

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Fashion for Autumn.

Some of the new autumn materials are very pretty. There is an English costume cloth, all the samples of which are dark in tone with lines of color, forming a large though vague check. One has a ground of rich brown with a tint of crimson in it, the lines of color being in crimson and a paler brown. Another is in sepia brown, with lines of sea blue and black forming a plaid, with the addition of flakes of bright cardinal silk. The Inverrary tweeds shown will make up into very smart frocks, for the cross check is bold and the surface rather rough. They are for the most part in deep, warm shades of brown with tints and touches of bright color. Plaids and checks are seen not only in many of the new autumn materials, but in the linings of newly imported capes and coats; yet, no matter how fashionable they may become, there are numbers of well dressed women who prefer plain, figured or striped fabrics, and are never seen in a plaid costume.

Walking dresses are, it is said, to be worn to clear the ground all around, and if this rumor is correct, all sensible women will rejoice. It is so pitiful to be burdened; on a wet day especially, with a skirt that is too long and too wide, and has to be held up over petticoats that cling to the ankles.

A pretty costume for September is a tan colored sail cloth, made with a simple bell skirt standing well out at the bottom, and a beautifully cut coat, turned back with a snuff colored satin revers and collar to match. It is to be worn with a silk blouse of tan, snuff brown or cream color.

Many of the newest frocks for the early autumn are of red crepon with black trimming. A fashionable modiste has just completed one. It is of an exquisite shade of tomato red, and there are bands of alternate jet and black satin at equal distances of some four or five inches around the skirt. A jet band around the waist makes a seventh. The collar is of black satin and jet, and the full puffed sleeves are of black satin. A long revers of satin crosses the front, the folds of the red crepon gathered beneath it. The sleeves and revers are embroidered with jet. Another red crepon, dotted with little ovals of jet, is to be made up with black velvet bodice, the sleeves of the crepon, and a jet collar and belt.

Sleeves, so far from diminishing, are rather increasing in size, but they are no longer high. There is a graceful downward curve which is very becoming, and takes away the awkward high-shouldered effect so unpleasant to the eye.

The very latest authority informs us that moire silks, so much in vogue for trimmings, sleeves, revers, etc., will no longer be used to the exclusion of other materials. Satins and velvets are, we think, much to be preferred to moire silks. They are softer of surface and more durable.

Bonnets are exceedingly pretty, and they, as well as the hats are raised off the face as much as possible. Large bows at the back, and a somewhat square effect, are, however, characteristic of them all, and mark the departure from last winter's fashions. Spangled lace, jet, gold galloons, and straw of every color enter into the composition of the bonnets of the day, and picturesque florid effects are more noticeable than simplicity.

Hats are medium in size, all with an open upward trend in front, and with fewer curves than of late. Evening bonnets are seen in white, or cream colored lace caught here and there with daisies, rosebuds, or other

small flowers, with a wreath of the same beneath the brim. Others are made with crescents of jet, curving away from the face, and with a small tuft of black or colored feathers at the back for a trimming.

The pretty wraps of this season are generally of pelerine or cape form, and are shorter than in the Spring. Many of them have stole ends that reach half way down the skirt. For matrons they are frequently made of black watered silk, trimmed with lace, not or accordion pleated chiffon. A handsome model of this kind is of black moire pleated on a yoke of the same, and trimmed with a fall of black Chantilly lace. A ruffle of the lace is placed on the edge of the yoke, and both are beaded with jet passimenterie. The ends also glisten with jet and are edged with a flounce of lace. The lining is of black India silk and the whole mantle very rich and handsome.

In the fall of 1861, in old St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, eight young men were ordained priests. Six of them are now about to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary. They are Fathers McTean, Healy and Tandy of the archdiocese of New York, Merrick and Langeake of the Society of Jesus, and Duffy of Albany.

A poet knows when he has been accepted by the public from two sources—his publisher's account of sales and the frequency with which certain women gush over him. The poet Whittier was often annoyed by this evidence of his popularity.

"What does thee think women make such foolish speeches to me for?" he said one day to his friend Mrs. Chaffin, who reports the incident in her "Personal Recollections" of the poet. "It makes me feel like a fool," he added. "A woman said to me yesterday: 'Mr. Whittier, your smile is a benediction.'"

