

FASHIONS IN NOVEMBER.

SOMETHING ABOUT HATS AND COATS AND FASHIONABLE FURS.

Costumes for the Street, for Receptions and for Visiting—As Winter Comes on the Dressmakers are Busy—Many Fine Things for Consideration.

I can remember a big chest that used to stand in the attic when I was a child. I used to sit on the top of it while my brother rolled sweet fern cigars. It was painted pale blue, and there was a few collars inside with long ends fringed with tails. I used to wonder then why anybody had ever worn fur with tails and I am wondering now.

A nice young woman I met the other day wore the sable cloak, which is figured. It was of the three-quarter length, and was tailed with beautiful regularity all around the bottom and all around the shoulders. It testified in unmistakable terms to the slaughter of at least three dozen tail-bearing animals. On her fur cap was a face and a pair of tails.

Askin coats are trimmed quite extensively this winter with furs of lighter color, and the effect in general is not unpleasant.

Sealskins don't yet appear to decline. The newest form of wrap is a very awkward one. It takes the shape of an extremely full cape of three-quarter length, hanging from the shoulders in a loop, a second cape, which is short and pointed, is gathered to a pointed yoke over it, and about the throat is a curling feather collar.



FUR FANCIES.

The most unprovoked fashion of the early winter, however, is that which inflicts upon cloth coats long and full and heavy fur sleeves.

I wish I could set the figure of the typical New York woman before you as she appears of a cheviot frock. She wears, let us say, a cheviot frock of claret, or deep blue or crimson. It is cut, as shown in the figure, with a straight, plain and extremely narrow skirt, which lies on the floor for a very considerable distance behind. Over this is buttoned snugly a close-fitting coat of the same material with a narrow edging of astrakhan. A little braiding in a heavy black cord is the only other adornment. Black gloves are added with a bonnet of claret or deep blue or crimson felt with black velvet, jet and black feather trimmings.

I must tell you a little about a few reception dresses I have lately seen. One for evening wear and for a lady of years and matronly figure to carry it was of pale violet velvet with trimmings of heavy Bugles lace and with train of silver gray satin. A dark brick red silk, of a shade supposed to become both blondes and brunets, but in reality trying to nearly everybody who puts it on, was cut with a princess robe bordered with a two-inch band of astrakhan edged with a line of gold. A band of astrakhan confined the sleeves half way down, and went about the throat also.

A heliotrope silk brocaded with flowers in a shade so light as to be almost white



AN EARLY WINTER STREET GOWN.

was perhaps as characteristic an example as any. It was made with a high bodice and long sleeves, the top of the sleeves rather full, but caught down upon the lining. The costume was trimmed with a bead passementerie made expressly for it, the beads shading from mauve down to crystal white, and arranged in sharp shapes with pendants. These were placed on the wrists and up and down the front of the bodice, which opened over a full crepe puffing. The skirt had a short pointed train.

The frock which is illustrated is an excellent example of an elaborate costume. I saw it at an afternoon reception, on the person of a young woman. In color it was a pale brownish yellow silk with sleeves simulated over-bodice of peanut shape, and deep, upturned scallops at the bottom, of a rich yellow brown velvet. The long coat bodice was embroidered richly with gold thread and gold beads, and heavy but not wide bands of gold passementerie striped the skirt perpendicularly all around. Long cuffs of silk came up over the velvet, reaching nearly to the elbows, and at the back the skirt lay upon the floor in a slight train.

Quite as odd in its way and almost as striking was the dress of soft green cloth which in the figure is its companion. To the bottom of the long pointed bodice were attached basques so long and of such peculiar shape, opening in front and ending in points at the knees, that they seemed an overskirt of some dignity, rather than anything less consequential. From the shoulder seams, from the arm seams, from the

arms, from the bottom of the basque started rows of fine green and gold braid, which met in a great green and gold rosette on the bosom. About the throat and around the bottom of the skirt ran heavy braids of beaver. From the fur started rows of braid at the bottom and these were gathered under rosettes at intervals, making a curious skirt procession of triangles.



TWO RECEPTION COSTUMES.

Hats continue very small and do not change their shape greatly, perhaps because they have assumed to themselves such a great variety of shapes that to find any greater variety is more of a tax than even millinery ingenuity is equal to. Many are now shell-shaped or like a little basket upside down, with a low soft crown and a brim of cloth or velvet, either furred or pleated outside. Nearly all millinery ornaments are small. One of the newest is the "colonel" aigrette, which is thick and short and ugly like a paint brush, instead of being long and feathery. Prince of Wales tufts are popularly worn and ribbon bows. I saw a pretty blonde yesterday who wore a blue velvet basket-shaped hat, with a tressis work of jet over it, causing it to glitter like the sun and making it as heavy as the heart of the woman to whom it has given a headache. Its trimmings were a little feather crest at back and front, a lace aigrette and narrow strings.

