

Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

OCTOBER, 1890.

Printed and Published by S. FRANK WILSON,
59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto,
Ontario, at \$1.00 per year, or 50c
for six months.

OUR PATTERNS.

Any pattern illustrated in these pages can be obtained by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Always remit price of pattern with order.

REVIEW OF FASHION.

WHAT WILL BE WORN THIS FALL.

Probably the most welcome news to merchants is that this is to be a "trimming season." While the styles of making garments are rather of a plain order, the dress or cloak must be elaborately garnished. Certainly most attractive goods are offered for this purpose, as will be found upon reading "Trimmings," in which the jeweled passementeries and other novelties are described. As the season advances, fur will be lavishly used in the black, brown, and gray varieties. Boas, capes, and close-fitting jackets are the especial fads in the fur line. Long cloaks have the high, flared collar or boa roll of fur; jackets and shoulder capes, short, and below the waist, have the inevitable high sleeve, yoke, and Medici collar features.

Sleeves must be larger, and are generally of a second fabric; many are excessively long, coming really over the hand, but this cannot be called a general fashion. The flared collars also appear on basques, as do yokes, pointed girdles, corselets, V's, round and shaped belts. Skirts may be lifted up to fit over the bodice, giving a round-waisted appearance, with the fullness corded at the top in place of sewing it to a band. Basques are opened diagonally down the left side, centre front, and some have no visible opening, though the supposition is that there is one somewhere. Plaids, large and small checks, plain and figured goods in combination, silk brocades, heliotrope, blue, and brown shades are all fairly launched for this season's opening in September. Velvet may be used with a profuse hand. In millinery goods velvet effects abound in stripes and figures. Hats may be very large or coquettishly small, with clusters of tips, small birds, many fancy pins and galloons for the trimming. Cut plaids on the bias and put silk or velvet sleeves with them. Fur capes are put on with light dresses when the first chilly days come.

Before the time comes for fall shopping and dressmaking, one can wear various net, lace, and silk skirts with a lace bodice over black surah, selecting the black Louis Quatorze lace in raised figures outlined in gold. Another luxury for mid-season is a white crepon tea-gown lined with white surah, and trimmed with black embroidery laid over white puffings of chiffon, peeping in between the points of the embroidery. A belt of this keeps the soft folds of the bodice in place, and over them is a rolled collar of embroidery.

A lovely evening gown for a brunette is of a deep yellow tone in a rich brocade; the front is veiled with white lisse, on which is embroidered a double lattice-work in the orange color; each side of the skirt is arranged in a fashion of its own, and the iridescent trimming is caught up with diamond buckles; the sleeves are three-quarter length, with an over-sleeve of embroidery and lisse. The bodice is trimmed back and front in a V form, outlined with the galloon, the shimmering of which contrasts admirably

with the deep yellow. Black silk and lace costumes are lit up in a wonderful manner with gold galloon or jeweled passementerie. The gilt worked lace for gowns forms a draped front and full sleeves, with the remainder of plain Brussels net or lace skirting.

Pleatings are worn all around skirts, also in clusters of knife pleatings across the front only, as a trimming, and as a jabot panel down one or both sides. A quaint yoke is finished with a knife-pleated frill of surah the shade of the dress, which is also used for the collar and cuffs. These frills appear quite prominently on home dresses of an "old-time" fashion. The heliotrope shades have more of a purplish cast now, and will not prove so ruinous to the generality of complexions. Let brunettes beware of the new bluet blue, which is of a greenish cast like a turquoise.

Silk blouses can be worn until cold weather. Quite the dressiest are of surah or China silk, with the edges of the cuffs, collar, and box-pleat down the front scalloped and worked in wash silks. These waists are laundered well by using care in the washing, ironing on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron, and not lining them. Flannel waists are more stylishly made with a yoke in the back like a skirt. Bright waists of tartan surah are worn in the house with woolen skirts. Some China silk waists are elapéd around the neck and waist-line, wrists and top of the sleeves with rows of shirring. With a couple of waists and black silk skirt one may present several changes of costume.

