

FASHIONS IN OCTOBER.

NOTES JOTTED BETWEEN TIMES BY ELLEN OSBORN.

Two New and Gorgeous Gowns—The Felt Hat with a Huge Brim—The Cape, the Basque and the Panier—Notes of the Season.

I saw something this morning which almost inclined me to give up my pleasant task of talking to you about clothes. In one of the largest of the dry goods houses a young girl was looking at stockings. She was not an especially pretty girl and her dress had cost more than was necessary; by this I mean that it was evident to any observer that the young girl was emptying her pocketbook to make a fine appearance without succeeding in making it. She had the look and the speech of a girl who worked hard for her living, and there was a certain incongruity between her rich gray Bedford cord frock with its



AN AUTUMN HAT.

silver passementeries and her awkwardness of manner and of tongue. She gave one the impression of having borrowed a fairer and more graceful and more gentle-spoken woman's wardrobe.

"These are \$2.50," said the saleswoman, holding up a pair of black silk stockings with broad stripes of open work.

The girl in gray looked at them. "That seems a good deal."

"Oh, well, if you want cheap stockings," this with an unpleasant accent, "of course I can show you our 87 cent ones."

"I'm going out of town," said the girl in gray, "for a week's holiday; it's the first chance I've had to get off this summer. I thought I would like to show them out there that—"

"Why, of course," said the saleswoman, who seemed to have some little acquaintance with the girl. "You want to go in good style. 'Now, there,' and she picked up the silk stockings, "are the very latest we have; those I spoke of for 87 cents are very fairly good stockings, but these are enough better to be more than worth the few cents difference."

The girl in gray said something under her breath about the saleswoman supposing her to be made of money, but she bought the stockings and also some silk undersuits for which she paid \$4 each, laying out the few worn bills it had taken her many a weary day to earn, under the notion that spoils of life for such a proportion of women, of the necessity of keeping up with her wealthier neighbors.

When I talk to you about the fine things in the shops it is never with any idea of making you live for them. They are more



THE CAPES AND THE TAILOR GOWN.

brother, than they are worth for the most part. And I know of nothing I should find a greater nuisance than a gaudy wardrobe. There is no object under heaven for which I have so great an admiration as the Matterhorn, but I should object decidedly to having the Matterhorn or any lesser Alp in my back yard.

I must tell you of some beautiful dresses I saw this week. One is an evening dress of pale green brocade, the front cut in a long point, the back ending in a narrow pointed train. There is an underdress of white tulle, bordered with a ruche and a dounce and caught with white plumes. The top of the low bodice is cut in points over more tulle. The description sounds very simple and indeed the toilet is simple in design and not especially graceful. The brocade, for example in this instance, is more soft and heavy and lustrous than one often sees. The design upon it is of curling white plumes; here and there a feather is tied with a silver ribbon, and from the knot shines out something with the glint of a diamond.

A second evening toilet is of maize colored silk embroidered with gold. The skirt is all one magnificent glitter of the yellow metal, and the waist is draped back and front over a low bodice of white guipure. There are added basques of guipure which open back and front and short draped sleeves over guipure undersleeves.

Now that the city is filling up again, the

hat of the autumn is to be observed at the theatre. It seemed to me last evening, perhaps because I sat just behind one of them, that the brims of the new felt hats were the largest that I had ever seen. The apparent size of the white felt in front of me was increased by its mass of great white feathers and by the bows of white ribbon, nine or ten inches wide, employed in its trimming. It was a most picturesque hat and I was unable to deny myself some credit for appreciating its good points under the circumstances, though I was not good natured enough to refrain from saying to myself that its wearer's face was not interesting enough to save it from being insignificant under such stupendous headgear.

Enormous gray felt hats with gray feather trimmings are seen everywhere. Almost as numerous are tan felt hats with feathers to match and huge bows of short velvet ribbons. Electric blue is one of the colors most worn, and when you come to combinations there are few more popular than white and brown.

As I looked about I made a mental note of the fact that most hats had straight brims and turned up behind. The crowns were, for the most part, low, round and flat, and in some cases where the brim was of felt the crown was of velvet in a different shade.

