

FASHIONS FOR AUTUMN.

DRESSES WORN AS THE WEATHER GETS COOLER.

What We Shall Wear—Facts About Fall Dresses and Millinery—The Reign of Brown—Waists, Flounces and Paniers—Autumn Leaf Decorations.

A most homelike sitting room in a pretty little cottage I visited this week, has been glorified by the first of the maple branches that had turned yellow, and the first of the oak leaves that have turned red and bronze. Each leaf has been pressed and spread open and attached with a little glue to the pale, creamy brown wall, making a



A SEPTEMBER COSTUME.

frieze that is aglow with color, and seemed the one thing that was needed to complete the effect of the open fireplace, the deep window seats and the dark oak finish of woodwork and furniture. The leaves, the artists say, will last even through the winter, and will not lose life or color or turn dull.

But I must tell you what we are to wear. Many of the autumn dress goods are very rough in texture. They show stripes and checks, and big, startling patterns. There is a cloth that is called "hail and storm." You do not wonder so much at the title when you see that the stripes, which take a slanting direction as if blown by wind, are contrived to represent alternately snowflakes and rain. It does not seem to me that personally I should care to venture out from under cover in such a rough weather gown.

Cheviots and tweeds with broadcloth facings seem likely to be much worn. Fabrics of fine texture are sprinkled, as of a few seasons ago, with spots of long camel's hair. The color combinations present some few novelties. For example, fawn-colored cloths have pale green borders. Heliotrope is used on brown, gray on black, bisquit on deep red and black on green.

Rep, or what was once called crepe, is brought forward again this season. It is sold in lengths to be made up with the umbrella "or extingisher" skirt, of which I think I have before had somewhat—and that not complimentary—to say.

Plaid dresses are thought by the modistes especially adapted to the "umbrellas," for the front can be cut on the straight, and the back on the bias of the material.

Long bores are revived, if one can use the phrase of things that have not been put aside wholly, even during the hottest of the summer, for the early days of fall. The prettiest perhaps are those of black cocks' feathers mixed with bronzy bits of peacocks' plumage.

There is a queer rumor afloat, almost queer enough to be true. They say—they who always speak with such anonymous yet irresistible authority—that long gold chains will be worn about the neck, carried to the left shoulder, then to the waist and so to the watch pocket, after the fashion of many years ago.



WAIST FLOUNCES AND PANIERS.

Millinery is not yet shown in any quantity, but white felt sailor hats are out in force, and trimmed with brown birds or wings, and with long veils of white crepe, which come from the back and fold about the throat most picturesquely.

It is long since there was an autumn without a turban, and this autumn sees thousands of turbans, all with straight brims, pointed in front and most with dome shaped crowns. A brown turban that was brought out for my benefit this morning was trimmed with a nest-like bow of brown ribbon over which hovered a rare and many colored bird—made from the pickin' gossamer, of several sorts of poor dead warblers—with diamond eyes.

Another shape is a revised and possibly improved edition of the Tressorier, and for those who would be loth to renounce the wide, picturesque brims there is the Velasquez in white and fawn felt colored with drooping plumes.

Coronets on bonnets are worn higher, and jet-heavy glittering stuff that it is and is dear to the heart of the average Philistine—appears on almost everything.

Brown is the autumn color for excellence, and next it in favor ranks orange, flame color and russet and emerald greens. I am not sure that this is just the place to mention the fact, but I have seen walking shoes of blue morocco with brown soles and heels.

There are going to be paniers. Nominally paniers have been in fashion for six months, but now "really and truly" we are going to wear them. There seems no prospect of getting rid of the waist flounce, which is longer and fuller than ever; sometimes it is looped with ribbon straps on the hips and is both flounce and panier; again it falls half way to the knees and becomes an overskirt of most awkward shape and proportion.

Sleeves remain high on the shoulders, and the large epaulets that have no possible excuse for existence become daily more and more huge.

