

MODELS FOR AUTUMN.

THEY SHOW DRESS IMPROVERS AND DEMI-TRAINS.

With the Fall Rains Women Will Sweep the Streets More Thoroughly—Dress Reform and Physical Culture—The Trains of a September Bride—Autumn Designs.



HE first models for autumn present some interesting peculiarities. The street dress is longer than it has been throughout the summer, though an unprejudiced individual would have said this was quite unnecessary. The street dress, indeed, has boldly and without the hesitation that characterized its early experiments, taken to itself a demi-train. This train or "dip" falls from the waist in fan plaitings, and has usually a very narrow, flounced "dress improver" of grass cloth to give it the required "hang."

The all round reed is less common than it was two months ago, but that the idea of skirts swollen and rotund with hoops has not been abandoned is to be inferred from the fact that all skirts are much increased at the foot, and from the other fact that the favorite trimming is a puff that stands out full and large and round.

As skirts have lengthened waists have shortened. We shall not get back quite to the Empire fashion at present, but the waistline is being carried up month by month, perceptibly, and this, with the demi-train, produces an effect as if all women had suddenly grown tall.

Quite as interesting as any feature of what dressmakers call the "autumn styles" is the ingenuity expended on ways and means of taking up the train. There are many reasons why skirts at present have to be lifted. There is the simple and natural reason which appeals to the average woman, who wears the long dress without any special prejudice for or against it, just because it is the fashion; the dress is too long. There is the reason which appeals to the woman who goes to the races this summer; she has most gorgeous stockings and they must be displayed. There is the reason which appeals to the women who cross Broadway and Twenty-third street; they sometimes have and at other times think they have, pretty ankles. Putting one thing with another, there is a lively interest in the new wrinkle, which consists simply in finishing the foundation skirt across the back—there being no foundation in front—with a ruche or ruffle, and putting a deep facing to the outside material forming the "dip," so that, when necessary to lift, the outside only is taken up in the hand.

This contrivance and the cut of the skirt itself gains interest from the new dress reform crusade now so bravely under way. The young enthusiasm with which Chautauqua has gone into dress reform is fine. It will reclothe the world with a set of resolutions. But, bless you, the feminine half of the world hasn't sufficient idea of what freedom of body might mean to know that it needs reclothing. The feminine half of the world wore short street skirts for years and looked back with scorn upon its mothers because they wore long ones. The feminine half of the world said how curious that people could ever have been so foolish, and yet the moment long dresses were sent to it from Paris, it changed its tune so abruptly as to make a discord, said how graceful, and straightway put them on.

The feminine half of the world will be wearing hoop skirts and sincerely admiring them within two years. Chautauqua has assumed a task of very considerable dimensions. And there is one thing Chautauqua doesn't take into account at all; there is



only one road to dress reform along which travel is in any way possible without more radical changes than any Chautauqua in her senses deems possible, and that is through physical culture, of the type that is intelligent and not sensual or faddish.

The Chautauquan herself, if she takes off her corset, will go without it just about eight days. She will look—being usually middle-aged and of matronly proportions—as she herself would phrase it like "a meal bag tied in the middle," and through contemplation of the meanness of the non-aesthetic bag she will be brought to the point of putting the corset on again straightway. She will not put it on happily but rather with a groan, and she will give her days and her house to an outcry for all women to take off corsets simultaneously and lend one another countenance to make the baggy condition tolerable because general.

Now this is unnecessary fatigue for the lungs. The right point of attack is found at a wide remove. The woman who knows how to stand and sit and carry her body properly can look better without corsets than with them, be she stout or thin; the woman who hasn't the primary physical education hangs over the top of her corset

while she has it on and sinks in a heap the moment it is removed.

One of two costumes just finished for a September bride—the artist has illustrated both of them—is of the primrose colored French challee; it is figured with wild roses of a delicate, yet vivid pink, their pale yellow hearts just coinciding in tint with the gown. The sides are flat, and down the front are sashes end, of silk finished with lace and ribbon bows; the basque has a fall of lace, and long ends of ribbon finish the back. The bodice is of primrose tinted silk and opens in a V over the challee; the ribbons that border it are passed through a pearl buckle and tied in front. The fall sleeves have lace at wrists and shoulders. A little capote of jet and roses has been preferred for an accompaniment on the promenade.

The other costume is of a creamy-brown silk, striped with darker velvet and figured between with Pompadour bouquets. It is made with the bell skirt so fashionable and so inconvenient, and has a jacket of brown armure silk with revers of creamy lace trimmings. These toilets have been designed in New York, though much of the bridal wardrobe is coming from beyond seas.

