MC2397

# **POOR DOCUMENT**

ADIES

LANGTRY BUSTLE.

HATS.

#### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. implements for dining, fanciful daggers in the spicy folds of the linen cincture of

A COLUMN OF GOSSIP AND HINTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG GIRLS: of tinted enamel, with the end of the to be by the fillet on her parchment brow, stem provided with two convenient was desecrated by a party of American thorns of gold to be used as a fork, the pleasure-seekers, a little withered ball,

what women all over the world and that ordinary knives and forks were in- poppy, was found in Psorai's girdle, still tended for the days gone by, when the attached to a slender callous stem, with-Falking and Thinking About,

dinner-parties of society included out leaves; and to all appearances as haunches of venison and mutton served dead as when placed on her fresh young To be wrapped about with daintiness, in huge slices to the guests and requiring corpse two thousand years and more ago. to live and move and have one's being substantial instruments for the sub-divi- Psorai's mummy, like most of the treaimmediately inside of soft, tinted silk and sion of the slices into morsels suitable sures of antiquarian Egypt, was after a cobwebby lace, to stir with one's breath for the mouth. "Those were days of while carted away to the British Museum. nothing coarser or heavier than fairy like- gross hospitality, and the table necessi- The rose that had bloomed on her bier embroidery or drawn work done in the ties were in keeping," observes the anti- and then withered away for a two-thousheerest of delicate linens, to feel that knife and fork hostess; "I am not sure sand-year nap was taken by the Amerieven as one's outer garb is a joy to the eye so the inner garb is bliss to the touch that the Chinese do not show exquisite taste in their use of chop-sticks." of them sat at the window on a June

and the consciousness, these things make up some of the pleasure which women Men sometimes wonder what bustles with the floral relic of eld as the big yel-

are for. Evidently in the case of ladies low moon came slanting along over the take in their underwear. Five thousand dollars for underwear is who do not desire to pay duty on smug- sands. In a moment of romantic triffing not an unheard-of item in the out-fit of a gled goods bustles serve a very useful the Rose of Jericho, still unknown by its fashionable bride. The girl of the period who wants a chic outfit from top to toe who was a passenger on a steamer from beauty, was dropped into a water jar will begin with the knitted silk vests tied up with ribbons. The chemise which away seventeen and a quarter yards of the tremendous evaporative power of the up with ribbons. The chemise which the fashionable woman favors just now is made of China silk, hand woven, in any soft light shade.

With it go drawers to match and a name of the law. It is said that as a matter lit realm of the Pharaoes to a prosiac night robe so elaborately lace trimmed of fact women are more given to smuggl- Cairene-bed, when his eye fell on the and embroidered, of China silk also, that ing than are men. They dearly love to water jar. Supported by the top rim of and embroidered, of China sink also, that my lady is getting quite in the way of re-ceiving an intimate or two in her chamb-er, wrapped in it of a morning and gos-siping half an hour over her coffee or chocolate and half a dozen strawberries before dressing for the day. inspectors, who seem to do their duty. well. A heavy seizure was made in New A moment more and its petals bent back-With set of silk underwear, two silk York the other day, when it was shown wards still further and displayed a glow-

My Little Maid of Acadie. and miniature swords, enriched with an Egyptian mummy. When the tomb jewels and art work. For instance, roses of the Princess, for such she was shown of tinted enamel, with the end of the to be by the fillet on her parchment brow,

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN. N. B.

I knew you when your cheeks were fair As any rose that bloomed could be, And your soft eyes were deep as were The skies that bent o'er you and me. How played the June winds with your hair; How sought your lips the honey-bee: How lithe your form—how blithe your air, My little maid of Acadie. rose being the handle. This lady argues dry, brown, not unlike the head of a dead

You sang; and on the houghs that bent Above our path, the little birds\_ Would cease their songs-they seemed intent To catch the meaning of your words: You laughed; the very flowers would smile, To hear a laugh so full of glee;-'Tis pity they were dumb the while, My little maid of Acadie.

My little maid of Acadie. "Of all God's worlds the best is this i" (So once you whispered, love, to me When overflowed your heart with bliss:) "Twas a sweet world through which we went. (A sweeter I've ne wish to see,) Thank heaven for all the joys it's lent, My little maid of Acadie.