I don't seem to have left myself a great deal of room to talk about bonnets, but they are so very small, perhaps they ought not to need a great deal. There are some that are mere stiffened squares of velvet, edged with passementerie. One corner rests on the head in front, and another is turned up at the back, where the ribbons or aigrettes are disposed. Tawny shades of orange and Indian yellow are combined with black and put well to the front in millinery.

The cape is like Jack's beanstalk, only it grows in the other direction. It began at the shoulders, but the most energetic examples have already reached the knees. Sometimes they end not above a foot from the ground, and in time they may rest upon it, or even trail, very possibly. Basques are following very hard after capes and it is likely enough that the panier will turn its thoughts in the same direction. The cape shown in the second illustration is of black velours du Nord, with a ribbed silk lining. It is not so full as the summer capes, the thickness of the material making this impossible, and its wide plaits fall direct from the shoulder seam. The collar has a narrow fur bordering.

The tailor dress shown with it is a very



NEW AUTUMN BODICES.

good illustration of the autumn style. It is a soft and light, but rough and hairy woolen, plaided in brown and grey, which is a curious but fashionable mixture, especially when, as in this instance, both gray and brown have a pinkish tone. The coat buttons diagonally, and the skirt is edged with a deep flounce, with brown rosettes to diversify its heading.

The third illustration gives examples of some of the new bodice adornments. Epaulettes have spread themselves until they have become little capes about the shoulders. Basques have transformed themselves practically into overskirts, and it seems probable that in the near future we shall have a graduated series of overdresses, each one a few inches shorter than the one below, and all open in front in the middle.

ELLEN OSBORN.

ORNAMENTAL ORNAMENTS.

A Correspondent's Opinion of Painted Coal Hods, and the Like.

It has always been a matter of profound wonderment to me that anyone should see any fitness, taste, or art, in the misuses things are put to in the way of adornment. I have seen tin pie plates mounted in plush—not honest tin pie plates, but pie plates parading—like the jackdaw in peacock feathers—with a mockery of art in the way of oil paint. But none the less was the fact apparent that they were pie plates. I have seen ears of corn gilded! and a thermometer stuck on them. Wooden trenchers tied on the wall with a bow of ribbon, mandolins made of pasteboard and tinsel strings, and more such absurdities than I can mention, till I have wondered that the ghost of Raphael or Praxiteles or somebody didn't swoop down and demolish them. Then why anyone wants an effigy of the coal hod on the table in the shape of a sugar bowl, or of the wash tub as a salt cellar I cannot imagine, unless it is to remind the guest of the machinery of household labor, that to my mind should be kept out of sight. Why must we rush so madly after imitation ornament? I would rather have one good engraving (if I could afford it, several) than enough such stuff to dam the Avon River. Which would, perhaps, be a fitting and effectual end for it, and the source of much peace to a few artistic souls. Let us, dear friends, go and make a funeral pyre of our ornamental ornaments, and let the smoke ascend to heaven to cheer the nostrils of all departed artists.

A Pretty Apron.

The prettiest of aprons is one made of fine lawn, and which has lace about three inches wide put across the lower edge in flounce fashion, caught up here and there by a stiff rosette of white ribbon. The bib is a small pointed one made of the lace, and fastened just at the point to the bodice under another rosette; the strings are of white ribbon, and are tied a little at one side.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," Progress, St. John.]

