

FASHION NOTES.

The queen of Corea is no figurehead. She has her voice in councils of the king and an establishment of her own inside the palace grounds. The queen dresses, of course, in Corean costume. She carries a chatelaine watch, which is diamond studded, and smokes American cigarettes by the thousand.

Tulle boas, although as frail as a butterfly's wing are immensely popular still. They are made of the same colour as the dress, have a bow of ribbon at the ends and also another to tie them at the neck. But for the heat of Summer ballrooms the tulle boa is hardly appropriate and will melt after a few quick turns about the floor.

A lady travelling in Brazil a short time since brought as a souvenir to her friend a pin, the curious design of which struck her fancy. It is the profile of a half-breed Indian done in oxidized silver. The hair is represented by cutting the silver in innumerable facets that shine like jewels. Directly in the crown of the head is set the polished claw of a wildcat the curve of which turns backward. The whole is barbaric in its beauty, but the workmanship is faultless.

SEPARATE WAISTS FOR SUMMER SKIRTS.—French nainsooks or Victoria lawns are made up in separate waists precisely like those of surah now used, and will be worn all summer with various coloured skirts—a cool and comfortable fashion. They may be tucked lengthwise to form a yoke, or else they are shirred at the top. The sleeves are straight and full, or if preferred in coat shape, are quite full and high about the armhole. The belt may be of insertion or of ribbon, and the space below the belt may be worn outside the skirt or thrust under it, as the wearer chooses.

SLIPPERS FOR EVENING WEAR.—Slippers are more worn than boots for evening wear. Suede slippers and suede gloves are usual accompaniments for the evening toilet, but the newer mode is to wear slippers, of satin if necessary, to match the gown. The slipper has the pointed toe and high heel and is not very low in front. Silk bows as rosettes are used in ornamentation, but they must be small ones. The buckle is silver or gilt, sometimes jewelled, and may be large and square or smaller than those hitherto seen. Small pompons of gold or silver thread are occasional ornaments.

The designs in long lace pins grow more fanciful and beautiful each week. A pair presented by a thoughtful young man to his *fiancée* were moonstones carved with the utmost delicacy and skill, one the head of an Egyptian woman, the other a head of a Roman warrior. A crested helmet of tiny diamonds and emeralds and a breastplate similarly adorned brought his chiselled features into bold relief, while diamonds and rubies glittered in the strange head-dress of the Egyptian. Another quaint design was a long oblong pearl suspended from a crooked prong, with its upper half incrustated in diamonds to represent the shell of this pearl acorn.

A lately imported Paris gown was worn the other day at one of a series of readings given in Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt's drawing-rooms at Newport. The lilac batiste that formed the back of the skirts and body of the waist was of French manufacture, as fine as silk and sheer as muslin. The front and left side of the skirt was composed of a solid breadth of lilac silk mull, heavily embroidered in large square figures of white. In spaces between the figures ran dainty designs in lace work as fine as cobweb. About the bottom of the skirts the mull was worked in deep points, showing alternate plaitings of lace and batiste laid beneath. On the right hip was caught a loop and a long end of moire sash that only half concealed a panel of lace and batiste plaitings. The back draperies were long and plain. Alternate bands of moire and embroidered mull formed the waist-vest: the collar and cuffs were also of the mull.

A TENNIS COSTUME EXTRAORDINARY.—A pair of green silk stockings, embroidered with buttercups and finished off with a little pair of pigskin shoes. After these are on the wearer will array herself in an undergarment of gray-green China silk, which looks like a petticoat, ruffled up to the waist, but which really consists of two petticoats, one for each limb and fastened to one belt, which gives her a freedom of movement she has never known before since she went out of short frocks. A little low necked silk bodice and drawn up with little narrow green ribbons about the shoulders and arms. The tennis dress proper is of a gray-green serge, laid in a deep hem about the foot of the skirt, and embroidered with a deep border of buttercups done in gold-coloured floss. The skirt is gathered in quite full and falls just the fragment of an inch below the ankles. The waist is a loose blouse of the Garibaldi shape, made of white serge, with a turnover collar, under which is knotted a yellow silk scarf the same colour as the broad, soft sash, and are gathered into a deep green cuff which reaches nearly to the elbow. Over this blouse goes a little green serge jacket, whose edges are embroidered with buttercups, which is lined throughout with silk of the same shade, and has no sleeves.—*London Court Journal*.

