

OUR FASHION LETTER

BOAS OF CHIFFON ARE NOW IN VOGUE.

They Lend a Dainty Grace to Fair Wearers—Pearl Hat Trimmings—Flowers, Lace Chiffon and Ribbons in Endless Combination.

Frills and ruffles of soft chiffon and long, fluttering scarfs of tulle and fine net—these are the dainty dress accessories with which the fashionable woman delights to swathe her prettiness.

There are occasions, of course, when the chiffon boa is worn for comfort. Usually, however, it is donned solely for the dainty finish it lends to a smart toilet. Its delicate tints blend



prettily with those of the gown, while the long, gracefully fashioned, broad ends fall and mingle with the soft gown trimmings in a way that is charming and effective.

For some reason the boa, whether it be of fur, feathers or chiffon, has become an indispensable bit of feminine adornment, so that modistes and milliners find their wits taxed to the utmost to keep up with my lady's demands for new and becoming garnitures for her neck.

At present boas and ruffs appear to follow along the same lines as those of the early part of the season. They are full and soft around the neck, and display very wide, broad streamers, which reach quite to the edge of the skirt.

Besides being exquisitely feminine, boas are graceful affairs, and there is no denying that masses of becoming chiffon about the throat have a wonderful way of knocking off years from any woman's age. Perhaps this fact in a measure is responsible for the popularity of the boa of frills and flounces. At all events we are to have more of these dainty dress belongings this spring than ever before, and, like everything else newly designed for pretty femininity, they are handsomer and more exquisite than any previously displayed.

When furs have become a little heavy and warm to wear, then the chiffon boa makes an appearance, with all its fluttering and alluring graces to show to the admiring world that, after all, there is nothing prettier for framing a delicate patrician face than its own soft masses of chiffon.

Net boas, in black and in white and in the two combined, are always in good taste, but the seeker after novelties is not satisfied with anything quite so ordinary in the way of effect. She is the one who will invest in a rare opalescent creation or in an odd arrangement of her favorite flower nestling in its bed of chiffon, like the tiny wood violet almost hidden among its own green leaves.

Flowers, by the way, will enter largely into the construction of fancy neck garnitures, and roses, as always, will be greatest in demand. A stunning pale gray chiffon boa was made to look like a row of huge roses with centers of the palest pink. The long gray chiffon ends were decorated with a painted design of roses.

Pearl trimmings form one of the newest fashion fads, and soft mouseline hats are banded, bordered and braided with these gleaming gems. As fancy neck wear usually follows the same trend as hats, we are offered some wonderfully effective novelties in the way of chiffon boas intertwined and garlanded with tiny strings of pearls.

A really beautiful boa of white mouseline had the neck part made in large soft choux, and in the heart of each reposed an exquisite pearl ornament. Instead of gold, silver and jet paillettes, which have grown to be such a feature of trimming, we see scarfs and boas edged with dainty pearls. One huge ruff of pink chiffon fell about the neck in wide, graceful double ruffles. On the edge of each was a border of tiny pearls, which while the long streamers were crushed together and held under a lattice like covering woven from pearls. Full flounces of pink chiffon edged with pearl trimmings finished the lower ends of these tubular draperies.

Another boa of white chiffon was unique. It was made with the same peculiar streamers, only, instead of using pearls for the covering a lattice was made of narrow satin ribbons knotted together. Through the diamond shaped openings of the lattice one could see the finely plaited white

chiffon, which spread at the bottom into full fan shaped ruffles.

While delicate pinks, blues and white make the daintiest of these boas, there are some very pretty ones in black and black with white. For instance, a spotted white net is made up into a very full neck ruff, and at the throat, from under black velvet rosettes, fall two broad strokes of the net, finished across the bottom with a sprinkling of black chenille spots. Of course, these same disks are used with good effect upon the full ruche about the neck.

We have been informed that paillettes are no longer to be seen on the very smartest gowns and accessories and it is quite true. They are used, however, but, instead of glittering in a distracting way, their brilliance is effectively veiled under thin chiffon or dainty lace. For instance, a white spotted net (boa) has a full ruche of paillette net, covered with another of the same kind, but without the gold trimming. There is a certain charm in having these bright ornaments hidden beneath such a delicate chiffon cloud. The effect is really prettier than if the paillettes were permitted to boldly glitter.

