

# Frills of Fashion.

On the principle that the early bird catches the first worm many sun browned women comes quietly into town these latter days of summer in order to keep a sharp lookout for the first samples of autumn goods. This is a policy that pays, for every year the merchants anticipate the season more and more and she who does the bulk of her shopping before the rush begins skims the cream of the fall display and books herself first with the dressmaker. There is already, for example, no small amount of sight seeing to be done around the counters where woollens and heavy silks are displayed and the impression one receives, after a study of the newcomers, is that there is a battle for supremacy already on between the plaid and the dot. Highland plaids as we knew and wore them a few years ago have nothing to do with the present case, for the dominant cross bar pattern just now is a study in warm monotonies on a background of dull colored goods having as rough a surface as a penitent's hair shirt.

To be explicit the material itself is usually a thick, soft camel's hair, dyed a lustreless graphite grey, roan red or bronze brown, and then crossing at right angles run bands of red and green, yellow and gray, or blue and mulberry that are just one note higher or lower in tone than the body of the goods. Very sympathetic and autumnal are these color arrangements and particularly pleasing on goods that look as thick as a travelling rug, but are really as light as a Shetland shawl and bristling with a handsome woolly nap, some of which is as long as one's finger.

A cloth surface it is done with a very coarse silk, and the bobbin in the shuttle is wound with a silk of some shade that shows in bright contrast to the dress goods. By this device a beaver brown gown decorated with stitchings will show the finest points of green or pale yellow where the shuttle thread peeps through.

To coats as well as gowns the stitching infection has spread, and among the very early coat models two new comers excite most comment. The first is the short coat in black, blue, or brown, having its edges everywhere bound with ribbon. A thick, rich aureole ribbon that wears well and has a satin cord edge, is commonly put to this service, and is very much in moment, as the Parisian tailor says, for it is his own clever idea. The other interesting stranger is the long Empire ulster, and the question naturally arising is whether we must accept this as foreshadowing the coming of the high girdled Josephine fashion that Jane Harding, with her Napoleonic play, has set on its feet. Undenially the Empire gown is coming but whether or not it is to fully develop in the autumn no one can yet be sure for it all depends on what the women who are to wear it say and feel on the subject. A goodly number of semi Empire gowns have come over already as models for ball and wedding dresses; the entering wedge is typified by the new coats and cloaks.

But over against a counter full of three Caledonian beauties the spotted fabrics make an enticing show. There are rough woolls in green and brown woven with large transparent or grenadine dots, through which a well chosen silk lining will glimmer to advantage. Then there are winter cashmires with damask spheres sprinkled over and most attractive of all are the pied

velvets and satin-faced cloths with velvet dots woven into them. According to the Parisian dictum no woman can wear a costume compiled wholly of plaid or dotted goods; but she must combine one or the other with a plain facit material. Another clause in the most recent legislation for clothes commands the association of a rough surfaced material with a satin surfaced fabric in the same toilet and no braid at all anywhere. As has been remarked before clusters of machine stitching appear to reign in place of braid and this machine stitching is very novel and artistic and decorative in its way.

No law abiding, beauty-loving American woman is going to take kindly to the box coat that is now the candidate for popular use and favor this season. She may wear it as it is for a while, but when the inevitable belting in comes, it will probably be done high up under the arms, and thus the fashion of the Empire will be established.

There is no denying that momentarily the box shape will prevail, and on some peculiarly slender graceful women it is a complete success; for all others it is a hissing and an abomination. Undoubtedly the sisterhood of comfortable bust and hip girth will be driven into the arms of the long fur and cloth capes, for the slight and especially the girlish looking women will have none of these save as evening wraps.

Lovat mixture, beaver and felt cloth, livery melton and a rich rep are some of the coat goods that prevail, and the linings this season are done in white or black moire, of soft, heavy quality, showing a broad watered vein and widely spaced lines of blue satin. A number of smart coats have their bodies lined with silk, and their sleeves with satin and, any length of coat skirt is permitted. Quite an unusual number of long cloaks are being made to order, which, seemingly, is an indication that feminine great coats are to be extensively worn. The capes that catch the eye are distinguished often by extremely handsome throat clasps. A dull looking whitish metal, called celtic silver, is what many of these are made of, and they are enameled or set with stones that are unearthed in Scotland and approved by ancient highland fashion.

