

Frills of Fashion.

Dame Fashion, ever true to the traditions of her sex, brings renewed evidences of radical changes which bid fair to supersede some of our pet fancies later on.

It is the immediate future which must be considered by those who cannot change their garments with every passing whim. The very short coat is rather a staple article of dress in a way as it is always on the edge, if not in the midst of fashion, and is always jaunty on a pretty figure, no matter how great the variety in outside garments may be.

The long coats, and semi-long cloaks and coats, are distinctly the novelties of the season, but whether they will become popular or not remains to be seen.

All the outside wraps, whether coat or cape, are finished with the high standing collar flaring away from the face, and lined with white satin and cream lace folds of shirtings or white chiffon, or fur, as you fancy. Elegant evening wraps are made in the long coat style of black velvet and handsome black satin.

One of the three quarter coats shown is in tan cloth with a saque back merging into a shaped flounce, rounding at the front. The collar and revers are covered with sable, and the novelty in trimming is the silk cord matching the cloth in color, arranged from the shoulders like a deep fringe and finished with a knot and fringed ends.

The contrast between the long garments and short coats is of course very striking, but the short jackets have the lead just at the moment, and are decidedly the thing for tailor-made gowns and dressy cloth suits as well.

popular trimming; and a similar ornamentation, which is quite as effective, is made by cutting out the dress material in a conventional design over a taffeta silk which matches it in color, and finishing the edges with rows of satin cord of the same shade.

Frills of Fashion.

Flannel shirt waists have filled up the spaces once occupied by the cotton waists in so effectual a manner that the others are scarcely missed. They are prettier, too, than ever before, as the flannel waist is very fine and soft, and comes in beautiful colorings. It is plain, and striped with hairlines of white, spotted with white or plaited in all colors of the rainbow.

A military touch on our gowns and separate waists is the correct thing just at the moment. It is brought out very prettily by using a band of red velvet around the collar band and trimming it with rows of narrow gold braid put on in tiny coils or straight lines.

Huge boas and round granny muffs of cinnamon bear skin are among the novelties in furs. The boa is round and long, reaching almost to the hem of the skirt.

Some of the new evening dresses are profusely trimmed with artificial flowers, pink button roses and buds being especially chic. White tulle, striped with narrow ribbon velvet, is very effective over white satin for an evening gown, and ruffles at the foot edged with the velvet ribbon.

The combination of fur applied to lace is one of the season's novelties. It is cut out in various designs and sewn on in spots as lace flowers are applied on cloth and silk, but it is not pretty in the sense that fur edgings are attractive on lace, or as a cream lace bow is pretty on a fancy fur muff.

Changeable bengaline is in favor for evening dresses, the mixture of gray and mauve being the pet fancy.

ROYALTY'S GORGEOUS EQUIPAGES. State Coaches and Horses Which Draw Rulers in Splendor.

The harness upon the horses which draw the carriages of the Czarina of Russia on state occasions are made of red morocco stitched with white. The reins are of red silk and gold. An arched eagle's neck forms the ring through which the reins are passed, and the manes are hidden under a broad lezange of fringes and red silk passementerie.

The Empress of Germany, upon super-extra occasions, rides in a golden coach

which has a history. She made her entrance into Berlin, upon the occasion of her marriage, in this vehicle, which was sent to convey her to the capital from the castle of Belle Vue, where all the brides of the Hohenzollerns spend the night before their marriage.

Queen Victoria has carriages to burn. For grand occasions, jubilees, royal weddings and the like, eight cream white horses are used and each horse is led by a scarlet coated groom; the harness is as glittering as scarlet and gold plate can make it. Queen Victoria has thirty state and semi-state carriages. The most interesting one is the glass coach built in 1761. It has been called the most magnificent carriage ever built.

The Queen will in future not allow the tails of her horses to be docked, and she has given a hint to the Prince of Wales to follow her lead.

The royal family in England has been pleased to recognized publicly the importance of the donkey. The Duchess of Fife, at a recent show, distributed prizes to the most beautiful donkeys. The Queen and many of her subjects affect the donkey cart.

The state carriages in Spain number four, all of the style known as Louis XIV. They are finished, one in Vernis Martin, one in tortoise shell, one in ebony and one in mother-of-pearl. The royal coat of arms is emblazoned upon panels and encircled by diamonds.

One of the state coaches used by King Humbert and Queen Marguerite is entirely covered with reponse silver.

