

# PARIS FROCKS and FURBELOWS

## FASHIONS FOR DOGS

Manoir des Chouettes, Paris Sunday, October 28th, 1901.

My dear little Simone,—I do not know how to answer your witty letter, all that you tell me about yourself and the pleasures you have found in Paris truly turns my head and makes me desire my sojourn in this arid plain in the Sahara.

But there is nothing to be done. Papa writes every morning a more ardent letter than ever. House parties follow in succession, all of them equally uninteresting, and I shall be forced to continue in this seclusion until the end of November. I shall never console myself by having missed the most artistic marriage of the season.

I think of you at the usual skating place, and at 5 o'clock tea I am in despair at being able to join you with mamma at Ritz's or the Palace. Ah! my little Simone, how will you find your belle changed by the annual which assumes her? At the beginning of the season I went out shooting willingly, or mamma and I went on horseback to present at the "dejeuner des chasseres," which took place either in the open air or at the house of one of the small farmers. But now the tastes of the guests are far too exclusively endeared to suit me.

I have taken a regular aversion for the bottle green velvet shooting costume, my red riding habit is a vegetable matter left—the blessed automobile—I assure you I have not had much use in becoming the most ardent "suffusee" in the department. My big grey Guy, a lieutenant on furlough, spanned me and acts as my mentor, has turned me out an accomplished driver, and we run kilometer after kilometer at a speed that seems record-breaking.

By this annihilating space I have succeeded in renewing my relations with my dear friend, Jeanne de Trebis. Do you remember her? She is slightly pretty and extremely up-to-date, in spite of her life in the country.

This winter she is to come out. You will remember that she is an orphan and that her grandmother has consented to intrust her to her stepmother, the Marquise de B—, who is to give a series of white and pink balls in her honor.

Yvonne's grandmother is very nice, but between you and me, there are wide gulfs between us, dug by the telegraph, by steam and electricity. The dear, simple soul remains faithful to the days of post chaises, and the manners and customs of to-day completely upset her.

Still, she gave us a hearty welcome and was grateful to us for coming to amuse Yvonne, who is her only joy. But I should surprise her much less than I do if I were to descend from a "berline" in a silk dress and escorted by powdered lackeys in liveries. My great mantle of Russian-wool skin, my "chouffesse" hat and my taffeta mask, with holes for spectacles, throw her into fits of kindly laughter.

Yvonne is terribly tempted to put on my uniform and would fain become a pupil of the lieutenant and rush along the roads with us. But grandmamma will not hear of such a thing, so that we are driven to more domestic amusements.

A Dog's Marriage Outfit.

As you may suppose, my little dog Lulu accompanies me in all my escapades, and my manner of dressing is not without its charms for Yvonne and Mme. de Trebis. They have a little bitch of the same breed, a veritable darling, named Follette, which, as they imagine, is spoiled by trying a simple red ribbon on the top of her rognish head. Can you fancy such contrived ideas?

Lulu and Follette are enchanted with each other, and yesterday I repeated the scene in "L'Amour du Frochain," now running at the Bouffes Parisiens, and demanded of Yvonne the hand of Mlle. Follette for M. Lulu. As there is no mesalliance, we quickly came to an agreement, and the Marquis de Trebis consented to our dressing Follette as is suited for a lady dog of noble family.

So we are working like fairies, my dear. It reminds me of the days when we played at the baptism and marriage

of our dolls. But I assure you that it is much more interesting to dress Follette and Lulu. I have sent to London for a travelling case for "a dog." It contains a set of brushes, a dainty toothbrush, an ear picker, scissors and combs, all complete.

Lulu presented his bride-elect with a pretty collar of white morocco leather, studded with sequins, and a bracelet to match. He wears niello silver jewels that you have seen him wear. His trousseau is equal to that of the "chicest" dogs of Paris. But he has had made for his bride six chemises, a bodice, a pet, a bath costume, a "costume de ville," another for travelling, one for indoor wear and one for the ceremony.

The last named is of white satin, trimmed all over with ruffles of tulle illusion. There are six small handkerchiefs, trimmed with lace and embroidered with a monogram. Last, a fur-lined coat has been ordered in Paris. It is of beige colored cloth, lined with ermine, and has a turndown collar, stitched, fastened by a tab with two good buttons. All this is delightful.