Dark green corduroy is a material which appears on the street more and more frequently. As used for an early winter walking gown I noticed this morning a very good example. It had a plain skirt, bordered in front with bear's fur. The three-quarter coat was gathered in the back and on the hips and the reverses and collar had bear edgings. The hat, which finished the equipment, was of green velvet with black plumes.

SHY WOMANKIND.

They Sit on One Leg, Says a Hoosier—Yet the Habit Helps Mankind.

The women have a great propensity for sitting on one foot in a street car as well as in the seclusion of their own homes. It's a great tiling of the sex. The ordinary observer would never notice it, probably, because their skirts come too low to tell whether two precious little feet or one are dangling down; but if, when one gets in a car, he will just casually glance along the line, ten chances to one he will find one young lady at least who to all appearances is a hero of the battle of Gettysburg. They do it so skillfully and deftly that nobody but a woman is likely to detect them at all. It is done when she first sits down.

Just as she is about to sit she gives a quick little hitch, which motion is employed to bring the leg up to the seat, and then the rest of the performance proceeds as usual. Thus, like the Turk at his pipe or the tailor at his work, she rides comfortably from the starting place to the destination. There are many advantages in this mode of sitting and few disadvantages. It economizes space in a crowded seat and makes room for one more passenger, so that the gentleman who graciously rises to give up his seat to a lady who has just entered finds to his astonishment that there is still room for him after she has settled down to riding position.

The only great disadvantage is that frequently a lady may tear her skirt when she gets up to leave the car. Or, worse still, she may catch her shoe heel in the dress or other garment and trip herself. A lady rose from a Pennsylvania car seat the other day, and there seemed to be a tugging and a pulling going on under her dress. In a moment there was a long, ripping sound, and she had fallen flat on her face in the bottom of the car. When she arose to her feet to go she trailed about two yards of red braid after her.—Indianapolis Journal.

Telling Secrets to Men.

It is the mistake of a lifetime to give a man any liberty which you would not want known, and to expect him to keep the matter a secret. The exceptional man will sometimes hide the indiscretion of a young girl whom he believes spoke or acted from ignorance; but the average man, in the highest the same as the lowest walks of life, boasts of his successes with foolish women, and the rendezvous, the letter, the embrace, or the souvenir which she has given him, thinking it will never be known to others than themselves, is shortly the matter of gossip among a dozen people.

Women hide their secrets far better than men do. They fear the censure of the world too much to share their errors or indiscretion with confidantes. But men are almost invariably vain and proud of their conquest, and relate their achievements with the fair sex to one or two admiring friends. They may not use names, but let the incidents once be told, it is an easy matter to discover the personages if one is at all curious to do so.

The only way to keep men from betraying our indiscretions is not to commit them. I once made these remarks in the presence of several ladies, and one of them replied, "that she was glad she had never been acquainted with the class of men I knew." At the same time that lady's name had been used lightly in a club room not a week previous, and her indiscreet actions had been commented on by "the class of men" she did not know.—Ladies' Home Journal.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

Did it ever strike you, girls, what an excellent plan it would be to keep a file of Progress, and when you want a recipe, stop and think for a moment whether last week or the week that very recipe did not appear in my column, look through them, it will only take a few minutes, and then you will be saved the trouble of writing to ask me about it, and the annoyance of waiting, sometimes for three weeks, for an answer; and I will have one letter less to accumulate on my desk and remain unanswered for a week or two on account of lack of space. Really and truly I have published recipes for freckles and sunburn washes, and remedies for making hair grow, till I wonder the weary and heart-sick compositor does not either keep a collection of them set up in type all ready for use, or else know them off by heart, and set them up with his eyes shut. I don't mean for a moment to find fault, girls, or hint that you can write to me too often, but still it is discouraging to do one's very best in the way of supplying information one week, and then have exactly the same set of questions asked the week after.

