

FASHIONS FOR SPRING.

PRETTY COSTUMES THAT ARE POPULAR WITH NEW YORKERS.

The Latest Styles for Children, and the Immense Variety of Hats—A Dainty Hamper Basket for the Babies—The Care of Children's Feet.

The society women have emerged from their lenient retirement, and are clothed in all the beauty of their spring finery. Almost every style is seen upon the street—the severe Huguenot jacket, the brilliant Hungarian coat and the Louis XV., which seems to have struck the tide of popular favor.

The dressmakers vie with each other in elaborating ornate styles, and among the most successful emanations is a magnificent coat of Pompadour blue brocade; the skirt is of coarse ceru, nett heavily embroidered and with a shimmer of pale blue silk beneath. Jordan is responsible for this exquisite creation, and for another which vies with it in beauty. It is of the heavy shot silk so fashionable in the time of our grandmothers, and has a deep volant of creamy lace, and is combined with an artistic shade of olive velvet. Flashing jewels shine forth from the background of sheeny silk, and the crowning elegance of the costume is a pointed girdle set with emeralds and rubies, from which depends a rain of iridescent fringe which falls over the front of the skirt.

What an immense variety in children's garments is to be seen in gay shop windows, and upon the little toddlers and the girls of larger growth as they trundle their hoops in Madison square or gaze longingly at the Easter novelties so temptingly displayed upon Broadway.

Like the big people, the little ones' wardrobe is in a transition stage, the changefulness of the weather rendering it rather hazardous to blossom out fully fledged in spring attire. A new hat is almost the first thing which inaugurates the coming of spring, and the large ones of chip, rice straw or fancy braid are almost covered with flowers that are an exact reproduction, save the odor, of nature's own handiwork. The bachelor-button is a great favorite at the present time, the bright hue matching in color the carnation tint of the camels-hairs, the Henriettas and the serges. Cowslips and daffodils nod upon leghorn hats, and white clover blossoms are wreathed upon country or seaside hats of wide-brimmed rough-and-ready straw.

Corn-husk braid is a novelty, and is exceedingly light and pretty; some of the misses' hats are made of braunles or rose stems, woven in and out and surmounted by a great American beauty rose which sways to and fro as if from its own stalk.

Stiff upright loops of wired velvet or ribbon are the sole trimmings upon many of the jaunty turbans and the sheltering sun hats, or one or two great fluffy rosettes of tulle, lace or transparent French crepe.

Ruches are worn upon bonnets as well as dresses; they surround the crowns or are sewed upon the brims, forming a becoming finish.

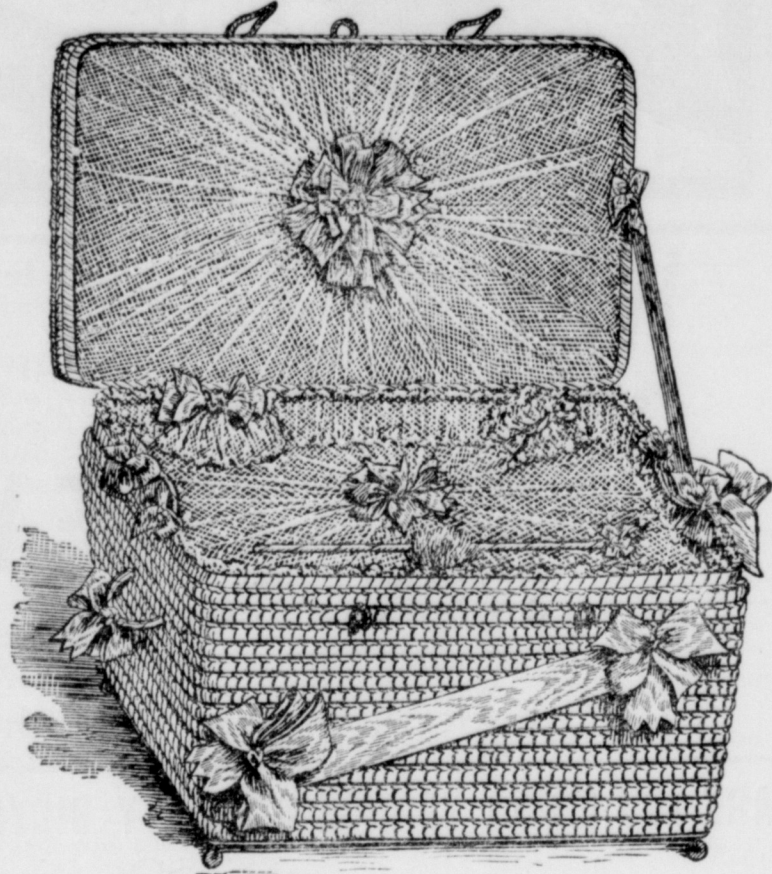
Conical crowns have almost superseded the bakers crowns so fashionable last summer, although these are still seen upon the mill and gingham hats. The cone-crowned hats remind one of those in the pictures of Mother Goose, or of the prophetic Mother Shipton.

