

# NOVEMBER'S DULL DAYS.

## NEW WHIMS AND FANCIES TO MAKE FAIR THE FAIR SEX.

Gowns With the Bloom of Hills and Heather—Linings as a Feature—Some Thanksgiving Party Gowns and Some From a Fifth Avenue Trousseau.

Nowadays it is hard to say which is the more gorgeous and glaring—the shop windows or the women they lure inside. The windows teem with heavy shaggy stuffs for street wear—camel's hair, soft as velvet, sheeny as silk, frizzes and chevrons with the bloom of Scotch hills and heathers overlaying their grounds of brown or gray or olive. They are new—what is better, they are so much so that you recognize them at once as the textile expression of a new and beautiful thought. There is wonderful individuality in the ground colors. The greys are cold or warm or demure or freakish, the browns run the gamut between the sorrowful dead leaf tint and the pesky joyousness of gold color, as the angry reds of burnt orange. Many are overlaid with splashes and blotches either contrasting or harmonizing, with the ground. Others show rings, stripes or broad uneven patches of deep blue or deeper red.

Among the most striking was the blue chevrot bound with tawny orange, lately chosen for a new bride's going-away gown. A vest of dull blue silk was let into the

several narrow ones, or else a row of passementerie.

But such passementerie nobody ever quite saw before. Fancy, wide, golden meshes sown with seed pearls, with pale emerald nail-heads, or those that flash out to you the lustre of aqua-marina. Imagine it catching down draperies of creamy-white crepe de chine, and you will get some idea



NEW DESIGNS IN MILLINERY.

of the gown worn at a party at a country house, when its blonde owner set several hearts a-tremble. For she bound her golden hair with ropes of real pearls, and bewrapped her milk-white throat with the same perfect jewels. Even her tiny slippers—she is a second Cinderella—were powdered with the white drops that might be fairy-tears made immortal. Another gem, which upon the same occasion enhanced the charms of her brunette dearest foe, is of blue-green silver spangled tulle made with the suspicion of a fan train over blue green shot silk. At foot the skirt has an enormously full tulle ruche with a row of stemless pink roses through the center. The same trimming, but smaller, outlined the low neck. On either shoulder there was a big real-lace butterfly, and a third hovered over the roses a-bloom in beauty's hair. Another gem was of yellow silk, hand-wrought, with pink orchids with yellow jeweled centers. ELLEN OSBORN.

### WOMEN'S WAISTS.

What They Should Measure—The Famous Venus de Medici.

While a 19 or 20-inch waist is a deformity in an adult woman, it may justly be doubted whether the 26-inch waist of the Venus de Medici is not somewhat too large to be in proportion with the figure of the average American woman. It is characteristic of women of the highest types of the Indo-European races to have wide hips and narrow waists. In other races the hips are narrower and the waists larger.

The American woman appears, in consequence of her large hip measurement, to have a smaller waist than she actually has. To the unskilled masculine eye a girl with a waist of 22 or 22½ inches may seem to have a wasplike figure, when in reality her measurement is very nearly what it should be to satisfy the critical judgment of an artist or her family physician.

The Venus de Medici is five feet five inches in height, 26 inches about the waist, 34 about the bust, and 44 about the hips. The women employed as "cloak models" by most of the great dry goods establishments in New York city are about of the same height. The measurements required of a "model" five feet five inches in height in one establishment are the following:

—Waist, 23½ to 24 inches; bust, 34 to 35; hips, 45 to 47; base of skull to waist, 16; biceps, 11½ to 12." A prominent physician recently gave the following as the correct measurements for a well formed, well developed and healthy woman of 5 feet 5 inches:

—Waist, 24 inches; bust 33½ to 34½; biceps, 12 to 13; wrist, 5½ to 5¾; hips, 44 to 45; calf, 13 to 14; and ankle 7 to 7½."

The doctor's "model woman" has smaller hips and a smaller bust and about the same waist as the "cloak model."

### EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

Advice to Hardworking Housekeepers: Don't Worry; Be Charitable.

A housekeeper's duties are many and exhausting, and, under the best of circumstances, many times trying. This is especially so of the nervous, delicate woman. While there are essential duties to be performed in every household, a great deal of trouble arises from expecting too much from ourselves and others. A woman who wishes to make her home a happy haven of rest for husband and children must have sympathy and charity for the shortcomings of every member of the household.

One may be untidy—a very trying fault one must admit—another indolent, while a third has an irritable temper. But is it any use to fret over these daily trials? Far better throw the mantle of charity over faults that cannot be remedied, and learn not to expect too much. While extending leniency to others it is well to do the same toward ourselves, and not exhaust body and mind in endeavoring to do the work of two or three persons. How many women lose all the pleasure of home life in this never ending effort!

"What is your idea of a perfect housekeeper?" we once asked an aged friend whose reputation as such was well known. "The woman who bears in mind that while it is necessary that the house be clean and the table well served, it is quite as necessary that she should keep her own heart and mind in order, thus being able to carry sunshine and brightness always with her through all the trials and annoyances of life. Such a woman will never fail to keep her house in order and make her family happy."

It is then a lesson well worth studying, that of not expecting too much of ourselves or others.—Home Companion.

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### "ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

HELEN, St. John.—I am very sorry to hear that Geoffrey has gone, I saw him a little while ago, and he seemed in the best of health and spirits, but I don't know why you should expect to find him in Moncton. Perhaps you think everything that is best, and brightest is to be found in that stirring town. And so you think the pup and the cat and the garden are all castles in Spain? Well, I only wish some of my castles in the sunny south were as real. At this very moment the pup is tearing up and down the street in front of the sanctum, with a very old, and sodden, child's boot in his mouth, which he excavated a few minutes ago, from a dust heap in a neighbor's back yard. He is determined to bring it in, and store it away in the parlor for future use, but he can't get under the gate without dropping it, so he is waiting till someone opens the gate, and lets him in. The cat is curled up in my lap and the garden is scarcely a garden at all now, it is so dilapidated. So now they are all accounted for. I am sorry to dash down your hopes about Geoffrey, but you must give up all thought of him, unless he gets a divorce from me, for I assure you he is a very real person indeed. And so you thought husband and wife were one, did you? Two bodies with but one soul? I don't think they are very often. I am a woman. How often must I assure the public of that fact? And I have not got brown eyes, or a perfect mouth, nor any of the charms Geoffrey has, so I cannot claim the kiss—happy thought—I'll give it to Geoff? I am thankful to say that I have only one soul, and I have so much trouble in looking after it that I had another to take care of I should go out of my mind.

ROSEBUD, St. John.—I hope it did not require so very much courage. (1) Sixteen is very young, indeed, but if, as you say, they are so very fond of each other, perhaps it is as well that they should be engaged. (2) Certainly not, if they are engaged or related, but unless they are it would be better not to do so. If they were very old and dear friends, it might make a difference. (3) Your writing is very pretty and very odd. (4) Perhaps if you saw me you might be disappointed. (5) The hair is a pretty shade of rather light brown. I am afraid Geoffrey will be getting utterly unmanageable soon if he gets so much attention from the girls, but I will give him your love.

