

## Frills of Fashion.

The high stock and jabot have already entered upon an era of active labors in conjunction with the flannel shirtwaists and fancy bodices, and there has come to pass this winter no decidedly new way of shaping dress collars or of arranging a full or scant neck drapery. Collars are cut up in a point at the back of the neck or in points at the rear of the ears; or they are shaped high behind and have a series of small broken points folding back one over the other. One smart French costumer shows a collar cut up in as lofty and acute a peak before as behind, but with the difference that the front point is slit half way down letting the chin of the wearer rest in a normal position while two ends stand up high against her cheeks, much after the fashion of the upstanding collars worn by men in the forepart of this century. This collar is as stiff as buckram can make it, overlaid with velvet and lined with a pale shade of chiffon. It fastens in the rear and so close about the throat that the head of the woman who wears it looks much like a budding blossom held tightly in a close calyx.

The whole responsibility for the charm of the cloth gown rests upon the machine stitching, which may be done directly on the skirt band waist itself, or else bands of cloth are stitched and then laid on. It is a fashionable whim to stitch the body of a gown in close regular rows up and down, the vest of it from right to left and its revers on the bias, or to stitch bands of satin and apply them to the edge of the tunic waist, and etc., and then complete the work of decoration with narrow bindings of fur.

An opening of evening gowns, made by a prominent importer the other day, clearly demonstrated that pastel chiffon is to be the chosen material of the debutante, while in the damasked silks and crepes the study is to build the costume on lines of such classical simplicity that the large and beautiful figure in the fabric will be fully and adequately displayed. A severe princess is the proper model for a maize yellow crepe glorified with huge mauve poppies, or for a green silk damasked in a trailing climatic pattern. The majority of these toilets have the long tunic skirt falling at the feet upon a shaped flounce of silk softened with studied simplicity. Sleeves have dwindled to narrow straps often of velvet fastened with sparkling buckles, or the gown is cut with a court neck and over one shoulder runs a ribbon band and bow, over the other a hoop of jewels or two strings of pearls.

Goodly in the eyes of woman appear the evening velvets, the exact like of which we have not seen before. They are here in white and colors, and literally they are closely set, narrow bayadere stripes of velvet on a satin ground, and answer to the name of velours imperatrice. Another type of even more courtly complexion is the velvets that have a deep black pile, deep almost as plush, but woven upon a foundation of white silk that gleams through the folds with an interesting ghostly effect. This is destined to be the fabric for the grande toilette de ceremonie, for first nights at the opera and for dinners of many covers. When wrought into a noble costume this velvet should have its train narrow, long and serpentine, composed of a multiplicity of black chiffon flounces, and show touches of white lace flowers encrusted with seed pearls. Let it be mentioned, while chronicling the advent of these velvet gowns, that in the evening ropes of pearls will be worn as industriously as last year.

Cause for gratitude to the manufacturers has the debutante because of the pastel chiffon that is used in the make up of those complete dancing dresses where only chiffon and nothing more is used. The beholder of one of these costumes is justified in waxing poetic over their charm, for at least three reflections of color are used in a single costume. Sharply does the character of these youthful frocks contrast with the princess gown of the older women by reason of their masses of loose, yet clinging drapery. They are compiled on a fragile cornerstone of thin surah or crepe de chine, and the usual scheme of color is to drape a pastel pink overdress upon a pastel blue under-drapery, and then hang ruffles everywhere of pastel green or yellow. Crude as this sounds, the result is infinitely pleasing, and the lengths of ethereal stuff are draped abundantly with somewhat the effect of tinted clouds upon an evening sky.

One of the hotly contested questions in clothesland just now is whether a woman's hair shall be pinned high or low; another whether the Josephine influence is to be welcomed or struggled against. In one night in London Mrs. Langtry made her

influence upon the hair of every woman so felt that within a week chignons had fallen from the highest point on the feminine cranium to the base. In prompt acquiescence, the American woman a following suit, and a parting as white as moonlight, a backward folded ripple of locks on either side to a clublike terminus low upon the nape, is at present the most modish way to comb one's hair.