The washable hats of mull, lawn and gingham are the freshest, daintiest things imaginable; some of them are made with shirred crowns and brims drawn upon heavy cords and edged with ruffles of the

same or narrow Valenciennes lace. A lovely hat for a girl of four years of age, is of pale rose-tinted French batiste cut in irregular scallops upon the edge, each scallop edged with the narrowest Italian Valenciennes lace; the crown is full, finished with a fluted ruffle and buttoned to the brim with tiny pearl bullet buttons. This style commends itself to practical mothers, as it is so easily taken apart and laundered.

Shirt waists of wash silk or lawn are delightfully economical things, as the last season's waist which has been out-grown can be replaced with one of these. They are made simply fitted in at the neck and waist, or tucked or shirred in an elaborate manner. Some of them have fancy yokes or little Figaro jackets of plain silk, the stripes being used for the sleeves and waist.

Little cutaway coats, somewhat of the style of an Eton jacket, are worn for cool



days over shirt-waists of silk percale or lawn, a softly folded sash or belt forming the finish.

The selection of children's shoes is a matter of grave importance; the feet of growing children are always disproportionately large, and the habit of compressing them into shoes much too small is to be deprecated. It causes the feet to be misshapen, and, besides, makes it very uncomfortable for the child. Common-sense shoes should be adopted, with low broad heels and not too pointed toes. Low shoes of ooze calf are both pretty and comfortable for warm weather. Patent leather is only fit for full dress, as it wears very badly, and in the sun it draws the feet to an almost painful degree.

School aprons of black alpaca are very useful for preserving good dresses and for freshening up gowns which have seen considerable service. The dressy French aprons of India linen or nanisook, trimmed with embroidery or lace, are very nice. Many of the aprons amount almost to dresses, and are universally liked for wear in all seasons.

Baby's belongings must at least receive a brief mention, and among a number of articles at the Lilliputian bazaar, is one calculated to delight the heart of the newly made mother. It was the hamper basket seen in the cut, and is fit for the gift of a fairy god-parent; it is daintily trimmed with lace and ribbon, a roseate tint gleaming through the transparent lining; there is the silver powder box with its snowball puff, and all the little necessities for the infantile toilette; beneath the lifted tray I caught a glimpse of the snowy hand-made dresses with rows of fine tucks and embroidery.

Hand-painted pillows and cradle covers are designed for baby's downy nest, and nothing prettier could be conceived.

It should be a joy to every baby who is bathed in the decorated sponge-bowls with quaint Greenanay figures, but babies are sometimes ungrateful; the mothers however appreciate the light wicker toilet stands which can be so easily moved from one room to another.

COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

WHEN YEARS TELL.

Mr. Billy Florence Is Not So Young as He Used to Be.

"It is all well enough for people to tell me that I am looking younger than ever," said William J. Florence, comedian, yesterday, "but I am not to be fooled with that kind of flattery. I am getting along in years—yes, I'm a spring chicken no longer."