Mountaineering dresses are among the most interesting of those prepared for late summer, and the one shown in the picture is doubly worth attention; it is a very serviceable model for other use than climbing. Gray serge striped with navy blue and yellow was the material of this mountain gown. A sleeveless bodice of plain navy blue was tabbed over a basque of the striped fabric, and a plain overskirt was draped over the striped undergown. Gold spotted ribbon and a brown wing were the millinery decorations.

Since I have been talking about the novel things for early autumn now in the dressmaker's hands, I may give you a list of the orders at present in process of fulfillment in the workrooms of a modiste whose customers are among those fortunate or unhappy people dubbed the ultra-fashionable: A pale blue striped silk; the bodice is cut in tabs over an under bodice of white chiffon; there is a narrow belt of deep petunia colored velvet, covered with silver tracery; the hat of black leghorn straw is trimmed with blue and white and has a band of petunia velvet under the brim. The dress of leaf green china silk shown in the third illustration; the back is draped just below the waist; on the left side it is caught up



FOR MOUNTAIN AND GARDEN.

to the hip and held with a rosette, an "aïms bag"—such meaningless names do we give to things—hanging below; the round waist is full and has a large bow of the material at the throat; the sleeves are puffed to the elbow and a straw hat is to be worn, with a deep fall of lace about the brim.

More truly autumnal is a dress of tan-colored cloth, brocaded with blue in crescents and stars. There is a tan vest, with big gold and silver buttons at the sides and long gauntlet cuffs. The black hat which completes this arrangement is trimmed with pink roses.

Tan and brown is another new combination, with pale heliotrope, silk sleeves. A brown hat to go with it is trimmed with heliotrope chiffon.

Their time is not yet, but in a few weeks many things will be spread before the woman whose mind is on clothes.

ELLEN OSBORN.

How to Beautify a Room.

No room ought to have more than two corners if you expect to have it pretty. Get rid of one by means of a four leaved screen, in front of which your lounge will be very much in place. I have seen a lovely corner treated in this way. The screen is covered with shirred silk in a soft cream and wood color, the lounge is a bannock affair with cool, thin pillows, covered with grass cloth. At the head of the lounge stands an old rosewood chest with brass handles, in which the family silver used to be kept fifty years ago. It has a few favored books on it now and a reading lamp. The flat where you must go to admire this corner was designed by a man with a soul above closets. So the innocent looking screen conceals a lot of trunks and a length of stovepipe. Fill up another corner with a lot of drapery and set there a small table, covered with pictures of every one of your family, from grandpa to the baby. Don't let a single outsider show his face there, not even if he is engaged to one of the girls. It is a pretty idea and rapidly growing in favor. Besides its rapidly sentiment it is a great source of conversation and will draw pleasant remarks from the most impossible visitor. There is pretty sure to be a door in the third corner, so don't pay any attention to it, but put your easiest chair in number four, and, if by a window, it will be, instead of an eyesore, the place of all others the most desirable.

What Banjo Playing Does.

The professional manure is lamenting the decline and fall in New York of the banjo, which truly delightful instrument sent many a bright dollar in her direction. Banjo playing is ruin to the finger tips. It makes them sore at first, but after a few weeks of practice they become hardened and equally unlovely. That airy little flip of the fingers across the strings that looks so pretty is trying on the nails, and hangnails often become chronic. For the relief of all these ills girls were wont to appeal to the manure with gratifying regularity. Now, however, mandolin playing is the proper thing, and the little steel thimble worn is ample protection for the most delicate fingers. There is a certain romance about the mandolin that the banjo never had, and for evening music on the piazza or a yacht its possibilities are boundless.

"ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

I saw some golden-rod yesterday, girls! I dare say this will not be any news to a great many of you who have seen plenty of it long ago; but you know we poor city folks only find out it accidentally some day when we stroll a little farther out of town than usual and come suddenly upon a little scrubby atom of dingy yellow weed, which the royal flower which grows in the pastures and edges of woodland in the country would scorn to acknowledge as a kinswoman. But you see we can't have the pastures and the woodland in town, so we must be content with what scraps of comfort—and golden-rod—come our way.