From Paris, also, has come a pretty toy sofa, covered with white and gold satin, and having pink satin cushions. It is understood that Follette is awaiting her betrothed, correctly attired in his pelisse, over his frockcoat of fine black cloth.

Then we have all sorts of games, which aid in a distribution of cakes, etc., at the "heure du gouter," which precedes our departure. The kennel, in the form of a Chinese pagoda, with belled roofs, one over another, and small windows, is decorated with white satin, and nothing has been omitted that can give the young couple the desired comfort.

Would you believe it? All this grandeur has rendered Follette very "shrewish, vain and coquetish." Mme. de Trebis says it is the result of our education. And there is another marriage destined to end in divorce.

The End of the Race?

You see what life in the provinces has brought you Marcelle to. In a few weeks Mme. de Trebis will have re-

duced me to listen to her arguments without refuting them. She asserts that the creation of "dogs' cemeteries" is the forerunner of the end of the race. And all because she has read somewhere that in the environs of Thebes traces of them have been found. Poor Paris! Poor Parisians! They are doomed to undergo the fate of that city of antiquity. And what about London, where there are dogs' dentists and dogs' pedicures? What is to be her destiny?

My pretty Simone, write to me again, and write often, to cheer me in my exile. It has been raining lamentably for two whole days. I have not even the resources of going to see Yvonne.

Lulu, like a faithful companion, understands all about my melancholy. The intelligent animal is gone to fetch his little rubber shoes to show me that he is willing to risk the wet. Is it not touching?

I suspect that Guy is quite as miserable as we are. The soft blue eyes of our pretty neighbor are by no means indifferent to him.

But I am babbling, my darling, and I should be better employed in asking you to excuse my story of my futile doings, and in kissing you tenderly, as I love you. Your dearest friend,

MARCELLE.

Yvonne sends you her affectionate remembrances and kisses.

## THE CONFESSION OF A COQUETTE

She was a laughing young dame, with a roving eye and a smile that seemed to invite even when it repelled a flirtation.

"You ask me if I married my first love?" she inquired, flashing out a roguish glance, even while she regarded me with a sort of mock respect.

"What an absurd question. What woman ever marries her first love? except, perhaps, some quiet, puny little thing, who felt herself fortunate in getting one man even to notice her. No, indeed; I've had lots of beaux and often thought my affections seriously enlisted. I've concluded, however, that they were only fancies.

"But stay; there was one I find it worth telling you about. I was always very romantic; was born that way and couldn't help it. My first love was a foreign gentleman, with a proud air and prouder ancestry, and if he had a fancy for me, he would have had to know, but just mysterious—so much the better.

"Fate willed that I should meet one who typified exactly my type, and of all nationalities destined must make him a Spaniard. I met him during a stay in France. He followed me to America. I don't think I ever enjoyed another man so society quite as I did Don Anselmo's.

"As a lover he was ideal; as a man, charming. He was the incarnation of knightly honor, attention gallantry! He was on every side sympathetic. There was also a deep note of sentiment which at times annoyed me, because I could never quite respond to it.

"I took him about a good deal socially among my friends and we went often to the theatre, of which he was very fond. He urged marriage and I finally engaged myself to him.

"Then I began to discover new phases and many shadings in his character. He began to claim ownership and exact confidences regarding every little movement on my part. He wanted to probe my soul, to learn my feelings toward every human being I knew in the world. I resented this and we had lots of lovers' quarrels. These were not so bad in their way, since they afforded scope for the many pleasant reconciliations that followed.

"Finally his love developed to the point of wanting to read all my correspondence—see every line I received from man or woman! I drew the line there—a sharp one—and a serious quarrel followed. He reasoned with me, pleaded, tried to show me my duty and his rights. I could see neither from his view-point.

"The rift in our sky deepened. He happened in one day while I was reading a letter in which I was too deeply interested to notice his coming. He demanded to know from whom it was and what it contained. The letter was merely from a girl friend and there was nothing in it of real privacy, but his autocratic manner made me refuse point blank to show it to him. He insisted; I continued to refuse. He tried to wrest the letter from my hands. I resisted, evaded and held the letter behind my back. Then he lost control and became furious. Jealousy and rage shone from his eyes. He lifted his right hand and struck me on the left cheek.

"For a moment I stood speechless, quivering with indignation. Then I broke the silence with an angrily nervous laugh.