Sunburn seems to be in a terrible *bete noir* with most girls, in the autumn, and numerous and pathetic are the appeals I have from my correspondents for reliable remedies to remove it. The dear girls have no time to think of their complexions during the summer, they picnic and bathe, and row; they lie in the hammock, and fall asleep there, and meanwhile the sun changes his position with a chuckle, and pursuing his trade of tanner, he proceeds to tan that sleeping girl's face until it is a fine russet brown. They go sailing and they play tennis, they can't row or serve balls, and hold an umbrella over their heads and they won't wear a "cow's breakfast" of the requisite size for protection. Worst of all, they have been wearing those hideous low necked dresses all summer, and have succeeded in getting a V shaped patch of permanent brown, indelibly printed both on the front and back of their necks. Now the autumn is here and the winter is near. So those girls are just beginning to realize how they are going to look the first time they appear in a low-necked evening dress. They cannot very well outline that patch with passementerie, glued on, and long gold chains are out of fashion, so she must either wear a high necked dress or get that tan off in some way. Consequently her devoted friend, Astra, has been turning her attention to sunburn, tan, and various medicaments for the removal of the same for the past week, and experimenting upon herself, till she resembles a freshly skinned white turnip. Seriously, girls, Geoffrey remarked the other day, with deepest concern, that he believed I had caught consumption from the cat. You see I have not had any outing this summer, and so I have no sunburn to remove, and have only succeeded in bleaching myself into a too interesting pallor. Here is one recipe which is highly recommended: One half ounce of tincture of benzoin—not benzine, mind—one half ounce of glycerine, six and a half ounces of rose water.

Wash in warm water, dry your face lightly, and then rub with the mixture. Another remedy which I have found most efficacious is phyloderma. I have always been accustomed to see a bottle of that toilet preparation on Geoffrey's bureau, but somehow I imagined it was only intended for use after shaving, until a few weeks ago I was reading the label, and seeing that it was for sunburn and to keep the skin soft and white, I got a bottle for myself, and I find it a grand thing for removing "the kisses of the sun god," another quality which it possesses will commend it to many people. It is as good as powder for taking away that annoying shine which will occasionally show itself on the best regulated countenances. I know the end of my nose frequently looks as if it were nickel plated, it bears such a high polish, but a dab of phyloderma dulls it all at once.

RAIL, St. John.—I must give you first place today, as you have a grievance to be adjusted. I am glad "Bob" is not your brother, for your sake; but let me assure you that he is far from being a man; or if he is, it must be a most illiterate one, because to do his letter full justice it should be photographed. It is either the composition of a small boy, or the elaborately disguised hand of a girl, and it abounds in erasures, blots and smudges. The following is a literal copy, and I hope "Bob" will feel proud of it when he sees it in cold type:

Dear Astra: Would you be so kind as to tell me the meaning of the following sentence. (Here follow some Greek hieroglyphics which I need not copy.) I can't do the hanging thing. "Rail" is my sister. She calls me a blatherin' idiot when I tease her about Mr. L., her beau. "Sweet Violets" is my cousin. They laugh when they talk about you, because they made such a fool of you asking you silly questions and you answered them. Min, that's Rail, ain't got one beau, Mr. L., and Leo, that's Sweet Violets, had two, but I fit the other fellow and bust his head open, and now she ain't got but one, and that's me. She is my girl. Do you think Bob is a nice name? Min says it ain't, but that's cause Jim L.'s name is Jim. Are you pretty, and if you are I send you a kiss if you won't tell Leo. "Rail" is awful fat now. She has red hair and big freckles. She's darn ugly! Bob.

Is it bad to say darn? Yours truly, Bob.

A charming letter, is it not? Are you sure there is no small boy amongst your relatives whom you offended in some way, and who took this cruel revenge? I hope you can make up your mind to laugh at it, as it seems really very ridiculous, but all the same "Bob" is badly in need of a sound spanking to cool his literary ardor. I cannot agree with you that I am hard on the girls who ask me about their writing. If you had to answer about ten letters in a morning all ending with the same query, I think you would come to the conclusion that it was "the poor girls" who were hard on me.

BLUE-EYED NUISANCE.—Who said you were a nuisance, Blue Eyes? Not I, I am sure. Of course I have room for another girl. But I never called them "terrible girls." I am glad you like this column, and you are very welcome to it; there is always room for one more. I do not know of anything so good as warm water, with a little ammonia in it for taking out the milk stains, but if the color is gone I am afraid it is a hopeless case. There are few things so difficult to remove from wool goods as milk, if it is allowed to dry. It should be wiped off at once with a clean cloth dipped in hot water. (2) I cannot tell you just now whom the book is by, but if your book-seller has not got it in stock he can easily order it for you. I will inquire and find out the writer and where it is to be obtained. (3) I think it is perfectly correct for your cousin to kiss you good bye under the circumstances mentioned. I look upon cousins as being almost the same as brothers. Your writing is a little uneven, but that is a very slight fault. Of course you may write again. Thank you for the love.

