

FANCIES OF FASHION THAT AROUSE THE INTEREST OF THE ENGLISIDE CLUB.

The Prevailing Modes in Evening Dress, Fans, Gloves, Shoes, Outdoor Garments and Children's Clothing—Condensed Reports from New York, London and Paris.

Twelve of us girls and four married ladies have a literary club, called "The Engliside," and for months past we have vetted gossip and frivolous conversation, and have kept our foreheads in a continual pucker, as we pored over Browning or Emerson, or wrote essays on subjects allotted us.

The first paper was written by Phyllis Jones. It was on "Evening Dress," and read as follows:

The prevalence of shadowy shades of green, of grey, and, above all, of white, with gold and silver seems to be accepted as a feature of ball-room dress.

A charming dancing dress for a young lady is made of white crepe de chine, over white corded silk. The bodice of the dress was pointed back and front, finished with a 2-inch trimming of pearl, and the sleeve, which reached the elbow, was puffed and finished with pearl trimming.

A pretty and stylish dinner dress, of corded silk and velvet, in a pale shade of grey, was made severely plain in Directoire style, and finished with a train. The bodice was pointed, back and front. A succession of close full knots of velvet trimmed the skirt at the side.

To wear with these Directoire gowns there is a becoming bonnet of soft felt, trimmed with loops and strings of watered ribbon. The shape is uncommon, with flowers beneath the raised brim, and the strings need not be tied under the chin unless the wearer chooses, as they are arranged to hang down the back, and not be conspicuous.

The new Empire veils are rapidly grazing in favor, and are very warm and comfortable for driving, when made of gauze or tissue. Some have an elastic tied under the chin to keep them close.

Following this description, Gladys Smith told us the latest notions in fans:

Fans for evening are exceedingly beautiful this season. They range in size from 11 to 13 inches long. Lovely fans, formed of two layers of white silk gauze, are painted with great clusters of white and purple lilac, and have carved ivory sticks. Regular French landscapes after Watteau are painted on other fans, and still others are decorated with a medley of flowers and scrolls in old French pattern, and are mounted on iridescent pearl sticks ornamented in gold.

Next Muriel Black gave us points on gloves and shoes:

There has been no great change in gloves this season. Tan in different shades is still the reigning color for evening wear. A Mousquetaire Suede glove ranging in length from 12 to 18 buttons, is still the evening glove. For theatre wear the Suede glove is shown in either buttoned or mousquetaire styles. They may be finished plainly, or with four rows of stitching on the backs.

The fashion in ladies' shoes does not change so often as the fashion in male foot wear. There are many reasons for this, chief among them being the fact that ladies' boots are smaller than men's, and not so publicly displayed. For the street there is not much change, except that the tendency of fashion is a little more elaborate, and high heels threaten to come in again, although the majority of ladies, especially those of the best style, will adhere to the sensible walking shoe, with low broad heels.

Fancy gaiters will be more worn than usual, especially for carriage wear, and special occasions. For evening wear and balls white kid, and indeed colored boots of many tints are coming in again. It was arranged that I should report on Outdoor Garments. I was afraid that my enquiries sent to London, Paris and elsewhere would be answered too late, but fortunately I had an enormous mail, day before yesterday, and prepared my report that evening. I said:

Long, loose wraps of light weight, which cover, yet do not crush a handsome dress beneath, are preferred for wear, in going to and coming from afternoon teas and more formal receptions. The Connemara cloak has found special favor for this purpose, when made of soft, fine wool cloth in cream-white, pale tan, Russian grey and other colors. They are lined throughout with plush—in some rich red or green shade—and are finished with a hood also lined with plush. They are in shape, a circular, gathered on a round yoke, from the edge of which falls the hood, which extends en-

tirely around, thus seeming to drape the shoulders. A cluster of shirring fits the cloak to the figure on the back and a high collar of plush finishes the neck. A handsome white coat of camel's hair beaver cloth is made to fit the figure at the back and loose in front, and is finished with trimmings of Alaska sable, extending up the back, around the neck and down the front in boa fashion. Another coat in the same shape is made of brocatelle in shades of mahogany, has large flowing sleeves, and is finished with trimmings of Alaska sable.

Mrs. Stone gave us the very latest ideas about children's clothes:

Children's hats are French felts, soft flexible felts, clipped beavers, and various fancy turbans and bonnets made to match their gowns and coats. Green felt hats are trimmed with clusters of black ribbon, and a bunch of black and green tips, and navy blue hats with bunches of blue ribbon striped with red. Red hats of clipped beaver, which are in special demand this season, are trimmed with bunches of black velvet ribbon and black tips. A little face trimming of knotted ribbon usually finishes the under brim of these hats.