We Two, St. John.—(1) Of course I don't know what kind of candy your "own" is, and so I may possibly give you the same recipe but here are a few of mine. For chocolate caramels which are good, though I do say it, take one pound of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one and a half cups of Mott's unsweetened chocolate, grated, one cup of milk, and a quarter of a pound of butter. Put down butter, sugar, molasses and milk, first in a preserving kettle, add the chocolate, and boil till as thick as very thick porridge, till you can scarcely stir it, in fact, being very careful not to let it burn. Pour on slightly greased tins, and mark in squares when it is cooling. For cocoanut cream take three cups of white sugar, three fourths of a cup of water, three fourths of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and boil for precisely ten minutes. Add one cup of grated, or shredded cocoanut, beat until cool, and mark in squares. (2) I do not see any objection to their exchanging letters, and I think it would depend entirely upon themselves how many sheets of note paper they used. (3) The age at which a man should propose, you do not say whether for the first, second, or third time in his life, is altogether a matter of taste, and rests with the man to a very large extent. (4) The accomplishment that most men prefer to see in a girl is the ability to cook well, and take good care of a house; next, I think, comes a real talent for music. (5) I think musical men very attractive. I have described my personal appearance so often, in these pages that people will begin to think I am suffering from a morbid mania for drawing portraiture of myself. I am just like everybody else. I have blue eyes and dark brown hair, and I am rather tall. (6) Eighteen is a very good age at which to come out. I hope you won't find it so hard to "screw up courage" next time, and you did not tire me at all.

CARROTY, St. John.—What a horrid name you chose, my friend! I am afraid you are either very vain indeed, or not vain enough, which is it? No indeed, Geoffrey's mustache made its appearance quite unaided, and before he was eighteen, his family records say, and I believe he never tried to hurry it, by shaving. The only thing I know of is vaseline, which is a great promoter of the growth of hair. Don't laugh but get one grain of oxide of mercury mixed in an ounce of vaseline, rub it on every night, and I think you will soon see an improvement.

SOMEBODY ELSE.—(1) Either is correct, but perhaps lighted sounds the best. (2) Never sign your title to a letter under any circumstances, always your christian and surname, as "Marian L. Jones;" it is the worst possible taste to do otherwise. (3) You are quite right about "making eyes" at men on the street; no respectable servant girl would do such a thing, and I feel very sorry for the young girl you speak of, because her mother and sister knew so little about how a lady should behave herself on the street. I wish you could see a letter I have just read from a young girl on this very subject, which she has been discussing with a sensible male friend, who told her just the opinion men have of girls who try to attract attention on the street. (4) Usually, it is quite sufficient to bow, rise if possible, but sometimes you know it is more awkward to get up, in a hurry, than to sit still. (5) It is never beneath the dignity of any true lady to bow to her servants on the street, you would not surely wish your own servant to give you a lesson in politeness. In Germany when the prince or the baron meets one of his own laborers on the street, the servant lifts his hat, and the prince responds by gravely lifting his, returning courtesy for courtesy. You have no idea what keen observers and stern critics servants are, and how well they know how their superiors should conduct themselves. I am glad you like PROGRESS so much. I confess I prefer to pronounce it PROGRESS, I think it sounds better. Yes, indeed, I get a great many, if I had a dollar for every letter I receive in a year, I should be quite rich. What a

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considerate girl you are to say. I need not hurry about answering your letter, as you are sure I have so many to answer! You are the first correspondent who ever showed such thoughtfulness. I do not know much about Nova Scotia, but I believe it is very pretty. Write whenever you like.

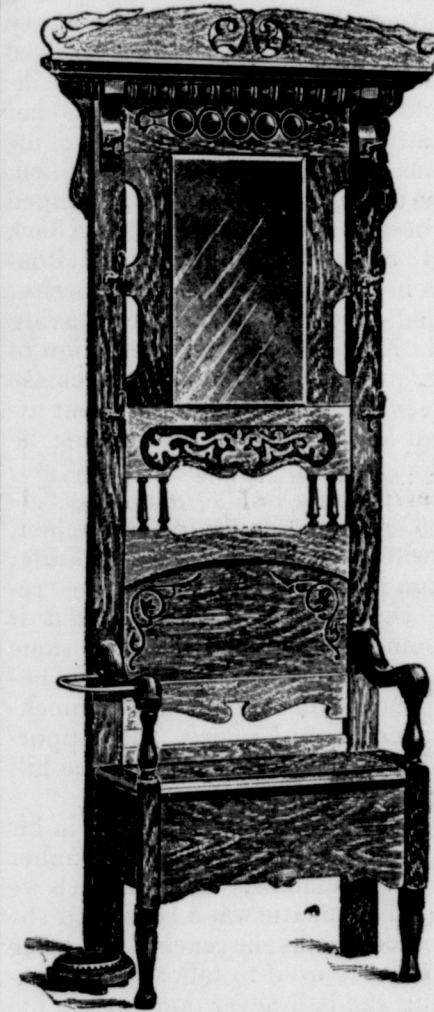
It almost seems as if old winter had forgotten us, doesn't it, girls? This time last year the mercury had crawled down so far out of sight and below zero, that it had to be picked up with a pin and warmed before it could be restored to animation. When I think of what I suffered in the office last winter, I turn blue all over. I was the only one of the staff who possessed a sympathetic temperament; the rest were all sanguine, and when they thought it was nice and warm, I was undergoing a process of slow petrification, and had it not been for my faithful friend, my fur cloak, I firmly believe I would now be in my cold and silent tomb. I am convinced that the north pole is situated somewhere in St. John, and that undying fame awaits the explorer who digs around a bit and finds it.