STUPIDITY, St. John.—I don't see why it required so much courage to write to me, especially when such a number of girls had stepped into the breach before you and come out of the fray unscathed. (1) If the gentleman is an old or intimate friend there can be no possible objection to your giving him your photograph. The exchange of photos has become so common of late years that there is much less importance attached to it than there used to be. (2) The gentleman, of course; it would be a most extraordinary proceeding for the lady to suggest it. (3) I think it much better to choose some particular church

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and attend it regularly. (4) Do you mean geometry? If so, I am afraid I scarcely understand you. The best way to study it must be the regular way as taught in the schools, and the use it will be to you depends entirely on the use you mean to make of your education. If you should wish to be a teacher, it will be indispensable to you. Mensuration you will find more useful in every day life. (5) It is better to wait till the youth himself asks for an introduction, but, of course, you can ask some friend to introduce you if you like. (6) Use sage tea, or bay rum. A little rubbed into the scalp will stop your hair from coming out. (7) Brown velvet is lovely and very becoming, if you do not get too light a shade. I think I should prefer it to black; but velvet, though prettier, is scarcely so serviceable as felt.

PEANUTS, St. John.—You are the third girl who has told me this week that she had hard work to muster up courage to write to me. I did not know before that you were all afraid of me, and I can only hope you will get over it in time. (1) Well yes, I think boys, and men too, are rather prone to take offence, but I have generally found them very ready to forgive and forget, once they understand that it was unintentional. (2) I really think men prefer blondes as a rule, but of course their tastes like our own differ. (3) Certainly say "thank you," or "thank you, I shall be very happy," as it is always more ladylike to accept an attention gratefully, rather than to take it as a matter of course. (4) I think I should take the first opportunity I could of explaining matters, as he will probably think much better of you than if you allowed him to remain under the impression that they were deliberately rude to him. (5) There is no color like brown for the winter, it is especially the winter color and very becoming; dark brown is lovely, and if you are fair it will suit you better than any other color. (6) Get up at once and play whatever you know, and then you can easily say you are sorry that you cannot remember anything else. There is nothing so attractive as to see a girl rise without any objection and go at once to the piano; it is so tiresome to hear her making all sorts of excuses, merely to be pressed more urgently, people think. But, after you have done your best, they cannot refuse to believe that you really don't know anything more without your music. Your writing is very pretty, and you did not ask too many questions at all. Thank you, the pup is quite well just now, he is barking himself nearly off his stout little legs on the veranda. I suppose he thinks he sees Geoffrey coming home to tea, and that is his way of greeting him. Geoffrey is well, too, thank you. Shall I give him a share of the love you so kindly sent, or may I keep it all for myself?

GLADYS, Nova Scotia.—Nova Scotia is rather an indefinite address, Gladys, is it not? If I mistake not, I heard from you before, and you hailed from Pictou last time. I am sure you are the same Gladys, because I recognize your writing. Thank you very much for all the kind things you say, and I will give Geoffrey your message, although I hardly know how he will take it. Geoff is a clever lad, but, as I have already said, rather conceited; and if there is one thing above another that ruffles up his feathers, it is to be told that he is an object of envy on account of his wife. You see he thinks people would be employing their time so much more wisely in envying Astra for having such a delightful husband. Of course he appreciates me thoroughly, but then he does not want other people to be "clever looking" or not, but the rest of your description answers very well, except the dark eyes; mine are only blue. "Wanderer" has been in B. C. for some years now. He came from Newcastle, N. B., and he is an engineer on a steamer. He writes frank, manly letters, which I always like to get, there is such a sincere ring about them. No, I have not read the book you mention. I have not much time for reading now, but all of George MacDonald's are good I think. Permit me to return the love, or rather to send my love in exchange for it. Write again, I shall always be glad to hear from you.