Smock dresses are among the prettiest styles exhibited for children. A charming dress of red cashmere has the entire yoke drawn in diamond patterns in the close fine smoking. The yoke of smocking extends in three sharp points, back and front. The fullness of the waist is drawn into a belt, making a waist but a trifle longer than those of last summer's frocks. The full sleeves are drawn into the cuffs, by small rows of smocking, and the straight, round, full skirt is simply finished with a plain hem. A stylish little dress, of copper brown cashmere, in Directoire fashion, is straight at the sides and back, finished with a trimming of copper and white passementerie down the side of the skirt, and draped from the shoulder, diagonally, across the front to the waist line.

Trimmings of black are a fancy of the season for children's frocks and coats. Black and red, black and green, are contrasts often used. Navy blue and red are pretty together, as are also copper brown and green. All children's wraps have a slight pad at the tournure.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY

Minds a Cobbler's Shop and Advertises When Business Gets Dull.

Our shoemaker's a queer old fellow, an' pa says what if it wasn't fur me he'd fail, 'cause I wear out more butes than 10 ordinary boys, and I must get somethin' from the cobbler fur wearin' 'em out.

Our shoemaker says what advertisin don't pay and him and me don't agree, so when he askt me and Bill to keep shop while he went visitin' with his family I thort I'd advertize as long as I see in bisness.

He does a good bisness though, 'cause the rich old woman what lives next to Bill and has the roomitism all the time so's she can't walk, sent for her butes, and I sent her the rummin' shoes with spikes in 'em, what the smart young fellow in the grocery store's gettin' fixed, 'cause I couldn't find hers. So the smart fellow wanted his rummin' butes, and 'cause the old lady had 'em I had ter send him the butes what the man with the club foot is gettin' soles on, so's to not dissappoint him.

I guess everybody wanted their butes that day, for young Miss Jenkins what ma says is puttin' herself up to every young man that comes along, sent for hers. I couldn't find 'em, so we sent her a pair what didn't belong to anybody we know, 'cause they had humps on 'em, which Bill said was fur corns and family bunyuns.

When bisness got dull, I appointed Bill my advertisin' agent, so he wrote a sign, on the clean side of a shutter, with the paint what the shoemaker paints soles with:

Come everybody, BUTES FOR SALE Here To Day Only Fur 5 CENTS. Everybody go home and take yer butes out. Wear rubbers till the Japinese wonder 1/2 solds yer butes with leather what ain't stuffed with straw. One day only ter interadice! Cum! Cum! Cum!

I never thort advertisin' paid so well afore, 'cause me and Bill was awful busy storn boots away, and the people said the shoemaker must be crazy, but we said he knew what he's doin', and that settled them. We closed up early, and I let Bill put on the shutters, 'cause I was boss.

I guess our shoemaker was surprised, and got mad 'cause he wasn't used to so much trade, fur he come up ravin' around pa and said he'd make him pay fur somethin'. Some people ain't born fur bisness anyway, I think.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

"CANADIANS ARE WE."

[A TOAST FOR DOMINION DAY.]

Here's to the glory of the land that we name The dear Land of Canada the Free, Where our hope is, and our home, and our faith and our fame—

For Canadians—Canadians are we!

Dominion is to us from Columbia's shores of balm To the shouting tides of glad Acadie, From the laughing waves of Erie to the Arctic fields of calm—

For Canadians—Canadians are we!

Here the lily and the thistle, the shamrock and the rose, Are at one beneath our goodly maple tree, From our union confusion shall come down about our foes—

For Canadians—Canadians are we!

Then, here's to our Land! Lundy's Lane—Chateauguay—

Would they win by bribe or battle? They shall see

Our Maple Flag forever proclaim our nation's sway—

For Canadians—Canadians are we!

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in The Dominion Illustrated.

THE ORIGINAL OF "SHE."

WONDERS SHE WROUGHT BEFORE A WHITE MAN'S EYES.

Walking Downward Through the Air, Uniting Severed Limbs, Turning Enemies to Stone and Showing in Her Magic Pool The Faces of Persons Far Away.

[R. D., in the Pall Mall Gazette.]

