

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Macmaster and family have returned from St. Andrews, N.B., where they have been visiting since Mr. Macmaster's return from Ireland, in connection with the Shortis' case.

Mr. E. C. Whiting, Secretary of the Metropolitan Football Club, was married on Wednesday at Trinity Church, to Miss Florence Smith, sister of Mr. A. Smith. The happy couple left for Toronto on the C. P. R. train.

The Kermesse for the benefit of the Notre Dame Hospital, which was to have taken place in September, has been deferred until October, owing to the absence of several of the ladies interested in the enterprise.

Dr. J. Norman Taylor, formerly of the staff of the Montreal General Hospital, and a well known player of the Shamrock Lacrosse team has been married to Miss Edith Armstrong, daughter of J. F. Armstrong, gold commissioner for East Kootenay. The wedding took place at Golden, B. C.

Among the prominent arrivals at the Windsor during the past week were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Otis Till, Orange, N.J.; Mrs. Thyson and Miss Thyson, Washington, D. C.; Col. Leach, R. F., and Mrs. Leach, Halifax; J. Burstall, Quebec; F. C. Thomson, Sherbrooke; Dr. John Adams, Glasgow; W. F. MacPherson, Winnipeg; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Riddell, Dorval.

Among the arrivals at the Hall were J. B. Cameron, Quebec; Rev. A. W. Mills and Mrs. Mills, Ottawa; John MacIntyre, Cornwall; A. A. Taillon, Ottawa; C. B. Powell, Ottawa; G. Mackinson, Newfoundland; Arthur E. Baldwin, Toronto; C. B. Davlin, M. P., Quebec; H. J. Reeve, Toronto; Mathew M. McCarthy, Sherbrooke.

At the Queen's: Mr. J. T. Shirriff and wife, Hull, Que.; C. Jenkins, Petrolia; W. G. MacLean, Toronto; H. B. White, St. John, N.B.; C. C. Woods, London, Ont.; Rev. A. J. Ball, Guelph; N. T. Allen, Halifax; The Bishop of Niagara; J. W. Dawson, Manager of the United Counties Railway, St. Hyacinthe; Dr. Cornell, Brockville; James Walsh, Halifax; Rev. F. S. Vroom and wife, Windsor; O. Hyman, Ottawa; F. W. Gaudet, R.C.A., Kingston.

At the Balmoral: Mr. A. C. Lorion, Fitchburg; M. J. Adams, Toronto; W. J. Robertson, St. John, N.B.; Rev. J. D. Barchill, Nelson, N.B.; Mr. R. R. Davis, Toronto; Mr. C. F. Raymond, Guelph, Ont.

NEW MUSIC.

We are in receipt of a very pretty new song (now being sung with great success by America's popular vocalist Lucky Thurlow), entitled: "Answer with a Kiss," words by Wm. H. Gardner, music by Wm. H. Friday, jr. Both words and music are unusually pretty and taking, and the composition is altogether devoid of the vulgar doggerel that unfortunately characterizes so many would-be popular songs. This new waltz song, with its charming rhythm and haunting refrain, (published by Chas. Held, Brooklyn, N.Y.), is sure to be a hit, and we are pleased to bring it before the notice of our music loving public.

NECESSARY TRIFLES.

One of the first wants that make itself felt on returning home from the summer holidays is the numberless kitchen trifles that are worn out or misplaced. The first run—after the good supply is all ended to—is to the hardware store, and the residents up-town are now supplied with an excellent one at 2445 St. Catherine Street (near Drummond), where Messrs. Mason & Co. have a capably selected stock of household requisites.

A SCOTCH JOKE.

Tourist (to Highland sentry on a cold frosty morning)—Sentry, are you cold with the kilt?
Sentry—Na, but I'm near kilt wi' the cauld,

LOVE'S STRATAGEM.

What though without the north wind blows,
And down the gale the leaves depart,
Your mouth, that sweet incarnate rose,
Makes summer weather in my heart.
Kiss me again love, when your eyes,
Your midnight eyes, and mine are met,
The light of all the stars that rise,
And stars that set,
I do forget.

What reck I of my garret drear,
Where Autumn's chilly gusts make moan,
With our young laughter ringing clear,
With your dear hand within my own?
Kiss me again,—ah, kiss me now!
For Song's, if not for Love's sake, do;
'Twill tune my lips and soul, I vow,
More sweet, more true,—
To sing of you.

My "heart?"—as that same word you said,
To me a simple way there came,
If you will lay your perfect head
Upon my heart 't will breathe your name.
Kiss me again,—the old sweet way,—
But now that you do kiss me, oh!
My poor heart has no word to say.

It loves you so,
Sweet heart—you know!

—BEATRICE GLEN MOORE.

CHIT-CHAT.

[Written for Saturday Night.]

