

# THE REALM OF CLOTHES.

STRANGE DISCOVERIES INVITE AND PERPLEX THE EXPLORER.

It's a Season of Contrasts This Spring of '91 and the Masculine Girl Brushes Elbows with Bewildering Visions Puffed and Frilled and Fluttering.

NEW YORK, April 29.—As spring advances with rapid steps towards summer there are interesting discoveries to be made day by day in that strange and curious land in which unexplored tracts are forever opening up to invite and to perplex the discoverer, the realm of clothes. Though with painful effort we have been learning to prefer harmony to contrast, yet never did fashion fly to such wild extremes. The tailor cut has become so grotesquely masculine that the



SILK BLOUSE FOR SUMMER WEAR.

streets seem peopled with a fourth sex, which is neither man, woman nor yet dude. But besides the Marseilles vest with its notched reverses and the English shirt with its standing collar and four-in-hand scarf and tiny studs down the front all in a row, besides these solidly walking, substantial figures float puffs of lace and frills of ribbon that go beyond femininity in their expression of the feminine; they outdo Watteau in shape and Boucher in color and all the ladies of Marie Antoinette's court in elaboration and a certain artificiality that yet is not all affectation; they are millinery personified.

Two young women who sat side by side in church yesterday morning at a spring wedding were finely typical of these two ideals. They were fairly pretty young women, and close observation on my part in course of the long ceremony seemed to develop the fact that they were enough alike as to features and probable figures to bear to each other family relationship, which original similarity had been so completely overlaid, however, as to be almost undiscoverable under strongly marked and widely differing secondary characteristics.

The younger and, I was inclined to hold after some deliberation, the prettier of the pair wore a chambray-colored outfit bound as to its edges with black silk and rounded away on its front like a man's three button cutaway. The white collar stiffly starched threatened the pink ears, the black tie was knotted in a bow that was irreproachable, the natty vest cut low to display a full dress shirt, with lines of white embroidery and gleams of diamonds, there were gold links fastening the wrist bands, there was one pink carnation in a buttonhole, and to all who could not look below the top of the pew and catch a glimpse of the three basque skirts of graduated length and width slashed to the waist and plainly bound with silk braid it must have been hard to believe they were not eyeing a young cadet or a rosy boy.

The taller and paler and, distinctly less vivacious young woman wore a costume of the stuff they call now-a-days silk challie. It was cream-colored, if you go to the foundation of it, but the entire skirt seemed to be covered with roses, for beginning at the bottom with full blown flowers, the blossoms grew smaller and smaller as they ascended from hem towards the waist, until finally the wee pink buds were lost in the great lace paniers. The bodice, folded

out in disgrace, for it has reserved its most unkind manifestations for the days when to be unkind is to be cruel. There have been days when it has been warm, there are going to be days when it will be warmer, and already it is plain that the long close cuffs reaching from elbows to knuckles are an invention of the gentleman who should know better, seeing that the climate to which he is accustomed is tropic, and seeing that the costume in which he himself has commonly had his portrait painted is really picturesque enough to have warranted one in ascribing to him better taste to use in the toilets of others.

What will come next in the matter of skirts no woman may say. The bell-shaped skirt is no longer new, but it would be departing from the truth to say that it has yet met in any quarter with a very enthusiastic reception. It is not an easy skirt to walk in with its narrowness about the ankles and its flare at the heels, and the grave complications presented by an era of dirt and draperies would go far in explaining in all probability the wonderful enthusiasm now displayed in the organization of women's street-cleaning committees. The panier is here, and it is not with us all. These dark sayings being interpreted mean that we bunch lace and ribbons upon our hips for evening wear and when we have to do with very light materials, but the panier in wool goods or in stuff of any weight or responsible dignity is almost unknown. The talk of the near approach of the hoop skirt continue, but in truth hoops are farther from us than was the case three months ago. They hover about us like skeletons in the background of our spring feastings, but they show no present inclination to come very near. If I were to stake my reputation as a prophet on a vaticination with regard to hooped petticoats, I should say that in my humble judgment we shall have them, but not under 12 months, more probably not under two years. There are not so very many people who understand that, when you get down to rock bottom fact, fashion is very slow in her changes and never moves until she has well paved her way.

I am very weary of the gold filigree which shines from every head that walks forth hatted. It is a truth which perhaps it were not well to whisper loudly that many of our present fashions are cheap, tawdry and vulgar. The wonderful glitter of a Valois cloak brave with jet beetles, or of a bonnet which carries at the same time both a jet coronet and a black and gleaming crown might be expected to recommend them to savages or children, and, once again, we have to confess, as often it has been confessed before, that women have many of the tastes both of savages and children.