"The first intimation I had that I was no longer young," continued Mr. Florence, "was last summer when I made an excursion on the Thames with a select party of London clubmen. Lord Charles Fitzliss and Sir Alan Geoffrey Gosh induced me to go—in fact, a lot of the Garrick club boys got after me, and—well, what could I do or say?—of course I had to go along. The day after we returned—or, rather, the day after we were brought back from that boat ride—Sir Alan came round to see me at Morley's. I was still abed; I contemplated staying there forever; I felt, oh! indescribably wretched. But Sir Alan was brisk as a lark. As he entered the room he stopped.

"Excuse me," said he. "I thought this was Mr. Florence's room. I beg your pardon."

"Aha, good joke," said I, trying to be merry in spite of the Omaha flavor in my mouth and a high-altitude pressure in my head. "Aha, good joke; but come now, I say, old fellow, let's be serious."

"It is you, after all, isn't it?" exclaimed Sir Alan. "Pon me honor, I'd never have known you but for your voice. You've changed so beastly much, old man, don't you know?"

"Egad, have I?" says I, and for a fact I felt changed. Had never had those Omaha and high-altitude symptoms before. Crawled out of bed, tottered over to the mirror, and looked at myself. Then pinched myself to see if I was dreaming."

"Send for a doctor," says I, crawling back into bed and pulling the clothes up over my head. Sir Morrell Mackenzie came.

"Sir Dock," says I, "what ails me? I never was so before I went boating on the Thames with these Garrick club boys. I showed him photographs of myself taken only a fortnight before; he sounded my

lungs, listened to my heart, looked at my tongue, felt my pulse, and tested my breath with medicated papers.

"As near as I can get at it," said he at last, "you are a victim to misplaced confidence. You have been training with the young bucks when you should have been ploughing around with the old stags. You must quit it. Otherwise it will do you up."

"Well, now, that was the saddest day of my life; just think of shutting down on the boys after being one of them for sixty years! But Sir Morrell told the truth. The Garrick club boys were terribly mad about it; they said Sir Morrell was a quack and they adopted resolutions declaring a lack of confidence in his professional skill. But my mind was made up. "Billy," says I to myself, "you must let up. You've made a record; it is a long one and an honorable one. Now you must retire. Your life henceforth shall be reminiscent and its declining years shall be hallowed by the receding rays of retrospection." To that resolution I have adhered steadily. People tell me that I am as young as ever, but, no—they cannot fool me—I know better."

"Just to illustrate the folly of all that talk," said Mr. Jefferson, "I'll tell you what I saw last night. When I returned to the hotel after the play I went up and found Billy and the president of the Philadelphia Catnip Club at supper. What do you suppose they had? Stewed terrapin and trapped champagne."

"That's all right enough," explained Mr. Florence. "Terrapin and champagne never hurt anybody; I have had 'em all my life. What I maintain is that people of my age should not and cannot indulge in extravagance of diet. The utmost simplicity must be the rule of their life. If Joe would only eat terrapin and drank champagne he wouldn't be grunting around with dyspepsia all the time. He lives on boiled mutton and graham bread, and the public calls him 'the reverend veteran Joseph Jefferson.' I stick to terrapin, green turtle, canvasbacks, and lake, and every young chap in the land slaps me on the back, calls me Billy, and regards me as a contemporary. But I ain't; I'm getting old, not too old, but just old enough!"—Chicago News.

BERTH NUMBER 224.

A Ghostly Tale of the Sea.

If ever you take a cabin passage from Glasgow to New York in the old steam liner *Baldaria*, don't you pick out No. 224 for your cabin, and steer clear of the port side of the quarter deck after dark if you are alone; for of all the ghosts of modern date, and all the spirits of the dead, and ghastly experiences known either ashore or afloat, the terrible being from the unseen world that haunted that cabin will be ever present, sleeping or waking, in my mind.

I must preface this yarn so as to make it intelligible, and we will go back some months and tell what happened on a former outward bound voyage.

The *Baldaria* was one of the old class liners with a flush deck, and the wheel and steering gear were right at the tailrail; the boats were on skids over the quarter-deck and booms amidships, and all the first-class passenger accommodation was between decks. She was very heavily rigged, and was designed more for cargo than passenger traffic.

