

C. I. V.

If with riotous glee
 We should welcome them hame,
 'T would an anagram be
 On Her Majesty's name.

The City Corporation has finally decided that, after a short service in St. Paul's, the 2,500 heroes are to be regaled with a lunch at a cost of £3,000.

The Dairy Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall reminds one of "Merry Islington" in the days when Johnnie Gilpin went ariding. Then it was a true English arcadia, the whole district being largely devoted to pasturage, whilst the names of Laycock and Rhodes are now historical as proprietors of the two large dairy farms. But that takes one even further back, when their coat of arms was described as follows in an Elizabethian magazine: "Three milk tankards proper on a field of clouted cream, three green cheeses on a shelf of cake-bread, a furmenty bowl stuck with horn spoons, and, for supporters, a grey mare (to carry the tankards) and her silly foal, the motto: "Lac casens infans."

Of late there has been a scare of burglars in and about London, and the most daring attempts on property have been perpetrated in broad daylight, while such has been the dominance of the armed ruffian in the streets, that it became a matter of increasing gravity how to cope with him. There is a distinct inclination now, however, on the part of magistrates to realize the seriousness of the situation, and it is even suggested that constables shall in future carry revolvers. In one case in Clerkenwell two gangs of boys gave each other battle with toy pistols, iron bars and sticks, when three were shot so badly that they had to be taken to the hospital. Hampstead Heath also seems likely to again become the happy hunting ground of footpads. A lady and gentleman were robbed there the other night, the latter being first of all knocked into unconsciousness, the robbers finally decamping.

Spiritism has many queer sides. A widow lady meeting a young man in a train, was curious enough to ask what book it was he seemed so deeply interested in. "Madam," said he, "it is the Book of Judges, by studying which, one is at least able to hold converse with the devil, and, by his means, raise departed spirits." The widow's interest was roused, and she and a lady friend at length paid down large sums in order to become acquainted with his Satanic majesty, whose demands, however, for money became so frequent through his medium, the while he remained invisible, that an appeal was made to the presiding magistrate, and the clever young student of the Book of Judges will now find plenty of time to follow his favorite occupation in the seclusion of his cell.

The tremendous price of coal still remains unabated in spite of the talk of forming a syndicate to do away with the middle man. Anthracite coal is gaining favor rapidly. "Really," said the old lady, "what profane names they do give to things now-a-days, but I must have some of that anti-christ coal against the winter." Another story goes that the prospective fall in prices is a cause of great alarm to jewellers, who were anticipating a rich harvest from the sale of "coal bracelets, coal necklaces, and coal hair ornaments."

The elections have been anything but a pleasant distraction from the Boer war, for the opinions of journalistic productions have sadly biased voters as to the causes and results of the conflict in South Africa. In present day politics the idea is that voters should be uninfluenced, but as a contributor to a metropolitan paper justly remarks, the press has done much to influence; for its members have been guilty, more or less, and whilst the terms "murderer," and "swindler," have been flung at the head of Mr. Chamberlain by one party, another has been prompt to reply, "pro-Boer" and "traitor."

Talking of elections reminds one of the "elect." It is remarkable that many parliamentary favorites must have been adorned by the public with a nickname. For instance, Palmerston was known as "Pam," and represented in caricatures with a straw in his mouth; Russel, always portrayed as a small boy and affectionately known as "Johnnie," Beaconsfield was "Dizzy" from first to last, and Lord Randolph Churchill "Randy," while Mr. Gladstone was described variously as "Gladdy," the "People's William," and the "Grand Old Man." Someone suggests that it is the same with public men as with public dogs: no kennel name, no affection. That Balfour has missed his mark because he had no kennel name, and that while "Lalby" saved Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Chamberlain though helped into position by the aid of his eye-glass and orchid, owes his success to the fact that he is "Joe."

There is to be a rage this season for German plays, though this does not prevent "Colonel Cromwell," of the Globe, from having been a great success. It is the combined work of Arthur Paterson and Charles Cartwright, the latter playing the role of Cromwell to perfection. Beerbohm Tree is mighty again as "Julius Caesar," whilst "San Toy," that most fascinating of Chinese plays, continues at Daly's to draw crowds nightly.

Now the winter is on us the question among ladies at the moment is, what to wear. As regards millinery, fruit is a much favored trimming for hats, though chrysanthemums and poppies, with black hearts, are greatly in use. Black hats are seldom worn unless relieved by a brilliant dash of floral coloring under the left side of the brim, or with white trimming. Veils have almost entirely gone out of fashion, hair nets having taken the place of them.

Fischus, collarettes, bows and neckties rain down upon us, so that no one thinks herself dressed even for a morning saunter without a profusion of lace under the chin or one of those elegant collars spread over the neck and shoulders. Some of the latter are worked in the coarsest point lace, and others woven in silk in cobwebby pattern. Bebe black velvet is largely used and run through holes in neck bands and spotted muslin fischus.

Stitching is worked in everything, for dresses, capes, and toques, which latter are still worn very much on one side, the crown resembling huge snails, or when in a certain purple red, conventional cabbage roses.

D. H. P.

The end of the busy little bee is usually a painful one.