

FASHIONS IN OCTOBER.

SOME PRETTY THINGS SEEN THESE BRIGHT AUTUMNAL DAYS.

Gossip About Things of Interest at the Fall Openings—The Hat, the Wrap, the Gown, the Veil, the Dress, the Accessories.

There are many things of interest at the fall opening. A jacket I saw recently is worth a minute of your time, though it took uncommon pains not to be beautiful. It is one of the two figured in the second illustration. It was made of black velvet, piped with black silk and lined with crimson satin. These particulars might seem to promise well for prettiness, but the huge, caplike epaulets on the shoulders, long and full and stiff, were fatal to anything like grace or elegance of figure. At the waist was a band of crimson ribbon tying under the left arm in a big rosette-like bow.

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TWO EQUESTRIENNES.

at the bottom. One touch of brighter color was afforded by a folded half belt of cardinal ribbon knotted in a rosette in front, between the paniers. This costume is illustrated.

To this same trousseau belongs a street toilette of velvet and cloth that will bear thinking about briefly. The princess dress is of mercury grey wool, with a scroll pattern of steel and silver passementerie running down the middle of the front. At the bottom the skirt is plain. The open jacket is of black velvet, with a Medici collar of very moderate height running down in front almost to the waist line. From the shoulders of the dress come embroidered braces crossing on the bottom and lashing on the outside of the jacket on either side under the arm. The jacket sleeves have deep grey cloth cuffs, embroidered and reaching nearly to the elbows.

At every change of seasons there is a change in the fashion of veils. A majority of women of intelligence know that they cannot wear veils without subjecting themselves to the hundred and one ills to which the eye is heir. But so long as fringes and trimmings prevail, so long as a dishevelled and unseemly appearance on a damp or rainy day will be dreaded more than the bad effects of the gauzy covering.

There are many things to consider in the wearing of the veil. Even if one be resigned to having one's eyes it is harder, probably, to submit to having the tip of the nose force its way through the flimsy fibres, reminding the beholder of undarned stockings. It does not contribute to the pleasure of one's day to have beauty patches, beads or ill fastened spots drop here or stain the material there, flurring the complexion and distorting the features.

A cheap veil is a veil that is intolerable; in order to blind one's self in peace and while making a fashionable appearance, good material, fine, elastic and strong, must be chosen; three-quarters of a yard is a good length. Let the veil rest lightly on the curls on the forehead, not flattening the hair, but supported by the brim of the bonnet and the tip of the nose. Let its firm even edge come well above or well below the upper lip, and then gradually rise in its passage across the cheek till it is neatly and daintily tucked away under the bonnet and above the hair. So shall even the occultist acknowledge the skill and the beauty of the misdeed.

ELLEN OSBORN.

THE USE OF CRAPE.

The French Women Makes Much of It in Gowns and Bonnets.

It's rather odd, but it's true, that the more materials cost the cheaper they are, and this especially applies to crape. A good crape may be worn for a long time, dressed and redressed, and redressed again, and it always looks as good as new, while a cheap quality of crape has the unpleasant fashion of growing rusty in a very short time and looking like mitigated woe and suggesting nothing so much as grief, that will not survive a rainy day. French women thoroughly understand the art of mourning, as they do every other art of dress, and they realize that the English woman who walks with a huge veil over her face and extending far down her back may be a monument of woe, but is really also a blot upon the face of the earth. Instead, the Parisian has arranged on her street gown a full front of crape, and by full one means covering the entire front, a bodice with sleeves and jacket fronts of crape, and then, the tiniest of small bonnets, on which is arranged the heavy crape veil turned back.

There are several reasons why a veil worn off the face is recommended. First, crape, when it is worn over the face, seems to shut out all the sunshine and goodness of life, whereas when it is properly draped it is distiguing looking, and, most important of all, it is becoming.

How to Send Flowers by Mail.

Cut them early in the morning, and let them stand in water for some hours before packing, so as to absorb moisture enough to prevent them withering, in which case they will not need to be sprinkled after they are in the box.

Put in a light wooden box lined with cotton batting and covered with tissue paper. Lay the flowers not on top of each other, but in rows side by side, the blossoms of each row on the stems of their neighbor, and as close as possible; cover them with paper and cotton; see that the lid of the box is securely fastened, and remember to write on one corner "Cut Flowers," as that will insure the package being carefully and quickly handled.

Teacher (in grammar class)—"Tommy, correct the sentence, 'I kissed Susan once.' Tommy (promptly)—"I kissed Susan twice."—Epoch.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should direct their queries to "ASTRA," P.O. Box 100, St. John.]