It seems to me that I have here set down with tolerable faithfulness a considerable quantity of more or less useful and interesting information, and now by way of relief from so much faithfulness to duty I must leave myself space for a word about a frock of striped red and white flannel, which is one of the bright things September and October always bring in by special dispensation. It had a plain red flannel cascade when I saw it at a rather chilly garden party, and a draped plastron of spotted red foulard. A red parasol was carried with it, for though they have forbidden red sunshades in many of the villages of the Tyrol, we have not yet in this country attained to that degree of respect for the peace of mind of grazing cattle.

I do not know that I will speak of other dresses, except a pale heliotrope Indian



FOR AUTUMN RAMBLES.

cashmere. It was really a very graceful frock, with its rows of narrow white silk braid for trimming and its plaited under bodice and sleeves of white surtout.

ELLEN OSBORN.

How They Dress in Burmah.

In Burmah the poorer classes usually wear but one garment, consisting of a single piece of colored cotton cloth about a yard and a half wide, and of such a length that it can be wound around the chest or waist and fall to the feet. The women bind this strip of cloth tightly around the bust, under the arms, leaving the shoulders and neck bare, and the opening folds of the dress are at the front.

The barefooted beauties have from infancy been taught to walk in such a way that they naturally kick the dress inward with the heels as they go along, and thus avoid any exposure of person. The higher class of women have a short silk or cotton sarong, which covers the shoulders and arms, and the better class wear the brightest of silks.

Some of the ladies' dresses, consisting of this single strip of silk, cost hundreds of dollars, and some of the fine silks of the world are made in Burmah. The men are as gorgeous in their costumes as the women. Their gowns are wound about the waist and tied in a big knot at the front. Most men wear a bright handkerchief tied around the head, and inside of it is put up their long hair. Both classes wear their hair long and earrings or earplugs.

Fashions in Letter Paper.

The fashions of letter paper are susceptible to change, as is everything else. The regulation paper for letters today is an oblong sheet, about five inches by eight. This may be folded once so that it fits into a large, square envelope, or twice for an oblong envelope. Note paper of the fashionable size is four and a half inches by seven. This is folded once into a square envelope. Billet paper of regulation size is three and three-quarters inches wide by five and three-quarters long. This is used for notes of acceptance and regrets and for many ladies for all notes, the size called note paper being little used. A handsome paper at present is fine bond paper, which comes in a variety of weights, in cream and white tint and in blue. Fancy shades of paper outside of blue are very little used.

Horace and Lydia Reconciled.

Horace.
When you were mine in said lang syne,
And when none else your charms might ogie,
I'll not deny,
Was happier far than Persian mogul.

Lydia.
Before she came—the rival flame—
"Was ever female creature siller?"
In those good times,
Separated in flames,
I was more famed than Mother Lil!

Horace.
Chloe of Thracie! With what a grace
Does she at song or harp employ her!
If only I
Might live forever to enjoy her!

Lydia.
My Sybaris so noble!
That, by the gods! I love him madly—
That I might save
Him from the grave
I'd give my life, and give it gladly!

Horace.
What if she belle from favor fell,
And I made up my mind to take her,
Would Lydia then,
Come back again,
And to her quondam flame bestow her?

Lydia.
My other half should surely go,
And you alone should find me gracious;
For no one elze
Such coo and things
As does the laugher Horace!

—Eugene Field.

"ASTRA" TAKES WITH GIRLS.

(Correspondents seeking information in this department should direct their queries to "ASTRA," P.O. Box 10, St. John.)

