

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Well, girls, it is a long time since we have had a regular personal talk, such as we used to have every week, before the spirit of change crept like a glittering serpent into our little corner! Our intercourse has seemed very vague and far

the most gracious, that they laced too tight for either health or true beauty, and that they spent a good deal too much of their time on the street. And yet the girls of St. John would only have pretended to be annoyed at the criticism; but now the



ELEGANT NEW WINTER COAT.

This is an elegant new fancy in a jacket made of any thick and light colored wool. It fits the figure closely and is slashed in the back and on the sides. There is a collar made of folded broadcloth in silk and wool. Above that are more slashes of the coat material. There is a turn down collar and cuffs of the broadcloth.

away of late, but this week I feel that some of my flock, the St. John contingent in particular, have not been treated fairly, and as my girls are still very dear to me, in spite of our apparent estrangement, I cannot help taking up the cudgels in their behalf, especially as the injustice I have to complain of, was shown then, through the columns of a newspaper, and they are without any means of defence, unless some friend who has access to the press, will espouse their cause.

It grieves me very much to think that it is to our own dearly loved and admired friend "Kit," of the Toronto Mail, whose name is almost as much of a household word in New Brunswick as in her adopted city of Toronto, who has spoken so harshly of our girls, and has proclaimed them to a cold and unsympathetic world, as guilty of disregarding the fitness of things from a millinery point of view.

Now I feel perfectly certain that "Kit"

insult is too deep and too deadly to be washed out in aught but printer's ink.

To be accused of wearing headgear about which "there is a fantastic dreaminess that is overwhelmingly grotesque" is something no self-respecting woman could be expected to forgive; and I think the best possible advice I can offer to my gilded contemporary is that she not only travel strictly incognito, but take the additional precaution of providing herself with a military escort, should she pass through St. John again on her way home; for I greatly fear the girls will waylay her and tear her best Toronto bonnet into ribbons before her eyes.

I feel especially sorry that the blow should have come from "Kit," because I have always regarded her almost as a personal friend, have watched her career with such interest, and been so gratified at her success. Perhaps one reason for my interest may have been that "Kit" and I,

because just now I am referring to our sex, and we are only beginning to strike our trembling and uncertain shovels and hoes into that fertile soil.

But, besides the freemasonry of our profession, there were many bonds of union between "Kit" and myself. We both loved animals so well, and used our pens so unsparingly in their defence; we were never weary of denouncing those who were cruel to the least of "God's little beasts" and we both loved the helpless birds, and would—I hope—have worn the dowdiest of hats, and bonnets sooner than commit the cruel vulgarity of going about with the mummied corpse of a slaughtered bird upon our heads. And we both took the same view of Advanced Woman.

In fact we thought alike on so many points that no wonder "Kit" seemed very near to me, only she had had so many more advantages than I, she had travelled so much and seen so many wonderful places that I had only read about, and she was so much more clever than I to start with.

It is small wonder that I was delighted when I heard that "Kit" was really coming down to the lower provinces to write us up, and that I resolved to see her, and clasp her hand in friendship if possible, while she was here.

A short time ago, a writer in the Halifax Herald was good enough to refer in very kindly terms to the women of the maritime

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rock-bound coast; and though I should not care to be her papa, and pay her bills. I think that if I did occupy that trying position, I should feel as if I were getting pretty nearly the worth of my money, when I watched her set out for her daily glimpse of Paradise—her afternoon tramp up and down King street, and her regular visit to "Manchester's."

The St. John girl has her faults, and the greatest of these is her haughty and defiant air, and her overwhelming opinion of herself. She is pretty, well dressed, and



WINTERING CLOAK AND CROWN.

The figure on the left shows a dress wrap made of cranemette marcellite. The upper piece is cut perfectly straight and shirred to fit the shoulders. The home dress on the right is of endora cloth with English crape folds and upper sleeves. There is a wateau plait in the back of crape.

provinces who had adopted literature as a profession and were, as he considered, making a success of it; and he added that as the brilliant lady, who was on the staff of the Toronto Mail, was now in the lower provinces, presumably with the object of making some observations upon the women of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, he trusted she would have some kind words to say about her sisters in this part of the Dominion. Quite naturally, I hoped she would too.