Last year wraps made wholly of fur were not regarded as an expression of the best taste; but now the fine flower of the mode promises to be a box coat of seal, Persian lamb, broad tail or sable, lined with satin striped moire, topped with a positively lofty collar and showing on its buttonless front a pair of satin-faced revers encrusted with lace application. Some of the fur coats, certain to win a warm place in any woman's heart, are made of beaver, and the promise is that white fur will not be worn at all; also that many fur and velvet coats will have their high collars made wholly of ostrich feathers.

Only toward the tail end of last winter did the combination of lace and fur make a place for itself, and so admirable are handsome webs wrought with the needle on richly colored pelts that it is no wonder that this arrangement will be the highest achievement of artistic luxury for wraps for special occasions, for the opera, for calling, and most especially for capes. Circles of lace, backed on satin, form broad borders to wide falls of sable or selected mink, or silver fox. For opera capes that portion of the interior that lies against bare shoulders is lined with down, the rest is done in satin.

The first theatre bonnet, of the new era

in millinery has just blossomed and it proves to be a frothed double handful of white tulle, light as soap suds and set off with two long hat pins that have elaborately cut and very large jet heads. It is worn perched rather forward on the head and has not a touch of color nor a spangle to rob it of its charm. In the garden of hats, where something new breaks forth every day, toques of dotted velvet ornaments with huge silk flowers and a dotted quill or two call for intelligent interest. The quills are treated with pasted on velvet disks and then cunningly tinted round the edges till a marked resemblance to the large dark velvety eye spots in a butterfly wing is noticed.

The geniuses that build these hats say that it is sure to be the fashion later on for the wearer of a smart cloth or silk frock to have her Directoire toque made of goods like her costume, brightened with stross or celtic silver buckles and the many eyed quills. The felt broads will one and all come in with velvet bound brims and in tones of gendarme blue, bronze, green and murky grey that strike a sharp contrast with their black velvet brim borders. Another striking type is the felt with velvet dots or big satin dots on its surface; and the big flowers, made of silk with velvet hearts—mauve poppies as big as ice cream saucers, and mulberry-colored roses as large as a coffee cup—achieve in very dashing style, with their black, crimson and yellow centres, the important business of ornamenting the feminine roof and crown of things.

You can, with your new locust green veil wear a garrote collar, as the high tight neck band is called, or if the gown is intended chiefly for at home use you can have its neck comfortably cut down as low as the collar bones in front. Flat throat-laced waists promise indeed to be conspicuous in the near future (and when the theatres open next month many women are to be seen in gay special waists on which the tide of ruffled chiffon, lace and ribbon rises no higher than the base of the round white necks. This will be pleasing and novel and the women will look twice as comfortable as in the throttling bands to which they have clung with such devotion. Elbow sleeves are of course the rational accompaniment of the low-necked waist, and the trick now played with the sleeves is to have them of lace to the elbow and hugging the arm closely from the shoulder down. At the shoulder a scarf of lace incrusts chiffon springs out and is draped daintily with a strap of black or hortensia ribbon and a buckle. The scarf may measure a few inches and wave delicately from the shoulder, or it may more prettily measure about an Ell and is looped round the elbow and the end hangs as a frill would, from the elbow of the sleeve.

Naturally the sequins to these sleeves is the long glove, and ootmeal yellow is the new evening tint in suede. They are showing in the shops an autumn novelty in the form of a special elbow long suede that buttons from the wrist to the elbow buttons and yet wrinkles a bit, and the fastening of the pretty thing is done by a series of silk loops passed over small silver ball buttons. For walking and street wear the heavy and smooth-surfaced red and brown leather gloves are no longer the indication of extreme good taste; heaviest mole gray undressed leather, stitched with coarse white silk and fastened by one large pearl button, gives the proper touch of distinction to a toilet as does the small flexible change purse of gray leather with the owner's initials in brass thereon and the umbrella having a brass knob on its handle over-laid with clear glass.

For, after all, it is at this transition season the detail, not the gown itself, that marks the woman of fashion. You can tell her by her broad-toed brown ties and white spotted hose and, more than all, by her necktie. It may be of sheer white tulle, or a broad La Valliere (ash of black Limousine ribbon, or a neckerchief of blurred blue Liberty chiffon; but it is sure to be wound twice around her neck and pulled to her waist line through at least two jeweled rings. They are finger rings set with gems or enameled bands, but one of them gathers the tie folds in its circle at the throat, the other at the bust, and then the ends of the scarf are left to wave or are tucked into the top of the skirt band.

## Imbibing Wisdom.

The man with a fad, who was talkative, as such men generally are, had been discoursing to his friend, says the New York World, on the influence of food upon character.