Your eyes grow misty at a thought Of what has been, and yet may be,---Now tears the years have often brought, And oft may bring to you and me: By no means wise are they who dream That heaven delights a wreck to see, And time, the thief, is not supreme, My little maid of Acadie.

"None Will Miss Thee."

Few will miss thee, friend, when thou For a month in duss hath lain, Skillful hand and anxious brow. Tongue of wisdom, busy brain— All thou wert shall be forgot, And thy place shall know thee not.

dows from the bending trees or thy lowly head may pass, very wandering breeze ng, thick, churchyard gras eed them? No, thy sleep Some sweet bird may sit and sing

Some kind voice may sing thy praise Passing near thy place of rest, Fondly talk of "other days"— But no throb within thy breast Shall respond to words of praise, Or old thoughts of "other days."

Since so flecting is thy name, Talent, beauty, power and wit, It were well that without shame Thou in God's great book were writ, There in golden words to be Graven to retornity.

The Crumple-Horned Cow.

When I was a lad on a faim, And not such a rake as 1'm now, I loved a sweet maiden With auburn hair laden, And a calm and beautiful brow.

I remember an evening in June. It comes like a kiss to me now: Her dress was the oddest, As she sat there so modest, A milking the crumple-horned cow.

Folds up when sitting down. Sent by Mail to any part of the Dominion ceipt of price. Perfect satisfaction guaran-Beware of the numerous Parrots with imita Our Stock is complete with all kinds of RUBBER COODS. including the largest line of LADIES' CLOTHS AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, Pat. in U. S. Canada 65 Charlotte Street. HATS MANKS & CO., H. L. SPENCER Are now showing the following makes of Hats in all the latest Styles: SILL DRESS HATS, STIFF FELT HATS, FLEXIBLE FELT HATS. l'lange Brim Hats, Soft Felt Hats, Crush Hats In Light, Medium and Dark Colors. Also childrens' Straw Hats in On the markie of any sing Soon to flit on joyous wing From that place of death and gloom. On some bough to warble clear; But these songs thou shalt not hear.

skirts, silk corset cover, satin corset, silk that dressmakers were in the habit of ing iridescent heart of unknown and skirts, silk corset cover, satin corset, silk stockings, etc., a fashionable woman may stand up nowadays inside of not much less than \$200 before she thinks of put-ting on her gewn. More money is lave period, but it is also true that good under-period, but it is also true that good under-true a small way between Canada and the United States, but the boundary line is for so many heyders for so many hundreds of the first source of the first wear may be bought for less than one conterminous for so many hundreds of sight. They were asleep, worn out by used to dream of giving for it in past miles that this is not to be wondered at. the day's fatigues, and hard to get out of bed. When they came with their agitat-\* \* \* years. The ready-made muslin and cam-

years. The ready-made muslin and cam-bric garments on sale in the stores are manufactured of better cloth and are more conscientiously put together than in the Whisperer of the St. Paul Globe heard of a pretty little romance in which two bed. When they came with their agitat-ed guide to the window where his stone jar rested with its marvellous freight, bed. When they came with their agitat-ed guide to the window where his stone jar rested with its marvellous freight, behold; the dry brown ball was itself before the trade assumed the enormous Minneapolis people were concerned that again, the hidden beauties sealed once more with the mummy's curse and shut may pay \$75 for a silk negligee or dress-ing gown to put on when the curtain has gone down on the fifth act, but she may also buy a whole outfit for \$15 or \$12 or \$10 Covered a card, which read "Florence" an hour a year.

or \$5 if she hasn't the cash to pay any more. The chances are she will be just used the card for a book mark. Finally,

Fashion Notes.

night some eight years ago and idly toyed

I leaped o'er the milking-yard fence, The blushes ran red o'er her brow; "Oh, do het come near me, For, Johnay, I fear me, You'll startle the crumple-horned cow." as comfortable, mind and body, and seeing the name so constantly, it began But I dared to do anything then. My pulses beat faster than now, I told her my tale. Then bang! went the pail, And away went the crumple-horned cow.

