

CONCERNING FASHION.

In many things fashion is the outcome of expediency; but fashion in dress is generally started by people who have nothing to do, and haven't got the brains to do it properly. As a rule, those who start the fashions are not known to fame; but for the man who will make it *bon ton* and *de rigueur*, likewise *recherché*, to wear trousers with a slight fringe delicately overlapping the boot, and coats with a tendency to gloss at the elbows, immortality is waiting. A great royal personage has to wear large-brimmed hats to keep her ears from flapping—and there is a fashion started at once.

It is not difficult to evade the strict fashion if you are a man; but for a woman the only alternative is the grave. The idea of being a lady seems to come upon you all at once, though in reality it has been growing imperceptibly, like a progressive cold in the nose. You don't know you're going to have it till you've got it, and you can't imagine what it's like till you've had it. You may go along in the old comfortable way for years, till one day a dear friend comes to see you who has got it badly; and as you gaze upon her knowing little hat trimmed with a piece of black velvet and the remains of a mutilated chicken, the yearning to be fashionable creeps over you. I am not what you would call a Beau Brummel myself, but I never appear on the street without clothes of some sort. It is part of my principle to always respect the views of others, even when they are opposed to my most cherished and deep-rooted convictions. There was a time, I admit, when I used to fancy that if I wasn't dressed in quite the latest thing from Piccadilly, the police would watch me with suspicion, and the people next door would move out of the neighbourhood in disgust. But ever since fashion played a particular mean trick upon me, I have considered it beneath my notice. I refer to the time when it was the fashion to wear large moustaches. I devoted several hours a day in attempting to bring my upper lip to a proper sense of duty and self-respect; and after six weeks of unremitting care and anxiety, I found I had got about a square inch more moustache on one side than on the other, and that the whole of it put together would just about cover a postage stamp. After that, I came to the conclusion that I wasn't built for a moustache raiser; and so now I keep fowls instead.

Sometimes it is the fashion to be beautiful, and it is then that the cruel severity of the strain is most keenly realised. There are fewer things more exquisitely touching than to watch a lady of the highest fashion whose facial outlines resemble the delicate beauty of an overgrown radish, bravely struggling to keep her softest smile inside the frame of the looking-glass. If your cheeks are naturally ruddy with the growth of health, it is a matter for grave regret, because it isn't at all fashionable. You see, the fact is, nature doesn't know anything about it; and it is really wonderful that such incompetence in the business should have been tolerated for so long without competition. Every properly educated lady of fashion knows where the ruddy glow ought to occur, and what the precise tint of it should be; and you can get quite a lot of it for about sixpence. As time goes on, and you follow the prevailing fashion still more closely, you'll find it advisable to keep a little white powder handy for the tip of your nose, to prevent people making unkind suggestions. Truly, we are fearfully and wonderfully made up!

There are some feeble minds who say it is all nonsense to follow the fashions. I once knew a fellow like that. Just the sort of chap, you know, who never would sit and pare his nails during

the sermon at church, and who, when other people were devoutly studying the hymn book, would be vulgar enough to reach out and put something in the collection plate. That man was so atrociously unfashionable that he would even give up his seat to a lady in the 'bus; and as to standing right in front of her and trying to stare her out of countenance afterwards, he positively wouldn't do it. Isn't it dreadful to think what common minds there are in the world? The modern "glass of fashion" is rather large, and holds about a pint. It is the fashion to hang on to the bar as long as you can; and when you are really obliged to let go, to do it like a gentleman, and ask the policeman to handle you kindly. Some people find it convenient to take the other alternative; but in fashionable society it is usual to pay the forty shillings. Always respect the fashions and the people who start them. I have for a long time held that the man who set the fashion of carrying walking-sticks with the point in the air ought to have a nice, big, public funeral. And he ought to have it soon.

WINDSOR.—Several Windsor people went over to Kentville to the ball given by Mr. and Miss Campbell on the evening of the 5th. Among the party were Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Paulin Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Curry, Miss Thom, Miss Gerlert, Dr. Ryan etc. Though the dance was not over till about 4.30 on Saturday morning still most of the party returned home by the early train which leaves Kentville at 7. a. m.

An entertainment was given at the School House at the "Three Mile Plains" on Friday evening the 5th. inst. under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society of King's College. The President of the Society (Mr. C. G. Abbott) presided and the musical portion of the programme was mainly carried out by the students. The undoubted musical ability of Mr. G. J. Foster helped largely in making the evening the success it was. The programme concluded with a farce "Cox and Box" performed by Messrs M. A. Abbott, DeMille and Foster. The plot is a most laughable one and was done full justice to by these three young gentlemen. The hall was packed and quite a handsome sum was realised which is to be devoted to the seating of the pretty little church recently built at the "Plains." Many people from town attended, coming in carriages or walking.

The Tennis Club has opened its courts once more. The present season promises to be a successful one.

A very pleasant dance was given by Mrs. McCallum on Monday evening last. With the charming Hostesses this event could be naught but very enjoyable.

A very quiet wedding took place at 6.30 a. m. on Tuesday last at Christchurch, when Miss M. Campbell was married to the Revd. R. H. Taylor of Newfoundland. The ceremony was performed by Revd. Prof. Vroom, brother-in-law of the bride, assisted by the Rector. The bride looked very pretty in a gown of white silk and was given away by her mother. The affair had been kept a great secret, consequently there were very few in the congregation. There were no bridesmaids nor was there a "best-man." The marriage service was followed by a celebration of the Holy Communion. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left Windsor *en route* to Newfoundland by the morning train for Halifax.

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