Well, as I said before, I saw a piece of golden-rod, and the day before I chanced upon an advertisement of early autumn dress goods in one of the papers, and these two incidents combined to give me a fit of the blues, because they spoke so plainly of departing summer. The golden-rod may make a slight mistake sometimes and come a little earlier than usual, but the dry-goods man—never! He is just as good as an almanac! Besides that, our next door neighbors are getting in their hard coal, and each load, as it drops into the cellar with a rattle and jar like distant artillery, sends a new shiver down my too sensitive back; it does sound so like winter. Why! oh why, can't it always be summer? Before we can turn around now it will be time to shake the moth out of our furs and make up our minds as to whether we will have to get new overshoes, or can manage to make the old ones last till after Christmas. Worst of all, I have never got away for my summer trip, and before I could do so and get back again, Geoffrey's rub-haired friend would have returned, and of course feel bound to make it pleasant for the poor lonely man during his wife's absence. No, my friend! I don't think so! Unless Geoffrey comes too, his devoted wife "will remain at home during the autumn months," as the society papers say. Besides, the pup is growing up now and needs the most unremitting vigilance to prevent him from stealing every unconsidered trifle the neighbors leave out in their backyards or on their clothes-lines, and I firmly believe that as soon as he is strong enough he will remove their wood piles by degrees, and store them piecemeal on the parlor sofa, and in the veranda. Naturally, people will think we have trained him to these predatory habits, and we may all end our careers in the penitentiary.

DOLLY, TRURO.—No, I don't mind at all. Dolly dear, but I am sorry to say that if my life depended upon it, I could not give you any information about making the paper lilies or lamp shades. I only know that they are very easy, so if, as you say, you are making some paper flowers now, would it not be easy to try the lilies, and even if you should make a failure or two, I think you will succeed in the end. I know that the lamp shades are made of the crimped tissue paper, which you can buy in little bundles at any fancy shop. I have seen shades which seemed to be made by merely joining the requisite width of paper like a dress skirt, drawing it in at the top in a few full trills, which is tied with ribbon and a spray of paper flowers attached, which trail gracefully around the shade. Other shades are made in the same way at the beginning, and then the foundation is entirely covered with pale pink or yellow roses, without stems, set closely together. I am sorry I cannot give you any more information. (2) If you are quite sure that the person giving the party was aware of your friend's presence and intentionally left her out, I would undoubtedly decline for myself. But if you are well acquainted with the hostess and think she may not know you have a friend staying with you, it would be quite proper to write her a little note and ask if she will not invite your friend as you cannot come without her. (3) Yes, let the lemon juice remain on all night, and wash it off with warm water in the morning. If you put it on in the day time leave it on as long as possible. (4) I do not know the words of the song you mention. (5) Fraulein is the German equivalent for madmoiselle or Miss and "Ach Himmel" means simply "ah Heaven." Therefore your sentence would read "Fair maiden, ah heaven," which has not much sense, has it? (6) I do not know of a cure for toothache, but any dentist can give you one and they very seldom charge anything for it. I am very glad to hear that you find our columns so interesting, and that it helps you to "find out things."

MAB, ST. JOHN.—Queen Mab, I suppose? The word "kismet" is a Turkish expression and means "it is fate." The Turks, you know are all fatalists, and believe that everything which happens to them, was fated from the first, so they really have no control over their own destiny. The meaning of the pansy in the floral language is "Think of me." You remember poor Ophelia says, "Here's pansies! that's for thoughts." To modern ideas Ophelia's grammar was decidedly shaky, but still the sentiment was all right.

ROBIN, ST. JOHN.—Poor little bird, and so you have been very ill! Well, I felt certain you must be out of town having a delightful holiday somewhere, and all the time you were shut up in a sick room. It is doubly hard to be ill in summer I think. Yes, I should like very much to know what you are like. I picture you dark and bright, and like a happy little robin. But if you are too modest to tell me whether I am right or not, I suppose I must still cherish my own idea of you. I don't think we will have any trouble about that quotation; and you will not need your cousin's help. You will find it in Longfellow's poem "Evangeline," the last two lines of the first division, of the third canto. Why did the poetry smell of the lamp, had he been burning the midnight oil over it? I am delighted to know that you like me so much, and I hope you would continue to do so, even if you knew me. Thank you for the love, and also for the messages to the dogs, but we only have one now, and that is the pup. One has gone to the country to spend the summer, and the other was only with us for a visit. I feel

The best remedy for Summer Complaints is Fells' Speedy Relief. Speedy in results as well as in name.

How the Ladies should Order by Mail.