The Khedive of Egypt has expensive tastes in harness. He recently placed an order for a set in London which cost \$10,000. The buckles are of chased gold, and the pad cloths are embroidered with gold. The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh and the Gaekwar of Baroda have paid much larger sums for London-made harness, however.

The Shah of Persia's coaches are barbaric in splendor, and the long tails of his horses are dyed crimson for six inches at their tips, a jealously guarded privilege of the ruler and his sons.

The Dawn of Motherhood.

'One thing is certain,' an affianced maid announced, with decision, on the eve of her wedding, 'my husband shall never call me 'Mamma.' He may call me Clara, or Mrs Richards, or even 'Say,' but I shall never be called 'Mamma.' It is a horrid, impersonal name.'

We mammas who heard her only smiled, and answered nothing at all, for each of us remembered that she was young, and that there were many, many things that she did not know.

She did not know that when the sweet-heart had changed to the wife, and the wife to the mother, there comes a wonderful first time. The first time that she feels the downy head nestling under the chin: that first time that she feels the restless pat, pat of the feet as she vainly tries to prison them in her hand, she learns then that her life has burst into a new and wonderfulness.

Women who wish to learn how to prevent and cure those diseases peculiar to their sex and who wish to learn how to become healthy, strong and happy, instead of suffering weak and miserable, should write for Mrs. Julia Richard's

BOOK FOR WOMEN FREE

While this edition lasts a copy will be sent postpaid in sealed envelope to any lady who applies for it.

Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 996, Montreal

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND. And 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. HOUSEHOLD LINENS. From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

derfulfulness. In her heart there is kindled the fire of love, and the incense that arises from it glorifies the whole atmosphere, and the warmth envelops her and her baby in an everlasting mantle. Then in the dim light she sees bending over her the one that she loves best of all, and she reaches out her hand to draw him near, that he, too, may come within the enchanted circle; that he, too, may breathe the sacred incense, and be warmed by the heavenly fire.

He who best knows how to propitiate the mother of his best girl has the battle more than half won. This has to do with a bungalow in the line referred to. He called at the pretty house on National avenue and made the mistake of trying to entertain the mother instead of allowing the mother to entertain him while waiting for the girl, who had not completed her toilet.

The daughter came and the mother excused herself, only to find a seat in the back parlor. She had taken a dislike to the youth and was on duty. The baby of the house hold came in, and, as a matter of course, 'oddled right to the corner occupied by sister and her 'steady.'

A good lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature; and thus it was that Lawyer Hackett did not fear to purchase the tract of land which, says the Lewiston Journal, had been 'lawed over' for years. Some of the people wondered why he wanted to get hold of property with such an incubus of uncertainty upon it.

in red hot to fight that line fence question on his own hook. That's what the owner of the adjoining land thought. So he braced himself for trouble when he saw Hackett coming across the fields one day.

'I insist,' replied his neighbor, 'that your fence is over on my land two feet at one end and one foot at least at the other end.'

'Well, I replied Hackett, 'you go ahead just as quick as you can and set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet, set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet.'

'But,' persisted the neighbor, 'that's twice what I claim.'

'I don't care about that,' said Hackett. 'There's been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself.'

The man paused abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle tooth and nail, but this move of the new neighbor stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. He looked at Hackett. 'Squire,' said he, 'that fence sinit going to be moved an inch. I can't want the land. There wasn't nothin' in the fight, anyway, but the principle of the thing.'

How he F. I. w.

In one of the great squares of St. Petersburg stands a magnificent column one hundred and fifty feet in height, erected to commemorate the reign of the tsar, Alexander I., the ally and afterward the rival of Napoleon. On the occasion of a public celebration, the present tsar wished to have the great shaft illuminated, and round lamps of enormous size were ordered from a leading glass manufactory.

'I want to rinse my mouth; its dry.' They gave him a cup of water. He rinsed his mouth, taking plenty of time, and then applied his lips to the tube. Slowly and steadily the ball of hollow glass grew. Soon it reached the dimensions of its nearest rival. Then it became bigger, bigger, until it approached the required size. Then it attained it. Then it passed it.

'Stop, stop!' cried the crowd. 'It's getting too big,' and the foreman added, 'How did you do it?'

When he felt the rubles in his palm an expression of genial satisfaction overspread his rough features. 'Why, it's easy!' said he, and then he explained how he had retained some of the water in his mouth, how he had gradually blown it into the molten ball, and how the expanding steam had instantly come to his assistance.