

FASHIONS IN NOVEMBER.

THE WINTER BEGINS AND THERE ARE FINE THINGS TO SEE.

Ellen Osborn Makes Notes of the November Novelties—Costumes, Cloaks and Millinery—Evening Cloaks and Mantles Worn by Pretty Girls.

I spent some two hours in the shops this week making mental notes of the pretty things. My description of them may assume the appearance of a catalogue before I finish, but I am reasonably sure of awakening a fair degree of interest at the start if I begin with a blue grey serge walking gown which had many to do it honor.

It was a simple frock to look at, with its plain skirt and plain long bodice laced with dark blue cords down the middle in front, but the outdoor coat that went with it was most picturesque-looking, with its very full



NOVEMBER MILLINERY.

folds hanging straight from the shoulders, its deep, gathered ruff at the throat and its wide, straight sleeves. It was lined throughout with pink silk of a pale rosy shade, and the hat that lay on the low table beside it was a flat black velvet affair with clustering tips of black ostrich feathers.

Much more striking than this but certainly no prettier, was a smart gown of pale biscuit-colored cloth. It was braided in an original, but, it must be said, most artistic fashion, in a combination of gold and black cord and braid, which went round the bodice and waist and tight sheath skirt, as the artist has shown it in the illustration bringing out the lines of the figures in a way in which it is not at all advantageous in one case in a million to have them displayed. The sleeves were of black velvet with puffings at the shoulders, and from the shoulders across the bosom were draped strings and pendants of jet beads. A black velvet hat with plume decorations gave the finishing touch in the manner which is this fall most customary.

Another one of biscuit and gold and black combination was a charming dress of pale grey Venetian cloth with a plain and tight-fitting bodice (not so charming) lined with grey silk and edged all about the hem with a narrow plaiting of black velvet ribbon, beaded by an embroidery of small beads in jet and gold. The greater part of the bodice, both back and front, was composed of a kind of applique of grey cloth edged with jet embroidery. The mediæval sleeves were particularly striking, with their full puffs of black velvet at the elbow, bordered with the dainty embroidery in jet and gold.

In that holy of holies, the sanctum of the designer of perhaps the most fashionable of all the establishments, were three or four things that call with a loud voice for their need of praise. There was, for example, the coat that is figured with the



AN EVENING CLOAK AND MANTLE.

biscuit gown. Its fabric was in fawn-colored Venetian cloth, and it fitted the figure with a certain affectionate saugness quite allowable at the approach of cold weather. It was edged with a narrow beaver border of a beautiful quality of the fur. Across the front were quaint knots of beading, such as it has become the fashion to call "brows' toes." The high collar was of beaver and reached to the ears.

There was also—though this is quite a change of subject—a sea gown, more artistic than anything else to be found in a week's hunt through the ateliers, so soft and graceful were the lines of its flowing draperies. Its material was a pale, rose-colored cashmere with a front of ivory white silk crossed over the bust and at the waist by pointed bands embroidered in shaded silk, harmonizing to perfection with the beautiful shades of the cashmere.

There was an afternoon gown too in a sheer black wool—it's curious, isn't it, what an astonishing quantity of black is worn this winter—with a pink silk stripe, full sleeves of black velvet and graceful trimming of small chains of jet, caught across the figure with jetted clasps. And another in a silvery grey Vienna with raised silk stripes in pale hyacinth blue. The stripes were quaintly arranged in

front so that the lines pointed upward and met at the waist in the middle. The long bodice opened over a vest of hyacinth blue velvet, with smart pointed cuffs of blue velvet also.