Lace appliques, especially in the medallion patterns which are used so frequently on the newest gowns, are utilized in many charming ways to form dainty boas. The long scarf ends are sometimes outlined with a delicate vine-like pattern, and the lower ruffle of the neck piece, the one which lies out on the shoulders, is ornamented with appliques.

In fact, all manner of trimmings and ornaments seen upon the handsomest gowns are duplicated on the newest boas. Black lace on white and white on black form some of the smartest neckwear, and when worn with a chic black and white hat any woman might consider herself well dressed—at least, so far as her head is concerned.

One of the newest effects in embroidery is made with ordinary darning cotton, and some exquisite gowns in the latest designs display this trimming as their chief feature. Fine white mouseline is delicately ornamented with cotton in an effective yet open pattern. If this fad is to be used on gowns naturally it will be confined to those alone, and we may expect to see it appear on many gown accessories. In fact, we have already noticed a beautiful white mouseline boa, having its broad ends embroidered after this fashion. Of course, the pattern must be kept extremely delicate and the coloring correspondingly dainty.

The one noticed had a straggling arrangement of roses, with petals faintly pink tinged. This design decorated the ends of the scarf and appeared again on the full ruffle forming the centre of the ruff.

Many of the scarfs are cut off square across the bottom, while others almost as pretty—and certainly more becoming to some figures—reach to a point just above the knees, where they end in a long, frill edged angle.

The mind that can conceive of a new and pretty idea of these very important belongings of dress will certainly find many to take advantage of the novelty. Flowers, laces, chiffons and ribbons have been put together in almost every conceivable way, and yet we are offered each season many beautiful and new effects.

Ribbons are always pretty and effective trimmings, and for ruffles they are twisted, looped and shirred, quite after the manner of softer chiffons. Flowers



are generally knotted in with the loops and when these make an all flower has crowning a pretty head the combination is one fascinating in the extreme.

As the flower hat is considered one of the smartest novelties of the season, so the boa made all of flowers is equally fashionable. Sweet peas, mignonette violets and roses constitute the popular selection and are perhaps the prettiest of all. Frequently there are loops of stem green chiffon or ribbon twisted in with natural effect among the delicately tinted flowers. The violet girl will not hesitate, of course, as to her choice of the flower boas, yet hers will not be one bit prettier, and perhaps not quite so smart, as the springlike boa of fresh green leaves. These rather small leaves are arranged upon a foundation of green chiffon, exactly the same shade as the leaves, yet the general effect is of foliage.

Where will this fad for foliage and flowers carry the fashionable woman. With her hat and her boa fashioned from these, her appearance might suggest a bit of animated forest. Nevertheless, the effect is pretty, and it cannot be denied that for those who find green a becoming color these ruffs are wonderfully pretty and smart.

CITY SPARROWS.

Like brown leaves whirling in a gust of autumn wind, they flutter down, amid the weary din and dust, upon the pavements of the town.

They swing upon the electric wires, deriving us who creep below;

They gossip gaily from the spires That place the sunset's amber glow.

Gay vagabonds, I wonder why You choose the town's tumultuous

crowds, When ye have wings to rise and fly To distant fields and floating clouds?

Ah! do ye never pause and dream Of tiny nests and blossomed trees, That bend above some shadowy stream And murmur secrets to the breeze?

Had I your wings, I would not stay Amid the city's haggling strife; But on this balmy summer day I'd seek my childhood's peaceful life.

—ANTONY E. ANDERSON.

The Rescue of Henri De Blavier

The old Canadian fort, Beau Sejour—or Cumberland, as it is now called—is situated on the narrow isthmus that connects the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. It was built by the French who made the first settlements in this part of Canada.

A regiment, offered by enterprising young aristocrats, was sent from France to hold it against all comers, and for nearly a hundred years battle, in some shape or other, raged almost incessantly around its casemated walls. French and English fought each other for its possession, while the Indians took a hand in the conflict whenever and wherever plunder or revenge could be obtained, and tortured, tomahawked and scalped alike settler and soldier, French and English.

