

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I wonder if young girls realize how much there is in first impressions, and how the manner in which they conduct themselves in public places is the standard by which they are judged, and the "hall mark" which distinguishes the sterling metal from third rate plating? I am afraid not, for if they did we would surely see fewer boisterous and ill-bred girls on the street, in

and blind for all the notice he takes of his neighbors. Down towards the front of the car there are two girls, evidently friends, who are taking a little pleasure trip together, because one asks the conductor whether they can get tea at S., or will reach their destination before seven o'clock. They are both pretty girls, and very young, but



WEDDING GOWNS

The bridal costume on the right is of white bengaline, with a long train bordered with two narrow puffings of crepe lace. The corsage is of bengaline, with transverse puffings of crepe lace. The jockeys are of point lace. The veil is of tulle, unhemmed, held by a plaiting of the same, and a very small spray of orange blossoms. The wedding dress on the left is of white satin, the front breadth cut square and slightly draped. There is a demi-train. The whole costume is bordered with swansdown. There is a tulle veil and plain Spencer waist.

shops, churches, railway stations, and, in fact, all the places where men and women usually congregate.

It has been truly said that the place to study character, is in a crowd, and the practised eye of a man or woman of the world will scarcely require a second glance to distinguish the lady from the vulgarian, no matter how many people may be gathered together. The lady may be dressed in serge or calico, and the second hand damsel in silk, but that will not make the slightest difference, it is the manner—not the dress, that the student of human nature takes for his guide, and he seldom makes a mistake; but oh, how severe his judgment is of the girl who is not a lady!

Girls, if I could only make you understand how severe, and yet how just a critic, a really refined man is of our conduct, especially in public, I should feel that I really had done some good in the world! It is a common supposition that all women live only to win the approbation of men, but it is not true, it is were they would act very differently, unless they err through a very surprising ignorance.

Every man hates a "loud" woman, and nothing repels a true gentleman so quickly as a desire to be in any way conspicuous on the part of a girl. How often I have observed this masculine peculiarity in a crowded railway train, and how I have wondered that more girls did not observe it too, and profit by it.

A group of noisy, chattering girls enter a car, take possession of two seats, spread their belongings over a third, and begin a conversation which, although of a strictly private nature, is apparently intended to be heard by every one in the car. Perhaps they have been at a dance the night before, and they are exchanging programmes and confidences at the top of their lungs, anxious to impress the entire company with a sense of their immense importance and supernatural clearness. They giggle and tease each other and refer to "a certain person," and one accuses the other of having had six "dawnces" with "Charlie." The accused denies the soft impeachment vigorously, though she evidently wishes it to be believed and proceeds to bring a counter charge against her friend in the form of, "I'd like to know how long you sat out on the stairs with Jack, my lady. You are a nice one to talk to me; just let me see your programme if you dare." She daren't and there is a scuffle and much giggling and playful squealing. At last the programme is yielded up, judgment declared, peace restored, and the interesting conversation resumed.

Across the aisle sits a very quiet but remarkably good looking young man, who possesses that indescribable air of distinction which seems to surround some people like an atmosphere, and of whose presence the gay quartette are by no means unconscious. He is apparently absorbed in his newspapers, however, and might be dead

they talk to each other as if they did not wish to be overheard, read a good deal, and frequently exchange glances of rather contemptuous amusement when a particularly brilliant sally of wit from their lively neighbors reaches their ears.

One of these gay damsels discovers bye and bye, that she wants the window open, and with an eloquent glance at the young man across the aisle, she rises and begins to struggle in a very conspicuous manner with the window which of course went open—what car window ever did? Not a sign from the distinguished looking traveller. "If there was only a gentleman in the car, we would soon have it open!" remarks one, with withering emphasis. "We shall have to call the conductor I suppose!" replies another. I wish we had taken the



STREET GOWNS FOR SPRING.