FREDERICTON, N. B., July 13, 1891.
Will Messrs. WATERBURY & RISING please mail 1 pair ladies' fine Kid Buttoned Boots; size 3; width D, with a medium heel and toe; high instep; single sole. A lady friend got a very nice pair from you, at \$4.00. I would like the same boot, and oblige, Yours truly,
MISS BLANK,
4 King Street.

NEWCASTLE, N. B., July 13, 1891.
Please express me 2 or 3 pairs of Evening Slippers, on approval. Something in Black Kid, with a strap over the instep; high heel. Or a nice beaded toe slipper would do. Size 4, width B. Find enclosed \$3.00, if any more, I will remit. And oblige,
Yours truly,
MISS BLANK.

KENTVILLE, N. S., July 13, 1891.
Gentlemen,
I would like you to mail me a pair of Ladies' Soft Kid Buttoned Boots. Very wide toes, and low heels; something without any seam over the joints, as I am troubled with bunions. I have a stout foot and ankle, and want a very easy boot, as I am heavy on my feet. Size 7; width E. Send C.O.D. And oblige,
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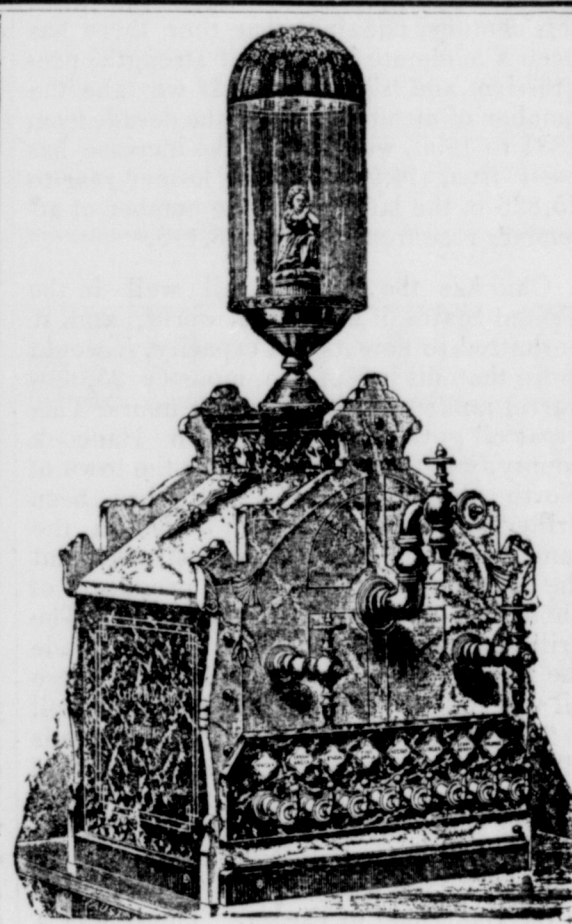
very much hurt at your excluding the cat, because, though I like the dogs very much, I love the cat, and the sentiment is fully reciprocated. Somehow, I think we understand each other to an unusual degree, and unless I am out, we are never apart, day or night. She has been ailing for some time now, and Geoffrey and I are in terror lest we are going to lose her. But I must not gossip with you any longer, Robin, only just hope that you will be quite yourself again very soon, and be able to whistle cheerfully as all robins should.

ROSES, ST. STEPHEN.—The word present written on the envelope of a letter has no special significance. It is taken from a Latin word, *præsens*, which means in sight or at hand, and is used to indicate that the letter is sent by hand, or presented, rather more than sent by mail. I do not wonder you did not understand it, as its use is rather out of date. Do you know I think that friend of yours must have been a very nice fellow, and I am sure he liked you very much, he was so respectful as well as attentive.