We don't get the Saturday Mail down here until Monday or Tuesday, and after following "Kit" on her journey as far as Quebec, it will be readily imagined that I opened the Mail of October 20th, with a good deal of eagerness, and turned to "Woman's Kingdom" without loss of time. I saw it was dated from St. John, and settled down at once, for an extra treat. But oh, "Kit," when you brought in that little story about the red-haired girl who walked before you up King street, how disappointed I felt! I could scarcely believe that you with your kind heart would single out any individual who had never harmed you to hold her up to public ridicule!

Excuse me for saying it, but I think it was the bad taste of the thing which impressed me most; because either you did see that girl, and describe her appearance correctly, thereby hurting her feelings by a description she could not fail to recognize; or else you were describing an incident which never took place, and making little of the girls of St. John, through a representative who never existed.

I do not like to differ with you, but still, I speak as a resident of St. John, having opportunities of observing the girls of this city day in and day out, and as I also am an unprejudiced observer, I cannot help thinking that my judgment is better than yours; and I have no hesitation in saying that except in the cities of the United States, I have seen few places where the girls were better dressed, more stylish, or prettier, than in this same city by the sea, yclept Saint John, but of course I have never been in Toronto.

Especially on the subject of millinery is the St. John damsel solid as her own

terribly expensive; her waist is so small that you wonder where she keeps her digestive organs, and whether she ever tries the dangerous experiment of eating anything; her complexion is perfect, and she never ruins it with either rouge or powder. But I must confess that she is not the most comfortable person in the world for a stranger to meet. Her coldly critical glance is apt to give the unfortunate stranger a feeling of having unintentionally pulled the string of a shower bath, she has such a chilling effect. But people who know her better than I do, tell me that this is only her manner and when you come to know her well, she is as you express it, "sweet as one of her own apples."

I am sorry to say that I have not much time for making friends, and therefore I cannot say as much about these girls' sweetness as I would like, but I do know two or three very well, and for their sakes, as well as the sake of the girls who often come to me with their joys and sorrows and who used to constitute my garden of girls, I felt my cheeks burn with mortification when I read that description of yours, under the heading "How St. John Girls Dress," copied into the Halifax Herald, the very paper in whose columns had been expressed the hope that "Kit" would be favorably impressed with the women of the maritime provinces!

You must not be offended with me, you know, Kit! But still don't you think one or even two days spent amongst us was a very short time in which to form an opinion of our "tricks and manners," as the Doll's Dressmaker would say, and don't you think too, that if you spent a little longer time with us you might see so much more to admire that you would even forget the impression made on you by the poor girl with the Titian hair, the cut and hang of whose outer garment seems to have made so disagreeable, and so lasting an impression on you?

Moo—It is a very long time since I have heard from you, but I am glad you are still in the land of the living and have not forgotten me. Yes, I think you had better call. You know friends, are sometimes quite as punctilious about such matters as perfect strangers though they don't say so. It is always customary to leave cards when you are making a first call, otherwise it would be very difficult for the hostess to remember who had called, when she wished to return the visit.



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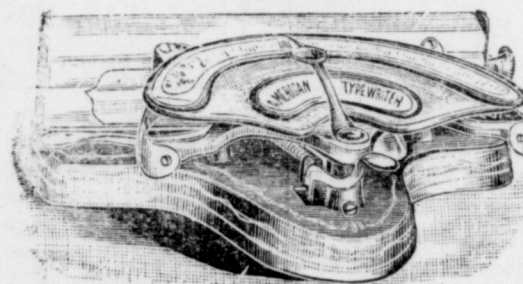
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AGENTS WANTED.



STYLISH EARLY WINTER COSTUMES.

The gown on the right is of pheasants cloth over an apple green silk skirt. The bows are made of pompadour ribbon. The costume on the left is of gray diagonal wool with a white cloth waist and figaro, embroidered in Persian colors. The bows and ends are of dark blue velvet ribbon, the ends being finished with fringe.

could not have said anything which would have hurt the feelings and roused the ire of our girls to the same extent as that accusation will! She might have said lots of things which were really true, and they would not have cared half as much. She might have said that they dressed too much, that their manner to strangers was none of

started out on our literary career in the same year, that we were both aliens in Canada, and both claimed the mother country as our birthplace, while endeavoring to win for ourselves some small standing room in the wide and only partially cultivated fields of Canadian journalism. I say only partially cultivated advisedly,