The spirit has moved me to write a dissertation on washing days this morning, and if I just had the requisite time and space, and no pile of "unanswered" questions lying on my desk, I really think I could do the subject something like justice. I don't know why it should have suggested itself so forcibly to my mind today, unless the subtle, all-pervading smell of soapuds and the shrill jabber of purest Acadian that ascends like incense from the kitchen. How I wish that Longfellow could have been brought into contact with a real Acadian dame shorn of the halo of romance which surrounds her when only seen through the long vista of years! It is not in a kirtle of white and a Norman cap that she would have pictured her, but in a gown of some cheap red material, cut after the latest fashion—the latest fashion, covered with narrow flounces, and embellished with plush wherever plush can be sewed on. A black straw hat trimmed with more plush and some feathers, a bushy bang of coarse black hair, a mouth filled to overflowing with gum, and an astonishingly good opinion of herself completes the picture, but somehow I like Longfellow's version best. To go back to the starting point. I think the warm smell of the suds clouds my brain, and last week some of my correspondents were too late for instruction, so I take this method of letting my disappointed correspondents know how it happened. I wish we could adopt the German plan and have two washing days a year; but alas! very few of us have enough clothes for that: poor Geoffrey's six best shirts and four every day ones would get awfully soiled before the first washing was due, and as for my own—I believe I had better stop!

EARWIG, Fredericton.—My dear girl, I really do not see how I can help your friend, it is one of those cases for which there is no rule, and as he "knows that it is customary to go on the outside under all circumstances," how in the world can he expect me to change that custom? Nothing I could say would make things different, and you know yourself that one young man walking on the inside of the sidewalk, and two ladies walking on the outside would be rather a singular spectacle. I really think he will have to wait till he chances to meet her alone, or else take some friend along the next time he is going where he hopes to see her, and the said friend can talk to her companion. (2) I tried the hot water, so did a number of my friends, and some of my correspondents, but we did not find it a success, except that our hair seemed to keep in curl a little better. No, you did not bore me.

PROV, Newcastle.—I am sorry to say that I cannot find the quotation for you, but as our correspondents are always so kind perhaps some of them will be able to tell us where they come from. Will any of the girls or boys who happen to read articles of the following kind, and what especial poem they are taken from, kindly let me know, and I shall be greatly obliged.

"Oh sweet and beautiful is night,
When the silvery moon is high,
And countless stars like clustering gems,
Hang sparkling in the sky."
And the lady breathes in the summer breeze
Comes whispering down the glen,
And one fond voice alone is heard,
Oh night! I love thee!

I am almost sure it is by Mrs. Hemans, as it has a peculiar ring which is a feature of her poetry, but I really have not time to look through all her work this morning. KITTY CLYDE, Bedford, writes me such a kind letter, but one which contains so much that is to the point, and gives room for information which will be valuable to many correspondents, that I cannot do better than publish it. "Kitty" says:

Dear ASTRA.—I always read your column in Progress with much pleasure, and seeing how good you are about answering all questions put to you, I am going to ask you to give me an article on me, and please answer the following:

1. Does it denote penuriousness, or is it a young man's way of wearing cuffs and collars, etc., of other people's instead of having a stock of his own? My young man, I have observed, in articles of apparel belonging to others, and not knowing much of the ways of men, I feared it was not a good idea.

2. Is there any rubric or canon in the church of England entailing, plain speaking, upon a bishop's part, even though the unvarnished truth be somewhat disagreeing?

3. If a lady would like to correspond with a gentleman friend, should she write in the name of her father, or is it more proper for the gentleman to propose it?

4. Can you tell me of anything that will clear and beautify the skin, and also something to prevent gray hairs from making their appearance. Hoping you will kindly answer these.

Yours sincerely,
KITTY CLYDE.

Really Kitty, dear, you seem to be in a peck of troubles! But in the first place, my dear child, how did you discover about that young man wearing collars and cuffs marked with someone else's brand? I think surely you did not partially address him to find out, did you? Oh, Kitty, I am shocked! Well, since you ask the question, I am afraid it denotes worse than penuriousness! It seems to indicate predatory habits of some kind, and if you will take my advice you will look up a poem of an evening when you expect him. It will well be to be on the safe side, you know.

You see, in the nature of thing, poor Geoffrey would not have much opportunity of wearing other people's clothes, unless they were mine, and for obvious reasons they would not be of much use to him. Of course handkerchiefs don't count, because it is just as natural for the average healthy male creature to appropriate other people's handkerchiefs as it is for a gentleman of color to help himself to the contents of an unprotected hen coop after dark.