Of course I looked at hats, more because they are queer than because any cultivated taste can find them admirable. Queer is the only word that expresses them adequately. Look, for instance, at the one with the diamond-shaped crown. As I saw it, it was in brown velvet, with a beaver edge and fawn-colored wings. It is not especially unbecoming, not more so than three-fourths of the shapes which are accepted without question, but it is queer. Look also at the minute bonnet which sets back on the crown and has plumes thrusting themselves forward over the hair. It, too, is queer. It was in dove grey felt with bands and strings of dark grey velvet and dark grey plumes. Consider, too the terra cotta felt out of which a jewel-headed pin erects itself so aggressively. There is, perhaps, no reason why a hat should not take just this shape if it feels so minded, but on the other hand there is no conceivable reason why it should do so. It has an extremely narrow edge of astrachan about crown and brim, bows of black velvet and bunches of cocks' plumes. Then there is the dark blue felt that forms the fourth figure of the illustration. It has a broad black velvet band about the rather high crown with a silver buckle in front, a turned over frill of cream colored lace and a bunch of straggling black plumes.

I saw a very pretty evening mantle recently. It was of turquoise blue velvet, no hint of whose lustre and color comes out in the picture given. It was draped a la Grecque, and had white cloth reverse and lining.

Near the wearer of this mantle was a slim, red-haired girl, who wore a picturesque cloak of chestnut brown velvet that was almost as interesting. It was lined with silk in a delicate shade of pale blue, had an edging of rich fur, and, like everything which can possibly find an excuse for so doing, it had a long and extremely pointed train. The dress worn below it, of which some hint is given in the picture, was of pale blue bengaline caught on the left hip with a brooch of diamonds.

The Marie Antoinette hat is one of the newest models, and is a clever reproduction of the chapeau seen in some of the portraits of the unlucky queen. Its soft, round crown, as I have once noticed it, was of black velvet, lined underneath with pale pink satin and having a narrow black velvet brim, bordered with fine black lace, and an aggre of small black ostrich feathers on one side.



A SMART COAT AND COSTUME.

The genuine old fashioned poke bonnets in black velvet and black satin are beginning to be numerous and really they are comical with their small round crowns fitting closely to the head at the back and their deep, cavern-like brims.

Among the new dress materials, the corduroy cloths, with embroidered flowers in colored silks, are about as popular as any. Long haired cloths and astrachan stripes hold and increase their favor, and in the great pointed chevron stripes are fashionable. The new gowns are cut pretty tight about the hips, and trains cut by the cross so as to lie on the floor or like a fan. In the house they are graceful enough, but out of doors they are simply intolerable.

ELLEN OSBORN.

THE CARE OF THE HAIR.

What to Do and What Not to Do Told in Eight Rules.

First.—Avoid tight-fitting hats and collars, also close fitting caps, unless these be of some porous material. The two former prevent a due supply of blood to the parts; hence, the hair papillæ are put, as it were, on short commons all the time the hats and collars are worn. The caps engender caloric, which sets up irritation, and ultimately the most stubborn form of dandruff; namely, pityriasis (that is, a branny powder). Note that all headgear which is not porous should be ventilated at top and sides to allow a free current of air.

Second.—Never sit or stand with the top of the head near the gaslight or lamp-light. The heat thrown out is apt to paralyze the scalp tissues, and dries up the hair itself.

Third.—Don't wash the head oftener than once a fortnight, when first rub in the yolk of an egg, and thoroughly rinse out with warm water, into which has been thrown a pinch of borax. Dry carefully and apply a little pure olive oil.

Fourth.—Beware of the common practice of dipping the comb in water when arranging the hair. It promotes decomposition and rancidity of the natural oil, and so leads to "rotting."

Fifth.—If the hair be naturally dry apply a little olive oil occasionally. If naturally oily occasionally wash away the excess of sebaceous secretion by means of a lather of tepid water and soap bark (quiltaya saponaria).

Sixth.—Salt water is most injurious to the hair, for which reason, when sea bathing, wear an oil cap.

Seventh.—Always treat the scalp as if you loved it. Take to heart Dr. Dodfrey's dictum that "every touch effecting so delicate a texture as the scalp should be soft and soothing, every application bland and mild." Don't use stiff bristled or wire brushes, and in all cases brush gently. Also, always brush out the hair before attempting to comb it, and use the comb as little as possible.