I think it was my friend K. N. C. who wanted a good recipe for pot-pourri. I am very sorry to say that I have lost my cherished recipe which was the very best I ever saw. I have a little jar full which has been made, I think, for fifteen years, and it is just as fragrant today as when it was first made. I have a faint hope that I gave the recipe to a friend, so I may get it again, but meanwhile I publish one which I believe to be excellent. "Take a deep bowl or crock and strew a handful of salt and three or four leaves, till it is full, the last layer must be of salt. Let it remain for five days, stirring and turning it twice a day, it will then be quite moist. At the end of the five days add three ounces of thick cinnamon and one ounce of cloves, the latter sprinkled through in layers. A little sliced ginger root, one ounce of aniseed bruised, ten grains of musk, one half-ounce of dry lavender flowers, which can be got from almost any druggist, and one ounce of orris root. Add rose water, lavender or essential oils. I discuss this is very good, but I must say I dislike the idea of the "moist damp" mess it would make. I remember that my own recipe said to dry the rose leaves thoroughly, in a cool, open oven, after the salt was sprinkled on them, and I dried them for an hour, every day leaving them in the hot sun between times till they were ready. I also put in grated nutmeg, allspice, whole cloves, a drachm of benzoin—not benzine mind—a few drops of oil of rosemary, oil of cedar, oil of cloves, and oil of cinnamon. Then I stirred it well, and sprinkled it with some good perfume. Rondsleila, I think, but rose lavender, or Florida water, or all three, would do as well. Put it in jars and keep it tightly covered till you want to perfume the room, then take off the cover, and I think you will bless me for giving you the recipe. If you have saved the rose leaves, you can make it now almost as well as in the summer.

LAUGHING WATER, Amherst.—You may ask me any question you like, and I don't think I shall need much patience to answer them. (1) Yes; but you know they must be accompanied by your real name and address, which is kept in the strictest confidence, but required as a guarantee of good faith. (2) Well, no, scarcely; it is the red-haired individual who usually has the quickest temper, and their eyes are generally blue. (3) No; I would not use the ruled paper, plain is in much better taste. (4) It is too soon to say what will be worn in the way of headgear this winter, but we shall probably know next month. Thank you for speaking the quotation. I wish I could find it, but I am almost sure it is not by Browning.

St. John.—I am afraid I cannot think of any very new name for a horse, but what would you think of one so old that it would seem new now? Do you remember Black Auster, the favorite horse of Herminius, who helped Horatius to keep the bridge across the Tiber? Why would not Auster do? I think it a lovely name, and one that you will have all to yourself, as very few people would think of it.

FLORIE AND ETTIE, St. John.—(1) My dear girls I cannot possibly state any reasons for their being any harm in going to the theatre, because I don't think there is any harm, if there is I never saw it. I think it a delightful form of amusement. (2) The class of people who are supposed to occupy the boxes in a theatre, are the aristocracy and by no means are they to be looked upon as "fast." (3) There is the greatest possible harm, more than you have any idea of, and you do not know how much more might result from it. You should never, under any circumstances, have anything to do with strange young men, far less should you make engagements with them for other evenings. Never speak to a man to whom you have not been properly introduced if you can help it, and if one speaks to you take no notice of him. Men will never respect a girl who thinks a little of herself as to allow strangers to scrape up a street acquaintance with her. I hope you will take my advice in this case. (4) Bow politely to your friend each time you meet him.

IGNORANT AND SORROWFUL.—No! my trouble was different. I have no children. And yours, my poor friend, is far the heaviest. Believe me, I sympathize with you from my heart, but do that which you will get over to a certain extent in time. I can assure you that I knew, at least, one mother who lost not an only daughter, but an only child, a lovely girl of 20. The mother was past middle life and a widow, but still she recovered her spirits, her interest in life, and, outwardly at least, her happiness, though I know that never for one moment did she forget her lost one. She talked about her quite cheerfully, and used to date events from the time "When darling was alive." So, I think, there will be comfort for you in time. I can understand how it must bring your sorrow before you a fresh when you look at this column if your poor girl was fond of it. I wonder if she ever wrote to me? Is your loss very recent? There is nothing wrong about your writing at all, it is merely a very odd hand, something like German handwriting, and your letter is that of a lady, all through, well expressed, and properly punctuated. I do not think I would use pencil, as it looks quite well enough in ink. It would do for the cards very well, but if you don't think so, why not have your cards either printed or engraved? I am glad you wrote to me, and will always be glad to hear from you.

