

Frills of Fashion.

This is a chapter dealing strictly in fashions, the fashions of fashionable garments; for, with her summer raiment soon to fall into the sere and yellow leaf, every woman's mind is turned towards the promise of the coming autumn. So far as the importers and shopkeepers and dressmakers know, there are no radical revolutions of dress in store for the September shoppers. There never was a false accusation than that which says fashion is fickle, for indeed the mills of the mode grind slowly, and they grind just as much with a view to satisfying the owner of two new frocks a season as the purchaser of two new frocks a season as the purchaser of two hundred. That is to say, the grand ground plan of dressmaking does not change more than once in every three years, or when even the most thrifty woman's wardrobe supply is thoroughly worn out and she is ready and willing to begin restocking it on any new lines that the powers advocate.

It is only in the merest trifles that fashion deliberately chops and changes; in the draping of a necktie, the twist of a hat brim, or the piquant perching of a bow-knot; and with a few artful, inexpensive amendments merely we will soon enter on a new winter of dress. Skirts, for instance, during the next six months are going to be cut on the same pattern we have been using. Perhaps there will be just a shade more of fullness in the rear, and a thought more spread from the knee-line out; but if any intelligence is so blinded as to imagine that trains are doomed, let the newly imported autumn ulsters and mackintoshes stand out in flat contradiction of so false an impression. All of them have trains sprouting from their rear breadths, and what are these water-proof trains for but to protect the delicate dress-lengths to be inevitably dragged all winter beneath them? Plead and push your way into the sanctuaries where rich importations lie in fine shrouds of tissue-paper, preparatory to September openings in the big shops, and there you will see long silk and satin and brocade, or else solid fur cloaks and capes with trains of great dimensions. In the same places many model gowns can be peeped at, and not one of them, save in details, has any special news to convey.

The overskirts are very long. In fact, they are not overskirts in the accepted sense at all, but ill-shaped petticoats cut up in two, five, or seven points below the knee, and these points are backed upon a shaped and trimmed underflounce that stimulates an underskirt. For three long years now, season in and season out, the dress-makers have been trying to force in a purely Princess cut skirt and body in one, and they are nearer the achievement of their object than ever before, through here and there a costume with a short Empire waist turns up and might be accepted as a portent of the future.

Touching the details in the autumn stuff dresses, it is well to mention that a note of scarlet occurs again and again on the beaver-brown, beetle-green and smoky-gray cloth dresses which get a great deal of their ornamentation from close-rows of stitchings, or what is newer, flat wool or silk braid put on with the machine stitching that shows. Another salient point, but not a novel one, in the cloth suits is a big pointed revers or a pair of revers folding back over the bust. Last, winter one large revers faced with satin, and overlaid with lace was the proper inspiration; now we have two revers, and they are faced with moire silk, usually of ivory white.

Turn the gowns inside out and you will find the lining done with a thick soft moire black or white, in preference to taffeta,

and the bottom of the silk slip skirt finished always with a five-inch wide kilted flounce of moire, pinked along the edge. So far as can be seen, there is to be the usual neck finish to all these pseudo tailor gowns of fluff lace and chiffon in cravat arrangement, and high bright collars of various silky fabrics are to be part and parcel of the exact autumnal livery.

Between the shuffling off of muslin and toulard and the laying aside of straw and muslin roses there is always a special mid-season to be reckoned within the fall before heavy woollen gowns can be assumed. This year the Indian summer of clothes is to be made memorably beautiful with costumes of wooly crepon and fine wool grenadines, etamine, and albatross cloth in a series of charming grays and greens and old porcelain-blue tones. Used through the first period of transition from summer to fall, these gowns later on will be worn in the house and to the theatre. Really nothing could be more attractive than the figured etamines and the crepons embossed in finely intricate silk patterns and the light smooth faced wools that show rough knots of silk on their surface.

To treat these fabrics with incrustations of lace is the sympathetic idea, and no charming picture can be conjured up than an old rose or white etamine, enhanced with inset wreaths of black Luxeul lace. These dress themes are designed especially to accord with the toques woven of bright straw and black velvet ribbon, adorned with a whiff of tulle and a couple of tinted wings. A wrap for such a dress is always a short cape of goods to match the gown, figured over and with very narrow bullion braid in a somewhat Oriental pattern. Inside on the smooth silk lining are run rows upon rows of narrow lace of chiffon flouncing to add to the exceeding frolicsome of the whole study.