"Tell me," said he, in summing up, "tell me what a man eats, and I will tell you what he is."

His friend, although fatigued, was evidently interested.

"There is only one question I wish to ask you," he said.

"Ask it," replied the discourser, mag-

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namously, with an air that said very clearly, "Give me a hard one while you are at it, and I'll show you how smart I am."

"It is this," replied the fatigued friend. "How much sage tea would you have to drink to make a wise man of yourself?" No answer being promptly forthcoming, the conference broke up.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS.

How They Helped a Family in Its Time of Need.

The sad news went out over the Kansas prairie neighborhood one day in early May, "Farmer Piper is dead." He had come to the community several years before, but had not made a success of his little claim. In a cabin, small, unpainted and without a shade-tree about it, he had lived, and through the winter had suffered from sickness. The wife and three small children were in sore straits when the father and provider was called away, and the first thought of the neighbors, when they heard of Farmer Piper's death, was, "What will become of the family?"

The widow herself could not answer the query. She could hold her claim if there was a crop in the waiting fields, but they lay unplowed, with sturdy weeds springing up through the old corn-stalks of last year. She had no relatives to whom she could appeal, and there was nothing, after the doctor's bill was paid, that could be used to hire help.

What was her surprise one morning, three weeks after her husband had passed away, on looking out of her window, to see the vicinity of the house alive with teams and men. There were men with plows, men with harrows, men with listers, and men with corn-planters. There was even a machine for cutting the old stalks that lay on the ground, and a corn sheller was mounded on one of the wagons.

Work began without asking leave. While one team drew the stalk-cutting machine, others followed with plows. Then came the harrows and the planters, while the listers rapidly planted the corn on the fields that did not need so much care. Men were busy selecting and shelling the seed-corn, and when the late spring evening came there were seventy-five acres planted, and as pretty as any in the neighborhood.

In the company were thirty-nine teams and twice as many men and boys, all of whom did their part in making the day a good one for the widow and her family. A photographer came by at noon and made a picture of the party, with the widow and her children in the foreground.

Toward night the visitors filed out of the yard, with waggons rattling, plough-shares jingling, and men and boys cheering and waving good-bye. The widow, and her children stood in the door of the little prairie cabin. Tears did not allow them to recognize every one, but in their hearts was a thankfulness not to be put into words.

There were no politics in the act of the visitors that day, for men of all parties were there; no sectarianism for men of many churches and of no church held the plows; but in their souls was that touch of human kindness that makes the whole world kin, and a spirit of Christian service that is characteristic of the Western people, who have

fought out the battles of the prairie side by side, and so far as in them lies, are ready to share one another's burdens.

## LINCOLN AND THE SOLDIERS.

His Kindness and Tact Won the Soldiers' Hearts.

Of all the incidents told of Lincoln's hospital visits, says Ida M. Tarbell in McClure's Magazine, there is none more characteristic, none better worth preservation than the following, preserved by Dr. Jerome Walker of Brooklyn.

Just a week before his assassination, President Lincoln visited the army of the Potomac, at City Point Virginia, and carefully examined the hospital arrangements of the corps there stationed. At that time I was an agent of the United States Sanitary Commission, and although a boy of nineteen years, to me was assigned the duty of escorting the President through our department of the hospital system.

The reader can imagine the pride with which I fulfilled the duty; and as we went from tent to tent I could not but note his gentleness his friendly greetings to the sick and wounded, his quiet humor as he drew comparisons between himself and the very tall and very short men with whom he came in contact, and his genuine interest in the welfare of the soldiers.

Finally, after visiting the wards occupied by our invalid and convalescing soldiers, we came to three wards occupied by sick and wounded Southern prisoners. With a feeling of patriotic duty, I said, "Mr. President, you won't want to go in there. They are only rebels."

I shall never forget how he stopped and gently laid his large hand upon my shoulder, and quietly answered, "You mean Confederates." And I have meant Confederates ever since.

There was nothing for me to do, after the President's remark, but to go with him through these three wards; and I could not see but that he was just as kind, his hand-shakings just as hearty, his interest just as real for the welfare of the men as when he was among our own soldiers.

As we returned to headquarters, the President urged upon me the importance of caring for them as faithfully as I should care for our own sick and wounded. When I visited, next day, these three wards, the Southern soldiers and officers were full of praise for 'Abe' Lincoln, as they called him, and when, a week afterward, the news came of the assassination, there was no truer sorrow nor greater indignation anywhere than was shown by these same Confederates.

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