MANY MOTHERS, St. John.—I do not think that I can possibly serve "Many Mothers" better than by publishing their composite letter, as they say everything that I could, and more, too; and they also say it much better, because not being a mother myself and therefore not having any use for a perambulator, I cannot be expected to feel as strongly on this point as they do, but I do agree with them most heartily that there is no function so sacred, or on which the future welfare of the world is so largely dependent, as that of child-rearing, and the cane-chewing dandelion who trips over the perambulator, and then calls the baby a "brat" in revenge, is less than a man, because every good and true man, I have ever known loved babies. Of course the babies are entitled to their outing just as well as other little interesting folk. We cannot have our future premiers and senators cooped up in the

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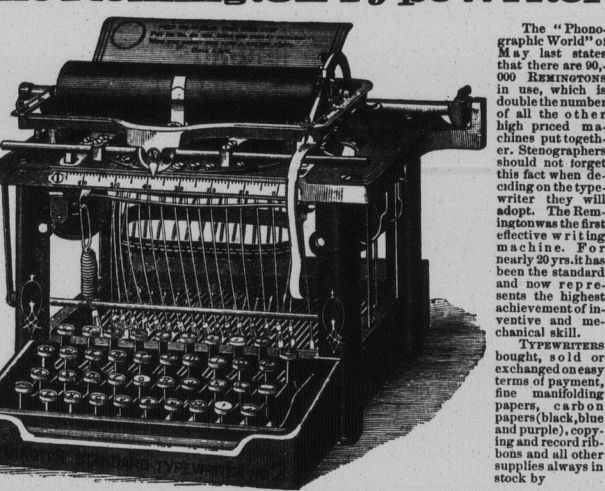
house and growing pale for want of fresh air; but still, my dear mothers, don't you think you sometimes err a little, too? You see you cannot believe that baby could possibly be in anyone's way, and I really have seen some mothers terribly inconsiderate about their babies. I have seen two of them calmly range their perambulators side by side, and block a crowded sidewalk, while they exchanged confidences about the babies, but never in all my life did I hear any man say an unkind word about it. They generally tumble over the perambulator, say cheerfully, "Hullo baby," pick themselves up, and pass on. But of course my experience is limited, and you doubtless speak feelingly on the subject, and know far more about it than I do.

DEAR ASTRA.—We have a grievance which we are strongly impelled, by our mother's love, to lay before you. We have long hesitated about addressing you—being constant readers of your column of questions and answers—as we find your department has dealt heretofore only with the "boys and girls." Possibly, however, you may be the kinder of your heart, which we are assured is your leading characteristic, extend sympathy and put in a good word for mothers, babies and perambulators. Only a few weeks ago we read with pain a dastardly attack in local newspaper on the perambulator, babies, mothers and nurses. The article certainly was indelicate and instigated by some crusty old bachelor or else a disappointed and childless benedict, which matters little, the spirit which prompted it was that of a bad, bad man. The article was not only a drop in the bucket. On every side, wherever we go, let it be the graveyard, King or Queen square, Charlotte and King street, we are met daily by people who will make remarks derogatory to us. "Confound these baby carriages!" "I'll choke the brats!" "Why can't these women keep their kids at home," meet us on every side. But it is not so much the utterances of these people, but the expressions of their countenances which hurt our feelings. Now, dear Astra, it is possible that we mothers who have complied with the demands of holy writ to multiply and replenish the earth—may be a few years hence, lawyers, and possibly, governors of the Dominion, and their wives, may be to be scorned and spit upon by these "cumberers of the ground" simply that they may air their tailor-made suits, silver headed sticks, patent leather boots, fancy dogs and lack of brains on the "asphalt" which we poor mortals, who are really doing our country good, edit, and banished to the nursery and back yards of our dwellings? Please, dear Astra, give these nincompoops who daily insult the feelings of mothers in our highways and resorts a dose they will remember and this help to assuage the grief of MANY MOTHERS. St. John, Sept. 22.