YACHTING GOWNS.—The material for yachting gowns this season is English serge. This is a genuine seawater-proof material which has been found for many years in the English market, but is imported to this country for the first time this season. It is double width, varies in price \$1.00 to \$1.25, and may be found in white and navy blue only. It is known by tailors as Isle of Wight serge, from its popularity at Cowes, the great yachting centre of the English world. Combinations of blue and white serge are used by

tailors for these gowns which must be simple. Drapery is dispensed with or merely suggested by slashing the skirt and letting in pieces in contrasting colour. The anchor and the sailor's collar and tie are used in many of these dresses. A beautiful gown of dark blue serge has a straight skirt laid in box-pleats in front ornamented with lines of gold braid terminated with a gilt anchor at foot of each. A linen shirt waist with shield bosom standing collar with turned-down points exactly like a gentleman's dress shirt is worn with this skirt and jacket of blue serge which has a velvet collar turned back to show the linen waist, is ornamented with gold braid. Another pretty waist worn with a linen shirt waist and turned over collar is of striped blue and white serge and turned back in sailor revers of dark blue, ornamented with anchors of gilt. A beautiful yachting gown of white serge is made with a straight princess skirt with a full front breadth hemmed across the front with a pale blue hem and ornamented above with rows of pale blue braid. The full front of the waist is finished with a row of pale blue braid forming a square at the neck and pointed empire girdle at the waist line in front. The full sleeves are held down just above the elbow by several rows of braid. A white sailor hat and a ribbon band of blue completes the outfit

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN'S TOUR.

Mr. Douglas Sladen has been at Quebec. He left Windsor by the Windsor and Annapolis line for Annapolis, N.S., and is enthusiastic over the beauties of the Annapolis Valley and the picturesqueness of historic Annapolis. Thence he went to St. John by the Sound steamer City of Monticello. At St. John he was met by Mr. Carter, editor of *Progress*, and called upon by Major Jack and Mr. Hannay, the historian, directly after his arrival. Mr. Carter then drove him around the city and on the following day Mr. Hannay took him over the historical parts. After a couple of days in St. John to collect materials for his loyalist poem, he went up the St. John River to Fredericton and is loud in its praises. He thinks it one of the most charming river trips he has made. Parts of it remind him of the far-famed beauties of the Parramatta river and parts of the lower Rhine. He pronounces the steamers excellent. He spent three days at Fredericton, being shown over the Parliament houses and the Supreme Court by the Chief Justice and Judge Fraser and driven out to the Indian village by Mr. Carter, and then came on to Quebec by the New Brunswick Railway and the Temiscouata Railway, connecting with the Intercolonial at Rivière du Loup. This is a route lately opened, and he describes the scenery as superb. Nearly the whole line of the N. B. R. from Fredericton to Edmunton commands views of the St. John River, and on the run along Lake Temiscouata there is some of the finest lake scenery he has seen, while the little composite carriage is a gem of airiness and comfort, and the inn at Notre Dame—the anglers' headquarters—excellent. After leaving Quebec and paying their visits, Mr. Sladen and his party will proceed to Vancouver, stopping at Toronto, Niagara and other points of interest, in order to acquaint himself with the facilities of the great Canadian Pacific road for making Canada the highway between England and the East.

AT THE GRAVE OF ABRAM HULL.

[Abram Hull was a captain in the United States Infantry, and was killed in the battle of Lundy's Lane, 25th July, 1814, and interred on the battleground, near to the spot where he fell, with the fallen on both sides. The battleground was consecrated as a cemetery, and is now kept in order by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society.]

Not that thou wast an enemy do I desire
Thy grave shall be no mound of weeds or mire;
My country's enemies are mine, and I would fight
With tireless arm to guard her sacred right.
Not that thou wast an enemy and I forget
The fierce incursion—unforgiven yet.
But that thou wast a mother's son, I'd keep,
For mother-love, thy bed in thy last sleep.
Lay e'er, my son, in stranger-land a foe,
I would some mother-breast should pity know,
Some kindly hand should smooth, as I do now,
His last long pillow, and upon his brow
Drop gentle tears for one so brave and young,
Nor leave, for enmity, a warrior's dirge unsung.
S. A. CURZON.

TROUBLES.—He who has learned the secret of a happy life will bow his head before life's storms, but will gladly raise it again to welcome the returning sunlight. Many of the troubles men suffer are imaginary and born of their fears; many of them are trifles unworthy to dwell in their thoughts; many more might be avoided by care on their own part; and very many contain within them the seeds of good to themselves, and benefit to others that could be produced in no other way.