The earliest fall dresses show sleeves, yoke, and border of velvet, with silk gimp garniture and dress of faint lines, self plaids or plain goods. Jacket effects remain in good form, and one sleeveless velvet jacket may be worn with different silk blouses or a silk front, collar and sleeves, having a silesia back. Women having pretty necks will adopt the Servian vest of black cloth having a short back, pointed front, and low, collarless neck, with silk, braid, and bead embroidery covering the surface, and large red surah sleeves. With a black silk skirt this will prove a striking toilette for house wear.

Dressy gowns of black and white for mourning wear have scalloped edges bound with white braid. Bodice waists or corselets like the skirt are worn, with blouse waists of plain or figured silk. Fan-pleated backs are very fashionable for skirts. Many skirts are fastened up over the bodice in the back to give the appearance of a princess dress. Modistes claim that the handsomest fitting skirt is obtained by cutting the outside material bias, laying the back in fan-pleats, either side in one box-pleat, and having the front plain over a lining of the use a shape cut two yards and three-quarters wide. Where the skirt is pleated a lining of crinoline is required.

The long coat, known as the ever-elegant Louis Quatorze, is again brought out to wear with oddsilk skirts. The chief features are the large cuffs, high collar, outside pockets, and long vest having divergent points of handsome brocade or tinsel-worked satin. A lace jabot is worn at the throat. The coat basque of plain silk is long, has a round back, and cutaway fronts fitted with Newmarket or cross-hip seams. The sleeves are coat-shaped and a trifle full at the top.

Profession and Length of Life.

The average life of a clerk is but 34 years, and this is also the average among teachers. Machinists are outlived by printers, the average of the former being but 38 years, while that of the latter is 39. Musicians live a year longer. The years of life of an editor are 40, and of manufacturers, brokers, painters, shoemakers, and mechanics, 43. Judges live to be 65 years of age on an average, and farmers to be 64. Bank officers also live to be 64 on an average. The duration of life of cooper is 58, of public officers 57, of clergymen 56, of shipwrights 55, of hatters 54, of lawyers and ropemakers 51, of blacksmiths 51, of merchants, calico printers, and physicians 51, of butchers 50, of carpenters 50, of masons 48, of traders 46, of tailors and jewellers 44.

Sometimes.

Sometimes, not often, when the days are long,
And golden lie the fields of ripening grain,
Like cadence of some half-forgotten song,
There sweeps a memory across my brain;
I hear the land-rail far among the grass,
The drowsy murmur of the scented lines,
I watch the radiant butterflies that pass,
And I am sad and sick at heart Sometimes.
Sometimes when royal Winter holds his sway,
When every cloud is swept from azure skies,
And frozen pool and lighted hearth are gay
With laughing lips and still more laughing eyes,
From far-off days an echo wanders by,
And makes a discord in the Christmas chimes;
A moment in the dance or talk I sigh,
And seem half lonely in the crowd Sometimes
Not often, nor for long: O friend, dear friend,
We were not lent our lives that we might weep.
The flower-crowned May of earth hath soon an end:
Should we a longer sojourn keep:
Comes all too soon the time of fading leaves:
Come are the cold, short days. We must
Arise and go our way
And garner home our sheaves,
Though some fair, fair regret may cloud our eyes, Sometimes.
Sometimes I see a light almost divine,
In meeting eyes of two that now are one;
Impatient of the tears that rise to mine,
I turn away to seek some task undone:
There dwains a look upon some stranger face,
I think how like, and yet how far less fair;
And look, and look again, and seek to trace
A moment more your fancied likeness there Sometimes.
O, sad, sweet thought: O, foolish, vain regret,
As wise it were what time June roses blow,
To weep before the first blue violet.
We found in Spring had faded long ago:
O love, my love, if yet by song of bird,
By flower-scent, by some sad poet's rhyme,
My heart, that fain would be at peace is stirred
Am I to blame that still I sigh Sometimes.
And Sometimes know a pang of pain
That while I walk all lonely, other eyes
May happily smile to yours that smile again
Beneath the sun and stars of Southern climes.
The Past is past, but it is sin if yet
I, who in calm content would seek to dwell,
Who will not grieve, yet cannot quite forget,
Still send a thought to you and wish you well Sometimes!

The Two Mysteries.