ALFRETTA, North America.—What a very indefinite address, Alfredda, and what a wide range of country one would have to go over in order to find you! Are you quite sure it ought not to be Alfredd, because your writing looks very much that way? Well, be that as it may, you are in luck this week, my dear, since I have just secured a perfectly new remedy for the hair, both to promote its growth, and prevent it from falling out, and which a friend in whose family it has been tried, has assured me is infallible, and you shall have the first trial of it. Get your druggist to give you one teaspoonful of powdered camphor in an ounce of powdered borax; put the mixture in a large jar or pitcher and pour over it one quart of boiling water, rain water is best, bottle it when cool and apply every night rubbing it well into the scalp with the tips of the fingers. Thank you for your kind words about our column.

IGNORANCE, St. John.—(1) No, it would be very stiff indeed to do so, and it would also be a rather trying ordeal for the guests, though I have been at larger parties than the one you mention, where it was done. It is a much better plan to introduce the guests to each other, as occasion offers, when it will not look so formal. Merely address "Editor of Progress," and it will speedily find its way to the right department. (2) Oscar Wilde is an English poet, and author, but he is chiefly known as "The apostle of Aestheticism" as it was he who first originated the aesthetic craze. He visited Canada and the United States some years ago on a lecturing tour, and a very fascinating youth he was with his long hair, worn in artistic disorder, his fine eyes, black velvet suit, silk stockings and lace ruffles. He is married now and has, I believe, had his hair cut, moreover he veils his shapely calves in the unaesthetic trousers, no longer dines on the contemplation of a sunflower, dresses like other people, and takes quite a human interest in his own baby. I never heard his name mentioned in connection with that Mrs. Frank Leslie, but they may have had a flirtation, for all I know, as they are both rather given that way.

M. G., St. John.—You did not give me any other name to address you by, so I must use your initials, and I hope you will find your answer. You say you "have concluded to fly to me for help." Well, I wish I could help you but I scarcely know how. In the first place it is much too soon to speak of yourself as an old maid, the few gray hairs make no difference as it is nothing unusual now-a-days to see girls of 20 with quite gray hair. What you call "crows feet" are very likely the "laughing wrinkles" one so frequently sees around the eyes of people who have a keen sense of humor, rub them well at night in a crosswise direction with a little cold cream, and it will improve them wonderfully. I do not know of any advice that I can give you except to possess your soul in patience, and not worry about it, you know—

"No one is so accurate by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own."

And some day the right one will come along in the most unexpected manner, but it is useless to try to "ensnare" a lover, as such a mode of procedure usually results in frightening him off. "How did I capture Geoffrey?" Well, I hardly know! There was not much time for either capture or surrender in the case, because if I remember aright it was one of the worst cases of love at first sight on record. We had not met three weeks before we were in a state of utter collapse, but Geoff has never yet confided to me which of my numerous charms it was that first won his heart. I like to hear you say you love home life, and I think he will be a fortunate lad who gets you.

NORA, Cumberland County.—I am glad you were pleased with my answer, but how is it that I did not give you a more explicit explanation of what a "Red Cross Sister" was? Florence Nightingale, and her staff of nurses, wore a sort of uniform of black, with a red cross on the left sleeve. They were called "Red Cross Sisters," and I believe there is now really an order of that name, whose members care for the wounded soldiers even on the very battlefield, in the face of the foe, as they did during the Franco-Prussian war. And so you have lovely rides, these autumn mornings over the dear old Cumberland marshes? I love to ride, too, or used to, before I hurt my back, and made myself into a sort of ball invalid for life; and I can absolutely smell the salt breath of those same marshes, as the salt breeze often have I raced along the little path at the top of the dyke, with my two dogs. "When I was young, and life was fresh and sweet." Both the dogs are dead years ago, and I don't run any more, I walk. You are very much mistaken. Geoffrey cares for every nice looking girl he meets, whether her nose turns up or not, and I will give him your message with pleasure, also the pup. I am sorry I cannot give you the information you want, but perhaps some reader may be able to do so. Can any of my girls or boys tell me of any book on shorthand, which will teach the art, without a master? I doubt it very much myself, for I know that it is only constant practice which will make a really good shorthand writer.