Eighth.—Have the ends of the hair clipped once a month, if only to prevent them from splitting. But don't close crop.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

I am afraid I have no time for our usual gossip this week, girls, because, in the first place, I have so many letters which must be answered that my day's work is pretty well cut out for me, and in the second, I do not feel gossiping, probably on account of the cold in my head, which seems to have extended to all my brain tissues and thickened them to the consistency of sole leather, and though sole leather is useful in its way, it is never transparent, nor is its surface sufficiently bright to even act as a reflector, so I must even give up the hope of being brilliant, for this week at least, and be content to be simply useful.

I have great pleasure in telling "A New Brunswicker in Maryland" that all I know about the quotation, "Consistency thou art a jewel," which is usually incorrectly quoted, as above, and the authorship of which is very doubtful. The poem in which it occurs is called "Jolly Robyn Roughhead," and was published in 1754 in a book called *Murray's Collection of Scotch Ballads*. The entire verse reads thus:—

"Tush, tush, my lassie, such thoughts resigne,
Comparisons are cruel;
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine,
Consistency's a jewel!"

For these and no coarse clothes are best,
Rude folks in homely raiment dress;
Wife Joan, and Goodman Robin."

I hope this will be of some use to you, my friend, as you were so kind in hunting up a quotation for me last week.

VENUS.—I am not giving your address as your questions were of a very private nature, and you might not wish your identity traced. I give you the first place amongst this week's correspondents, because I consider your letter the most important I have received. I beg of you, my dear child, to consider the step you are about to take, and draw back before it is too late, because I can assure you most emphatically that you are not marrying for love, and the most infallible sign that such is the case is your own confession that some times you grow very weary of his company. Believe me, you will be laying up sorrow for yourself if you marry him. You grow tired of his society at times now; when you only see him at the outside once a day; but what will it be when he is always there, when day in and day out, there is no escape from his constant presence which by and by will become a burden that will turn the weariness to absolute loathing. I know what I am talking about; know better than most women perhaps, and I tell you that there is no surer test of love than that same slight weariness of your lover's presence. If you truly love a man, you are never tired of him, and you are only happy when he is near; as soon as he leaves you, you feel a sort of desolate loneliness, which stays till he returns. I don't think I can express it better than by quoting two verses which give expression to the idea I wish to convey, far better than I can—

"Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
On the absent face that fixed you,
On the breath of heaven betwixt you,
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast
Through believing and unbelieving,
Unless you can die when the dream is past,
Oh, fear to call it loving!"

Pretty strong language, is it not? but here is another, and calmer verse, on the same subject.

"A harmony of life and thought,
A confidence that knows no fear,
A peace the world disturbeth not,
Is in my heart when thou art near."

Now you see what two different authors thought about it and you must judge for yourself how far your own feelings correspond with their opinions. As you ask my advice it would certainly be to either break off your engagement altogether, or else postpone your marriage till you are more sure of yourself in one way or the other, for you must remember that you are doing your intended husband an injustice in marrying him, if you cannot give him your whole heart. I am afraid I must confess that I do think it a sign of deep affection, as it seems most natural to kiss that which we love best in the world. With some natures to love once is to love forever, but with the great majority love is a frequent guest. I believe myself that but one great love comes into most lives, it may be the first or it may be the last love, but after it is past we can love frequently in a less degree, as the one great sun will cast frequent shadows. Write to me again and tell me what you decide on doing. I shall be glad to hear from you.

JANIE.—So you are not sixteen yet, Janie? and you want me to make some allowance for you on that account? Well, I don't think any allowance was necessary, as your questions were not only sensible, but very natural ones for a girl of your age to ask. (1) It would not be at all improper, but merely courteous, and friendly on your part, if you had a really good opportunity; but mind, you must not be in any haste to make an opportunity. If you were older, it would be different; but, being so young, it would look a little forward to go out of your way to do so. No, it is not very much "fun to be me" at all, and it is often very hard work. (2) There is only one cure for them; place an old-fashioned hollow watch key over them, press them out, and then bathe your face with warm water. If you put soap on your face when washing, they will soon cease to trouble you at all. Your writing is unformed as yet. Copy some really good handwriting as closely as you can, and try by practice to form yours by it. I am very glad the picture you drew of me was a pretty one, and now I only hope you won't see me, and be disenchanted. You may write whenever you like, and I think your sister would be quite right about "the boys."

