

SEEN IN SEPTEMBER.

SOME OF THE MOST STRIKING OF AUTUMN DRESS VAGARIES.

Some of the most interesting things about the early winter millinery—what the large importing houses are opening—the Reign of Brown.

The milliners' campaign is more forward than that of the dressmakers'. There is comparatively little in view yet that can be classed as winter wear, but the autumn hat is sufficiently pronounced in its characteristics to give the streets a different look from any they have ever worn. It is



AN AUTUMN WRAP.

really curious, if you stop to think of it, what variations human ingenuity will contrive to play upon an apparently worn out theme. Felt and feathers have been worked for effects from time immemorial, but the effect that is produced this month, if a little violent, is unquestionably novel.

The sailor shape is the shape for the walking hat, and the dress hat is hardly yet in being. It has a trifle more crown than it had in straw and a trifle more brim. It is very round, and the color is very apt to be silvery gray or a pale, creamy brown. It is trimmed with two large brown wings, starting from the crown in front and spreading rakishly at either side, and, rising between the wings in a ridge that runs straight back over the crown, is a range of breast feathers that looks—if I may venture with all apologies to speak jestingly of something that has cost, without doubt, much expenditure of time and of the gray matter of the brain in its devising—as if a fowl had been caught on the roost and turned indignantly breast bone up, back down, wings flapping, to be stuffed or roasted. Some of the breastbones rise in sharper ridges than others, as if there were marked differences in the ages and degrees of tenderness of the birds, but the general breastbone idea runs through a good share of the early millinery exhibit, and seems to dominate the thoughts of the hat trimmers.

It is a case of breastbone only, you understand; there are no feet to curl up black toes pitifully, and no heads. The people who object to dead birds for ornaments seem really to have succeeded in making the display less revolting, and the ridge is too high and too straight and too steep as to its sides, and too regular, to be altogether realistic, but nevertheless September sailors are calculated to catch and to interest the eye.

I saw a picture of goldenrod and asters recently, and of a girl holding the leash of a handsome St. Bernard dog as she walked in the hazy September sunshine, the locusts droning their hazy monotonous notes and her steps growing slower and slower as she passed on toward the curve, her long plaid wool cloak lending the one touch of human interest or animation to the landscape.

It was a cloak that, aside from the girl, was worth considering, with its shades of



FOR AN AUTUMN RECEPTION.

cream, crimson and pale brown, sweeping the grass like the long walking dresses, tight in the back, loose in front, and with a deep shoulder cape trimmed with cream and crimson plush bands. I have tried to have it sketched for you, but the brooding sky cannot be put into a cloak picture, nor the reddening bittersweet, nor the locusts' hum.

Of the latest autumn reception dresses, the most elaborate I have noticed is displayed in one of the illustrations. A russet silk, shot dimly with red, was the material of the long redingote, embroidered with russet and gold and crimson. About the waist and at the foot was a deep russet silk fringe. There was a long V-shaped plastron outlined with crimson velvet ribbons tied in front. The sleeves were open and cape-like and fell in a peculiar cascade point on either side. The back had a V

of embroidery less artistic than the rest of the design, and there were crimson and russet velvet bows on the shoulders. The underdress was of russet cloth without the faint crimson gleam.

One of the autumn brides appeared in matronly dignity in a slashed, trained skirt of dark olive green silk, strewn with bunches of hydrangeas. The train ran out in a long, narrow point, quite unlike the shapes of past seasons. A panel of black lace was left in at one side of the skirt and on either side of the panel was a row of large dark pearl buttons. The chemise, epaulets, basque and frillings were of exceptionally beautiful Chantilly, and the brooch that fastened the lace folds on the bosom was an enameled bunch of shaded blue and pink hydrangea. The bonnet was in olive felt, with loops in lace and gold net and shot olive and pink ribbons.

One of the best liked designs for a bodice is seen in an illustration. It is long and tight-fitting in the back, being plaited in three hollow plaits, while the front is plain. It is full on the shoulders, buttons at the waist and opens over a lighter colored plastron. In the original the color combination was chamois and heather brown.

The long cloaks for winter seem to be cut a good deal on the model of the princess polonaise. The finest ones have fur girdles and shoulder capes and sometimes fur hoods and long fur cuffs reaching to the elbows. The cloak dress have deep bands of fur about the hem.