"I thought once you had smitten my heart," I said, "but it remained for you to smite my cheek in order to make me see my mistake. I have never loved you—I never can love you—go!"

"He was on his knees in a moment, all protest, penitence and prayers.

"It is no use, I insisted. "An American woman can never love the man who strikes her. She cannot even respect him. Leave me—go at once."

"He went, proudly erect, his head in the air and all the airs of Spanish tradi-

# BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Every mother is naturally solicitous as to the health of her children, but not every one treats their little troubles in the right way. The so-called soothing remedies are still used altogether too much, although physicians have preached against them for many years. The fact that they put children to sleep is no sign that they are helpful. You cannot expect soothing drugs to do a child any good. On the contrary, they are dangerously and distinctly harmful.

Good for all Babies; Try Them for Your Baby.



At the slightest sign of ill-health or disorders give the baby Baby's Own Tablets. This famous remedy, compounded from a prescription by Dr. Williams, is purely vegetable and contains no harmful ingredients.

**For Nervousness** indigestion, irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, sour stomach, simple fevers, the results of croup, constipation, diarrhoea and other infantile troubles there can be no better remedy than this.

Baby's Own Tablets are a sweet, pleasant medicine which any child will take with pleasure and they never fail to produce results which we claim for them.

Druggists sell them, but if you cannot find them conveniently, send 25 cents, the price per box, direct to us and we will forward them prepaid.

The Dr. WILLIAMS MEDICINE CO. Brockville, Ont.

## HOW TO CURE COUGH.

Mr. R. Gray, who lives near Amenon, Duchess County, N. Y., says: "Cough Remedy is the best medicine I have ever used. It is a fine children's remedy for cough and never fails to cure. When given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the cough has developed, it will prevent the attack. The cough should be borne in mind and a bottle of the Cough Remedy kept at hand ready for instant use as soon as these symptoms appear. For sale by Henderson Bros., Wholesale Agents."

## CIVIC NOMINATIONS.

Two Candidates for Mayor at New Westminster—Fourteen Nominations for Alderman.

New Westminster, Dec. 2.—The civic nominations were held to-day with the following result: W. H. Kearney and Thomas Orens were the only candidates for mayor, but for the seven aldermanic seats there were fourteen nominations. M. Sinclair, R. W. Shiles, J. C. Allen, Wm. Pope, M. Hayes, Chas. Eagles, W. A. Johnson, F. J. Hart, W. E. Vanstone, H. Ryall, A. E. Woods, J. A. Johnson, Alex. Garrett and H. T. Kirk, John McKenzie and J. A. Calhock were elected by acclamation to the two vacancies on the school board.

The election will take place next Monday.

BE SURE YOU GET THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS HAD.—Owing to the great popularity of "The D. & L." Mentha Plaster, unscrupulous makers are putting up one like it. For rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., nothing is better. Made only by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

## BIRTHS.

- MENRO—At Nelson, on Nov. 27th, the wife of Alexander Munro, of a son.
  - MOORE—At Kamlo, on Nov. 29th, the wife of J. D. Moore, of a son.
  - MUNRO—At Nelson, on Nov. 26th, the wife of A. W. Munro, of a son.
  - GAINES—At Revelstoke, on Nov. 24th, the wife of S. E. W. Gaines, of a son.
  - MACDONNELL—At Lumby, on Nov. 25th, the wife of John Macdonnell, of a son.
- MARRIED.**
- CLEMENTS-MOTT—At Nelson, on Nov. 27th, by Rev. Bishop Dart, F. Clements and Miss Maudie M. Mott.
  - ARMSTRONG-JOHNSTON—At Salmon Arm, on Nov. 27th, by Rev. M. G. George W. Armstrong and Miss Jean Johnston.
  - CAMPBELL-TRODDEN—At New Westminster, on Nov. 28th, by Rev. A. E. Vest, Thomas A. Campbell and Lucy B. Trodden.
  - GRADY-GORMAN—At Vancouver, on Nov. 25th, by Rev. Dr. Melaren, John B. Grady and Mrs. Beatrice Gorman.
  - HENTON-FOSTER—At the residence of the parents of the bride, on Wednesday evening, 27th Nov., by Rev. A. Bay, Mr. Samuel Henton, of Oak Bay, and Mrs. Mary, daughter of Mr. Thos. Porter, George Road, Victoria.
  - MEMMERS-FERGUSON—At Vancouver, on Nov. 26th, by Rev. Dr. Melaren, James A. Memmers and Lena Ferguson.
  - BARB-DILLABOUGH—At New Westminster, on Nov. 26th, by Rev. I. G. Matthews, M. Barb and Miss Edith Dillabough.
  - TUCK-PUGSLEY—At Vancouver, on Nov. 25th, by Rev. A. E. Green, Edward Tuck and Miss Elizabeth H. Pugsley.
  - TOOP-NELMES—At Saris, on Nov. 26th, by Rev. T. Gesselt, John H. Toop and Miss Edith H. Nelmes.
  - MELOD-CARSON—At Nelson, on Nov. 26th, by Rev. F. Wright, Flindley Melod and Mrs. Lulu Carson.
- DIED.**
- HAINES—At Revelstoke, on Nov. 25th, Miss Haines, aged 70 years.
  - WALKLOW—At Kamlo, on Nov. 26th, James Walklow, aged 79 years.
  - BUDGE—At New Westminster, Margaret Budge, aged 17 years.