What's in a name? Most of the alphabet, in Russia.

A minister one day said in his pulpit: "We pursue a shadow—the bubble bursts and leaves ashes in our hands."

Western constituent: "So you're a Democrat! Give me your hand!" Washington belle (absent-mindedly): "Ask papa."

Ed (to Ada in her ball costume): "What a lovely girl you are!" Ada (simply): "You ought to see me when I am dressed!"

When a modern youth becomes esconced in a street car, the ladies discover that he doesn't belong to the rising generation.

"However could you think of falling in love with such a homely fellow? His figure is something awful." "Yes, but he has a lovely one at the bank."

"All things come to him who waits," says the proverb, but the man who, after waiting half an hour, discovers that the last car has gone, is not a believer in it.

Proud mother: "Don't you think my little son looks very refined?" Blunt doctor: "Yes, indeed. Looks as if he could be knocked over with a feather."

A Yankee, describing an opponent, says: "I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic—add him up and there is nothing to carry."

Teacher: "Adams, do you know who made that noise?" Adams (who is the guilty one): "I know, but I do not like to tell." Teacher: "You are a gentleman, sir."

"How do you do, little boy?" "Got a cold in my head." "Oh, I guess not. What makes you think so, little boy?" "Cause my eyes leak and my nose don't go."

When it is one minute after eight o'clock it is past eight. When it is thirty minutes after eight it is only half-past eight. Here is another discovery to make the world past and feel sad.

Fair shopper (in great store): "There, this novel will do. Don't wrap it up." Clerk: "Don't wrap it up?" "No, indeed. I'll sit down here and read it to kill the time while waiting for my change."

As they say their last "good-bye" a clock strikes ten, eleven, twelve. George: "How the time flies when you are by my side, dear." Daisy: "Yes, George; but that's papa in the dining-room setting the clock."

Husband: "Wife, I wish you had been born with as good judgment as I, but I fear you were not." Wife: "You are right. Our choice of partners for life convinces me that your judgment is much better than mine."

APPRECIATIVE.—(The young lady has just finished playing a selection from "Faust.") Old lady: "How nice! I always did like 'Home, Sweet Home!'" Young lady (with a start): "'Home, Sweet Home!'" Old lady: "Yes: Min plays it. I can always tell when she crosses her hands."

A Boston girl was married to a Chinaman named Charley June. The ceremony proceeded with much difficulty. When the groom was asked if he would take the bride to be his "wedded wife" he became confused; the clergyman suggested that the usual reply was "I will," but it was not till the bride had warmly said: "Say yes or no, one or the other," that June came to time with "I will."

BOBBY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.—Bobby has been playing on the porch while his mother was calling within. She suddenly appears at the door with the hostess, ready to take her leave, when Bobby bursts into tears and cries: "Mamma, ain't you going to stay to lunch?" "No, dear." "Boo—hoo—hoo—well, you said you would—boo—hoo." (Painful silence, followed by rapid leave taking.)

A NOVEL IDEA.—The other day a little fellow about seven years of age tumbled into the Clyde at a very deep part known as the "Bank Wheel." He was rescued by a fisherman, and, being taken home, was cautioned by his father and told never to go near the river again, for he would be sure to be drowned next time. "No, no, father," said the boy, "I wad haud on tae the big stanes at the bottom and keep my mouth close, an' no' let the watter get in."

DEAN MANSEL'S WIT.—In Dean Burgon's account of Dean Mansel, it is said the metaphysician was once driving out with Prof. Chandler and others, including a little girl, who suddenly exclaimed, *apropos* of a donkey by the roadside: "Look at that donkey! He has got his head into a barrel and can't get it out." Mansel was heard to mutter, "Then it will be a case of asphyxia." Equally good was his suggestion, on seeing the figure of Neptune in St. Paul's Cathedral, that the only Christianity it had to do with would be "Tridentine." On a student's stumbling vaguely through an answer in class, he is said to have addressed him with the words, "Really, sir, if you cannot be definite, you had better be dumb in it." But best of all, for neatness and brevity, was his remark on the appearance of a candidate having for Christian names "Field Flowers." "That man," said Mansel, "was born to be either ploughed or plucked," only he was neither, and is said now to be a colonial bishop.—*London Inquirer*.