LUCILLE, Nova Scotia.—As I am hurried right I think I will answer both your letters in one, and you will understand them. Yes, I confess I wish my other friend would write again. I thought I had her letter, but I must have mislaid it in some way. I will have a hunt when I have time. Your writing is very pretty and the only illegible word in it was that one, but do not imagine for a moment that you have not succeeded in convincing me about your identity. I was only teasing you a bit. I just wish you could see Geoffrey and I think you would be convinced that if he was "a blind" he was about as substantial a specimen of an "opaque window shade" as you ever saw. I really think I shall have to give you a brief description of him. To begin with he is really handsome, he is not

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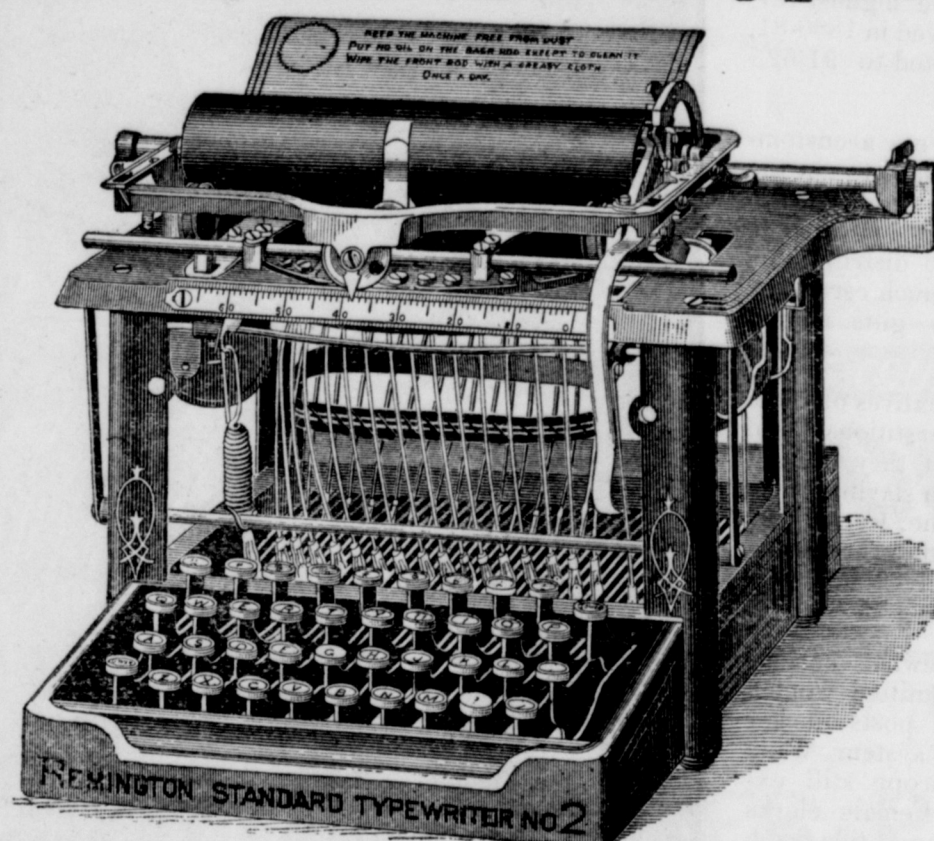
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Opinions of some Distinguished Guests on the "Myrtle Bank" Hotel.

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, *** and the civility received at your hands, call for this acknowledgment.

From the Hon. Thos. J. Clayton, Thurston, Penna.—We have spent ten days 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 found it a most delightful place and have enjoyed my visit to Kingston. Your Hotel furnished me with perfect accommodation. I wish the undertaking every success. I advise any one visiting Kingston to stay at Myrtle Bank.

From Hon. T. A. and Lady Brookes.—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. I wish the undertaking every success. I advise any one visiting Kingston to stay at Myrtle Bank.

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. Kleine (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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