KENWOOD, CHICAGO.—My dear girl, do you know that if I were to answer one-half of your questions I would require a whole column more space? Nevertheless, I will do my best. Your questions about St. John society I can answer in a very few words, since I have only to tell you that I know nothing about it. I have a few, very few indeed, valued friends in St. John, and once or twice a year I attend a ball or reception, but if you imagine for a moment that a literary woman's life is made up of having "lots of fun and making lots of money," just try it and see! The literary woman works as hard as a charwoman, or else she never amounts to anything, so she has little time for social intercourse. Perhaps when you hear that my office hours in St. John are from nine o'clock till six, you will understand that I am no butterfly, but a working woman. If you come to St. John in January and I am in the city, I shall be glad to see you some Thursday or Friday afternoon, and you can satisfy yourself that I am not a man. I fancy you will find plenty of nice girls of your own age in St. John, but I warn you that the true born St. John girl is rather uplifted and has a remarkably good opinion of herself, as she well may, for the St. John girls are noted for their beauty, style and excellent dress, at least on the street, which is the only place I ever see them; they are essentially tailor made girls, for their street costume is the very essence of neat, trim plainness—but—whisper it low they are far from cordial or friendly to strangers, I am a stranger here, so I know. As for the young men, the manners and customs of the St. John young man, the society young man of course, are hidden mysteries to me, I really know but one and he is a very old friend and a perfect love. I believe lumber is considered perfectly honorable and respectable as a business the world over, witness Alex. Gibson the lumber king of New Brunswick. But of course in St. John as in most other places the mighty dollar is the true *sésame*. I certainly do have my boots blacked and they are quite distinct from my shoes which are low cut and do not need blacking, so you see that was no evidence that I am not a woman. I am afraid their little chance of either Geoffrey or myself going to see the world's fair. I have never been in Chicago though I have relations and some dear friends there. I don't think you need be afraid to write again, but next time please write on only one side of the paper as it is a rule in newspaper offices never to read any communication which is written on both sides. I fancy the afternoon tea drinkers are chiefly bank men, who are free in the afternoon. I think St. John a pretty city, it has such a lovely harbor, and is so full of hills that the houses seem to be climbing over each other's heads. You seem to forget that if I told you my real name in this column, I should be telling it to the entire community. I hope your answers will please you.

M. A.—I have great pleasure in telling you that so far as my humble judgment goes your poems are excellent, both in style, sentiment and originality. The little scrap, "God's Way," is, I think, the gem. I do not know whether you meant me to publish them in my column or not, so of course I did not do so. Unless I am much mistaken you will make a poet some day.

Why not have long selected Cane in your Chairs? Lasts longer, cheaper. Duval, 249 Union street.



The Age of Man.

When was man first placed on earth? No one can answer that question. Hugh Miller says that man's habit of burying his dead out of sight makes it very easy to be mistaken on that point; for, because of burial, men's bones may be found among the animals that have lain in the earth for ages. There is one thing, however, that gives us an inkling of when he came. Certain tools, that only man could have made, have been found buried in caves, in peat beds, and in the bottom of lakes. Often they are covered by layers of rock; and, by calculating how long it took to make the layers, a guess can be made as to when the tools were put there. Still, it is only a guess, and no one pretends to regard the question as settled, because under some conditions the layers would be made much faster than under others. But the bones of certain animals, the mammoth and other great creatures of that time, which have long since died, have been found with these tools. By calculating in what ages these animals lived, and how long it takes a race of animals to die out, a surer result can be arrived at. In a cave in England, buried under a limestone layer, from one to fifteen inches thick, tools have been found, mingled with the bones of elephants, tigers, rhinoceri and hyenas, which roamed over that country thousands and thousands of years ago. The peat bogs of what is now Denmark and Scandinavia are filled with stone tools. Some have been found in the beds of gravel, underlying peat which is certainly 7,000 years old. This seems to show that man must have dwelt on earth at least as many years ago.—St. Nicholas.

A Pointer for Blondes.

Numberless blonde girls complain that their photographs make them appear with unnaturally dark hair. This can be easily remedied by a flick of the powder puff on the bang and wherever there is likely to be a deep shadow in the coiffure. The lights will take care of themselves. Don't use much, that will give a bal masque effect, but a very little powder will only make the coloring appear natural.

Her Hair.

The beauty of her hair bewilders me— Pouring down the brow, its cloven tide Swirling about the ears on either side, And storming down the neck tumultuously.

Or like the lights of old antiquity Through millioned windows, in cathedrals wide, Spilled moltenly o'er figures deft In chastest marble, nude of drapery.

And so I love it.—Either unconfined; Or plaited in close braids manifold; Or smoothly drawn; or indolently twined In careless knots whose coils come unrolled At any lightest kiss; or by the wind Whipped out in drossy ravellings of gold.

—Jas. Whitcomb Riley.

Mother and Child.

One night a tiny dewdrop fell Into the bosom of a rose.— "Dear little one, I love thee well, Be ever here thy sweet repose!"

Seeing the rose with love bedight, The envious sky frowned dark, and then Sent forth a messenger of light And caught the dewdrop up again.

"Oh, give me back my heavenly child,— My love!" the rose in anguish cried; And the sky triumphant smiled, And so the flower, heart-broken, died.

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