Well, on this former voyage, with the last boat off at Greenock (where the steamer was lying at the "Tail of the Bank" with the blue Peter at the fore) off came a solitary passenger with a first-class ticket and very little luggage; number of berth on ticket, 224.

Of course, all these particulars I learned afterwards.

He was more than taciturn; he was unutterably silent. His eye glistened and scintillated with an unearthly light; he moved alone and kept aloof, and the only knowledge those on board had of him was from the name Sebastian Jansen on his solitary black trunk. He dressed for dinner, sat down, but never spoke or seemed to take notice of those around. There was that snake-like fascination in his gaze that those who spoke to him, on even the most commonplace or trivial occasions, only met with a dead stare in response. So several days passed on, till the steamer was in mid-Atlantic. The bright moon lighted up ship and ocean, and there was only just a ripple on the water. The quartermaster stood aft at the wheel, the officer of the watch leant over the weather quarter-rail, and, with the look-out men for'ard, formed the only living group visible.

The only sounds were the parting waves on each side as the vessel furrowed her course, and the throbs of the engines and screw.

And thereupon, in the still night, arose a shriek; the door of cabin 224 was dashed open; a flying, half-dressed figure of a man flew aft, turned his eyes full on the quartermaster for a short space, and then sprang on the tailrail, and with arms thrown up, leapt into the foaming waters churning in the steamer's wake. The cry, "A man overboard!" was given, engines stopped, life-boys let go, and boat lowered; but that mysterious and unknown shipmate was never more seen. And so ends the prologue to this o'er true yarn.

Well, some time after this I had occasion to go out to America, and I had precious little time to make arrangements; and when I went up to the steamboat office in Jamaica street I learned that the passenger list was complete except one berth, if I liked to book for it. I also learnt, with a good deal of pleasure, that this same *Baldaria* was commanded by a very old friend of mine, Capt. Bateman: so, hurriedly completing what arrangements I had to make, I took a cab to Eglinton street station and train to Greenock, and only just managed to be in time to catch the vessel as she left the Tail of the Bank.

After the bustle of departure was over, I went aft to renew my acquaintance with the skipper. "Why, God bless me, my dear Huntman," said he, "I haven't a spare berth this cruise! Where's your ticket? Oh, No. 224, I see; let me think. Yes, if I can find the key. Why, of course, I can order it to be cleared out and furnished if you really like to occupy it. There are two beds in it." So the head steward and skipper conferred at some length, and I fancied, disputed about something or other. "Steward," and I, "what's wrong about that unoccupied cabin—is it damp?" "Oh, no, sir," replied he, "but there's something queer about it, I fancy, and the fact is it's never used now. But, if you like, sir, I'll put in beds and linen, and all that, and send your luggage down, and make it all shipshape in no time."

Now you must know that this cabin was on the port side aft, and was lighted at day by a large brass circular screw scuttle, and two deck diamond-cut bull's-eyes, and had a jalousied sliding door and fanlight. The scuttle was quite large enough for a man of moderate size to squeeze himself through; and opposite the scuttle, at the bulkhead, were the two beds, with three drawers beneath; a small chest of drawers, two chairs, a toilet service and mirror completed the furniture.

I was pretty well tired, and soon turned in. It was blowing pretty fresh, and we were then off Pladda Light, so I secured the scuttle and was soon in the land of dreams.

It was early spring, and rather raw and cold, and I was awakened by feeling a cold blast of air blowing direct on me. The cabin was dimly illuminated by the fanlight and the lamp from outside; and I could see that the scuttle was wide open. I got up and screwed it up as tight as I could. It was of no use; in a short time the scuttle flew open with a crash. I then dressed, and got one of the men to tighten it up with a screw wrench, and, exhausted as I was, soon dropped asleep.

I woke with a start—and that weird, uncertain feeling of the presence of someone or something near me—and with a deadly chill—I felt alarmed, I could not tell at what; I felt sure that some presence was there. The heavy brass scuttle once more flew back; and as the vessel rolled a volume of water deluged the cabin. I hurriedly dressed and ran on deck, had the carpenter's mate sent down to secure the scuttle, and waited till daylight before I went below. That forenoon I told Captain Bateman about the scuttle; he was very silent and thoughtful, and asked very minutely, as I fancied, about trivial details.

