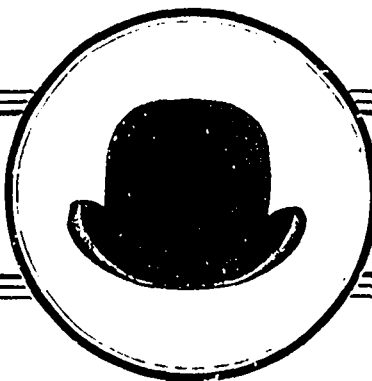


Hat, Cap and



Fur Trade.

The Tight-Hat Malady

The latest disease of civilization is the tight-hat malady, which, it is declared, is playing havoc with the men, particularly the young men, of this country, says New Orleans Times-Democrat. Tight shoes have already done harm and called into existence a new profession, that of pedacure or chiropodist, to treat pedal maladies. But, after all, they represent only discomfort, pain and lameness, whereas tight hats, we are informed, produce not only physical, but mental, decay.

Take Off.

Wife: "The price of the clock was £2, but I got a discount, so it only cost me £1 16s."

Husband: "Yes, but you could have got the same thing at Beezle's for £1 10s."

Wife: "That may be; but, then, Beezle wouldn't have taken off anything."—Tit-Bits.

This seems like a joke, but human nature, as we see it in large buying of hats, presents the same feature—devotion for a hat at \$12, less 15 per cent., in preference to the same hat at \$10, no discount. It is not a funny joke.—Hat Trade Review

The Automobile Cap.

In an article on the style of clothing worn by automobile riders in Great Britain, *Ministers Gazette of Fashion* has this to say regarding the cap: "The cap, one of the old sort, with ear-flaps which can be tied down under the chin, is perhaps practical, but we can hardly consider it is elegant. A cloth hat, with the brim straight in front, to permit free vision, and well-turned-down behind to protect the neck against rain and sun, would, perhaps, be equally or more appropriate. This, anyhow, is a matter for hatters. The whole matter is in embryo and, although something special will no doubt be evolved in course of time, there is at present no saying what it will be. At any rate, if our subscribers are now asked for a suggestion (and to our knowledge this is frequently the case) they will have something to put forward."

James Coristine & Co., Limited.

The old established business of James Coristine & Co., will hereafter be known as James Coristine & Co., Limited, Montreal. This company has been recently organized under letters patent of the Dominion, with the following directorate: James Coristine, president; Charles Coristine, vice president; B. W. Grigg, secretary.

With their splendid factory and warehouse facilities they stand unrivaled in the hat, cap and fur trades, and their already large business will, doubtless, still further expand under the new regime.

THE REVIEW wishes the new firm the success it undoubtedly merits.

Hat Gear in Boston.

"When I was new to Boston," said the man from New York, "I used to make lots of funny mistakes. When I walked out in the afternoon I carried a cane and wore a silk hat, and everybody looked at me so hard and curiously that I asked the clerk at the

hotel when I got back what it meant. 'Is there anything unusual in my appearance?' I said to the clerk. He looked at me and smiled. Then he said, 'Very, for Boston.' 'Will you tell me what it is?' I said, delicately sarcastic. 'Certainly,' he said, 'that cane and that hat.' It wasn't long before I found out that he was right. Nobody carries a cane in Boston, and nobody wears a silk hat. I am generalizing now, of course, and I won't note the exceptions. But, as a rule, it is very rare, indeed, to see a Boston business man wearing a silk hat or carrying a cane to his office. He wears a soft hat or a derby, and he walks downtown with his arms swinging or his hands in his pockets. Perhaps that's the most sensible thing to do, but it's a kind of Spartan simplicity with which we New Yorkers are not familiar."—Boston Globe.

"HATS" IN PARLIAMENT.

An Instructive Chat on the Headgear of the Members at Ottawa.

There are said to be two reasons why Canadian M.P.'s wear hats in Parliament—one because the choice of them shows character, allows for the full play of eccentricity of genius—the other reason being that the majority of the loyal Commons are, to use an euphemism, almost destitute of hair. This may be calumny, but truth compels one to state that nearly all those who disdain headgear have none of the natural kind, and it is safe to presume that the hatted individuals are in a like state. They are in the minority.

There may be unparliamentary language, but there is no unparliamentary hat at Ottawa. Everything goes, from the little black silk skull cap of Dr. Christie, to the hat made by his famous namesake, worn by the Minister of the Interior. This freedom of choice and laxity may be against all law and precedent of older countries, but, so far, there has arisen no "Todd on Hats," and the House is, therefore, not open to the charge of unconstitutional procedure.

A negligent nonchalance is the prevailing style, in harmony with the scattered bits of paper littering the floor, the careless ease and grace of the members' attitudes. Uniformity of headgear would deal the deathblow to individuality, for by their hats ye shall know them.

The vogue of the soft grey felt is, this year, very pronounced, and the customary Summer white sailor is quite conspicuous by reason of its rarity. The Speaker wears his three-cornered black hat only when speaking "on behalf of" the Commons, and not "to" them. He hangs it against the green velvet of his imposing chair, and only dons it when he leaves the house. When he stands before the representative of his Sovereign at the opening of Parliament the wearing of his hat (doffed only in his elaborate