

Chat of the Boudoir.

The latest sleeve model is quite close and plain for the entire length, except at the elbow, where there is a full puff. Whether this will find favor or not is not a settled question, but just at present the bell shape with the lingerie or silk undersleeve prevails. Fancy coats have the bell sleeves a little more flaring than those used in gowns and the undersleeve is very often of velvet with a gold decorated waistband.

As for skirts, the reports that they were to be shorter have not been verified as yet. Possibly the tailor gowns for street wear are of a more sensible length, just touching the ground, but everything in the way of a dressy costume, whatever the material may be, has a long, full skirt, which means that it is full around the feet but plain and close fitting around the hips. The Parisian as well as the American women refuse to adopt the new model, with plaits around the hips, and their combined wisdom ought to despatch this variety in an effectual manner.

Women have come to value natural lines as never before, and just at the moment anything which interferes with this much prized advantage is not to be considered very seriously. The dress designers may add all the fulness they like below the apparent hip line, but the hips must be quite plain, or if any tucks or plaits are used they must be very carefully stitched down to preserve the outline of the figure.

Cloths in the pale delicate tints have renewed their popularity this season, and while pale, dull blue and pink which resemble the blotting paper tint are both fashionable, the soft tones of beige have the lead. Golden browns, warm and rich in coloring, gray, greens, blues with a tinge of both gray and green in the mixture, and reds in the soft dull poppy and rose shades which have a rich purple tint, are the prevailing colors for street wear. There are many pretty mixtures in rough materials, beside wool, cotton and silk velvets, the last of which is very much employed for entire gowns. One rather effective model in the dull pink cloth has an underskirt with a flounce of satin foulard in the same shade but spotted with white. The upper skirt is scalloped all around and up the front, where it is open and edged with pink threaded with gold. The bodice, a short scalloped bolero, falls over an under bodice of the foulard, also forming the under sleeves, and the rather wide belt is of black velvet. This mode of using an underskirt of silk is a very useful one for renovating old gowns when more material is needed.

A street costume shown in the illustration is of dove gray cloth trimmed with stitched bands and collar and cuffs of Persian lamb. Another model with a bolero jacket is carried out in powder blue zibeline, the skirt finished in three shaped flounces piped with black satin and silver braid. The yoke and vest are of black panne, across which silk cords fasten in military style. Hip yokes of various widths and kinds are one of the season's features in skirts, and the material is sometimes box plaited below this, as shown in the model, but the yoke may be deeper if more becoming. The bodice also box plaited, has a yoke of tuck white taffeta, a lace bertha over which the box plaits extend, a black velvet ribbon cravat with gold ferrets on the ends, and wristbands of gold embroidered cloth are the finish.

One of the prettiest costumes of the season is in pale beige, the skirt with a deep plaited flounce being an especially becoming model. The front is quite plain with the exception of a box plait prettily stitched down, and the back has a similar box plait which flows into the fulness of the flounce at the back. The top of the skirt is the pretty circular cut so much liked. Fancy braid heads the flounce, but stitched bands may be used in its place. The double collars are made of cloth, one trimmed with braid and the other with velvet, and the vest is of white velvet trimmed with black and white velvet bands. A tucked silk skirt is the feature of the next cloth gown, cut in panels joined by an open work stitch. Velvet undersleeves and double revers are the points of one little coat model, the edges of the latter being trimmed with braid, black and gold, and again we have the cream velvet vest covered with embroidery in Persian colorings. Three circular frills finished like the revers head the deep circular flounce on the skirt.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

One department of fashion in which we can have absolute confidence for one entire season is that devoted to children's dress. The modes in sight now are certain to re-

main in style until the garments have to be replaced by new ones, and there is a satisfaction in that fact which every woman can appreciate in these days of rapid changes.

For boys' clothes there seems to be very little that is new. There are the same sailor suits, the Russian blouse with the hose trousers banded in below the knee and the short Eton coats for older boys. Gold buttons flourish here as well as elsewhere, and especially on the military overcoats with a deep caps.

Black, white and gold braid, tiny gold buttons and narrow velvet ribbons are the prevailing trimmings for little girls' gowns, while for more dressy occasions lace is used. The guimpe dress, never discarded, is made quite elaborate with an Irish point lace collar and the long waisted effect which is perhaps the only new feature. Laying the front and back in fine tucks down to the belt makes a very trim little gown.