"Now," said he, "look here my dear fellow: I'll get that scuttle fixed, and come myself and see to it tonight before you turn in; and I hope to goodness you'll get a good night's rest."

The next night the same thing occurred again. I will describe the sensation I experienced; it is so indelibly impressed upon my memory.

First—surely as the scuttle had been fastened, it flew back with a loud crash, sufficient to almost break the two-inch thick glass; and then came a deadly chill, and the feeling of some unearthly presence, and a sickening odor, as of a mildewed vault.

I left the cabin, utterly careless as to whether the sea poured into the open scuttle or not.

Next morning I laid the whole case freely before my friend Capt. Bateman, when for the first time he told me the story about the suicide of the mysterious passenger.

"Forgive me, my dear fellow," he said; "I did not exactly believe in anything unearthly about that berth of yours. I attributed the whole thing to a curious coincidence, and nervous dread of former passengers; but I had to shut up the cabin, as the scuttle never opened but when it was occupied. Just say nothing; but tonight, after the saloon lights are out, you and I will sit up and watch."

So I took a good sleep on the saloon couch; and at eleven o'clock the next night the captain and I kept our watch in berth No. 224.

We took no grog; but lit a cigar, secured the scuttle strongly, and made it additionally fast with a fathom or so of strong marine stuff, and then waited.

Two hours passed slowly away. It was one o'clock—two bells in the middle watch—when we heard the strain on the rope fastening of the scuttle. Silently we waited. I laid my head on the captain's shoulder, as he sat in the corner under the scuttle.

Then the marine lashing parted strand by strand; the screw ran back; and the scuttle crashed back against the side.

The dead chill and sickly horror again pervaded the cabin.

We sat hand-clasped for one moment, and then furtively looked up.

"Merciful heavens," said the skipper: "look! look! look!" I followed the direction of his gaze; and there in the top bunk opposite the scuttle, lighted feebly with the phosphorescent light of death and decay, was visible the face and form of no earthly being, and eyes lighted with no earthly radiance.

"In the name of all that's merciful," muttered the captain, as with a common impulse we both threw ourselves against the bank, and strove to tear from thence that fearful form. "Courage, Huntman! it is some dastardly trick," he cried.

I felt myself grasped as in a vice; a cold, dead embrace encircled my limbs. For a few brief moments there was a terrific struggle, and then, half stunned and torn and bleeding, we were dashed on the deck of the cabin; the door slid back in the panels; an uncertain, undefined figure passed out and rushed aft.

Thereon arose the cry, "A man overboard!" The engines stopped, we heard the rattle of the falls as the quarter-boat was lowered, and we both staggered on deck.

The same quartermaster was at the wheel as was there on the former catastrophe, and as the form flew past it gazed on him, and for one brief second it stood on the rail, threw up its arms, and disappeared in the wake of the vessel.

That berth was nailed up next day, and silence kept as far as possible; but I know, and ever shall bear that memory to the grave, that on that night in mid ocean, with no shadow of doubt, I was held in the cold grasp of the dead—in the power of a spirit from the hidden recesses of the deep.

Pray heaven grant that that memory be blotted out in my last moments, and may no dead weight of horror cloud my dying hour; for I, even I, have stood face to face and struggled with the dead from the unseen portals of the gates of hell and death.

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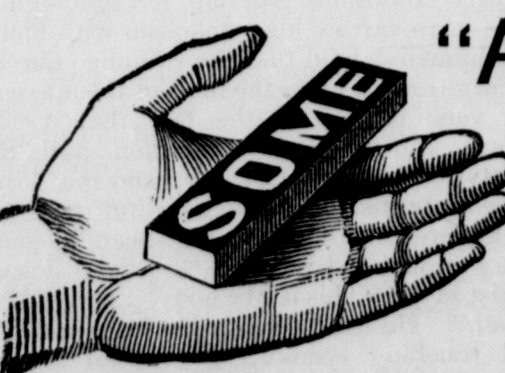
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