Deep skirted walking coats are going to be as popular as they are inartistic in design. I saw one today in a warm garnet cloth, double breasted, with wide pockets set across the hips and with the skirts plaited in the back and set on two inches below the waist, to enlarge the hips and encourage the struggle of the panier. It had a flaring collar and seams strapped on the outside.

Dove grey velvet coats are counted among fashion's chief favorites, and one of the most attractive costumes exhibited was a gray camel's hair tailor dress with such a



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coat lined with gray surah shot with rose color. A gray Gainsborough hat to accompany was covered with gray plumes tipped with rose. When I write again I shall have more to say in detail about the displays at the first of the fall openings.

ELLEN OSBORN.

Woman's Chance To Marry.

An English weekly not long ago gave its readers some information on this subject which is apt for the present purpose. It said:

"Taking the earliest marrying age to be 15, which is the minimum in most civilized countries, and letting 100 represent her entire chance of marrying, at certain points of her progress through life a woman's chances of marrying stand in the following ratio:

	Per cent.
Between the age of 15 and 20 years.....	14½
Between the age of 20 and 25 years.....	52
Between the age of 25 and 30 years.....	18
Between the age of 30 and 35 years.....	15½
Between the age of 35 and 40 years.....	3½
Between the age of 40 and 45 years.....	2½
Between the age of 45 and 50 years.....	¼ of 1
Between the age of 50 and 60 years.....	¼ of 1

"Above the age of 60 her chances are only one-tenth of 1 per cent, or 2 in 1,000. That marriage is a lottery is a time worn saying, but Sir Francis Galton has been investigating the results so far as temper is concerned, with the following curious results, based on the peculiarities of 205 couples. He found that 53 per cent of wives had good tempers, against only 46 per cent of good humored husbands; twenty-two husbands had but mild and docile wives, and twenty-four of them had fretful, violent and masterful wives. Of fifty-four bad tempered men, thirty-two had good tempered, and twenty-two bad tempered wives. It was also found that 23 per cent of wives are fretful, 13 per cent violent and 6 per cent masterful."

A New King of the Gypsies.

A king of the gypsies of the Americas has been born. It was out in the woods of Newton, in a tent, about 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon, that he was ushered into the world, and thus Mr. Massachusetts claim the distinction of being the birthplace of him who, a month hence, will be christened King John of the gypsies, and proclaimed throughout all gypsy lands as successor of King Henry, late ruler over the Romany tribes of the United States, Canada, and the South American States.

The royal youngster—he weighed 11 pounds—is the son of Tryphena, thirty-fourth queen of the Zut tribe of Roman unchies, and of Gypsy Sam, whose surname is Buckland. They were made one in merrie England fourteen years ago this summer. The mother is a granddaughter of Charlotte, who was the twenty-seventh queen of the Zut tribe of the Basque and Asturias provinces in Spain.

The youthful king is the fifth child of the couple, and his titles come to him through his being the first son born of Queen Tryphena, after the death of King Henry, which occurred in Birmingham, England, last November. Of the other children, Lena, 12 years of age, has for a godfather Sir John Sheridan McCloud of England; Phoebe, born in Providence eight years ago, claims ex-Gov. Sprague as her godfather; the late Dr. Knight, Bishop of Milwaukee, was godfather of Samuel, a little tot of three years, and Katie, six years old, has for a godfather Mrs. Ernest Girard of Middleton, Conn.—Boston Advertiser.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

I have often wondered why the writers to a woman's column in a newspaper seem so determined to believe that the department is managed by a man! It does not matter in the least that the manager of the aforementioned column may display a familiarity with matters feminine that no man could attain even if he had been married for 20 years, and to at least four different wives! This does not count, a trick of the trade doubtless, and they go smilingly back with calm persistence to the original idea, which after all is not so very original, that you must be a man. Now, as between woman and woman, I want to ask you why it is thus? Are men supposed to know more about feminine ways than women, or merely to be better able to write about them? And are we newspaper women to take our choice between the conclusion that women are supposed to be too stupid to be able to write about our own affairs, or the even less flattering one that our work is considered too good and too clever to emanate from the pen of the weaker vessel. It really seems to me but a choice of evils, and I notice the same thing in every journal I pick up; the correspondents invariably think that the woman's column is in charge of a man, unless the correspondent chances to be a man himself; then he knows better! Never, since I first started my "Talks with Girls" have I had a male correspondent ask me if I wasn't one of themselves. I think their judgment must be better, and they must be able to discern the feminine personality in my writing better than their less observing but more suspicious sisters. I often feel annoyed at this, and so I thought that before proceeding to the more serious business of the day, I would like to place it on record once more, that I am a woman, and far from being ashamed of the fact. I glory in it.