There are no strong and convincing arguments yet hurled at the empire gown because the designers have actually done away with its objectionable features and preserved only its charms, and an enlightening view of one accompanies this text. This adorable garment has been constructed for an actress of acknowledged ability as regard the wherewithal she shall be arrayed, and the black drapery falling from bust to feet is of the softest crystal net showing a beaming little jet bead at intervals in its mesh. A few flounces feather the edge and this dusty cloud is dropped upon an cel-shaped underdress of Ophelia red silk. A bolero and sleeves of cream Luxeuil lace jet light from the red-dish linings through their mesh, and the bolero is so cunningly cut in points that all the thick waisted effect, so often the taut in an empire gown, is avoided, while a big rose of Ophelia red chiffon on the shoulder is pierced by a jewel bitted dagger. In view of this admirable example of a well considered empire costume we do seem justified in commending the mode.

That red is a good growing color is evidently the maternal sentiment that prevails, for little girls are arrayed like Little Red Riding Hood in all her glory. Cloth of red, empress and zibeline is what the parental eyes are partial to, and the children justify their mother's taste, for the warm berry red suits are becoming to a degree. Numbers of little girls are being wholly fitted out in this color against the opening of school—gown, hat, cape and all, of the same rich tone, and, as is the case with their elders, machine stitchings contribute greatly to the enhancement of the otherwise rather severe styles. Red linen, in checks or a solid shade, is what these merry maidens wear in the way of pinafores, and the linen is briar stitched in mingled white and red thread, or brightened with white embroidery.

In the riding schools, just getting their youthful classes in order, the young girls wear fresh little heather mixture tweed habits made up with Norfolk jackets and accompanied by black velvet caps. Against the glint of bright hair the velvet seems doubly soft and black and becoming. The brave cavaliers, of ten years and thereabouts, should wear, according to the law of fashion as it is interpreted for young gentlemen, the breeches, leggings, coats and caps that are miniature reproductions of those in use among the grown men.

### RICH DRESS MATERIALS.

Velvets the Most Expensive of Staple Goods, Laces the Costliest of all.

The costliest of what might be described as staple dress goods are velvets. Fine silk velvets, in black and in colors, for reception, dinner and evening gowns sell in regular widths up to \$15 a yard, and in velvets of extra widths as high as \$20. The velvets sold oftener for dress goods are those at prices under \$10 a yard.

The costliest of fancy fabrics are satin ground broche, a satin fabric in white or in some light color, with embossed velvet figures, in various colors, and in floral and in geometrical designs. The broche satins are made for evening wear. They are produced in great variety and many of them are of great beauty. Made twenty-one inches in width they sell through a wide range of prices up to \$15 a yard. There are wider satins and velvet broches, imported in dress patterns that are costlier still. These goods in patterns from seven to eight yards each, with pink, heliotrope, blue and other grounds, but a single pattern in a shade or color, imported, are sold at \$250 a dress pattern.

But the most expensive of dress materials is lace. Point lace flounce forty two inches wide, for gowns, is sold at prices ranging up to \$125 a yard, four yards being required for a skirt. The same lace could be used for the waist, in which case two yards more would be required; but oftener there is sold for the waist and sleeves an all over lace to match the flounce. Tais, in a lace from eighteen to twenty two inches in width to match the flounce at \$125 a yard, would cost \$50 a yard.

It will be borne in mind that these prices represent the cost simply of the material for the gown, without linings or trimmings or making up. What the finished gown would cost might depend on a variety of considerations. A gown of satin and velvet broche costing say \$1250 a yard might, cost completed \$500 or \$600. A gown from any of these materials would obviously be costly.

Dress goods of these very costly kinds are not of course articles of common sale,

but they are not of unusual sale. The purchasers include not only customers living here in the city, but others from among people of means in all parts of the country who for goods of this sort, as well as for many other articles of use and luxury come to New York.

