

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

+++++ BY MARGUERITE +++++

"The time has come," as the Walrus wisely remarked, years ago, or it "is very near," when we shall once again be privileged to talk of many things. The small circumference of our recent pivot has not been at all to our liking, or in the very least inspiring. But like a warhorse do we scent powder in the distance, and are restlessly champing our bits and pawing the ground in anger at being held in until the rightful moment.

It will, I am fully persuaded, be some long while ere we, as a nation, have need to resort to the deep, close-fitting hip-belts now being adopted by the Parisian—though I would at the same time hint to she of embonpoint that these same belts are worthy of much serious consideration towards the acquirement of a shapely silhouette. And more than ever are we to be dependent on

PERFECTION OF OUTLINE.

It is perfectly conceivable how the mind untutored will find a difficulty in appreciating wherein lies the essence

of the charm of these apparently simple achievements; and how, jumping to outward conclusions only, they miss arriving at the desired end every time.

It is the beneath that goes to spell more than half the tale—the corset, the perfectly-fitting petticoat, and last, but by no manner of means least, that clever little cache corset, an unimportant wisp of a thing, but eminently serving the right end of giving the figure form without hardness. If you remark, we have grown distinctly longer from the throat to figure-line and this effect is irrespective of slimness or stoutness. Naturally there are relative lengths, but they are only of moment to the modiste, and of no appreciable value to the casual onlooker. And, again, are clothes inextricably mingled with and dependent on deportment.

The sitting down, the rising up, the walking of the modern woman are a positive study in themselves. And when we hear, as we do very frequently, how such a person is a pleasure to

dress, as one doing credit to the simplest creation, clothes will follow in the natural sequence of things. Dear me! how I revel in a general chat of this description. And the connection is so clear to me between these apparently outside matters and raiment. There is no disconnecting the latter; it never becomes a thing apart—man, woman, or child, I care not, the same rule holds good in regard of suitable dressing. Now let me, ere I lose for ever my share of the Editorial chair, chronicle to you the fact that foremost among our designs this appreciative verdict is invariably traceable to carriage.

SMART FROCKS ABOUT LONDON TOWN.

HALF - MOURNING.

Now that half-mourning is permissible, writes a correspondent, grey predominates, being evidently more in

favour than the mauve or purple hues, which, however, are not wholly without adherents.

There were many pretty gowns in evidence when I looked in at —'s the other afternoon, and one in a rich purple was particularly chic.

Fashioned in the newest style, having the pleated corsage, which rumour asserts is to become prime favourite with us, and which has certainly made considerable headway in gayer capitals than ours, the corsage is in shape very much like an ordinary tight-fitting bodice, which opens gradually from the waist, where it is pointed, revealing an inner waistcoat and vest beneath.

Fitting well across the bust, the style is loose at back and sides, the fullness being usually confined by a shaped belt, and in this case it was fashioned of panne, which, slightly higher at the back, rounded off at the sides, leaving the front free and unconfined. A rounded, rather broad collar of the cloth, decorated with little squares of the same coloured panne.



1. A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE EMBROIDERED TEA-GOWN IN HALF-MOURNING.
2. A HALF-MOURNING DINNER DRESS OF BLACK MUSLIN AND SILVER SPANGLES.