Yet it was a very pretty bonnet in which Mrs. Cleveland listened the other day to one of Mrs. Annie Besant's lectures. I do not know that you would have expected Mrs. Cleveland to go to hear Mrs. Besant, and yet there she was under a fez-like crown of gold tinsel over which lay a *pouf*



DAINTY MAID AND TAILOR MADE.

of pink gauze having on the front one pink and one damask rose. She was not only there, but she had a very attractive young woman with her, the young woman being in a dainty bonnet of Tuscan straw that scalloped quaintly about her blonde face, and that was trimmed with narrow green velvet ribbons, green and white thistles and grasses.

The turban like sugar loaf shapes that shoot into air like the cones of volcanoes are comical. One would not have supposed that women could be found to wear them, yet they are numerous enough to give an odd, peaked look to the line of heads along which one glances on the promenade, and the volcanic suggestion is carried out by the feather aigrettes that rise above them curling like smoke columns.

The large lace hat is of all hats the most generally popular. It has a parasol like wire frame and is often overshadowing enough to serve excellently enough in room of a parasol. In three cases out of four it has a coronet of roses below the brim resting on the hair, and without possibility of exception it is trimmed with stand-up bows of chiffon and silk muslin edged with silver, steel or gold metal.

There was a pretty wedding the other day at which was observed a pretty ceremony. The bridesmaids and groomsmen entered from the north transept and walked slowly down the main aisle to the front entrance to receive the bridal party. Preceded by the ushers in reverse order they passed up the aisle again to the chancel and stood in white crepe and yellow daffodils before an altar of white and gold. The slippers of these young women were of gold cloth and moved between gold and white ribbons. The effect was the more striking because the groom's attendants were in full naval uniform.

So much lace was never seen. The lace ruffles which finish the bottoms of summer sleeves are very full over the hands. Summer toilets of India silk delicately flowered have vests of lace cut low in front and full gathered lace aprons. One such in pale heliotrope sprinkled with darker wisteria blossoms was upon the street yesterday with huge lace puffs like butterflies upon the shoulders and ribbons tying lace puffs at the elbows. Most of the light silks are draped with lace and bordered with festooned flounces. The simplest street dresses have pointed vests in contrasting material and edged with narrow passementerie. Short straight basques are gathered on at the waist and shoulder laps lend an air that is somewhat military.

The silk blouses in which the summer girl begins to rejoice are of black as often as of any other color and have very broad belts laced with gold. ELEN OSBORN.

# AMERICAN AND FRENCH.

SOME PRETTY CONCEITS IN GOWNS FOR CHILDREN.

Young America Attired with a View to Comfort and Beauty—Not Like the Miniature Men and Women of France, but Picturesque Accessories to Afternoon Teas.

As a rule American children are not as much trammelled by their clothes as French ones. It is amusing to see these little women in the Bois or the Champs Elysees in Paris looking like counterparts of their mammas, beruffled, befloofed and belaced, and evidently feeling prim and uncomfortable, and their alarm when any portion of their toilet is disarranged is amusing, accustomed as we are to the untrammelled freedom of American children.



The beauty of face and tasteful attire of young America often furnishes a text for the foreign writers who come to this country; the children here are not attired in the old-fashioned homely style of those of England, nor do they look like dolls or miniature men and women like those of France.

Barring the extremely long dresses, our little ones are dressed with due regard to hygiene, comfort and beauty, and grow up well formed men and women with figures that leave little to be desired.

Children nowadays are picturesque accessories to their mammas' afternoon teas, and little girls who are old enough frequently assist their mammas by handing around the dainty little cups of Russian tea upon quaintly decorated saucers. The costumes worn on these occasions are usually of pale colors, such as Watteau blue, Pompadour green or even the pinkish heliotrope and ivory whites in veiling, wash silk or Canton crepe.

Panniers have invaded the domain of childhood, and when not too obtrusive are becoming to half-grown girls with tall thin figures and long undeveloped waists. The backs are almost invariably full, but the fronts may be slightly draped, ornamented with bows, passementerie or ribbon velvet, set on in rows about the foot.

Pretty little gowns are made of India silk strewn with the tiniest flowerlets imaginable; silks of more elaborate design are also used, but the self-colored Indias are by far the most popular.

For damp days the tailor suits made of the checked chevrons and serges will be found extremely serviceable. For seaside and country gowns nothing seems to usurp the place of the plain and fancy French flannels, which are now wrought in such lovely combinations of color.

Of course the wee woman is polka dotted, zebra striped and biased just like her mamma, for hasn't she quite as much right to be robed in the latest style even if it is inartistic and conspicuous?

