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Answers to Correspondents.

FASHIONS.

A. B.—The narrow leather belts are worn with cycling suits, especially with the Norfolk jacket, which seems to be the favorite cycling bodice this autumn. Through November the fur caperines will be worn with them by wheelwomen.

OUT OF TOWN.—I have made enquiries at the shoe shops and they tell me that pointed toes are going out a little, and the round toe coming into favor. Tan boots may be worn all winter, if sufficiently heavy; but since tan rubbers and overshoes are not yet invented, the black leather resumes sway with the first snow-fall.

FRIEND.—Muffs are coming again into vogue; with the short coats and caperines they are conveniently carried. They will be very large, whether in fur alone, or fur and velvet combined.

H. M.—The stiff felt hat is not much seen as yet, velvet and fancy braids, or silk covered toques will be more the season's dress hats. For morning, the felt walking hat will prevail throughout the season.

HOUSEHOLD.

MADAM.—If the grease spots do not disappear readily, try alcohol with a little salt dissolved in it. It has a very good effect on cloth and woolen materials.

K. MERTON.—If you desire any special recipe or directions in cooking, write to Mrs. Jean Joy, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL Office, and the answer will appear in this column next month.

LITERARY.

BUSY ONE.—I should think the most sensible way would be to write to the *Daily Herald*, Sydney, Australia, enclosing Australian stamp and addressed letter for reply. The Post Office would probably inform you where you may obtain the stamp.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. M. A. writes: "In your last JOURNAL, October number, I see some one has mentioned 'Charles Auchester' as a good musical novel. Surely the correspondent means 'Charles Auchester,' by Elizabeth Sheppard."

The fault was ours. The title was unfamiliar; we held a council of three over the name as written by our courteous correspondent, and interpreted it, evidently incorrectly. We thank the writer for the correction.

On one evening of our visit to the Berlin Kirmes, the pretty Poste Madchen came up to us with a letter, duly sealed and addressed, which, upon opening, we found contained the following pretty greeting:

KIRMES, 1896.

BERLIN, ONT.,

October, 1896.

DEAR FAITH FENTON,—Kindly accept the hearty welcome of the girls of the "Flower Booth." They sincerely hope you may spend a few hours very pleasantly among these pretty German scenes.

Yours,

THE GIRLS OF THE FLOWER BOOTH.

Another interesting letter has reached us from a lady, a Montreal citizen by birth, now resident in Newersey, whose two young daughters are spending a year on the Continent. She kindly encloses the latest letters from her girls, who, at the time of writing, in early October, had just arrived in Paris. They are very bright and amusing, written with only the thought of parental perusal; and we are pleased to reproduce one of them.

HOTEL LAFOND, PARIS,
14 Rue de Tremville,
October 1st.

MOST BELOVED MOTHER,—Paris does not yield more than one pen, so I am laden. Your letters forwarded regularly from Drexel and Harjis have been a delight, tho' we really hadn't had a speck of time to answer till now. Most of our pressing shopping is done, and was, for the first time in my experience, enjoyable. Everything seemed so pretty and elegant after a winter of aesthetic starvation in beautiful Berlin.

My dear Mater it is very nice of you to persist in attributing talents to your's affectionately, in spite of all discouragement, and I should be delighted to study "illustration," but art is more than two months long, and we haven't the faintest acquaintance with that sort of thing and the people. There is an "art" student in the next room to us; her ideas are too comical for fiction. She condemns the Louvre because they have so many Reubens, and "she doesn't care for Reubens, and indeed," (impressively) "there are very few of Raphaels that really touch me." When asked what branch of art she is engaged in she says "LIFE!" and then adds, in a tone faint with superiority: "I don't care for anything else!" She is Chicago, pure sang. She knows what she knows and despises the other things.

Paris is such an enormous place. We have seen greater stretches of it this time, living out near the Arc de Triomphe. Everything is bristling with sticks and wires, the skeletons of the Tzar's illuminations. I don't expect we'll see a hair of his Imperial mustache, as people are paying from 1,000 frs. to 5,000 frs. for one fourth-story window on the Champs Elysees. The spot he is to step on on alighting from the train is marked in chalk, and you can imagine what people will give to get within staring distance of that spot.

Meanwhile, boats can't cross the Channel, and the Chicago girl giggles "I wonder what they're going to do to the Channel to get the Tzar across!" It's really quite a problem; since seasickness might upset all his ideas about alliances and brotherly love. The Merriams have started home and will probably have a rough time. We are glad now Papa isn't on the sea, it has been terrible.

We went to see Mlle. Klein but she is home in Alsace. We don't know what to do about a French teacher, I don't believe we shall ever learn French. It's so hard to get at things here, the place is so enormous and the people all so rich. Aren't the boys awful about cushions? We'll have to see what can be done. I saw a handsome piece of silk in the Bon Marche, white and gold, but it was \$19.50 a yard, so I guess we'll have to leave that a while.

Thanks very much for the autographs, we must begin hunting soon. I am much more afraid of Frenchmen than Germans, and most of all afraid of Americans.

Yours,
NELL.

THE FOLLOWING ARE
SOME OF THE . . .

Interesting

AND UP TO DATE

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