"In the middle of the room, in its white coffin,
lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near
it in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, sur-
rounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful
little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly
at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly
into the old man's face. 'You don't know what
it is, do you, my dear?' said he, and added, 'We
don't either.'
We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep
and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so
pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may
call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles
over all.
We know not what it means, dear, this desolate
heart-pain,
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in
it again:
We know not to what other sphere the loved
who leave us go.
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we
do not know.
But this we know: our loved and dead, if they
should come this day,
Should come and ask us, 'What is life?' not one
of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be,
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and
see.
Then might they say—these vanished ones—and
blessed is the thought:
'So death is sweet to us beloved! though we
may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of
death—
Ye cannot tell us if ye would the mystery of
breath.'
The child who enters life comes not with know-
ledge or intent.
So those who enter death must go as little chil-
dren sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is
overhead:
And as life is to the living, so death is to the
dead.

Cupid Sleeping.

(From the Greek of Plato.)

Through a shady forest going,
Found we cupid, all alone,
And his cheeks, so smoothly glowing,
Like to golden apples shone.
He had not his quiver by him,
Nor his bow, well-bent and strong,
But we soon espied them nigh him
Midst the leafy branches hung.
Chains of sleep his limbs encumbered,
While among the flowers he lay,
Smiling, even when he slumbered,
In his cruel, roguish way.
Swarms of tawny bees came flying
All about his waxen lip—
Often thus one sees them trying
Flowers, that with honey drip!
—GEORGE HORROX.
Long lace scarfs are selling again for sash-
es, shoulder-scarfs, evening hoods, etc.

The Care of the Hands.

Probably there is no one thing that makes girls shrink from housework more than the effect it has on the hands, especially in cold weather. It is a real trial to sit down to the piano and spread a stained, rough hand on the ivory keys; or to take one's pen in an unsightly hand to answer a letter; or to pick up a bit of embroidery, if it is only that on perforated hose, and use the needle when everything that touches the hands sticks to them because of their roughness. Sewing on woollen or silk is at such times a severe penance. There are methods of preserving the hands measurably against the destructive effect of dishwashing, scrubbing, and the like. They should be kept as much out of the water as possible, and when the work is done they should be washed clean and rubbed dry. Borax water is good for washing the hands. Coarsely ground oatmeal is a fair substitute for soap in washing the hands. White unscented soaps are the best, as the highly-scented soaps are usually made of rancid fats. A solution of oxalic acid will remove fruit stains from the hands, but it must not touch an abraded surface. After washing and drying the hands thoroughly, glycerine and spirits of camphor equal parts mixed together is good to rub over them. Coconut oil is a pleasant application. Wearing kid gloves two sizes too large is helpful in preserving the hands. One should have an old pair of gloves to take up ashes in, to sweep in, and to wear in all dirty work that permits the wearing of gloves. If gloves are dipped in not very hot linseed oil they become waterproof, and may be worn while washing dishes. A pair of cotton flannel mittens is pleasant to wear when hanging out the clothes on a cold morning. Frequent vigorous rubbing of the hands will promote circulation and keep the skin in good condition. To take the best care of the nails, soak the ends of the fingers in hot water for some time, until the skin is softened, then dry, and with a pair of nail scissors trim off all the dead skin about the nails and trim the nails neatly.

The Secret of a Long Life.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. She seems condensed sweetness and grace. You wonder how this has come about. You wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:
She knew how to forget disagreeable things.
She understood the art of enjoyment.
She kept her nerves well in hand, and in flected them on no one.
She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and in that of her neighbors.
She cultivated a good digestion.
She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.
She did not expect too much from her friends.
She made whatever work came to her congenial.
She retained her illusions, and did not believe that all the world was wicked and unkind.
She relieved the miserable, and sympathized with the sorrowful.
She retained an even disposition and made the best of everything.
She did whatever came to her cheerfully and well.
She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.
She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her, and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered.
This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Money Talks, Though.

A.—I learn that Mr. Dumbman, the deaf mute, is very rich.
B.—Yes, I knew that.
But I got a different impression from what you said about him.
How so?
You said he had no money to speak of.
Well, did you ever hear him speak of it?

A Moonlight Sonata.

Young man (with young lady on his arm)
—"Can you tell me the way to Maple street, sir?"
"Young lady—"And please, sir, will you tell us the longest way, around, because we are in no hurry at all, sir."