The yoke is the prevailing form of bodice, rivalled however by the Taureador jacket or the Swiss bodice, which is worn indifferently with any skirt, the guimpe of India linen appearing above. Loose Fedora front of some soft material, sailor waists and shirred and pleated bodices of every description are in style. Percalé waists, either dotted, striped or plain, are very useful as they can be easily changed and are nice with woolen skirts.

Provident mothers are already engaged in making up the wardrobes of the rising generation, and an excellent model for wash goods is of spotted percale with full round skirt and gathered bodice, finished at the neck with a Henry II. frill of Swiss embroidery; the sleeves are full and the cuffs are of the embroidery. A leatheren belt or a wide surah sash is an addition to this pretty and simple costume.

A gown for a miss of fourteen is of ocean blue serge with skirts pleated as far as the hips; the front is scantily draped and a border of black Soutache ornaments the bottom; the folded bodice opens over V's of black velvet, and beneath the high draped sleeves are tight ones of velvet.

Both extremely simple and elaborate make prevails in the little gowns. Nothing more simple and sweet could well be imagined than the dainty zephyr and chambray gowns which are made with gathered waists and full skirts, the latter tucked or simply hemmed.

Bandanna and tartan plaid gingham make gay and picturesque dresses; they are often cut on the bias and edged with a tiny bias ruffle or fold.

Stripes of all kinds are popular; a stylish little suit being of grey and red striped

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King and Union Streets, St. John, N. B.

zephyr gingham. The yoke and cuffs were red; around the belt were deep tabs of red ornamented with narrow white braid, and about six inches above the hem was a band of the red.

Blue, white and scarlet reefers with the regulation naval insignia are worn by little girls as well as boys; some of the blue ones have the sailor collar and cuffs of crimson or white and vice versa.

Black is decidedly in favor for children's gowns and hats, black India, lawn and batiste all being used. It is a very sensible fashion, but the black should be relieved with colored ribbon trimming, embroidery or feather stitching. A decided innovation is a Gretchen gown of black India square-necked and sleeveless; on the bodice is embroidered a spray of cowslips and on the skirt are five rows of yellow Tom Thumb ribbon run-through black lace beading; the guimpe is of yellow silk with black lace at neck and wrist.

Little girls in mourning are wearing black batiste with white pin dots, or the sheer black organdies with tiny white flowerets strewn on the surface.

Black mull, batiste and silk caps and hats are much worn, often a great rosette of narrow picot edged ribbon giving a note of brilliant color to the otherwise sombre headgear.

In these days when woman's ingenuity contrives many elegant looking objects from humble beginnings, there is much that can be done with a wicker basket, a pot of enamel paint and a few yards of silesia, dotted muslin and val lace.

I saw a lovely baby crib the other day which looked as if it might have cost twenty-five dollars and in reality it cost but five. It was made of a common splint clothes basket painted white and mounted upon four legs finished with casters; a deep valance of pale blue cambric veiled with dotted muslin edged with val lace concealed the legs; two broomsticks which had been treated to the paint were fastened to the sides of the basket and the ball of a barrel hoop was nailed securely to the top of each of them; and on it was draped the soft transparent blue line, lace edged curtains which fell about the head and protected baby from the air; a comfort of white cheese cloth tied with blue and a dainty hem-stitched pillow case and embroidered crib cover completed the outfit.

The gown in the cut is of grey English homespun trimmed with braid; the jacket is of grey with cuffs and reverse of marine blue velvet; the buttons are gilt.

COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

## SOME PARLOR GAMES.

They are Popular Among the French Canadians and in the States.

The French Canadians have a geography game that I have not met with elsewhere. They call it simply La Geographie, and it is played in the following manner: Each player has paper and pencil, and all take seats in a row, or better still, in a semicircle. The head of the line then calls out, say, "Countries—Asia," and at once writes "Asia" at the top of his paper, the other players imitating his example. The player next to him must then before ten is slowly counted call out the name of another country whose initial letter is the same as the final letter of "Asia." Suppose he or she calls out "America." Very good; "America" is jotted down, and now the third player has to call out a country whose name begins with A. After some thinking "Africa" suggests itself. All right. Down goes "Africa," and still the demand is for a country beginning with A. But the fourth player introduced variety by calling out "Afghanistan," so that number five has to seek a country beginning with N. Happily "Norway" soon comes into the mind, although it leaves an awkward nut for number six to crack.

Thus the game proceeds, the penalty of failure to supply a name or town being whatever may be agreed upon—a forfeit, being sent down to the foot, etc. Cities, rivers, mountains, etc., may be treated in the same way, or if the players find it too difficult to confine themselves to one geographical feature the whole field of geography may be thrown open, the only requirement being that each new name should begin with the last letter of the preceding one.

In Lower Canada the boys have a game that no doubt their ancestors brought over with them from La Belle France centuries ago, but which I have never seen played by the boys of the other provinces. It is called "La Main Chaude"—that is, the warm hand—and when I describe it I am sure you will agree with me that the name is very appropriate.