LOCHINVAR—St. John.—It is all right, Lochinvar, we will shake hands and be friends again. Do you know that we have improved wonderfully both in your writing and spelling. Two books that you will enjoy thoroughly, and yet that will give you a great deal of useful information, are Dickens' *Pictures From Italy* and "Mark Twain's" *Tramp Abroad*. The

latter is a most amusing book, and at the same time a clever and reliable description of the author's travels. *A Ride to Khiva*, by Capt. Fred Barnaby, is another capital book, and Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* is a delightfully amusing one. I don't don't know about the evening star, I am sure, unless it may be that she has so many worlds to shine on, she can only spare a little time to each one. Do you always write at night, that you say "good morning?" When are you going to stop being an old bachelor, and settle down as a married man?

SANCTIMUS, Shediac.—Why Sanctimus? Well I am busy this week and your letter was undoubtedly long, in fact the very longest one I have received since I have been writing in this column, but it was so bright and witty that it seemed short, and I answer it with pleasure. If you don't live in Shediac and did not write your letter there, what in the world made you date it from that giddy Saratoga of New Brunswick? Please "throw some light on this subject." No, I am not six feet tall, and I have no side whiskers, red or otherwise, thank goodness. I wear sheath skirts, and pancake hats like all other well regulated females who wish to be in fashion this summer, but I find it very hard to believe that you are not a girl yourself, else why that very delicate and dainty handwriting? If you are a man I am afraid you are inclined to be cruel, at least so that very fine handwriting says. And so you are eighteen, you clever boy, and think you know nearly all there is to be known of the world! You "have been in love with many a maid in years back" and you are, oh sage—Eighteen—you must indeed have begun early. To your first question I answer emphatically, No. It is only right and natural that the sexes should be fond of each other's society. I am much fonder of men's society than women's myself, but it is most decidedly wrong for any young man to kiss and caress a girl with whom he is not in love, and whom he does not desire to make his wife. Some day that girl will be another man's wife in all probability, and how would that man feel if he knew you had been in the habit of hugging and kissing his wife? How would she feel if she met you, remembering what had passed between you? You are yet in your salad days, my friend, clever as you are, but when you are older you will understand what I say better. It really is a pity you were "left to your own destruction," as you wittily express it, so early. A wholesome application of the paternal single now and then would have done you lots of good. When I was eighteen plenty of handsome youths would have been willing to give me a loving embrace, if I had let them, but I thought far too much of myself to allow it, and I also valued their respect too much. You know any girl who is not absolutely ugly can be hugged if she thinks so little of herself as to allow it. When your queen comes you will know her at once and will be in no further doubt on the subject. I don't say it will be love at first sight, that is rare, but if the right one is waiting somewhere for you, you will be sure to find her, and also to regret all the idle flirtations in which you have frittered away so much of the heart that should have been her's alone, and I am sure she will bring out all of that good side of your nature which you seem to think is now lying dormant, and faith, my dear boy, for the life of me I can see less and less where the sanctimus comes in. I don't believe there is much sanctity in that unregenerate nature of yours yet. Thank you for remembering the cat. Do you know I have read that there is always good in a man who is fond of cats, and you must like them a little or you would not have spoken of mine. I will give your message to Geoffrey. Thank you. Have I answered all your questions or not? If not write again and I shall be glad to hear from you. The New Brunswick girls are pretty, especially the St. John girls. I am not a Canadian so I feel that I am unprejudiced.

For the Church Fair.

The girl who wants to make her table at a fancy fair a great success, should have a "bag" table, and there should be on sale shoe bags, sponge bags, party bags, knitting bags, work bags, scent bags, and every sort of bag that can be made out of cotton or silk; as these can usually be sold at a reasonable price and as all the money is profit, it would be found not only a popular table, but one which on the second or third night of the fair, will have entirely sold out, and that, of course, is the great desire of everybody who suffers to be charitable.

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