The gown in the center is heliotrope cheviot mottled with green. The sleeves are trimmed with many rows of dark green soutache. The waist trimming is of gold colored brocade. The costume at the right is gendarme blue diagonal serge, strictly tailor made, with an Eton figure. The costume at the left is brown mottled homespun, garnished with velvet in a darker shade.

parlor car where there are no common people and the porter is always on hand to help you" says a third. But the traveller is deaf to their ever.

And yet those girls are dumb with amazement when, a little later, one of the quiet girls in the other end of the car rises and

tries to turn over the vacant seat next her, in order to make a sort of couch for her friend, who seems to be suffering from a train headache; and the youth across the way drops his paper, springs to her assistance, turns the seat, lowers the blind, and scarcely waiting to receive her courteous but reserved thanks, lifts his cap respectfully, and returns to his own seat.

Not long ago, I happened to be waiting for my train at a country station; the ladies waiting room was in rather an out of the way position for catching the first glimpse of the train, which stopped only for a moment, and had to be caught promptly, so my friend and I decided to go into the general waiting room, but found it too full to afford more than standing room, and retreated to the little den set apart for ladies.

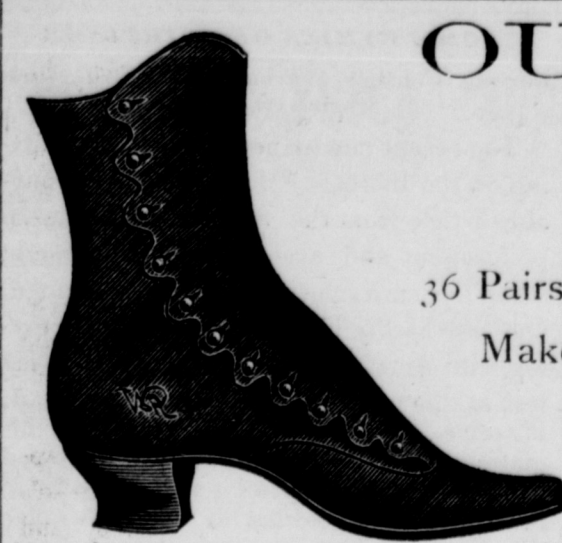
It was a tiny room, with a very dirty floor, an equally dirty stove, a table and one solitary bench.

On entering it we found to our disappointment that it was much more full than than the other. There were only three girls in it, but they pervaded the room to such an extent that there was only just sufficient space for us to lean against the table, and take up as little room as possible.

The girls occupied one end of the bench, and their luggage the other, while the way they laughed, and shouted, and chaffed each other made us regret that we had chosen the comparative and quiet of the general waiting room. They never made the slightest pretence of making room for us, on the bench, and they seemed to be doing their best to get rid of our unwelcome society. One of them had a sheet of music, and was anxious to let all whom it might concern know, that she understood something about music. "Take that A, please" she shouted hilariously and for a moment we thought we heard the train whistling, but it was only those three girls caterwauling in a vain attempt to "take that A." I don't think I ever heard so much noise emanate from three ordinary sized throats before, or so much loud talking, and striving to impress the bystanders with the brilliancy and cleverness of the talkers. My friend and I did not attempt to talk, we could not have heard each other if we had, and I improved the time by taking mental notes of those dear young creatures, and resolving that as a very sincere lover of girls, I would use them as a sort of warning to my own large family of "paper" girls not to go and do likewise, but to remember that in no way is good breeding so plainly shown, or its absence so conspicuous, as in the behavior adopted by people when they are abroad in the haunts of men.

But I was glad when I heard the whistle of my train, and saw the last of those three fair maids.

One of the most marked features of the Paris fashions for spring, is the variety and protusion of paste and rhinestone buckles which crop out on all costumes! In fact there seems to be a perfect monomania for buckles of all sizes, shapes and designs. Their early advent into this country is confidently prophesied, and also their speedy popularity.