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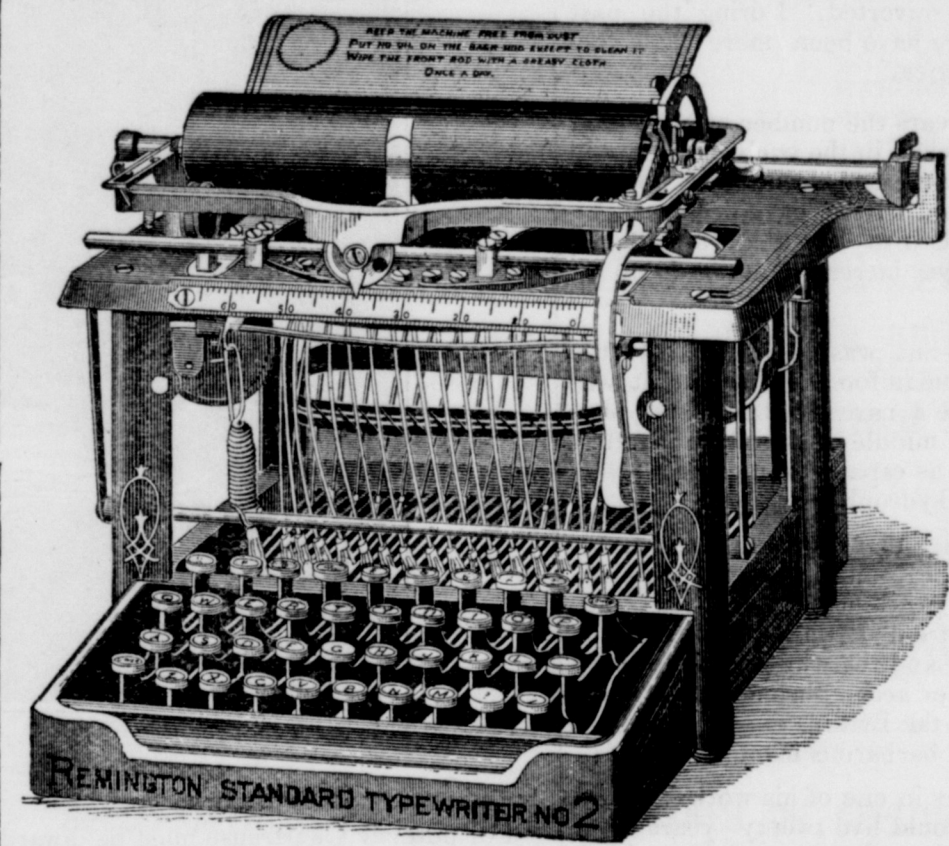
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Opinions of some Distinguished Guests on the "Myrtle Bank" Hotel.

From the Hon. Villiers Stuart, King's House, Jamaica.—Having been staying on several occasions at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, I have found it well appointed, and the Staff most obliging. The Hotel is well situated, the verandahs have the benefit of the sea-breeze and command very interesting views. We found the beds especially comfortable.

From Arthur Harvey, Esq., Toronto, Canada.—I have spent some weeks in Jamaica, every hour of which has been delightful, and much of the pleasure has been due to the excellent accommodations of the Myrtle Bank Hotel. The rooms, the cuisine, the service, and the civility received at your hands, call for this acknowledgment.

From the Hon. Thos. J. Clayton, Thurston, Penna.—We have spent some weeks at Jamaica, making the Myrtle Bank Hotel our headquarters. We have found it the best Hotel on the Island. We can recommend this Hotel to our countrymen as an agreeable resting place.

From John M. Oakley, of Pittsburg, Pa.—On leaving your hospitable house, the "Myrtle Bank," after two weeks' stay, we wish to say to our countrymen, through you, that we have found your location favored by the sea-breeze as cool as the mountain top. We shall advise all our friends visiting at Jamaica to stop at this Hotel.

From Rear-Admiral Seymour, R. N.—For the four weeks I have lived in your Hotel, I have been struck with the civility of the Staff to guests and visitors. I wish the undertaking every success. I advise any one visiting Kingston to stay at Myrtle Bank.

From Hon. T. A. and Lady Brassey.—The Hotel is about the best planned I have seen in the Tropics. The broad verandahs and passages entirely open to the air make it deliciously cool. The bed rooms could not be more comfortable.

From Senator Warner Miller, U. S. A.—I desire to express my appreciation of your Hotel. I have found it a most delightful place and have enjoyed my visit to Kingston. Your Hotel furnished me with perfect accommodation.

From Cleveland Moffett, Correspondent of the "New York Herald."—It gives me pleasure to state that during the ten days I have passed in your pleasant Hotel, I have been treated with the greatest courtesy and attention. No trouble spared in the interests of the guests. The Hotel is certainly well managed.

From John C. Klein (Sept. 3rd, 1891), Correspondent "New York World."—During the stay of myself and wife at Myrtle Bank we have received every attention. The accommodations are most excellent, the beds could not be better, and the table is first-class.

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