as comfortable, mind and body, and needn't feel that she is wasting money that might be better spent if she con-tents herself with the simpler toggery. \* \* \* Miss Mary Stanffer, an attractive young woman, 18 years of age, was married on the 7th ult to Luke Fisher, of Schuylkill Haven, Pa. In less than five minutes after the ceremony had been performed the bride died surrounded by her weer She saw the spilt milk with dismay, But I kissed back the curls from her brow, Our first start in life, When I made her my wife, Was that elegant crumple-horned cow.

after the caremony had been performed the bride died, surrounded by ker weep-ing husband and family. An hour or two previous she had been varking in a hat sie was working. The correspondence continued. Finally Mr. Ger-main made up his mind to meet the vor-first mater is also quite as inflict used for travent-ing works are name on a gard and puti-ing husband and family. An hour or two previous she had been varking is field near the house, and her dress caught first frazer a heap of burning breach. Sim-ing his makes a very simple and appr-priate finish. Travelling hats are now quite distin-ther aid a party of farm laborers, araong them Luke Finker, to whom she was becoming so meet have been materied next week. There was nothing at hand with which to put out the first can di the price like of a to the was humand carried her to a hogshead of water and plungad her into it. He was himself scorched, and the young woman stration-ed frightfil injuries. Miss Stauffer was carried into it. Miss Stauffer was carried into it. Miss Stauffer was carried into the house, and, though suffering the mester.

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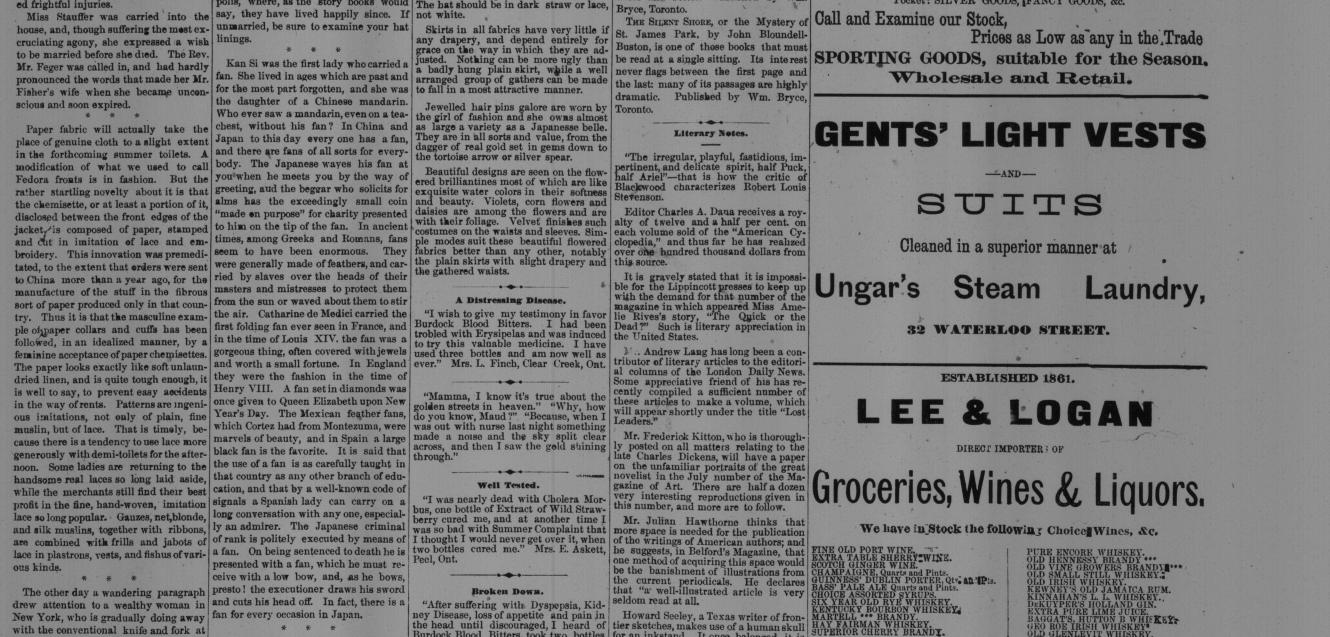
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