One of the players takes his seat in a chair. Another is blindfolded, and, either kneeling down before the settee or simply bending forward, as he may prefer, rests his head on the other's knee. Behind his back, with palm outstretched, he holds his right hand. The game is now ready to begin.

The other players range themselves around the blindfolded one whose palm lies so temptingly open, and in turn give him a smart slap with their hands. It is the business of the unfortunate victim thus being slapped to guess who strikes him, the sifter determining the accuracy of the guess, and the instant he guesses correctly the person whom he has thus found out takes his place and the game proceeds.

When not too roughly played a great deal of fun may be had out of La Main Chaude, but of course such undue violence must be guarded against as is illustrated in

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Cures Consumption, in its first stages; Coughs, Colds, Scrofula, General Debility, Eruptions, Spinal Diseases, Rheumatic Gout, Deficient Nutrition.

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a famous French picture which represents

a lot of monks diverting themselves with this lively game. The blindfolded victim is evidently a novice, and a great coarse monk with a cruel grin upon his bloated countenance is just about to smite the extended hand with his heavy wooden sabot, while a gentle-faced brother is lifting his hand in shocked protest. It is a powerful picture and a good lesson against cruelty in itself.—J. McDonald Oxley.

## Mourning Stationery.

Society mourning stationery is a new line brought out, of novelty and originality. The envelopes are of the "wallet" shape as regards their flaps, and on this portion alone are they black bordered. The border itself is graduated, widening out from a thin line at the sides to a thicker one in the center of the flap—about the width of "middle" border. The paper has the first leaf turned over at the upper right hand corner, in the style known as "dog earring" a book. On the two edges of this triangular space alone is there bordering. There is only one width of border for the whole series.—Paper and Press.

## Her Beautiful Eyes.

Oh, her beautiful eyes, they are blue as the dew On the violet's bloom when the morning is new, And the light of their love is the gleam of the sun O'er the meadows of spring where the quick shadow runs.

As the moon shifts the mists and the clouds from the skies— So I stand in the dawn of her beautiful eyes.

And her beautiful eyes are as midday to me, When the lily-bell bends with the weight of the dew.

And the throat of the thrush is a pulse in the heart, And the senses are drugged with the subtle and sweet.

And delicious breaths of the air's lullabies— So I swoon in the gloom of her beautiful eyes.

Oh, her beautiful eyes! they have smitten mine own As a glory glanced down from the glare of the throne.

And I reel and I falter and fall, as afar Fell the shepherds that looked on the mythical star, And yet dazed in the things that bade them arise— So I grope through the night of her beautiful eyes.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union street.

## A Woman's Wit.

The Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke, the popular episcopal clergyman of Chicago, made a bad slip the other day, but was helped out by the quick wit of his wife. On the day in question he saw a lady about to call, whom he was anxious not to meet; so he said to his wife, "I'm off, my dear. I'll run upstairs to escape till she goes away."

After about an hour he quietly "tip-toed" to the stair landing and listened. A few minutes later he was called out over the baluster:

"Well, my dear, has that old bore gone at last?"

The next instant a cry from below caused the cold perspiration to bedew his ministerial brow and rooted him to the spot. But quickly there came a response which sounded inexpressibly sweet to him then.

"Yes, darling, she went away more than an hour ago; but here is our good old friend Mrs. Blank, whom I am sure you want to meet."

## Numerically Impossible.

Johnny was hid in the clothes closet when his father, who held a strap in his hand, opened a door and called out:

"Come forth, my son!"

"I can't do it, pa," replied Johnny; "I've got to come first or nothin'; I'm all alone in here."—Binghamton Leader.

If a Dollar Comes to Carry It There.

"A dollar doesn't go very far," sighed Hicks.

"Well, a cent does," said Johnny. "One I put in the plate this morning is going out to the heathen."—Harper's Bazaar.

Gentlemen who smoke should use Enamel-line. It imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath.

Why not have long selected Cane in your Chairs: Lasts longer, cheaper. Duval, 242 Union street.



HATS THAT ARE WORN.

a la vierge was smothered under cascades of lace, from beneath which peeped a bordering of rosebuds where the fronts crossed one another. The huge flat hat of white and lace like crinoline bore up a flower garden of roses, and a deep lace flounce fell from it all about its circumference, almost shading the eyes. In her gloved hand—the gloves were of cream color embroidered with pink—this train example held the yard-long stalk of a rose, whose huge blossoming head waved gently from the entrance of the bride to her final departure, pale and tired looking but triumphant down the aisle.

There is matter of considerable import relating to sleeves. The day of the high sleeve is nearly done, and it deserves to go