By the way, I see that a certain reverend gentleman of African extraction has succeeded in locating the only one original lake of brimstone, which was the terror of our infant days, the frightful fairytale used to scare us into good behavior. I once heard a pious lady say that it did not matter in the least to her whether there was such a place as *sheol* or not, as she did not expect to go there.

A CANADIAN IN B. C.—The Greek, or eastern church, does not acknowledge the pope as its head. It is governed not by one head, but by an oligarchy of patriarchs. Its supreme power is settled in a synod consisting of five members, the majority of whom must be prelates, and who are appointed annually by the king. These five were originally the bishops of Rome, Antioch and Alexandria, to which were afterwards added the bishops of Constantinople and Jerusalem. In the course of time differences arose between the eastern and western churches which led the former to utterly repudiate the authority of Rome, and separate herself entirely from the Norman church. One of the chief differences being the belief of the eastern church that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father alone, while the western church believe that the Spirit proceeds from the Father and the Son. Each patriarch is supreme in his own diocese, something like the pope in the church of Rome. He is not amenable to any of his brother patriarchs but is within the jurisdiction of the ecumenical synod. I hope this does not sound very involved as I have tried to make it as plain as possible.

MILDRED, St. John.—Why in the world should so many of the girls begin their letters by telling me how long it has taken them to screw their courage up to the point of writing to me? Surely when so many others have written, and come through the ordeal safely, you need not be afraid; though, when I come to think about it, perhaps it is no wonder you were frightened, as you wrote in school, and under the watchful eye of your teacher, who fondly imagined you to be writing a Latin exercise. A guilty conscience needed no accuser, did it? It is very difficult, indeed, to give suggestions for tableaux. I saw a pretty one once called a singing tableau. It was illustrating the song "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Some one sang the first verse behind the scenes, and then the curtain went up and disclosed a young bride and groom standing side by side, the bride in her wedding dress, veil and orange blossoms, with her hand on the bridegroom's arm. The next verse was sung, and the curtain was lifted on a happy middle-aged pair, sitting in their cozy parlor, the wife just pausing in her sewing to listen while her husband read aloud from the evening paper. After the singing of the last verse the curtain rose upon a very old couple sitting hand in hand. This tableau was very much admired, and certainly very present, except of course, "The Seasons," which are hackneyed. I think you are much too young to trouble your head about "the boys" at all. You are most welcome as one of "my girls," and your writing will improve as you grow older, it is not to bad at all. Geoffrey, and the cat, and pup, also myself, thank you very much for the love. ASTRA.