In the interest of the jewel loving woman it is necessary to confess that stones sunk in enameled surfaces will distance all their ornamental competitors this autumn. The smartest brooch worn takes the shape of an oval of gold or silver enameled in green of a lovely pellucid tone and showing a splendid pearl or an equally large and perfect diamond sunk in the verdant bed. Shields, hearts, crescents, bars, stars, and diamonds of rich red, turquoise blue, Chinese yellow, or glistening black enamel are sumptuously adorned with precious stones that form a sharp contrast of color, and the newest neck chains are linked sticks of enamel a fourth of an inch long, as large round as a wheat straw, and peppered irregularly with chips of emeralds, rubies, diamonds, etc. A flat topped purse of woven gold links can be carried on this chain; but the purse that holds small silver is usually attached to a circle of gold, slipped on the wrist; and the purse itself is a square bag of mixed gold, silver, and gun-metal links. By a short length of ornamental chain, the purse is made fast to any bracelet that may be worn, and the wearer is thus insured against loss by theft or carelessness.

The bowed lip of the new change-purse is now covered with emerald, sprinkled with wee, bright stones and the bracelet to which it is attached is a jeweled, enameled circle that in design and color accords with the remainder of so useful a little ornament.

Save for the brevity of her skirts and a somewhat studied simplicity of style, the small girl of the hour, whose autumn wardrobe is a matter of maternal anxiety, is but a bold imitator of the prevailing grown up fashions. Simple guimpe waists, toby neck frills, and full-gathered petticoats are no longer in favor. Gowns a la princesse are emphatically the juvenile mode for the fall season, especially for the damsel entering the dignities of her teens. All girls at ten years of age are now put in corded waists that mould the figure nicely, so that a dress-maker has no difficulty in giving to a pretty cloth or silk suit a smart set over hips and shoulder.

Long sleeves and high neck-bands, finished in rear peaks or timely little wired ear flaps, are phrases of the well-planned girl's toilet, and now and then pointed overskirts and square collar revers are introduced to advantage. There is no distinction to be made between the fabrics for girls and those for women. A mother and her school-going daughter will often have gowns made from the same roll of goods, and the trimmings though different, will be equally costly and novel.

Girls under ten are not to revel, apparently, in the pretty, easy, semi nautical blouse waists of cloth that have until this season been so proper. Checked and plain wools in warm currant-reds, cedar-browns, and greens are the favorite materials, and the little frocks have waists garnished with rows of velvet ribbon, arrangements of buttons, vests, revers and less childish ornamentation. Only the six-year old mites escape the application of fashionable whims to their skirts, and, as it is with their mammas, the children run about

in eel-like draperies dropped upon separate under-slips of silk.

A very good word can be said for the design of the school girl's wrap. Her coat, when it is properly made, is an easy, ample box-shaped garment, strapped on the seams, buttoning well up under her chin, and the skirts of it falling nearly to her knee. There is an abundance of pocket accommodation inside and out, and the lining is thick, warm durable satin. In fawn and Yale-blue and a rich damson purple, some of these coats are made of beaver cloth, melton, and sturdy Irish frieze, and others of dark blue, brown and gray have, down the front and on cuffs and collar, broad bands of gay plaid introduced in imitation of the style so popular with the grown-ups. Girls in their teens will undoubtedly use the long plaid trimmed capes that are shown now only as models. Such capes are cut to fall clear to the dress hem, and have their sloped borders of plaid in a mixed pale, yellow, and brown, while the body of the wrap is solid brown. No hood is attached, but the comfort of a lofty collar is supplied, and in a cold wind or storm the wearer is as protected as if bundled in a close coat and mackintosh together.

Boys have brown and gray mixtures for every day use, and later are to have evening and dancing school suits in light weight satin faced cloth lined with black satin, and handsomely set off with cut steel buttons. There is an eighteenth century savor about these juvenile dress-coats, which are graceful and ornamental when flowered waistcoats are worn with them; but the boy in his teens gently but firmly refuses to accept so fanciful a costume, and at thirteen the proper evening costume for a young gentleman consists of knee trousers and dinner coat of black goods, and a white waistcoat cut high and showing a tie and collar quite like that which any man would wear.

The very little boys are dear to the maternal eye in their cloth coats of high-wayman pattern with scalloped capes, and instead of white for younger children fashion for the coming season will favor beaver brown trimmed with cream and oatmeal yellow. Reasonably full knickerbockers of checked goods worn with cut away coats of a solid tone, waistcoats buttoning to the chin, and wide white linen collars seem about the dress promised for a school-going ten-year-old. A cycling cap of goods, similar to the knickerbockers and a bright Persian patterned silk scarf in a butterfly bow give the boy comfort and color.

The fashionable and devoted mother of a son who has attained his trousers majority no longer obliges the child to carry Lord Fauntleroy ringlets. The brown or blonde locks are cropped within two inches of the head, parted on left side and then by means of artificial aids waxed into a light waving mass all over the head. A careless half-curled lock is introduced on the forehead, and the youngster is the happier and handsomer for this more masculine style of coiffure.

The Exact Figures.