DRESS WORN BY MILLE JOUSSET, IN 'L'AFFAIRE MATHIEU' AT THE PALAIS-ROYAL THEATRE

## FURNISHING SOUVENIRS

Hotels find that the furnishing of souvenirs to their patrons is a very large item of expense, and in case of the larger houses sometimes runs into thousands of dollars a year. These souvenirs consist principally of silver forks, spoons, saltcellars and such articles of table furniture as are readily carried away without attracting attention.

The proprietors do not intend to furnish these things to enable their patrons to recall pleasant memories of hospitality; but they do furnish them, just the same.

The large hotels of the metropolis are great sufferers, and are continually buying expensive tableware to keep up the supply of souvenirs.

These things are not always taken without the act being observed, but it is not often policy to call attention to the patron's penchant for relics of his visit. If he is spoken to, it is usually in the privacy of the manager's office.

A Pan-American Exposition story is told that illustrates this habit, but the same story has come from other cities of great fairs. Two pupils were telling

## 20 YEARS OF VILE CATARRH.

WONDERFUL TESTIMONY TO THE CURATIVE POWERS OF DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER.

Chas. O. Brown, Journalist, of Duluth, Minn., writes: "I have been a sufferer from Throat and Nasal Catarrh for over 20 years, during which time my head has been stopped up and my condition truly miserable. Within 15 minutes after using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I obtained relief. Three bottles have almost, if not entirely, cured me." 50 cents. Sold by Jackson & Co. and Hall & Co.—1.

Twelve hundred pewter pots were stolen from various London publications last year. They were used to make counterfeit money.



WALKING DRESS OF BLACK VELVET SPOTTED WITH WHITE AND TRIMMED WITH BANDS OF BLACK TAFFETAS. FOR AFTERNOON.

## DESCRIPTION OF DRESSES

On this page is represented the charming outdoor costume worn by Mlle. Jousset in "L'Affaire Mathieu," the new play at the Palais Royal theatre. This dress, which is of a pastel silk shade, could be made in a less delicate color, more adapted to the requirements of the present season, such as suede, pansy or sable color, and would be equally becoming. The neck is encircled by a band of Byzantine embroidery, in subdued tints, more adapted to the requirements of the present season, such as suede, pansy or sable color, and would be equally becoming. The neck is encircled by a band of Byzantine embroidery, in subdued tints, more adapted to the requirements of the present season, such as suede, pansy or sable color, and would be equally becoming.

The first is of black velvet, spotted with white. It is cut in the princess style, with a front of Irish guipure over cream taffetas, which encircles the bust. In the street the front is concealed by a short velvet bolero, which is trimmed in the same style as the skirt, with strips of black taffetas.

The other costumes is of mixed green and gray homespun. The short jacket is trimmed with bands of the same material in the style of the skirt. The collar, lapels and buttons are of black velvet. The model is by Nicoud.

**FILES CURED IN 3 TO 6 NIGHTS.**—One application gives relief. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a boon for Itching Piles, or Bleeding Piles. It relieves quickly and permanently. In skin eruptions it stands without a rival. Thousands of testimonials if you want evidence. 30 cents. Sold by Jackson & Co. and Hall & Co.—2.