A BACHELOR IN LOVE, St. John.—Now Bachelor! what have I done that you should descend upon my defenceless head in this fashion? And I was so good to you, too, and gave you such nice advice. And then you add to your crime by saying "Of course I don't remember the advice I gave you." Why don't I, I would like to know, and what makes you think so? I remember you perfectly, only I never received a second letter from you; if I had I should certainly have answered it. I never neglected to answer a letter yet, even when it is only to administer a scolding. I make it a rule to neglect no one. But if you wrote to me, I don't wonder you were surprised at not getting an answer. I congratulate you most heartily on your success, and am glad to hear that you are enjoying the fresh New Brunswick breezes. As for the matter you refer to, don't you know that some girls are so afraid of their fathers that they would rather face a roaring lion than an angry father. They may be brave and honest in every other respect, but meek in this one matter. I do not blame you for yielding to her wishes, at all, but still I think if I were you, I would insist now, because if she really loves you well enough to eventually choose between her family and you, she might as well do it now; and it subjects you to the suspicion of being dishonorable, in concealing matters so long, besides keeping you continually in a false position. Tell her she should think of you, and that you cannot feel assured of her love, as long as she refuses to acknowledge you openly as her choice. I really think this is the best advice I can give you. I know it is what I should do myself if I were a man. Write again whenever you wish, and be assured that I will answer your letters whenever they reach me. I am sorry to say that I cannot find the quotations asked for, after the most diligent search. "I Catherine am a Douglas born," is from Scott I am sure, but I cannot place it. ASTRA.

Irish Wit.
Englishman—Pardon me, sir, but where do you come from?
Paddy—From county Cork.
Englishman—Then that accounts for your brogue.
Paddy—May I ax where you come from?
Englishman—From Worcester, sir (proudly).
Paddy—Then that accounts for your sauce.
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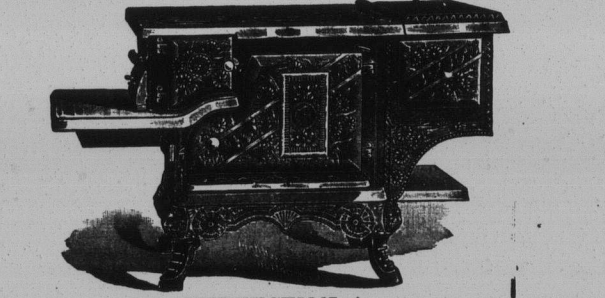
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AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

the jacket-like bodice, in reddish brown wool, crossed with cream and black and fawn. It was cut on the cross, except as to the deep cuffs, and had a full flounce about the shoulders, and basques that set out stiffly and consumed quite an unnecessary amount of material. I have found myself absolutely unable to tolerate hip flounces, but that matters little. The hat—to pass to a more congenial subject—apportioned to this toilet was a brown felt, low crowned, wide brimmed and covered with fawn and reddish plumes.

Those in the centre of fashion these briar, bright days, are in the windows: That belts are really startling. That velvet ribbons of all colors are sewn upon all sorts of gowns.

That Astrachan jackets are coming in with liveliness and spring.

That olive green and marine-blue cloth jackets are trimmed with fur.

That trains are long and thin, made in one with the skirt, and cut on the cross of the material.

That sleeves do not stand so high above the shoulders as they did in the summer.

That capped basques are approved wear.

That the long cloak, the redingote and pelisse have their fur trimmings supplemented with passementerie and fringe.

That hats are smaller than their wont has been.

That the toque holds its own.

That the "picture" hat has less brim, but has even increased its load of plumes.

That green shades into pink continually.

That cream is made to shade into reddish brown.

That fawn and blue checked costumes are numerous and pretty.

That a black skirt, a pink waistcoat and a bright red three-quarter coat is a striking but not unusual combination.

That double-breasted jackets with added basques are still very fashionable.

That the newest jackets, however, have no division between the bodice and the basques, which reach almost to the knees; the entire length is cut in one.

That long sealskin capes are in the



A JACKET AND SOMETHING IN PLAIDS.

market, but can be recommended only to women who are tall and slender.

That sealskin long cloaks, jackets and capes have lynx, beaver and Astrachan bindings.

Some costumes presenting features of novelty have been prepared for the October weddings. In a trousseau I saw in the hands of the dressmakers this week was an afternoon gown different in some particulars from any before prepared. Its fabric was a pale russet brown poplin, cut on a process model with a half length and very narrow train. Heart-shaped paniers

covered the hips and were edged with deep falls of coffee colored lace reaching almost to the knees. A pointed flounce of the same lace covered much of the front of the bodice, drooping from shoulder to shoulder. The sleeves were peculiar and represented an advanced stage of the revolt against wings flapping to the ears. They were set in absolutely without fullness, and were as tight to the elbows as the coat sleeves of past seasons; at the elbow was a puff, pushed up to all appearance by the long gauntlet cuffs, which were finished with black velvet ruffles at the hands. A full ruche of velvet and gauze stood up about the throat, a velvet rosette was on the right shoulder, and two knotted velvet bands headed the lace across the front of the skirt.

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