There was a case before a judge of a circuit court, growing out of damages resulting from a fire which had originated in an immense oil-tank. During the fire a large amount of property was destroyed.

Among the witnesses was one of the men who had been in charge of the tank. He had given his testimony, and the lawyer for the prosecution was cross-examining him.

'Your name, I think you said, is Grundenkye?'

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'Yes, sir.'
'You were one of the men employed to take care of the tank in question, were you not?'
'Kind of so.'
'In what capacity?'
The witness struggled a moment with the question.
'Capacity?' he said.
'Yes.'
'I reckon about twenty-five thousand gallons,' answered the witness.

A BRIGHT IDEA.

But Weary's Pard Found a Fatal Flaw in the Scheme.

'Pete,' exclaimed Meandering Mike, 'I'm gittin' res'less!'
'Don't do it. Take t'ings easy while ye kin.'

'Ever since I dropped into dat lecture hall last winter to git warm I've had somethin' on my mind, an I can't git it loose. In rangles in the conscience an overhelms me wit' a re'lizin sense of de resistlessness of fate. Dis life ain't nothin but one hard luck story any way you take it. But a man of brains kin sometimes git de best of de situation.'

'Dat lecture mus' of sunk into yer system deep.'

'It did. But I've got a scheme dat'll help out. De nex time we takes a freight train we'll take one goin east.'

'What fur?'

'Did you ever hear of velocity?'

'Sure. Dey's got t'ree wheels, an de kinchens tries to run over you wit' 'em.'

'Dat's close to, but not next. Velocity is what de world moves wit'. It's so many miles a second. We're goin it all de time, shovin from west to east, an when you t'inks ye're restin it's only another delusion an a snare. Ye can't stop movin.'

'Well,' asked Plodding Pete, disconcertedly, 'what're you going to do about it?'

'Jes' what I told ye. De world's movin from west to east. De only chance to neutralize de swiftners is to take a train goin from east to west. I dunno as we kin hope fur any actual repose, but its de only chance I see fur comin anywheres near it.'

'It's a bright idea, but it won't do.'

'Why not?'

'It only works one way. We can't keep on ridin west forever. An t'ink of de double exertion when we have to turn aroun an come de other way!—Washington Star.

Out of Order.

That which is out of order is not always out of place. A certain old gentleman, who at a synod of the Dutch Reformed Church desired to speak, was surely out of order, but before he had done talking nobody thought him or his speech out of place. The story, as told by Christian Work, belongs to the year 1841.

While the General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church was sitting in New York, a quaint-looking old man, with a broad brimmed, round-crowned hat in his hand, walked calmly up the aisle to the president's seat, bowing as he came.

'Mr. President,' he said, 'I want to talk.'

Nobody knew the speaker, and the president asked, 'Are you a member of this body, sir?'

'No, sir,' replied the old gentleman, 'but I want to talk.'

The president reminded him that none but members had a right to speak, but an aged minister who had just come in recognized the would-be-talker, and said, 'I move that the Rev. Elias Van Benschooten have leave to talk.'

The motion was carried, and the old man went up to the president's table and drew from his pocket a roll of bank-bills. These he counted—eight hundred dollars in all. Then he drew out another package of securities amounting to thirteen thousand, eight hundred and forty dollars, and counted them out, afterward, in a few well-chosen words, presenting the whole sum to the synod for educational purposes.

It was the first endowment made in the Dutch reformed Church for theological education. The old gentleman's speech was certainly out of order, but everybody felt that it was distinctly a speech in the right place.

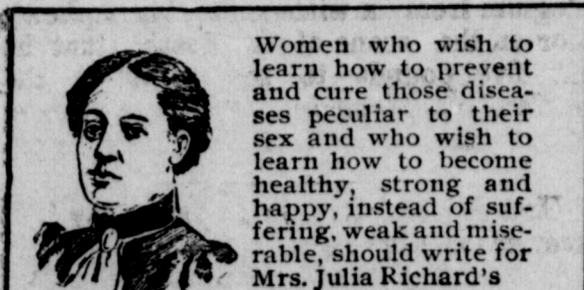
Six Times Around the Earth

The distance which a regular walker, who takes a fairly long tramp every day, will cover in a lifetime is something quite startling. A man has been found in England who has walked more than six times the distance around the earth.

Not long ago a business firm in England offered, as an advertisement, prizes for all sorts of 'champions.' Among the rest was a prize for the postman who could prove that he had walked the greatest number of miles.

This person was found to be Mr. Paul Hemmel of Swardston, Norfolk, England. He has been forty three years a postman, and during all that time has never been one official day absent from duty. He is now seventy years of age and is still discharging his duty satisfactorily.

He proved that in those forty-three years he has walked, in carrying the mail, upward of one hundred and sixty thousand miles. No other postman approached this record, and it is doubtful if it can be matched by any living man in any occupation.



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