### The Dangerous Vestry-Woman.

As a proof of the value of women on the vestry boards of London parishes, over which the house of lords have made themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the sober-minded, is the case of a Miss Busk, who has been a member of the vestry of St. George the Martyr, in South-west, for many years. It is the duty of the vestries, when it becomes necessary to disinfect the tenements of poor families, to provide 'reception houses' for them. But is a very difficult matter; for some unknown reason they are considered objectionable, and the poor have absolutely refused to occupy them. Miss Busk set herself to remove the objection. She fitted them up cheaply, but attractively; she placed cots for the children, so that mothers might be pleased, and when all was ready, gave a tea and invited several hundred poor women in to take a cup, and look over the house. They came, were charmed, and after that there was no trouble with the 'reception houses.'

Then Miss Busk attempted another difficulty. It had been so difficult to disinfect clothing as houses, largely because many of the poor had only the clothes they stood in; but Miss Busk tried providing pink and white flannellette for dressing gowns for the women, and blue and white pajamas for the men.

This also worked to a charm, and what vestrymen had battled over for years was effected at once. It is just such tact and wisdom that it needed, but what the house of lords has determined shall not be exercised, for fear the women will ask to sit in Parliament.

### A Travelling Letter.

Letter writing to friends and relatives at home is often a problem to European travelers whose time is so engrossed with sight seeing that they find little leisure for correspondence. Then, too, most novices at globe trotting are ambitious to keep a diary of their journey, and the dual effort to write for this and to send letters home is too much of a tax upon their time and energy. A resourceful Louisville woman who will sail for Europe next month has adopted a plan which will meet all emergencies, and which may prove a useful suggestion to other who contemplate an extended trip abroad. Instead of keeping a diary she is going to write a descriptive letter of the sights she has seen and send it at regular intervals to her different friends. The recipient each time will be requested to pass the letter around to the traveler's intimate friends, and when they have all read it the original recipient will send it to the husband of the traveler, who will put it away to form a diary.

### Brooklyn's Salvation Army.

Over in Brooklyn, there are four or five zealous persons banded together to do the duty that seems very evident to them. They do not belong to any organization, although they are specially licensed to preach the truth. Every pleasant night they assemble on a certain corner and sing their songs and say their messages to the crowd that stand about. They very seldom meet with any rude treatment. But not long ago a big rough fellow called out to them, 'Say, you do beat the d—l.' Quick as a breath came the answer, 'That's what we're here for.'

### A Dinner of Bore.

Here's a funny thing—a dinner of bore. A London hostess was the originator of the idea. All the persons she knew who were what is called 'impossible' were invited to dine together in an incongruous medley. But since each one was odd in a manner differing from all of the others, the combination was a happy one. They averaged up in a pleasing manner. But what would anyone of the guests have felt at knowing he was invited to a 'bore's dinner?' Probably he would have concluded he was the only one beside the bores who was asked.

### THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

Scared Away by Mysterious Sounds, Whose Sources Years Later Were Revealed.

'As a rule,' said the retired burglar, 'I did not pause to look at pictures in the houses I visited; there wasn't time even if I had had the inclination; but sometimes one's attention would be fixed on a picture by circumstances. For instance, as I was passing my lamp one night along a parlor shelf to see if there was anything there, the light fell, at the same moment, on a silver snuff box and a daguerreotype of a man in uniform that stood right beside it, and as I dropped the snuff box in my pocket I held the light on the picture for a

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minute and inspected it a little bit more closely. It interested me, somehow, though there wasn't anything very remarkable about it one way or the other; just the picture of a youngish, self-satisfied looking man in a military uniform.

When I turned away from the shelf I walked across the parlor to the hall of the house and out into the hall to go upstairs, but just as I put my foot on the bottom step I heard what sounded like a faint groan. Well now, you understand, I am not much disturbed by strange sounds because a man in my business gets, so to speak, used to the unexpected, but that groan stopped me. I stood there for a minute, with one foot on the floor of the hall and the other on the lowest step and waited. I didn't hear any more and then I thought I might have been mistaken and I started up, but I had scarcely raised that foot that was on the floor before I heard the groan again, this time for sure, and I was glad to put that foot down by the other instead of putting it up a step, and then I waited again awhile and then I started up once more, this time resolute to go ahead. That's what I did. Now, I heard the groaning beyond a doubt, and growing louder and louder as I went upstairs, and sometimes with a sort of growl mixed in like some great savage animal, and I didn't like it a bit, I can tell you that. As far as that's concerned, if I had followed my inclinations I should have turned round and skipped the ranch when the groaning first began, but I thought I ought to go ahead and find out what it was all about, anyway, and I kept on till I had got pretty near to the top of the stairs with the groaning growing louder all the time, with my interest not decreasing by a long shot, but my desire to investigate the cause of it decreasing rapidly.