For materials for small children's wear the colors are bright or else very delicate in tint, and cashmere, lansdown and thin silks are very popular. There are fine wool pleids which are useful and make up effectively with the lace collar. A shaped collar of the material tucked and trimmed around the edge with lace is also very pretty. The material is pink cashmere and the belt and cuffs are of white silk. Another more servicable gown is of blue and green plaid, and the collar is of blue silk trimmed with gold braid. The belt and band around the shirt sleeves are of blue silk.

The Zorave jacket is a feature of the small gowns, but it is made of velvet in the plain round cut or finished with a plaited frill like the one shown, and worn over a blouse waist of thin, white silk sometimes embellished with fine tucks and hemstitching. The accompanying skirt may be of velvet if you can afford the extravagance.

Pretty little coats for very young girls are made of light cloth, in the double-breasted sacque style with large turn-down collars in open silk applique. Other jackets have velvet or lace collars, and a more simple style is of cloth trimmed with braid. Then there is the long Empire coat trimmed with stitched bands.

Long coats of black satin with fine stitched down tucks, from the Empire yoke to a little way above the hem, are one variety of winter wrap which is to be very much worn. They are made effective with yokes of jet and silk applique, and lined with white brocaded silk. Something stylish in the way of an outside garment to wear in the South is made of black pongee tucked down to a circular flounce, which is headed with waved bands of black cloth stitched on. The upper portion is a cloth bolero hanging loosely from the pongee, and finished with triple capes around the shoulder. A narrow band of the silk stitched in rows trims all the edges.

Some of the new winter hats look like the summer models reversed. They come down low and flat over the forehead with a mass of trimming at the back. Very long, narrow buckles of gold and steel, or a mixture of both, are seen everywhere on every kind of shape, and some of them are so long that they are put through the centre of a bow and extend over on the crown at the back. Again they are used as a bandeau and with a little drapery serve to raise the hat at one side. Very pretty hats are made with either brims or crowns of fur.

The variety in neckware has increased astonishingly with the impetus which gold has given to this special branch of fashion. Gold braid and black velvet form some of the most servicable stocks, the velvet bias and finished around the edge with a fine gold braid forming the cravat with a knot in front. Inch-wide gold braid is carried around above this, and then there are folds of velvet with more fine braid.

Transparent stocks are made of guipure lace striped around in various ways with narrow bands of velvet ribbon either colored or black, dotted along the edges with gold beads. The ribbon forms a bow and ends in front, and is decorated with beads in the same manner. Gold gauze over white chiffon is a pretty foundation for this sort of stock. White chiffon stocks are trimmed with gold braid between the folds and little turnover points of gold embroidery and the cravat, which is the crowning finish of all stocks may be of black velvet edged with gold and the indispensable ferrets on the ends. Gold ribbon is also used for the cravat and boasts the same dangling end of gold.

Long gold chains are heavier than they were, and interspersed with links of enamel.

Imitation jewels are in great demand

now that a single string for the neck can be bought for something less than \$2.

Shaded suede belts studded with steel, gold, or enamel, and fastened with handsome buckles to match are very much worn.

French batiste in black and trimmed with lace makes a fashionable corset.

Frosted gauze in new material called givrine is used for evening gowns, which are also made of embroidered tulle.

Very frivolous and perishable neck ruffles or boas are made of chiffon, edged with chenille, and of white taffeta silk in a series of points edged with tiny black and white silk fringe. Later and more suitable for winter are the collarettes of stitched mirror velvet bordered with fur, and finished with long stole ends well decorated with chiffon, frills and tails. If you would be quite up to date your collarette, muff and toque must match.

WOMAN DEMANDS EQUAL CHANCE.

As a Competitor With Man in Industries Pursuits She has Rights.

At the next session of the Georgia General Assembly a bill will be introduced, the purpose is to open the doors of the textile department of the Georgia School of Technology to women more than 18 years old. The women of the State are greatly interested in the bill and a woman writer in the Atlanta Journal has given some strong sentimental and practical reasons in favor of its passage. She calls attention to the fact that of all industries none is more distinctively feminine than is the textile art. It is but natural that women should follow the loom and the spindle in their passage from the home to the factory. She reminds her readers that, whereas there has been an outcry from the home to the factory. She reminds her readers that, whereas there has been an outcry from men over the invasion by women of industries once given over exclusively to the sterner sex, no word of complaint has come from women that men have of late years crowded into the historically feminine fields of domestic arts—cooking, sewing, washing, serving and weaving. To her this silence seems to come not from the unnoted fact, but because women are quite willing that all the spheres of activity be opened to all and capacity be the only patient of eligibility.