MASIE, St. John.—I am afraid I cannot give you much sympathy on account of the tan, Masie, my child, because I admire tan so much myself, that in my eyes nothing is prettier than a "nut-brown maid;" but if you are so anxious to get rid of the sun's kisses there is nothing in the world like buttermilk to remove it, but nothing that I ever heard of will prevent sunburn. Bathe your face in buttermilk before going to bed and let it dry on, then wash it off in the morning with warm water; you can do it as often as you like through the day, also. No! I am not by any means an angel, so you need not be at all apprehensive about my taking view. If you could just see, or rather hear me, when the pup walks through the worst puddle he can find and then comes in and wipes his little muddy boots on my best white dress, I think you would not only change your opinion, but get out of the room as quickly as the pup does; thank you all the same for the kind words you say. I am glad you like our "Talks" and of course you can be "my little girl" if you wish. I never can have too many of the nice girls, though I easily dispense with a few of the other kind, who write and take up my time merely for the purpose of seeing what I will say in answer to their letters. You will find vaseline cold cream an excellent thing for keeping the skin soft and fair; after you have used the buttermilk rub the cold cream on your face the next night, not too thickly, but just enough to moisten the skin thoroughly. It comes in little porcelain pots at fifteen cents each. Good-bye, Masie, and be sure you write to me again some time, and tell me how the sunburn is getting on, or rather, getting off.

SWEET SIXTEEN, Fredericton.—I am glad to know that you are so pleased with this corner of PROGRESS; of course it does get a little monotonous sometimes to be always answering the same questions, but one needs patience in every business, and I am very fond of the girls. (1) No! I most emphatically differ from anyone who holds the theory that love grows after marriage. It may in some cases, but they are too rare to be taken into account, and unless a girl loves a man above all else in the world, she had better give up all idea of marrying him, for in my opinion there is no such bondage on this earth as being tied to a man one does not really love. I do not think the chances are in favor of growing to like him better after marriage, because the very irrevocability of the thing would tend to make the chain more galling. I think; so I should strongly advise your friend to remain single till the man she can really love comes along, and then she will not feel the least uncertainty. It is not fair to any man to marry him if you do not really love him, and if he could have his choice I am sure he would prefer the present heart-break, which, thank heaven, cannot last forever—to winning an unloving wife. (2) Eighteen is the usual age for a young lady to enter society, before that she is not supposed to make calls at all, but under the circumstances you mention, I think it would be only polite for her to call on the hostess who invited her. You did not take up much of my time at all, and if I knew you I would be very happy to have that long talk you speak of, as I don't, remember that you can write and open your heart whenever you like, and I will do my best for you. I am always glad to give love from the girls, to Geoffrey, and though I am not jealous in that way, I daresay I should be, if I saw you, especially if Geoff saw you too, but love from an unseen girl is quite safe you know. Your writing is very nice. I see nothing wrong with it at all.

SUNSHINE, St. John.—There you are again, Sunshine! And as it is a cloudy day, you are doubly welcome. I believe the fog is considered a very good beautifier, and I am sure it should bring some compensation with it. The "hang nails" you speak of are very annoying, and most painful. I suffer from them myself when I am not careful, and I know how to sympathize with you. Cut them off close with a pair of scissors, or get some one else to do it for you, and put vaseline on them at night till they disappear, then rub the skin carefully down from the nails every time you wash your hands, and I don't think you will be troubled again. Biting the nails is a habit most difficult to overcome; it is frequently inherited, and I don't think anyone ever indulges in it deliberately. I broke myself of it before I was ten years old, but my fingers have never recovered their shape, and for weeks after I stopped