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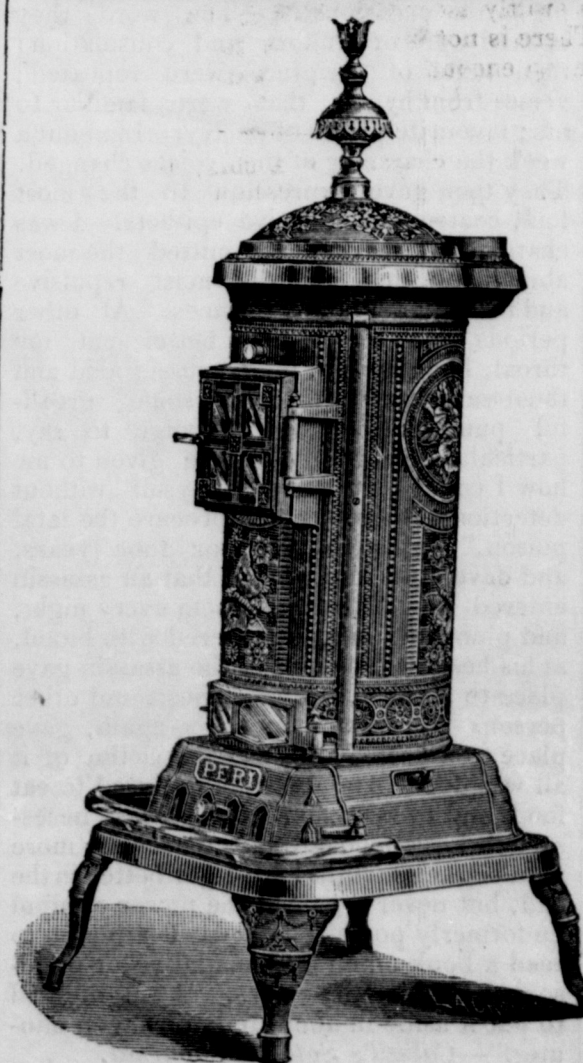


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A TROUSSEAU GOWN.

plain close-fitting round bodice, over which the close bell-skirt fastened. Bishop sleeves of the chevrot gathered full into a loose waistband pass easily up and down over the tight blue silk undersleeve.

The bishop sleeve, by the way, is fashion's latest caprice—and ever so much more fashionable than the bell-sleeve of the recent past. It is perfectly straight, deeply rounded at the top, gathered very full in the armhole and at the wrist into a band big enough to slip easily over the hand and forearm. Underneath it fashion decrees a tight coat sleeve of either a contrasting or harmonizing color.

There was a damsel gorgeous in dull red and yellow tan—so much so indeed that she recalled an autumn forest. The bell skirt of shaggy red cloth had at the foot three scant puffs of velvet just matching its colors. A puff of the same velvet hid the junction of waist and skirt. The bodice was of the richest golden tan with jeweled passementerie inwrought upon the stuff. The bonnet was a wreath of ostrich tips, shading from red to yellow-brown with scintillant spangles flashing from each feathery strand.

This bonnet is among the most stylish of the season. In shape it is the ever favorite toque. The stuff is cadet-blue velvet laid in long folds around the edge, slightly puffed over the forehead and caught in there with a bit of costly cut jet. Over the velvet lies a wreath of cock feathers, also cadet blue, running up and down and edged with cut brilliants. At the back three upright quills likewise bespangled, some Prince of Wales plumes and loops of cadet blue velvet, out of which come the



AT AN AFTERNOON TEA.

strings to "pass double under the chin. Another Prince of Wales cluster comes down and rests lightly upon the yellow hair. Her complexion, one of the fresh, wholesome brown-eyed girls who always develop into fine women, smiled at you from under a big black velvet hat with an irregular soft brim whose curves are wonderfully picturesque, and more wonderfully feathery. The trimming is just a big, soft bow of broad ribbon velvet, and six of the new mushroom tips shading from white to golden yellow. A little to one side at the back the brim is crushed into the crown and held in place by a bow of narrower velvet, whose one long end makes the string to fasten below beauty's dimpled chin.

Street gowns are severely simple. If fit and finish do not give style, none is possible. For the most part they have coats whose skirts reach to the knee. Dress skirts are narrow and close-fitting—in fact moulded to the figure at top, with a sudden amplitude at the foot. The only permissible trimming is a wide border of fur, or