

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.



**A** COMBINATION of adjectives, or 'exquisitely luxurious' can alone describe this season's modes; but such a wealth of colour and scope in the matter of shape are allowed us as regards millinery that it is neither difficult nor expensive in these days to be perfectly and suitably attired. Amongst the latest materials of which our *chapeaux* are fashioned I may note black, white, and

coloured chenille plaited in very cleverly with 'wood-shaving' straw, that peculiarly shiny fabric which was christened *paille de satin* during the summer. Then, again, there are the new speckled felts, imitating somewhat closely certain makes of Scotch tweed, emerald green and a particular dull shade of turquoise, together with a subdued tone of red, being the favourite backgrounds to a faint speckling of black. I have already inspected other models in tan and brown, sprinkled with a kind of white 'snow-flake' pattern, but these do not approach for *chic* the first-mentioned styles. My winter *nouveauté* is made of the new turquoise blue felt, speckled in rather a shadowy way with black. At the back it is raised very high over successive loops of cream satin, that are kept in place by a pair of paste brooches. Some very rich turquoise velvet is draped round the crown under a bine bird's head and a fan like arrangement of jet-black wings. The paradise feathers are cream, to match the *cache-peigne*. By the way, it is strange to note that while the French have been reveling in this kind of ethereal plumage—a very expensive article when real—we are only just commencing to realise its beauty as an adornment to our smartest millinery. At present the imitation of the *bono-fide* feather is so excellent that the difference can hardly be detected unless by someone who is a perfect connoisseur. But to return to the remaining trimming of our model. The brim is bound with blue corded ribbon, and on the right of the crown is rather a large paste buckle. What an amount of cream and white is employed, to be sure, on all the

real seal or sable. Together with chinchilla and astrakan, the most fashionable skin at present is ermine—that right regal peltry that looks so supremely charming when introduced moderately on a winter mantle. Here is a pretty example of a dull red box-cloth saque coat, cut with the latest in tailor sleeves and nicely-trimmed with ermine. A kind of yoke is formed by an embroidery of black silk cording and gold metallic thread, and down the centre of this worked breast-piece hangs a long ermine tie with six black tails. The high collar, which stands out becomingly from the throat in the newest much-approved style, is lined with the queenly fur. A muff *à la suite* is carried, and some very narrow but thick ermine cuffs make a very cosy finish round the wrists. The three-quarter cape, fashioned *en visite*, holds a considerable place in the esteem of up-to-date woman-kind, but this shape is certainly not so delightfully youthful as the saque when it is cut to perfection.

At the first glance, some of the new Paris capes that are cut somewhat longer in front than at the back and sides, look as if the wearer had made some kind of incomprehensible blunder. And yet this particular kind of model is quite the thing to don just now. Another pet garment on the other side of the Channel, where exaggeration in dress never appears altogether so vulgar as it does in England, is a double-breasted black astrakan coat, with gigantic cuffs and revers of the same fur in white. The contrast is violent, to say the least, and the addition of appliques of the dark astrakan on the snowy background hardly tend to tone down the appearance of the jacket, especially as these applications are brilliantly embroidered with crystal beads and silver sequins. Of all the tones of red and purple, the new wine tint may be rightly considered the most ladylike; the colour looks simply charming when carried out—as in my third sketch—in soft vicuna cloth, with conventional black silk braid both on skirt and corsage. Here the bodice assumes the form of a closely-fitting Zouave, fashioned roundly and in one with a baggy vest of

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**DRESS FABRICS**  
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Dresses from £4 4s.  
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The foregoing—FOR NET CASH ONLY.

While we do not pretend these Dresses equal our best, they will prove for Young Ladies excellent everyday Dresses.

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We send patterns, sketches, and measurement forms, but LADIES will please state colours and class of DRESS they require, as we cannot send a full range of samples.

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**A TERRIBLE COUGH.**  
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99, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 18.  
"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unto his, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucous, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, sir, yours truly  
J. HILL."

