

**FAIR SUMMER WEATHER**

**FINE FROCKS AND HATS THAT ARE OFFERED TO THE VIEW.**

At a Coaching Breakfast—The Fashions of Boucher and Watteau—Gay Gowns at the Races—Costumes for the Summer Ballroom.

The smell of clover is warm in the air and there is a sound of the droning of bees. The wild roses show pink under the cliffs of the Palisades, the waves roll in white and green on the beach, and if one must talk of things to wear it should at least be of parasols. There is a world of splendor displayed in the huge blossoms whenever and wherever women come out of the sunshine. They bloom bigger and bright-



OF LACE AND RIBBONS.

ter than ever parasols did before them, and they flaunt themselves with the same masses of lace, the same deep ruffles and the same striking picturesqueness of color one finds in the summer hats and gowns.

At a coaching breakfast just out of town on Wednesday the parasols were a study. There was one in a pale brownish cream chiffon that was composed of one deep full flounce, with a mass of crinkled shirring at the top and a huge bow of gauze ribbon of the same shade flecked with scarlet and having long sash-like ends that fluttered and swung.

With a frock of pale gray and lavender went a parasol in the same colorings. The full soft flounce of silvery chiffon was exquisitely painted with great clusters of wisteria blossoms. A dress of white cloth with embroidery in green and white sheltered itself under a parasol of white chiffon thickly strewn with daisies set in green leaves. A white cashmere frock with deep, pointed waist fringe of white silk threads went in like manner with a sunshade of alternate rows of white lace and fringe.

Upon the hats great clumps of pink and white laurel were set or loosely tied bunches of the early summer asters. Straggling sprays of blue succory trimmed rough looking straw shapes, while others were covered with yellow St. Johnswort or wild carrot blossoms. Two or three hats of white crinoline were trimmed altogether with green leaves; one bore an oak wreath, another some fronds of the delicate maiden-hair fern. A slim blonde stood up very straight and happy under a dainty black crinoline bonnet with a wreath plaited of glossy green laurel leaves; white satin strings tied it beneath her chin and she had two causes for self-congratulation; the satin was cut on the cross and measured just an inch and a half in width according to the latest fashion, and it was only twelve hours or thereabouts since the announce-



BEAUTY FROM BEHIND.

ment] of her engagement to one of the catches of the season.

One is inclined to smile with more or less content at the news of the incoming of the Watteau and Boucher fashions in June, when the old-fashioned pinks are in blossom. One stem lies across my paper while I write, and on it are two pointed, gray green buds and three of the flowers that used to border mother's garden under the peach trees. My pinks split down at the side in the good old way in which they always split, and the petals have still their irregular crimson circle. Just what they have to do I'm sure I can't say with Watteau and Boucher, but while I lift them and smell them, it seems very natural to think of women paraded in flowery fabrics with powdered hair and coquetish patches making eternal picnic on the greensward. Again I lift them and shake together their long-legged, fringed petals, and almost I hear the tippy tip of buckled shoes and the minnet's stately measure. The shop windows are bright with rose-garlanded fabrics, and wherever one walks the women who walk with one are sprinkled with flowers, and ruffled with lace from head to heel. Clearly we are journeying towards the empire of the *sacque* train, and pity,

'tis we cannot today reach our destination, for if the rose petals fall, and the sweet peas fade, and my pinks go out of blossom, how can we ever, though we put on the panniers, bring back the spirit of Fragonard's fair ladies or revive, in the bustling life of ours, those artificially graceful days?

Yellow shot with crimson is a summer color we love, and we incline almost equally to gray with sky blue, navy blue with scarlet and white or mauve with pale green. A young girl at a summer luncheon wore a pretty frock the other day of pale leaf green crepe de Chine figured with white meadow flowers. The trim round waist of the bodice had a yoke run with narrow white ribbons, giving an effect, as shown in the illustration, much like draw-work. A border of the same ribbon finished the skirt at the bottom and made the dainty cuffs, while the collar and girdle were of green velvet of a deeper shade than the body of the gown.

There is more doing in evening frocks than for many weeks past, because now begins the dance music in the summer ballrooms. Silk crepons are the stuffs the scissors are having their will with, and silk muslins flowered and scattered with velvet designs outlined with pearls or crystal beads. Ruchings of sweet pea blossoms or wild roses are placed about the hems of pale blue or pale pink nets or tulles, and long blossom garlands are carried about the hips and about the bust, or are fastened as epaulets upon the shoulders and trail lightly down over the arms.

A most elaborate evening frock finished on Thursday to go into a most elaborate trousseau is a low necked princess gown of a pale creamy brown tulle with elbow sleeves and a short train. The back of this frock is shown in the illustration, outlined with pale yellow ostrich tips, and showing the extreme height of sleeves on the shoulders, and the succession of ripples in which they subside to the elbows. The gown opens at the side and is edged diagonally with the feathers from the waist line to the feet. It is a most effective costume for a blonde.

There have been some very smart frocks at the races. I remember two or three particularly at the suburban. There was a prevalence of soft, creamy wool fabrics, with a sprinkling of indistinct flowers and a garniture of bright silk braid on the corsage. One black silk frock had baskets of roses and immense bouquets on its front breadth, and there was a very pretty green challie frock with a figuring of wild grasses. A second black silk frock shimmered with steel cabochons and all about the hem were garlands of flowers in steel, as if hammered into shape or finely inlaid. A shot silk of green and blue, figured with



THE SUMMER GIRL.

moss rose buds, was worn with a chemisette of black lace over black satin. This, by the way, will be, the story goes, an extremely popular summer style.