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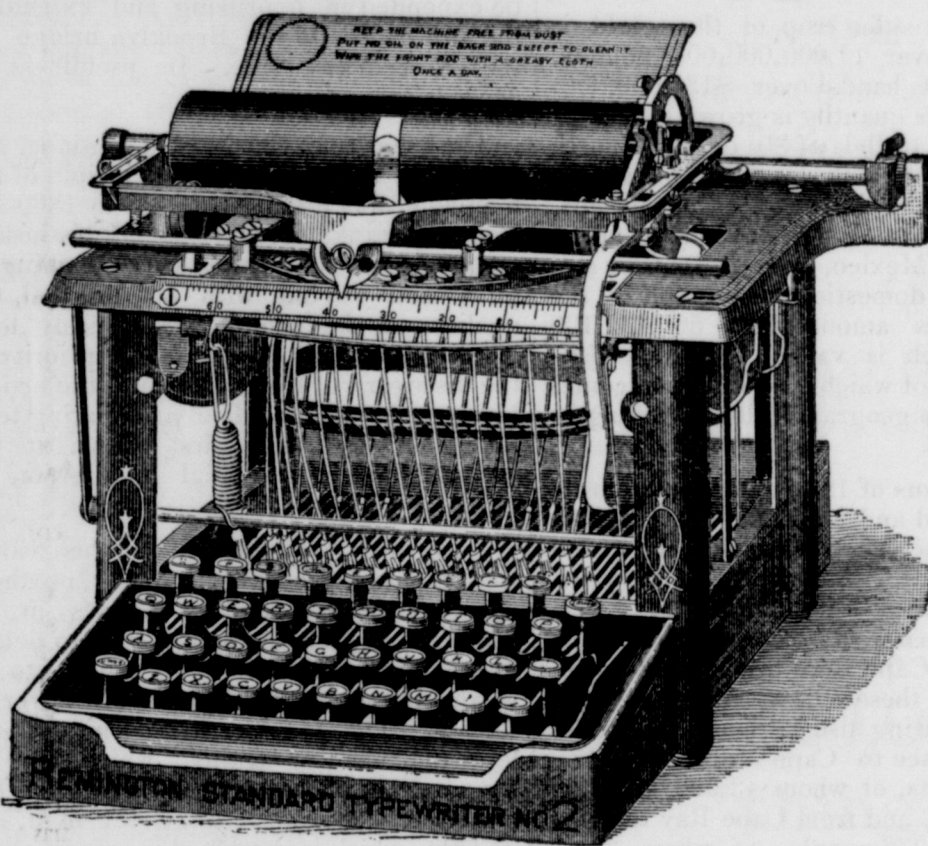
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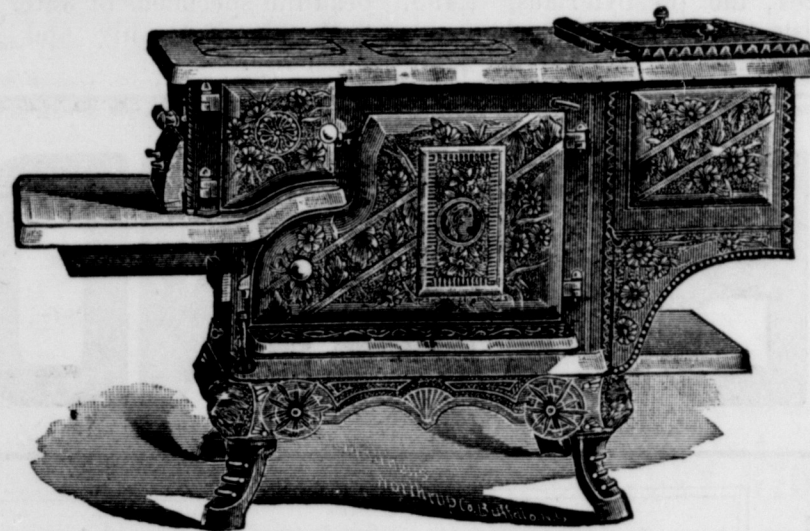
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it in the day time, I still bit my nails in my sleep. I do not know that strong tea is bad for the complexion, as I have known inveterate tea drinkers with beautiful complexions, but it is terribly bad for the nerves and general health; I prefer coffee myself, but I really think moderately weak tea is the best to drink, and it is much nicer than when it is strong. I think the pompadour style of dressing the hair very trying to most faces. Washing the hair frequently with very hot water and soap will make it keep in curl longer than anything I know of. You did not ask so many questions after all. Well, yes, I must admit that they sometimes are a little silly.

R. N. C., St. John.—I think you must be a very good tempered girl indeed, and you are evidently broad minded enough to agree to differ, and still be friends. Thank you very much for the information about the white throated sparrow, and also the false dandelion. Did you find out the botanical name of the latter? I had an idea that the season had something to do with it, as I had never seen it until late in the summer. The nearest approach to the pronunciation that I can give you is *po-poor-ee*, with a slight accent on the last syllable; it is a French word. I think I have the recipe of the Carmelite nuns somewhere, and will hunt it up and publish it next week if possible.