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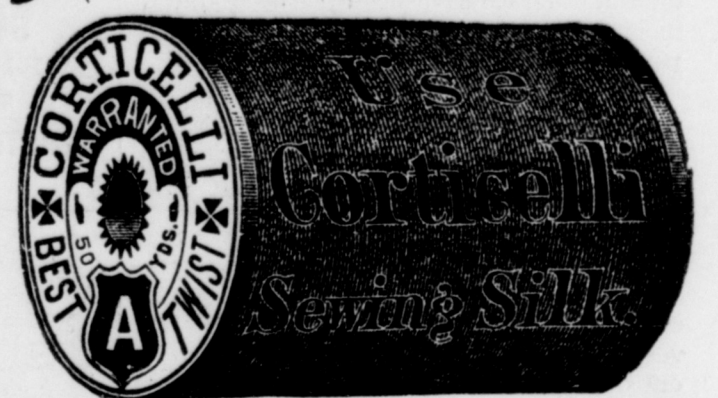
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still fastens the belt; while hats, shoes, and slippers all show unmistakable evidence of the buckle craze, and some of the imported garters with diamond buckles, look more like bracelets than garters, and might readily be worn as such without anyone but the owner being a bit the wiser. Of

sleeve draperies. Make the skirt quite plain and turn up a hem two or three inches deep around the bottom; just above this hem run three rows of black moire ribbon about an inch wide and the same distance apart. Gather the skirt to the belt, over the black silk foundation, making it much

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NEW WRAPS AND MANTLES.

The handsome mantle-wrap in the center is of green faille, trimmed with full frills of black Spanish lace, bordered by a double ruche of narrower lace. The back is round. The short wrap on the right is of golden brown velvet with facings of white lace. The short collar is nearly covered with the lace. The mantle on the left is of lisle cloth braided all over with black soutache, with a spring collar worked in the same way.

course such a paste buckle as the Parisian lady wears to catch down the knots of velvet on her dainty spring capote or toque, is not by any means a cheap article, in fact it costs from five to six dollars, but she can probably afford it, so that is a mere trifle; and for those who cannot, there are numerous graceful designs in rhinestone and metal buckles showing scrolls, arabesques, and other pretty designs. I don't think these pretty additions to spring costumes will be of much practical use in holding the materials they are supposed to confine, in place, because some of them have no slides at all, and those that have, are not of much practical use, unless they are well sewed down.

Moire is as popular as ever for a trimming both in ribbons and silks, and some of the newest moire ribbons are very lovely; clouded moire, striped moire and moire Nussle, are the newest. Moire edges and stripes are seen on fully one-half of the ribbons for sale in the most fashionable shops.

A pretty way of "making over" a half worn black silk or satin dress, is to rip all the flounces and trimmings from the skirt, sponge and press it out, to freshen it, and then buy enough Russian or fisher's net to make a plain, full skirt, with bodice and

fuller in the back than the front; drape the bodice in surplus fashion with the net, and modernize the sleeves with large puffs of the same. Straps of the ribbon can be used to simulate a belt, and the result will be a very stylish dinner or evening dress at a very slight cost.

Some of the new overskirts are sufficiently hideous to give a very bad attack of nightmare to anyone who looked at them very long, but yet I have little doubt that before another three months have passed over our heads we shall all be wearing them contentedly, and thinking them lovely.

Imagine a long, and very attenuated point which extends from the waist to within five inches of the foot of the dress, and then slopes upward, still quite plain until it reaches nearly to the hip where it suddenly breaks out into a triple box plait, the box plait itself being placed directly on the hip like the frill of a very full blouse, and the two plaits on each side forming a sort of cascade which ends in the point I have described; while the back displays a somewhat similar, but broader and fuller point. No, I am sure you cannot imagine it because it must be seen to have its hideousness fully appreciated. ASTRA.

If you praise a man to his wife you may usually notice a look of surprise on her face.