**A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.**  
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Routh Park, Cardiff, South Wales, Sept. 28, 1883.  
"I have, indeed, great pleasure in adding my testimony to your excellent preparation of Cough Lozenges, and I have prescribed it now for the last eight years in my hospitals and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your Lozenges is the only remedy which gives me immediate ease. Therefore I can truly and most strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who may suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, or any kind of pulmonary irritation.—Yours truly,  
A. GABRIEL, M.D., L.R.C.P. and L.M. Edinburgh.  
L.R.C.S. and L.M. Edinburgh.

**USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.**  
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"It is 75 YEARS AGO" since KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES were first made, and the sale is larger than ever, because they are unrivalled in the relief and cure of Winter Cough, Asthma, and Bronchitis: one alone give relief.

**UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.**  
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Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT TROUBLES are sold in Tins by all Chemists.

**TEN PUDDINGS** OF A PINT EACH can be made out of ONE POUND of good Corn Flour. The BEST CORN FLOUR—

**BROWN & POLSON'S PATENT BRAND—** is a trifle dearer than ordinary Corn Flour, but the difference in price cannot be noticed when divided over ten puddings. The superiority in flavour and quality can be distinguished at once. BROWN AND POLSON have been making a speciality of Corn Flour for nearly 40 years. They guarantee what they sell. See that your grocer does not substitute some other make. Many articles are now offered as Corn Flour, usually without the maker's name, and sometimes bearing the name of the dealer instead, which can only bring discredit on the good name of Corn Flour.



'NOUVEAUTE D'HIVER.'

new winter shapes! Sometimes, as in to-day's design, the ivory note assumes the form of bewildering loops and plumes, while on many of the latest *chapeaux* delicate cream lace is draped and brought up into a side bow, duly wired to stand erect. Chrysanthemums, sewn so closely one after the other that they look as if they were huddling together for warmth, form girlish wreaths round some of the fresh hats, and the crown, draped 'à la Tam o'Shanter,' is far from being out of fashion.

All kinds of peltry bid fair to be universally worn this winter, and, really, nothing can possibly look cosier or more suitable on a bitterly cold day than nice fur wraps.



THE LATEST IN SAQUE COATS.

There is indeed, something poverty-stricken looking about those who refuse to don furs, because, perhaps, their limited pin-money will not allow of their buying



'LA SIMPLICITE.'

turquoise blue bengaline—that silk which never seems to wear out. The little coat is daintily hemmed with a deep band of claret-tinted sequins mixed with just the slightest suspicion of gold beading, the rucked baby ceinture being composed of material to match the waistcoat. Although a good many beautiful things are combined to make this gown sweetly becoming, it would seem as if no effort had been lavished on it, so exquisitely simple does it appear.

HELOISE.

**AUSTRALIAN HOSPITALITY.**

AUSTRALIAN station hospitality keeps the latch-string always out and says, "Come when you wish, do what you like, and stay as long as you can." A writer in the February *Scribner* says that the Australian host places himself, his family, and all that is his at the service of the guest—fishing-tackle, breech loaders, horses, and servants.

Such hospitality is rarely abused, though the writer mentions one exceptional case, where a guest prolonged his visit until it wore out his welcome.

To one station came a visitor, whose original intention of staying a month was reconsidered, and he remained two. Six months passed, and he was still there. He enjoyed himself hugely with horses, dogs and guns, developed an encouraging appetite, and his host did not complain.

After about nine months the host's manner became less warm, and at the end of the year he spoke no more to his guest. The latter was not sensitive, but lingered on for the space of a second year, when he departed and went to visit somebody else. During these two years he was never told that he had stayed long enough and would do well to go away.

**A THOUGHT OF HEAVEN.**

Of all the thoughts of heaven the sweetest this, I say—  
To have, sometime, somewhere, the things on earth foregone.

The precious gifts of God we blindly put away,  
The days whose fleeting light was wasted at the dawn.

The things we might have done, to do, sometime, somewhere.

Our best, our truest selves in that new life to be—  
Oh! that were sweetest heav'n, I think, or here, or there,

Enough for sons of God, enough for you and me!

JAMES BUCKHAM.