On a mild day in early spring, about the year 1759, an Indian runner came out of the great forest that surrounded it, waving over his head a small, square, white packet, which proved to be a cry for help from the beleaguered fort at Lunenburg, on the neighboring island of Cape Breton.

It was nobly responded to, and in a few hours the runner was again crossing the clearing before the fort, with the gallant defenders of Beau Sejour at his back; but almost before the last of the column had disappeared into the forest the Indian warwhoop rang through its leafy shades.

Scattering shots told that the ubiquitous savage was dogging the retreating party, and great was the alarm and anxiety among the soldiers. Henri de Blavier, the sixteen-year-old son of the commandant, was in the forest, accompanied only by Antoine Poirier, the hunter of the fort, and Joel Anderson, a New England hunter and trapper, whose wanderings in search of peltry had brought him into the neighborhood a few days previous.

In return for hospitable entertainment, he had made himself exceedingly useful, bringing in many a choice bit of game for the officers' mess; that their less skillful hunters were unable to capture.

The three had started shortly after daybreak in search of game, and as no Indians had been seen on the isthmus for some time, they might be neglecting the usual precautions.

In any case, their situation was one of extreme peril, and Col. de Blavier immediately organized a rescue party; but, just as they were leaving, Anderson sprang out of the woods, followed by a flight of Indian arrows, and they waited to hear his report, which was by no means encouraging.

They had struck the trail of a moose almost under the walls of the fort, and followed it together until it crossed some "bear signs," when they separated, Henri and Antoine keeping on in pursuit of the moose, while Anderson went after the bear.

About noon his experienced eye detected indications that Indians were in the neighborhood, and he immediately attempted to rejoin his companions; but finding that impossible, he next directed his energies to returning with the tidings.

"The woods is just alive with them painted varmints, Colonel," he continued. "It wouldn't do to venture in there with less than a regiment at your command, and even then it would be risky. Maybe Antoine and Henri have found cover, and been waiting for night to come in. It would be their only chance, anyhow; and if they ain't here soon I'll go out and see if I can discover what's become of them. It's a case where one can do better than fifty, if he knows what he's about."

The obvious good sense of this remark compelled acquiescence, and while a signal was being arranged by which Anderson could summon help, in case of need, an orderly came in to report that something had been detected crawling through the clearing. It proved to be Antoine, with an arrow sticking in his shoulder and almost dead from fatigue and loss of blood.

While the surgeon dressed his wound he told his story, which proved in many respects to be a repetition of Anderson's. He, too, had detected "Indian signs" very soon after they separated, and immediately turned about to regain the fort; but while proceeding as carefully and cautiously as possible they fell into an ambush.

Henri had been spirited from his side and into the forest almost before he realized that they were attacked. He had managed to escape after killing two of his assailants and wounding a third, and had been lying for hours in the undergrowth, within sight of the fort, waiting for the friendly cover of night to get under its guns.

His successful defense made young De Blavier's position one of the greatest danger. The scalp of so important a person as the son of the commandant would be considered a very fair set-off against the lives of the two who had fallen, and if he were not already dead every precaution would be taken against rescue or escape.

Nothing could be done until his position was ascertained, and Anderson immediately set off on this dangerous errand.

Clad in garments that even in broad daylight could scarcely have been distinguished from the undergrowth through which he must make his way, he crept through a low arched door in the most inaccessible part of the fort,

especially designed for the use of the scouts, and in a couple of hours he had located the Indian force.

It consisted of nearly a hundred warriors, in full war costume. They were encamped in what had once been a stone quarry. The granite blocks of which Fort Beau Sejour was built were cut out of it, and in quarrying them the workmen had cut through a great hill of rock in such a way as to form an artificial precipice of great height.

At the foot of it sat poor Henri de Blavier, with his legs bound tightly together, and a stalwart Indian guard lounging beside him. Some playful savage had daubed his face with patches of black paint, but no disguise could disguise his pitiful condition, as he watched, with agonised features, the movements of a party of young Indian braves, who were busily employed near him.