"As I was walking across the floor at the Radical Club a woman stopped me in the middle of the parlor, among all the folks, and said:

"I've long wished to see you, Mr. Whittier, to ask what you thought of the subjective and the objective."

"Why, I thought the woman was crazy, and I said:—'I don't know anything about either of 'em.'"

Keeper—"I thought you was workin' up at Morley's farm, Giles."

Giles—"Well, so I was; but two weeks ago 't'owd cow died, and we 'ad to eat 'im; and next week e' pig died, and we 'ad to eat 'im; and this morning masters mother-in-law died, so I thought—I'd leave."

A deaf and dumb mute recently went into a Broadway bicycle shop and picked up a hub and spoke.—*Life*.

"Do you think," said the intellectual young woman, "that there is any truth in the theory that big creatures are better natured than small ones?"

"Yes," answered the young man, "I do. Look at the difference between the Jersey mosquito and the Jersey cow."

Stranger. Ow—wow—cuch! Call off y'r dog!!

Farmer Meadow: Hero Tigo! Well, what business have you got here anyhow?

"I'm no tramp. I'm lookin' for work. Lost me job durin' the Chicago s rike."

"Oh, ho! So you was one of the fellows that was rioting around Chicago?"

"No, Sir. I was a law abidin' striker. Them rioters wasn't strikers; they was only sympathizers."

"Jes so. Well, I don't like y'r looks, but I won't hurt yeh. I'm a law abidin' farmer, I am. Look out for Tige, though. He's one o' my sympathizers.—*Life*.

Appropos of one of the portraits in the Academy of Music, the following story circulated: A Hungarian peasant went to a Munich painter and asked him to paint the portrait of his mother.

"Certainly," said the painter, "send her to me."

"But she is dead; if she was alive I wouldn't want her portrait."

"Well, have you any picture of her?"

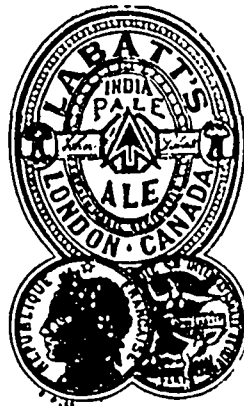
"No; if I had I wouldn't want one."

"Well, my friend, describe her to me. What sort of eyes, hair, etc."

He assured that, and appealing to his artist friends who had some Hungarian studies, he painted a head. Secretly his friends about the room he sent for the peasant. The man came, looked at the picture, his eyes filled with tears, he put up his hand to wipe them away.

"Poor fellow," said the artist, patting him on the back. "It is a good likeness, then, it affects you so much."

"No," said the man. "Poor mother, to think she has been dead only six months, and looks like that."—*Mail and Express*.

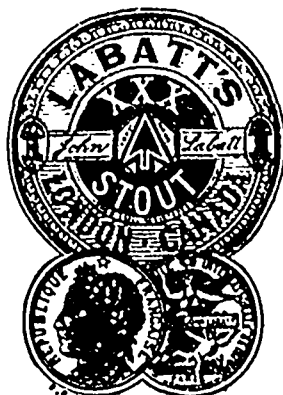


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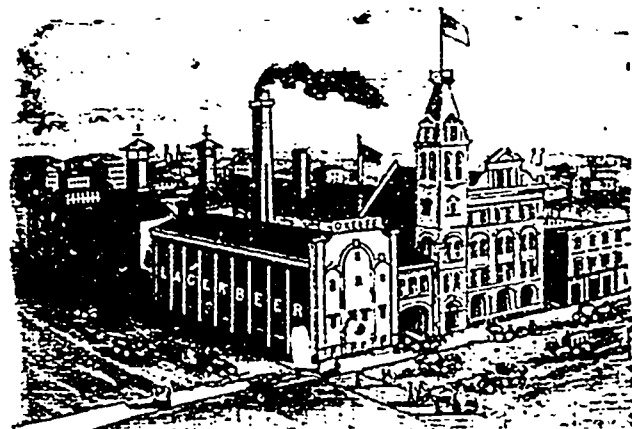
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