Geoffrey has only one name, and though it used to trouble me a good deal, I have long given up worrying about it, and only stipulate that none of the acquired property shall bear a feminine name. I suppose someone else gets his, and so things find their way into the world. (2) If such a canon or rubric exists, I don't think you will find it in the thirty-nine articles, Kitty, but don't you know there are such things as "works of supererogation" and perhaps the good prelate referred to, spoke plainly either from a laudable wish to do even more than was expected of him, or else from pure love of the thing; he may possibly have enjoyed disconcerting his victim, for verily the way of man are frequently past finding out. (3) Oh no, Kitty! You must strive to repress your eagerness to hear from that young man, because if the suggestion of coming to see you, be might get an impression that you were "after him," and he was "the individual you required," which would be

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I think "Bob" is a very nice name, far too nice for you. How sad for that poor girl, if you are the only "beau" she has got. I fancy "the other fellow" is far the best off. Well, yes, since you ask so plainly, I am very pretty indeed; there is nothing like blowing one's own trumpet, because if you want a thing really well done, you had better do it yourself all ways, but I don't want the kiss all the same, thank you, keep it for "Rail." I never made a study of Egyptian hieroglyphics, nor the legends on tea chests, so I am sorry to say that I cannot help you with the very extraordinary sentence enclosed. By the way, perhaps, you intended it to represent Greek? Good bye, Bob! Your letter was most amusing in spite of its impudence. Write again when you can be a little more polite and I shall be glad to do anything I can for you. I always pity a small boy with a big sister. I think he has a hard time of it generally, and so has the sister.

YOUNG FIREMAN, St. John.—As I cannot make out the name you signed, I am obliged to use this one. With every confidence that you write in good faith, and believe that you are acting for the best, you must see that your letter is not one which I could publish in my column, even if it is not anonymous. Having faith in you for you have excellent taste in poetry, which is out of the question that any notice could be taken of it, as nothing is ever published by a respectable newspaper unless accompanied by the writer's name, which is of course held in confidence. At the same time I cannot see that an interference of either yours or mine in the case when the fact is that you are productive of anything but harm. Even if you wrote to the injured wife, do not delude yourself for a moment into the belief that you could convince her of the truth of your statement, even if you gave her your name; you would only succeed in making her more unhappy, and perhaps do incalculable harm. Of course I agree with you as to the baseness of the young woman mentioned, but still I must repeat that it is not a case where outside interference would do any good. I think you mean well, and I dare say you will think me right, but I am very much of the opinion that the world is full of wrongs, which only God in his infinite wisdom can right. So take my advice and do nothing at all.

JAKE, Salisbury.—Yes, have "Mr. Jake Smith" on the cards, which should be very small indeed; three inches by one and a half is the regulation size, and they may be either written or engraved—it does not matter much with.

GEORGE, Woodstock.—Accept my congratulations, George, that is if I understand you aright and you have really got to think, after honesty and sobriety, is usefulness. In a woman, truthfulness or constancy. Both your writing and composition are good, though the former is rather boyish. You may write to me whenever you like, and I shall be glad to hear from you. I am glad that you enjoy our columns so much, and I wish you all good luck in your writing.

Bos, Carleton.—I don't think I should answer you at all, Bob, if it were not to give you a little good advice. Unless you are a very small and ignorant boy indeed, don't write to a lady again until you can do so in a more respectful manner, and can also refrain from using "hanged" and "damned" to express your meaning. So "damned" your calls you a "blatant idiot!" How very rude of her. I am really afraid, Bob my dear, that yours would not be a very nice family to grow intimate with. I fear you would be too frank to be altogether pleasant. You are quite mistaken about "Rail" though; he is a girl who weighs 140 pounds and says she is thin, must either be slightly out of her mind or preparing to make her debut in a dime museum. I thought "Rail" was doing the latter, so, of course, I tried to give her a helping hand. Yes,

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