When I got within a step or two of the top there was a sort of a boom that I couldn't understand at all, and just as I stepped up the last step on to the floor of that upstairs hall there came a sudden booming burst of sound that was many times repeated, rapidly, and that made the whole house shake as though there was thunder rolling through it, and smashing around in it, and then, my son, I went away, I don't shy at things I can understand, but I have very little use for the mysterious.

Well, I never saw that town again for three years. The next time I went there was in the time of a political campaign. They were having a big meeting there that night and a parade and that sort of thing, and I stood in a good place in the crowd and watched the procession; and when the band came along who do you think was playing the bass drum? My man whose picture I'd seen on the mantel shelf that night I nipped the heirloom snuffbox, and heard the mysterious moaning and groaning and thunder attachments.

I dropped a spoon or a fork or something in the dining room in his house before I struck into the parlor, and he'd heard it, and got up and saw me and then he headed me off with the drum. He had his eye on me from somewhere, and when I set foot on that lower step he ruffled the big drum gently, the low groan; it was easy for him and these groans grew under his hand as I advanced till he hit that whack when I was near the top, and then beat it with frantic energy when he saw that that single thunderburst didn't stop me.

Was he scared? Well, now you bet

your life he was, and I could imagine him gay and gaily as he was now, walking along, beating away on the old bass drum, with the sky rockets a soaring and the Roman candles a spouting around him, standing that night in a dark room in his own house and beating the big drum as he never beat it before or since; but I'll bet a thousand dollars to a cocoanut that I was worse scared than he was; but that wasn't the worst of it.

As long as it was a mystery, why I could stand it very well; but I've never, from that day to this, never met a brass band in the street without feeling sort of sheepish when the man with the bass drum went by.

## A Grateful Woman.

SAYS DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS SAVED HER LIFE.

Confined to Bed More Than a Month and Wholly Unable to Move—Food had to be Administered to Her as to a Child—Thankful Words of Praise.

From the Tribune, Deseronto, Ont.

Mrs. Wm. Doxater, whose husband works on the Rathbun farm, Deseronto, is well known in the town and surrounding country, her home having always been in this vicinity. Mrs. Doxater has passed through a more than usually trying illness, and as it was said she ascribed her cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Tribune was sent to investigate the case. It appears that Mrs. Doxater's illness dated from the birth of a child on Feb. 15th, 1899, when the attending physicians found it necessary to administer chloroform. The shock was greater than she could stand and the result was partial paralysis during which her life was despaired of. Mrs. Doxater gives the particulars as follows:—"Previous to the birth of my child I had enjoyed very good health, but following this my health gave way entirely. I was in bed for over a month, and had two doctors attending me. I was so weak that I could not turn myself in bed and had to be moved like a child. The little nourishment I took had to be administered by my friends. During this time I suffered great pain especially in the hip joints, and one side was paralyzed from the shoulder to the foot. The doctors could not tell me what my trouble was and the medicine they gave me did me no good. I became despondent and thought I would surely die. I got into a highly nervous condition and sleep was almost impossible. Just as I would fall asleep I would start up as though in a fright. This was the state of affairs when a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I can never tell how thankful I am that I took that advice. After I had used the third box I was able to leave my bed and move around the house a little. By the time I had used six boxes I had gained greatly in strength and was able to do my own housework. I could eat my meals with relish. I slept and am still constantly gaining in strength. My friends were surprised at my speedy recovery after beginning the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I believe that but for them I would not be alive to day. I will be glad if my testimony is the means of pointing to some other sufferer, the road to health.

People who are run down, weak or nervous will find renewed health and strength through the fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They enrich and build up the blood and stimulate tired and jaded nerves. Substitutes should always be refused as they never cured anyone. The genuine pills may be had from all dealers in medicine, or from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50.