Holding this view, she argues that a free field for all demands in justice equal opportunities for all, and she urges the right of women to be educated in the State textile school equally with men. She asks for no favors, no handicap. If when they have been educated their capacity is not shown to rank with that of men, she is willing that they should lag behind. She has no fear that if they prove their capacity they will find employment in the highest places in the art, because labor which is skilled never fails to find a premium over that which is unskilled. She asks that the women of Georgia at least receive the opportunity to demonstrate their fitness or unfitness to cope with men in this distinctly women's field.

An Accurate Description.

Here is a story that the ladies should appreciate. A young married woman who has many acquaintances in Cleveland, took a little trip in company with hubby up to Montreal and back not long ago. When they reached that bustling city they were approached by a respectable looking individual, who offered for a modest consideration to convey their trunk to the hotel. Never dreaming that a confidence man might be hidden beneath such a simple exterior, the husband closed the bargain and the couple wended their way to the hotel.

There they waited and waited for the trunk which never came. Finally the husband proceeded to the railway station and stated his trouble. The officials were sorry, but they could do nothing. Just about that time his eye caught sight of the missing baggage. He told the railway men so. They were very sorry again, but the claimant would have to identify the property in a manner entirely satisfactory to the officials. The claimant remarked that he had the key in his pocket. Wasn't that proof enough? The officials shook their heads. There were keys and keys. A key didn't signify much. What was in the trunk.

The husband asked them to wait a moment while he sent a messenger for his wife. She would know the contents to the uttermost piece.

The lady soon appeared and the husband stated the case to her and tossed the key to the waiting officials.

'Tell these gentlemen what is in your trunk, my dear,' he said.

'In our trunk,' she echoed.

'Yes, my dear. You can tell just ex-

actly what's in it because you packed it.'

'Of course I can,' she cried. 'Let me see. Why, there's—there's her face brightened, 'there's my best hat!'

And even the sober Canadians cracked a frosty smile at this remarkable example of accurate description.

TAE AND FEATHERS NO JOKE.

A Case That Took Five Days to Relieve the Man of his Coat.

Several hotel guests were sitting in the cosy corner of the lobby the other day, reading the papers and exchanging desultory comments. 'Ha! ha!' chuckled one of the party, 'I see they tarred and feathered a couple of Mormon elders up the country last night. Served 'em right, by jove! They must have looked funny, sauntering out of town, dressed in pitch and plumage!'

'Did you ever see anybody tarred and feathered?' asked the red bearded man in the next chair. 'No?' Well, let me assure you it's a pretty serious thing. I saw one case, and I'll never forget it in my life. It was in the fall of '87,' he continued, in response to a general request for the story, 'and I was running a Turkish bath house at Pittsburg, Pa. One morning a big, athletic man of about 35 walked in and ordered a hot bath. A little later he rang the bell and sent for me, and when I entered the room I was so astonished I nearly toppled over. From his feet to his neck he looked like a half picked black chicken. As it afterward turned out, he had been waylaid by a party of men at a place called Sheldon, right in the heart of the district where the coal strike is now in progress, and treated to a coat of tar and feathers. He was supposed to be a private detective who had been sent to pry into the secrets of one of the miners' societies, and I guess the supposition was correct. Anyhow, they did a very thorough job and evidently stopped at his neck to give him a chance to get out of the district without attracting attention, which was really a pretty shrewd move.

'The question before the house was how to get the stuff off, and a more difficult problem I never tackled. He had ridden over 100 miles in the cars, and the tar had become perfectly dry. In hardening it had contracted slightly and pulled out millions of the minute hairs with which all human beings are covered, which, of course, caused him intense agony. Moreover, it had choked up all the pores, and if he hadn't been a man of superb physique I'm satisfied that he would have succumbed before he reached the city. Well, I put him in a hot bath to begin with, and set a couple of massage operators to scrubbing him with flesh brushes and carbolie soap. In a little while we saw that wouldn't do. They got off a few small pieces, but the skin came off along with them, and I stopped the flaying and tried sponging with benzine. That had about as much effect as spring water on Krupp armor plate.