Although some of the Parisian fashion plates show trimmed skirts for the coming season, they are not likely to take fast, the plain skirt still holding its own. Suitable for this season is a blue serge tailor-made, or by dress-maker, for that matter, so long as it is close-fitting, with blue braid as trimming, or, as I saw lately, small pearl shirt buttons. Large pearl buttons are also much used; in fact this long forsaken ornament is coming in again in all shapes, colors and sizes. Ladies *chapeaux de soie*, for walking, are still in vogue this Autumn; the shape only is somewhat changed, the crown being lower, with a neat wing or quill at the side, as a finish. These hats are seen in various colors; but black, of course, looks well with any dress.

Sage green serge or cloth, tailor made, with vest, collar and cuffs of undressed leather, machine stitched, in fancy stitch, with green silk, makes a pretty walking suit, and is quite new.

Reuben's *chapeau de soie*, with low crown, black and green feathers, matches it perfectly.

A pretty and seasonable walking dress for a young girl, of very small checked brown and white, with fold of white cloth around the bottom or a few inches above, white cloth sleeves with plaid cuffs. A felt sailor hat of a pretty brown shade, with band of plaid ribbon and white quill, to be worn with the suit. Many shades of brown with a black speck through the goods are favored this month, with squirrel or sable trimming, which may be purchased by the yard. The squirrel trimming is quite expensive. Combinations of black and white in velveteen suits are still the rage.

A pretty ground for afternoon driving toilette, is a pansy-purple velvet, with shoulder cape of moss green velvet or silk, lined with lilac, the cape having double frill of lilac *chiffon* around the neck, the edge of the cape deeply embroidered with chenille of lilac and green. A bonnet, the crown composed of pale violets, with heron-feather spray, at the back, ties of moss-green velvet ribbon fastened at the back of the bonnet, in large wide-spread bow, with an ornamental buckle of emeralds, a tiny bunch of violets where the ties meet.

Steel trimming is much used, and cut jets are right up to date, some bodices being completely covered with jets. A pretty bodice to wear with

a black skirt is an old rose-colored, with the yoke all beaded with jet, also the collar and cuffs.

Now that evening entertainments are commencing a few hints as to the gowns may not be unwelcome. A pretty tea-gown is of yellow Japanese silk brocaded with pale blue, the bodice (corset-shape) of cut jets, elbow sleeves of the above-mentioned silk with points of jet from the shoulder half way down the puff; the bodice finished round the bust and shoulder with a full frill of yellow and chiffon. The skirt made with organ pleats at the back, the front from the side-seams an underskirt of pale blue, the brocaded-yellow falling in three large plaits at the left side, displaying the blue underneath, on which are jet points.

Persons in half-mourning attending a quiet *musical*, will find a most becoming gown one of cream *ponçee* silk, with jet butterflies, scattered on the skirt, the bodice of the same silk, and the rounded or V-cut neck finished at the top with cream and black *chiffon*. The front from the shoulder, and descending well under the arm, a trimming of jet butterflies. The sleeves large puffs of cream silk, a butterfly on each, the bottom of the sleeve being finished with black and white *chiffon*, *faillé de pigeon*, cashmere (or silk) with pink silk, is a beautiful combination now in vogue for evening gowns.

Many shades of yellow and golden brown are late favorites for morning-gowns, as well as for evening *toilette*.

An odd morning gown which came to my notice lately, was of fine yellow cashmere, Empire style, with bands across the front being of steel braid and jet, orange and golden brown leaves woven through the goods.

Long ulsters are to be worn this fall; some trimmed with fur, others with military braid. A pretty grey well-fitting ulster, with black braid and nickel buttons is among the very latest. Still, more worn and better liked are the shoulder capes, of different colors and makes. Particularly stylish is a triple cape of black silk *cape* cloth with pointed jet trimming. Fur capes will be much worn, and besides looking well they are so comfortable. The latest come a little below the elbow, quite full across the arm, but quite close-fitting on the shoulders, with a very high rounded collar forming a V, at the back of the neck which has the recommendation of not interfering with the *coiffure*. These capes are lined with quilted silk of light colors, the favorite color being yellow. Lastly, small fur caps, turban style, will be very fashionable, with the inevitable bird's-wing at the side.

If you are thinking of buying a fall coat just call at Boiesau Bros.; they have an imported variety in rough and smooth cloths. Among others, nice navy blue, double-breasted revers and collar garnished with *app'ique* trimming.

E. H. McN.

AN IRISH JOKE.

A young Irishman appeared before one of the Dublin magistrates to lodge the following complaint: "Yor worship, me name is Pat Braiy. I live at 20 Regent street, and I want your advice."

"Well, Pat, what is it?"

"Sorr, I live at 20 Regent street. The reservoir about me house has burst, and the water has come down and drowned all me chickens. Phwat shall I do?"

"You had better take your complaint to the water commissioners."

"Sure, an I have been to the water commissioners. I told them the reservoir had burst and drowned all me chickens."

"And what did they say, Pat?"

"Phwat did they say, they axed me why I didn't keep ducks."