The psychological and psychical portions of Rider Haggard's She strike me as being not so much the creation of a vivid imagination as the simple recital—or, perhaps one should say, the skilful adaptation—of facts well-known to those who penetrated the recesses of the West Coast of Africa a generation ago. Astounding, terrifying, and incredible as the powers of Ayesha appear to the casual reader, yet to the men who laboriously threaded the jungles and swamps of the riverain portion of West Africa, long before Stanley was thought of, they only seem like a well-known and familiar tale. The awful mysteries of Obeyah (vulgo Obe) and the powers possessed by the Obeyah women of those days, were sufficiently known to all the slave-traders of the West Coast to make the wonders worked by She seem tame by comparison. And, always excepting the idea of the re-vivifying and rejuvenating flame in the bowels of the earth in which She bathed, there is nothing but what any Obeyah woman was in the habit of doing every day. And the fact forces itself upon one that She is neither more nor less than a weak water-color sketch of an Obeyah woman, made white, beautiful, and young, instead of being, as she invariably is, or was, black, old, and hideous as a mummy of a monkey. This is not only my own opinion, but that of all the old comrades of "the coast" of thirty years ago to whom the subject has been mentioned. Though the Obeyah men were, without exception, clumsy and ignorant charlatans, and simply worshipped Mumbo Jumbo, the Obeyah women were of a different creed: offered human sacrifices, under the most awful conditions, to Satan himself, whom they believed to inhabit the body of a hideous man-eating spider; practised evocation of evil spirits; and, beyond all dispute, possessed powers far exceeding anything ever yet imagined in the wildest pages of fiction. To even hint at some of these wonders would be to subject one to one of three alternatives—to be considered either menteur, farceur, or fool.

Well! in the interests of occult science I shall risk these kind imputations, and in a forthcoming work of professed fiction shall relate the wonders of Obeyah. One who has witnessed them can easily believe in the fabled Medusa, and in many mythological transmutations of which he read in school-days. There is nothing on record in the ancient myths of any religion that is not done by the Obeyah of today. The human imagination—whatever philosophers may think—has not the power to create; and whatever you have read of magical powers—especially those of necromancy—are absolutely possible; absolutely true; absolutely accomplished! From Moses to Bulwer Lytton; from Jannes to Jambres, of the Egyptians, to all the wonders of India, there is nothing—never has been anything—that cannot be done, and is not done, by the African Obeyah.

I remember, more than 30 years ago, meeting an Obeyah woman, some hundreds of miles up the Cameroons river, and who had her residence in the caverns at the foot of the Cameroons mountains. In parenthesis I may remark that I could not have existed there for one moment had I not been connected in some way or other with the slave trade. That by the way. Judge for yourselves. O my readers, whether She was not "evolved" from Sube, the well-known Obeyah woman of the Cameroons, or from one of a similar type.

Sube stood close on 6ft., and was supposed by the natives to be many hundred years of age. Erect as a dart, and with a stately walk, she yet looked 2000 years old. Her wrinkled, mummified, gorilla-like face, full of iniquity, hate and uncleanness (moral and physical), might have existed since the creation, while her superb form and full limbs might have been those of a woman of twenty-four. "Pride in her port and venom in her eye," were her chief characteristics; while her dress was very simple, consisting of sharks' teeth, brass bosses, and tails of some species of lynx. Across her bare bosom was a wide scarf or baldric made of scarlet cloth, on which were four rows of what appeared like large Roman pearls, of the size of a large walnut. These apparent pearls, however, were actually human intestines, bleached to a pearly whiteness, inflated and constricted at short intervals, so as to make a series of little bladders. On the top of her head appeared the head of a large spotted serpent—presumably some kind of boa constrictor—the cured skin of which hung down her back nearly to the ground. Round her neck she wore a solid brass quoit of some four pounds weight, too small to pass over her head, but which had no perceptible joint or place of union. Heavy bangles on wrists and ankles reminded one somewhat of the Hindoo woman's; but hers were heavier, and were evidently formed from the thick brass rods used in "the Coast trade," and hammered together in situ. Her skirt was simply a fringe of pendant tails of some animals—presumably the mountain lynx—intermingled with goats' tails. In her hand she carried what seemed

to be the chief instrument of her power, and what we in Europe should call a "magic wand." But this was no wand; it was simply a hollow tube about four inches long, closed at one end, and appearing to be made of a highly glittering kind of carved ivory. Closer inspection, however, showed that it was some kind of reed about an inch in diameter, and encrusted with human molar teeth, in a splendid state of preservation, and set with the crowns outwards. When not borne in the right hand, this instrument was carried in a side pouch, or case, leaving the open end out.

