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The Ladies' Column.

There is a new shade of blue come out called the "Jeanne D'Arc," and I have lately seen a costume made of it in two shades. The plain skirt was trimmed with a narrow edging of dull gold beads up one side; the bodice was made with a waistcoat of the paler tint, with a soft black net front and a high collar. The coat had large outside pockets studded with beads, the sleeves ended with a small turned-back beaded cuff, and the edge of the coat itself was finished off in a similar way.

A more beautiful and uncommon dinner-gown can hardly be imagined than a marquise coat worn over a plain rich black satin petticoat. The coat was made of alternate stripes of handsome black and white satin brocaded in gold. The sleeves were long to the wrist, and consisted of a delicate shade of heliotrope chiffon artistically draped, and the same soft material was introduced into the front of the coat.

As a novelty at evening parties, dancing has been opened out quite recently on altogether new and unaccustomed lines, and we now have young ladies engaged to dance before an assembled company. They are attired in ball dresses illumined by rays of coloured lights, and dance gavottes, minuets, and other set dances with much grace. Lady Salisbury at Hatfield was the first to introduce this idea, but whether it will be a lasting success, or even a partial one, is open to doubt.

Poor Ned had wedded a professional beauty, and was inclined to think marriage a failure after all:—

"I hurried home from the office," said he, "hoping to have a delightful *tête-à-tête* with my wife before dinner. She is not to be found! "Where is Mrs. M.?" I enquire of one of the servants. "Gone to have her hair shampooed, to take a Turkish bath, and be manicured." At last she makes her appearance. I rush up to kiss her, when she shrieks out:—"No, no, dear Ned; my complexion is under treatment. Kiss me on the hair."

"When at last we find ourselves alone, I attempt to draw her to me, and take her in my arms, as I used to do when she was my sweetheart. Another suppressed warwhoop! "No, no, my dear boy, not now. I have on a corset plastique, and must not bend over."

"When once she is dressed I don't even dare to touch the tips of her fingers for fear of spoiling their polish; and when we return from some stupid dinner, and are finally ready for bed, I foolishly imagine that a good-night kiss is at last in order. "No, no, dear Ned; on my hair, please. I'm all smeared up with *creme de la Reine*! Professor Eneas Cute warns me that I am losing the velvety down of my skin, all from neglect of using his cream."

"Poor Ned! His marriage was really a failure!"

A Transatlantic bride who was married recently distanced all of her contemporaries in the value of one item of her *trousseau*, and it is said by her friends that she thereby set a fashion that must henceforth be followed by all brides of any pretensions in the world of Society. While it is, of course, the rule for the expectant wife to have her bridal corsets made far more elaborately and expensively than has been her former custom, often having them embroidered most delicately, it is declared that this instance is the first where gold was used in the place of steel for the clasps, the eyelets, and the lacing tips. The advantage of employing gold was that it did

not discolour and was in every way preferable to steel. The corsets cost £20 a pair, and the bride had three pairs, one in white, another in pale blue, and the third in black.

I believe it is not generally known that salt as a tooth-powder, is the best that can be procured. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white and the gums hard and rosy. It is certainly an inexpensive dentrifice, and I should say well worth a trial.

The fortune telling mania seems to increase in the idle portion of the community. It is a thin lacquer to call it reading character. Miss Nina Kennedy, the inspirationalist, is a witch. A young married lady of my acquaintance went in to have her "pulse" told. "You are a married woman?" "Yes." "But you are not living with your husband?" "No; but how *do* you know that?" "Because you have not the married pulse." Will anyone more favoured than I in such knowledge tell me what a married pulse is like? Does it beat listlessly or hopelessly, submissively or defiantly? or does it beat with a double throb? It is the pulse which is the medium of revelation to this pretty little nineteen years old sorceress. Well, all I can say, is, she makes wonderful *plukes* if she has not the spirit of divination. But other fair gypsies are divining; by the ear some, the teeth others, the chin and lips others, and so on through the facial category. A leading dentist says. "To determine a person's character by the teeth, take the upper front teeth. They are a true index of the nature of a man or woman. Here," he said, "is the tooth of a young lady who has a lovely disposition and is universally beloved; see how regular and dainty the formation is, and yet possessing all the requisite points for a perfect tooth. Here you see the tooth of a man who is cruel, although his cruelty is of the refined kind; notice that the tooth is white and rather sharp and long. Then, this tooth, stumpy and coarse in form, denotes brutality—it is from the jaw of a man of brutal nature. Here is a curious tooth from the mouth of a peevish, fretful woman; the crown has a sharp, fretful turn to it. Now we come to one that belonged once in the mouth of a lady who is noted for her refinement and intellectual development. It is slender and perfect in shape—one of the kind of teeth going with long, slender fingers. Again, this tooth is from the mouth of a much grosser nature; this woman is selfish, but has, on the whole, a kindly nature and would not willingly hurt another's feelings, but it is her nature to be regardless of others." A well known reader of the tale told by the palm has taken character by the ear, and by the formation of that organ tells us all about ourselves. I have no data to go by to-day; but I remember being once told that when ear stuck forward, and was "pitched" out from the head, it was a sign of a coarse nature, and that when it stuck very close to the head, was small, and very narrow, it bespoke a low class of intellect. The ear, said my learned informant, betrays beyond any other feature or organ our "origin"—what that was, ask Darwin—and the more it resembles those of its remote ancestors, so the more we are possessed of their original characteristics. Pleasant, is it not, to feel that your undeveloped aural appendage betrays your start point. It is now the imperative custom of Society to give an entertaining entertainment at their afternoons, and every sort of per-

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