'Then I sent for a doctor, who had to admit himself puzzled. He said he had had very few cases of tarring and feathering in his practice; but something had to be done quick, so he tried soaking in warm turpentine. That proved to be the correct thing, but it was desperately slow work, and meanwhile the man had to be kept up on stimulants, for he was getting very weak. Eventually the turpentine dissolved the tar and we got it off with soft sponges; but how long do you think it took? Five days—working on and off, as he could stand it. When we got through he was laid up for a month. I got \$150 for the job. No, gentlemen, there is nothing humorous about tar and feathers when seen at close range.'

Failure of Flowers.

Father Tom, an old-fashioned Irish priest, was visited by Lady C. lately arrived from England, whose husband owned thousands of acres and had hundreds of Irish tenants. Like many of England's noble women, she wished to better the lives of her tenantry, and asked Father Tom if a neat flower-garden before each cottage would not lead to beautiful lives. Father Tom smiled and said she might try. A correspondent of the New York Tribune describes the result of the flower gardens.

The lady did try. She called on a dozen cottagers, and asked each if he—or she—would like to have a pretty flower-garden in front of the house. God in heaven bless her ladyship! Sure, there was nothing in the world they loved more than flowers.

Her ladyship's eyes danced with pleasure. A great cart-load of hardy plants, dug up in her own garden for transplanting, arrived in the village, and at the lady's expense plots were laid out before each house and fenced in, and in a very short time the flowers were deposited in their new—and uncongenial—homes.

A gift of blankets to each cottager raised his love of flowers to enthusiasm. When Lady C. had turned her back, they shook their heads sympathetically and whispered, 'Th' poor cratter is mad!'

Some time afterward, Lady C. drove

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down to the village to delight her eyes with the beauty of the cottage gardens. A scene of desolation spread before her.

'Mrs. O'Flagherty!'

Mrs. O'Flagherty appeared at the door, making a low courtesy.

'Mrs. O'Flagherty, what has become of the flowers I sent you? I see none.'

'Well, th' truth is, yer leddyship, Mick McGrath's pig—it's morthal toad of flowers, yer leddyship [another courtesy]—brak into me little garden an' eat ivery wan of 'em!'

She then interviewed McGrath.

'McGrath, why did you allow your pig to break into Mrs. O'Flagherty's garden and eat up her flowers?'

'Her flowers, yer leddyship! Wisha th' divil a flower (beggin' yer leddyship's pardon) I iver seen in her garden, barrin' a few cabbages, and she herself was th' on y pig that eat them.'

And so on. Another had his fencing completely smashed, and explained the matter by saying, 'Th' bhoys had a bit of a scrimmage, an' runnin' short of black-thorn sticks, bruk th's palin' for weppins, th' blackguards!'

Beautification by flowers was a failure, and the lives of the people remained unbrightened as ever, save for the brightness brought by the blankets. And yet these poor people cherish a deep affection for their benefactress.

They consider it a pleasure to scour the country for watercress and mushrooms 'for a relish for th' good cratter.' It is all most of them have to give, save their blessings.

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Too Rich to Spell.

'I wish,' said Mrs. Parvenu to her daughter's teacher, 'that you drop spelling from the list of Janet's studies.'

'Drop spelling!' explained the teacher. 'Why?'

'It is so common,' replied Mrs. Parvenu. 'Everybody learns to spell.'

'But your daughter will need the knowledge,' protested the teacher. 'She'll need it for her correspondence and—'

'Enough,' interrupted Mrs. Parvenu haughtily. 'Evidently you cannot rise above the common level. My daughter will move in the upper circles of society and will be rich enough to have a private secretary to write anything that she does not wish to have engraved. I do not wish to have her time wasted.'

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'I never heard of but one perfect boy,' said Johnnie pensively, as he sat in the corner doing penance. 'And who was that?' asked mamma. 'Papa—when he was little,' was the answer, and silence reigned for the space of five minutes.

'Tommy,' said his mamma one day, 'slip upstairs quietly and see if papa is asleep.' Tommy soon returned and said—'Yes, mamma, he's all asleep but his nose.'

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