Strange to say—this mystery I never could fathom—there was always a faint blue smoke proceeding from the mouth of this tube, like the smoke of a cigarette, though it was perfectly cold and apparently empty. I shall never forget the first day on which I asked her to give me a specimen of her powers. I had previously witnessed all the marvels of the Indian conjurers, as well as the ink mirror of the Arab dervishes. Therefore I quietly settled down to enjoy the performance without expecting to be astonished, but only amused. I was astonished, though, to find this six feet of humanity, weighing at least eleven stone, standing on my outstretched hand when I opened my eyes (previously closed by her command), and when I could feel not the slightest weight thereon. I was still more so when, still standing on my outstretched palm, she told me to shut my eyes again and reopen them instantaneously. I did so, and she was gone. But that was not all; while I looked round for her, a stone fell near me, and, looking upwards, I saw her calmly standing on the top of a cliff nearly 500 feet in height. I naturally thought it was a "double"—that is, another woman dressed like her, and said so to the bystanding natives, who shouted something in the Adhe language to her. Without more ado she walked—not jumped—over the side of the cliff, and with a gentle motion, as though suspended by Mr. Baldwin's parachute, gradually dropped downwards till she alighted at my feet. My idea 'twas was that this tube of hers was charged with some (to us) unknown fluid, or gas, which controlled the forces of nature; she seemed powerless without it.

Further, none of her "miracles" was strictly speaking non-natural. That is, she seemed able to control natural forces in most astounding ways, even to suspend and overcome them, as in the previous instance of the suspension of the laws of gravitation; but in no case could she violate them. For instance, although she could take an arm lopped off by the blow of a cutlass, and, holding it to the stump, pretend to mutter some gibberish while she carefully passed her reed round the place of union (in a second of time complete union was effected, without a trace of previous injury), yet, when I challenged her to make an arm sprout from the stump of our quartermaster, who had lost his left forearm in action some years before, she was unable to do so, and candidly declared her inability. She said, "It is dead: I have no power." And over nothing dead had she any power. After seeing her change toads into tie-polongas (the most deadly serpent on the coast) I told her to change a stone into a trade-dollar. But no, the answer was the same—"it was dead." Her power over life was striking, instantaneous, terrible. The incident in She of the three blanched finger-marks on the hair of the girl who loved Kallikrates, and the manner of her death, would have been child's play to Sube. When she pointed her little reed at a powerful warrior, in my presence—a man of vast thews and sinews—with a bitter, hissing curse, he simply faded away. The muscles began to shrink visibly, and within three months' space he was actually an almost fleshless skeleton. Again, in her towering rage against a woman, the same action was followed by instantaneous results. But instead of withering, the woman absolutely petrified there and then; and, standing erect, motionless, her whole body actually froze as hard as stone, as we see the carcasses of beasts in Canada. A blow from my revolver on the hand (and afterwards, all over the body) rang as if I were striking marble. Until I saw this actually done I must confess that I never really believed in Lot's wife being turned into a pillar of rock salt. After it, I was disposed to believe a good deal.

One of the things which most impressed me was when she poured water from a calabash into a little cavity scooped by her hands in the soft earth. That this was nothing but water I satisfied myself by the taste. Telling me to kneel down and gaze steadily on the surface of the water, she told me to call for any person whom I might wish to see. And here a rather curious point arose. She insisted on having the name first. I gave her the name of a relative, Lewis, which she repeated after me three times to get it fixed correctly on her memory. In repeating her incantation, a few minutes afterwards she pronounced the word "Louise," though I did not pay much attention to it at the time. When, however, her wand was waved over the water, evolving clouds of luminous smoke, and I saw distinctly reflected in it, after those clouds had passed away, the face and form of a relative of mine standing in front of an audience, evidently reciting some composition, I told her she had made a mistake. I did not acknowledge to having seen anything for some time, but at last I told her that it was the wrong person. Then, naturally, argument followed. She insisted that I said "Louise." However, at last, I taught her the correct pronunciation of Lewis, and I saw the man I wanted, sitting with his feet above his head, more Americano, and calmly puffing his pipe while reading a letter. I need scarcely say that I verified the time at which these things occurred; and in both instances I found them, allowing for the difference in longitude, absolutely and exactly correct.

Space will not allow, or I could go on for hours relating the wonders I have seen Sube perform. And the most wonderful of all I have left untold, because they seem, even to myself, utterly incredible. Yet they are there, burned into my brain ever since that awful night when I was concealed and unsuspected witness of the awful rites and mysteries of the Obeyah in the caverns of the Cameroons.

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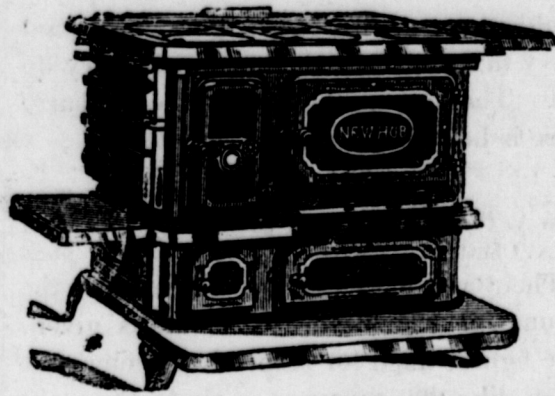
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