matter of the treatment of the American Indians by the United States government savors very much either of hypocrisy or of a woeful lack of knowledge. It is quite possible, I will admit, that the writers in question have gleaned such information as is conveyed in books of the character of Colonel Dodge's "On the Plains," and have had borne it upon their minds thereby, that an Indian squaw or an Indian small boy is quite as dangerous in a fight as any warrior that ever painted his face. Under such circumstances they must realize that whenever a fight has occurred in an Indian village it was quite as necessary to shoot squaws and boys as it was to shoot the so-called braves. If the English newspapers which cater largely to the middle classes, are actually in possession of these facts, then I cannot do else than openly charge them with crass hypocrisy in taking the ground they have taken. They certainly are aware of the historic English way of putting down what they are pleased to call a rebellion, and, not to go too far back, they must be cognizant of the treatment of the East India mutineers, of Governor Eyre's performances in Jamaica, and, more recently, of the queer transactions in Burmah, such as Kodaking a man at the instant that he was shot to death or hanged. I fancy, however, that they likewise know that unless every now and again they give their readers a chance to say "I am holier than thou," they will displease their clientele, and it is for that reason they are now holding up their hands in holy horror at what they are pleased to call the inhuman treatment by the United States government.

To look at the situation in this light is certainly the more charitable view of it, though there is of course the possibility that the English newspapers have not the slightest idea of the real situation here, and are, as often happens in journalism, treating a

matter about which they know absolutely nothing at all. Much in the same line is the treatment of the Irish question by the newspapers in the United States. Just how much of this is due to hypocrisy and how much to ignorance I do not pretend to say, but I am satisfied that we frequently hold ourselves open to both charges in our fondness for accusing our cousins over the sea of unnecessarily oppressing the Irish.

The "Slav" is a good, gentle, kindly creature, with a charming nature, but at the same time on his executive side he is weak, and like most weak people, dishonest, or as an old journalistic friend of mine, who went through the 1878 campaign from the Danube to Constantinople, phrased it; "The Russians can stand as much killing as any people in the world, but as killers they are not successes; and, too, everybody seems to steal."

This view seems to be borne out by the futile attempts of the Nihilists to kill Czars. These gentlemen began to hunt Czars ten years ago, and during that period of time they have only succeeded in killing one Emperor, and yet when caught in their attempts they have suffered all sorts of penalties with absolute stoicism. All of which goes to prove, *meo iudice*, that these gentlemen are better killees than killers, and illustrates my view of the Russian case. Five or six well-trained cowboys would, if well paid, kill a Czar a year.

It is, I believe, customary to represent the Queen as exceedingly economical and frugal in the management of her table, but the statements I fancy, spring partly from ignorance and mainly from malice. The Queen really spares no expense in order to provide her table with the very best of everything. She is especially particular with regard to the quality and variety of the vegetables served to her, and she takes a good deal of these health-giving dishes. She is fond of game, and is regularly supplied with it according to the season from one or another of her palaces, Windsor being allotted the duty of sending pheasant and venison,

Her Majesty prefers that game should be kept a little before being prepared for the table, in order that it may acquire the flavor which some people like and others dislike. She is very fond of Scotch dishes, enjoys a haggis, and can do justice to a good bowl of porridge at breakfast. These dishes are frequently served at the royal table, and also at the table of the household, and it is from this fact that various writers have chosen to draw the conclusion that the Queen is parsimonious in her housekeeping, willfully omitting to add that these dishes form only a minor portion of the *menu* and are supplemented by a long array of others which are more pleasing to differently disposed palates. The Queen is, in fact, a *gourmet*, without being a *gourmande*. She thoroughly appreciates good cooking, and is quite a *connoisseuse* in wines. Of late her repeated attacks of rheumatism have obliged her to give up sweet and sparkling wines, and by her doctor's advice she limits herself almost entirely to pure old Scotch whiskey, of which she has some very fine brands that have been in cask for a considerable time.

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