

English Jottings.

Islington has not yet recovered from the sudden surprise of the Queen's visit to the Horse Show. The notice given was so short that the preparations were got up hastily, and Royalty had actually come and gone before the inhabitants fully realised, that after 30 years of absence, they had again the Queen's presence among them. The Queen's invariable black bonnet, mantle, and dress leave little to be said of her toilette. The Empress Frederick still wears deep mourning, but her long gauze veil is never allowed to hang down in front, but falls far behind, leaving the very pleasant face plainly visible.

At Islington the Princess of Wales wore the golden brown that her choice last year made popular. A dress of plain cloth, trimmed across the skirt front with a broad velvet band, and a short high shouldered mantle, with long front ends, also trimmed with velvet and a small bonnet to match. The Princesses wore light tau tweed dresses, reefer jackets to match, with brown velvet sleeves. Their torador hats were also brown, with velvet, pompons, and birds' wings.

Opinions of ladies at the Drawing-room were divided as to whether the Duchess of Edinburgh or the Duchess of Connaught wore the most brilliantly embroidered dress. The one had white satin, with masses of gold embroidery, distinctly Russian in character. The other had rich colours, and the design and execution were Indian. In the matter of diamonds the Duchess of Edinburgh certainly outshone everyone but the Princess of Wales, who had a wonderful display.

Lady Randolph Churchill feels acutely the loss of her father, to whom she, as well as her three sisters, were devotedly attached. He on his part was a most generous and indulgent parent, taking pride and pleasure in the large fortune he had made, more for his children's sake than his own. It was only in November last that he and Mr. Jerome arrived in England, and his fellow passengers were not a little amused at the elderly gentleman's frequently expressed anticipations of having "a good time with his three daughters," or "his three girls" as he fondly termed them. Mr. Jerome's youth was spent in hard work and ceaseless industry, until he attained an independent position; but long before he was able to retire from business, he had secured for his daughters all the refinement and cultivation that a New York education could give them.

Lord Randolph first met Miss Jenny Jerome at a dinner party, and the handsome brunette talked so well that Lord Randolph there and then made up his mind to try to secure so agreeable a companion for life. His brother, then Marquis of Blandford, never dreaming that one day he should be going to America for a wife, was despatched to see the *fiancée*, and settle business matters. Though Mr. Leonard Jerome good humoredly flouted the idea that he would ever speculate or lose the fortune already made, he complied with the Marquis of Blandford's suggestion, and settled on his daughter a valuable property, including the New York University Club.

In the Summer in 1883 Miss Leonie Jerome, on a visit to Lady Randolph in London, became engaged to Mr. Leslie, an intimate friend of her brother-in-law, the eldest son of Sir John Leslie of Glasslough, Co. Monaghan. Her father dowered her with a quarter of a million, and she will probably receive more at Mrs. Jerome's death. The eldest sister, Mrs. Morton Frewen, also had a large fortune on her marriage. Lord Randolph and Mr. Morton Frewen propose to go together to Central Africa, starting from Zanzibar, to see for themselves what would be the prospects of traders, and they will not return until late in Autumn.

Mrs. Sheldon has been obliged to alter, not a little, her African programme. She has promised her husband to be again at home in six months from the day he saw her off at Dover, and her studies of the home life of African women will be necessarily brief. She took out forty thin silk dresses, some made up, some unmade, intended not only for her own wear, but for the chieftan's wives, should they bestow on her the sincere flattery of imitating her clothes.

Of the Queen's thoughtfulness for those she has known in her own home life, her visit to Lady Alexandra Levison Gower the day of her arrival in town is an instance. The daughter of the late Duchess of Sutherland, on whom the Queen looked as a valued friend, is slowly recovering from a severe illness, the result of overwork in a London Hospital. Like many other young ladies who go in for training as a nurse without any previous physical preparation, Lady Alexandra broke down when her first year had almost ended. She was removed to Argyle Lodge, Kensington, the London home of the Duke of Argyle, where her cousins are doing their best by careful nursing to restore her to health. The Queen arrived at Buckingham palace at noon, merely waited for some luncheon, and drove off at once to enquire for her old friend's daughter.

I regret to learn that Lord Granville's health is in a very precarious state. A stomacic complaint, to which he has been increasingly liable during the last twelve months, has rendered him extremely weak of late; the recent trying weather has aggravated the alarming symptoms. On Tuesday there seemed to be considerable improvement in his Lordship's condition, but on Wednesday he had a relapse, and at the time of writing his friends are alternating between hope and fear as to the result. The veteran Statesman is a pattern invalid; grateful for the smallest attention, solicitous for the comfort of those around him, and almost stoical under pain. There is something touching in the affection and reverence with which his domestics regard him; whilst the number of enquiries each day prove how much he is respected by Society in general.

I hear that a movement is on foot in Bombay with the object of bringing about a much-needed reform. Most Anglo-Indians have, at some time or other, had occasion to condemn the unwritten law which prescribes the hottest part of the day for making calls. To a married man the practice does not lead to much inconvenience, for he can relegate the unpleasant duty to his wife; but with a bachelor the case is different, and unless he wishes to be put beyond the pale of the best European society he must devote a couple of hours to the task of making himself agreeable in the middle of the day. The ladies, however, are the chief sufferers; and all who have experienced the discomfort of an exposure to the dust and heat and glare, in orthodox visiting costume, under an Indian sun at noon, will sympathize with those residents who are endeavoring to change the "calling" hours from noon to the late afternoon, say from four to six.

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