FERN, no address.—I think the acquaintance much too short to enter into a correspondence with the young man, and you would probably regret it in the end. A youth of that age is a mere boy, and very seldom knows his own mind. Believe me, my dear child, no matter what you may read in novels, love at first sight is a very rare commodity, and it does not always wear well either. When you have two admirers and don't know which you like best, only one thing is certain, and that is that you do not love either of them. I do not know of anything that will fatten the face and neck by rubbing on, but massage or constant rubbing is supposed to have a very good effect, and is aided by the use of a little good oil, such as either sweet or cod liver oil, applied while you are doing the rubbing.

Get an ounce of tincture of iron, which will cost you ten, or fifteen cents, and take ten drops in a little water before each meal. It will do you more good than any

thing else, and is just what you need. "Very sincerely yours," or if you are writing to an old friend. "Your sincere friend." The plainest of thick, unruled paper is the most fashionable. You did not ask too many questions.

THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL, St. George.—I wonder if you are the same three little maids who wrote to me before? I cannot tell you when the custom of half masting a flag originated, but I know it is a very old one. The custom of using a wedding ring is so old that I fancy its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, but it is known to have been used by the ancient Egyptians, and we can scarcely expect to get much further back than that. Surely if you read the bible you must know yourself why the rainbow is in the form of a semi-circle. Did not God place it in the clouds as a token of his covenant with Noah, and call it his bow? and being a bow, of course, it must be in a semi-circular form. I do not think it can be explained in any other way. I know nothing whatever about reading character by the handwriting.

A CANADIAN, Victoria, B. C.—I really think my influence must be increasing. I have now a correspondent in Tacoma, one in New Westminster, and one in Victoria. I cannot see why you should not be proud of being a Canadian, and I never heard that Canadians were in any way inferior to British Columbians, and indeed I always look upon the latter territory as a part of Canada. I fancy the young lady you speak of is the proprietor of the weak brain, and not yourself. If there is any such distinction in the minds of the British Columbians it must be because there are so many half casts out there that those who are all white are naturally rather uplifted in their own estimation, and inclined to think they rule the earth. Thank you very much for the information about the reading of character by the handwriting; it is something I cannot imagine anyone taking the slightest interest in but I know that many of my correspondents will be glad to hear about it, even although my taste does not run in that direction. My bang is not very heavy and inclined to curl naturally, so the hot water ought to have an excellent chance to distinguish itself. Perhaps if I get the editor of this paper to publish my photograph some day, you will be convinced that I am

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a woman. If you ever read the fashion articles in PROGRESS when I used to write them, I don't think you would require any further assurance. I shall be very glad to consider you one of my girls and I am glad you and your friend enjoy this column. Are you living in B. C. or only visiting there. I think your writing very good indeed, and I have no doubt there is a great deal of character in it, if I only possessed the skill to read it. You are welcome to all the time you took up, which was not so very much after all.

McPHERSON F. Olympia. — What Olympia is it, my friend? Surely it must be the one of old, which the gods inhabited, and utterly devoid of all modern and earthly facilities for the transmission of the mails, since it is dated July 17th, and I got it on the 8th or 9th of September. How do you account for the delay? I feel very much gratified at your asking advice from me, and only wish I could give you some comfort, but I am afraid I can't, sorry as I feel for you. I do not think there is any law in the world to compel a girl to keep her faith with a man, once she wishes for her freedom, and surely it would be a strange sort of man who would accept an unwilling bride, one whom the law had forced into his arms. I believe there have been instances of men suing their faithless lady loves, for breach of promise, but I do not know how they turned out; I fancy they seldom gained their suits. It is hard to bear, I know, for there are no troubles like love troubles, but however heart broken you may feel now, you will get over it and even love again. A merciful providence has so arranged matters that nothing can last forever, in this world, and if it were not so, I do not think we could live. I blame your friend very much for letting things go on so long before she knew her own mind, but think how much worse it would have been had she fallen in love with someone else! As it is, you know that if she will not be your wife, at least she will never be another man's, and as she has decided to enter a convent I fear nothing you can say or do will change her. Surely you would not really wish to marry her even if you knew she did not love you? It would be misery for both, especially for you, and once you have looked the matter fairly in the face and realized the utter hopelessness of the case half the battle will be over. Don't you know that "what we cannot have, we soon learn to do without." I have had to give up what was dearer than life itself, so I know all about it, and I sometimes look back now and wonder if it was not all a dream, it seems so far away and shadowy. And you will do the same some day. In the meantime you have my very best wishes.

ASTRA.