A stout stake had been firmly driven into the ground, and around this they were keeping up small fires, intending evidently to girdle the little knoll it crowned with a path of red-hot coals. Anderson took in the situation at a glance. Henri was to be tied loosely to the stake, and, bare-footed, was to be baited around the track of glowing coals with fire-brands and blazing pine-knots, and anything else handy that could be utilised to agonise the human frame.

To thus torture the son almost within sight of his father's stronghold would be as much of a blow as Micmac could hope to experience this side of the happy hunting-grounds.

"Well," whispered the scout to himself, after a moment's contemplation of the careful preparations with which the occasion was being honored, "a bullet would soon stop that work, and it shall be stopped that way if there ain't no other; but I wish I could bring him off alive."

Even while he was speaking a possible means of rescuing the boy occurred to him. When out in search of game he always carried a strong piece of rope. To case he should kill more than he could carry home with him, he would then have the means of securing the surplus in a tree, out of the reach of forest prowlers.

He observed, too, that Henri's guard took such an interest in the preparations for Indian fun going on around the stake that he seemed wholly unable to keep away from it, and every once in a while would leave his charge for a few seconds, and saunter over to lend a hand at the fascinating job.

A guard over the worn-out, helpless boy seemed indeed wholly superfluous, and no doubt the wisest in the camp would have considered it all-sufficient to merely keep an eye on him; and this was evidently his jailer's view of the situation, as his excursions to the spot where all the hilarity of the camp was concentrated became more frequent and his stays longer.

"There's just one chance," muttered the old scout, as once more he commenced to creep through the bushes towards the brow of the precipice under which the unfortunate Henri was seated.

In order to avoid the Indian scouts he was obliged to make a wide detour, and when he at last reached it, and cautiously peered over, Henri was still sitting at its foot, and his guard, anxious to have the fun begin, was eagerly assisting in the horrible preparations for an aboriginal kind of amusement.

They were almost complete, and every one seemed intent on the finishing touches.

"It is now or never," thought Anderson, as he put his mouth against the rock in such a way as to make it conduct his voice, and gave a gentle "S-s-s," immediately following it by "Don't move, Henri. It's me, Anderson. I'm going to send you down a rope, but don't move till you see it swaying before your eyes."

The hunter put the end of the line over the cliff, and had let it down a foot or two, when the Indian guard suddenly bethought himself of his charge, and hurried over to where he sat.

Henri had the wit and self-possession to look so utterly hopeless and terror-stricken that a single glance sufficed the savage, and he hurried back to the stake, now almost completely girdled by a track of glowing coals.

Down went the rope again; this time until it reached the eager grasp of the strong, young hands.

It was new and well-twisted; there was courage, muscle and intelligence at both ends of it, and luck was on the right side that day, or rather night, for no Indian looked that way until De Blavier was over the cliff. Once out of sight and they were safe, for even an Indian cannot follow a trail in the darkness.

Before daybreak they were back in the fort. Boundless thanks and valuable gifts were lavished on the brave scout by its garrison, but he never recounted the story of the rescue of young Henri de Blavier without regretting that he couldn't have stayed to see the disappointment among "them varmints" when they found they'd got no use for their good live coals."—CLARA A. HARPER.

Why People are Right-Handed.

Right-handedness, which is found to have existed in the majority of mankind from the earliest times, is traced by Dr. D. G. Brinton to the erect posture. The apex most resembling man are ambidextrous, displaying no preference for either hand; but the erect posture opposes the powerful retardation of gravity to the distribution of the arterial blood above the level of the heart, and thus introduces a new distribution of force in the economy. The great arteries arising from the aorta carry the blood in an apparently shorter course, and in less time, to the left brain than to the right. Its nutrition being therefore the most abundant and its vitality the more active, the right side of the body, which it controls, is more ready to respond to any nerve stimulus.

A Great Blast.

Probably one of the largest blasting operations ever performed in a quarry was carried out recently at Dinorwic quarry, in Wales. Three and a half tons of Nobel's gelatine dynamite were exploded at once. It took two days and nights to put the explosive in place, and when it was fired some thousands of tons of hard granite were displaced.

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