A pale pink delaine figured in black was worn by a handsome brunette who drove her own trap and drove it with understanding. With it she wore a hat with brim of black crinoline straw whose crown was composed wholly of pink roses.

A cornflower blue challie was worth a word of description. It had a plain skirt with deep flounce sewn right about it, this flounce being edged with lace at top and bottom. The bodice was cut with a Swiss belt edged with lace and with lace-trimmed braces over the shoulders. Under this was adjusted a blouse of fine white muslin with double frills of lace down the front and full sleeves with lace cuffs turned back upon the arms. The flat hat with quaintly curved brim of white chip had a huge mass of long stalked daisies falling from back to front over the open crown which was draped with cornflower blue chiffon.

A black lace costume perhaps indicated nothing in particular but black lace popularity. Its shoulder epaulets were fan-shaped and the narrow black velvet ribbons which started from the sides and tied across the bosom, holding the fullness in front, are pictured in the illustration. The fine chantilly was of most delicate pattern and was used again for the bonnets which, like the one previously mentioned, tied with white cross-cut satin strings. The transparent parasol which offered little shelter to the tall, creamy-skinned woman beneath it, repeated for the third time the beautiful design of the lace, with its deep flounce and its shirred gauze top made over thin bunting cloth.

There was a hat of white fancy crinoline trimmed with a ruche of fine white lace, caught down with gold pins. On the brim in front lay yellow roses. There were several smart hats of black straw with fancy brims and smartly arranged with white chiffon and white wings. There is no need to say there was bonnet after bonnet in the fashionable mixture of black and gold.

ELLEN OSBORN.

No Trouble Whatever.

Wash day always puts the best of men out of good humor. A tossed up house, cold dinner, and the general unpleasantness that always characterized the day, made the steam laundry an institution that has been hailed with delight by hundreds. Now washing at home is unnecessary, when one can get it done so cheaply at Ungar's, on Waterloo street. The washing is called for and delivered promptly, and there is no trouble whatever. The rough dry system has not with general favor. By this the clothes are washed and dried and delivered all ready for ironing.—Advt.

Ladies' best linen note paper, twenty five cents per box, at McArthur, 50 King st.

**YELLOW FOR A BLONDE.**

**HOW WOMEN STUDY THE EFFECT OF LIGHT AND SHADE.**

The Sleeves of Long Ago, and How They Resemble Those of the Present—Everything Must Match Now-a-days, or it Will Not be in Fashion.

The modern woman is nothing if not progressive, and she understands the effect of light and shade much better than the woman of twenty years ago. Dress was not then as it is now—a cult, and few women knew anything about it. The woman of to-day is nothing if not aesthetic; she has abjured "the silks that stand alone," so much vaunted by our grandmothers, and in their stead she drapes herself in



clinging crepe [de japon, dreamy Indian silk, and poetic chuddahs that are scarcely less beautiful than they. She has studied the law of cause and effect; she knows that the juxtaposition of certain colors produce a discord and that the marriage of others makes a lovely harmony. She has discarded the old color prejudices of her youth and disdains the law which relegates eternal blue to the blonde and yellow to the brunette.

Ruskin declares that you might as well object to a blonde woman standing in the sunlight as to forbid her to wear yellow.

Ellen Terry was one of the first blondes to introduce this innovation, and it was a great success. Ada Rehan looks superb in yellow, and Lillian Russell, the golden-haired, is too sweet for anything in a Greek robe of daffodil crepe as the Delphic oracle in Apollo. Neither does the latter confine herself to the wearing of yellow beneath the gaslight, but uses it constantly in her pretty house robes and tea gowns.

Next to yellow nothing is more artistic by artificial light than pale rose; the actresses fully appreciate its possibilities, and to the dark-haired beauty nothing is more becoming. Pretty Annie Meyers as *Tafeta* in *The Tartar* sings her *Galatea* song in a coquettish oriental gown of vieux-rose India silk, which surrounds her like a radiant roseate cloud; she manages her long pendant sleeves in a remarkably deft and graceful manner as she sways back and forth to the cadenced rhythm of the music she so charmingly interprets. In fact all the members of the company run to sleeves, and the way in which Digby Bell winds and unwinds his arms in his long sleeves is irresistibly funny and wital very clever.

The sleeve in feudal ages was adjustable and we are told that it was a much prized favor from a lady to her knight; he wound it about his helmet in token of fealty to his innamorata, and when the fray was over laid it in token of victory at her feet.

The sleeve of today also holds the first rank in the toilette, for on it is frequently lavished the richest ornamentation. The knight of old may thank his stars that he did not live in an age of cabochous and nail heads, as the sleeve of the present, freighted with jet and jewels, would have given him the headache, and made him wish that his mistress had not been so liberal.

The sleeve still seems to increase in altitude, and has trespassed so high upon the shoulder that it will high trenches upon the neck. Between the collar and the sleeve there is often but a few inches, and the space between is filled with frills or puffings, which are more fussy than elegant. Every woman who returns from Paris will tell you that Mr. Worth does not believe in the future of the high sleeve, yet he makes them all the same; and in spite of ridicule the mutton leg holds its own; it adds unbecomingly to the height of the tall woman and is positively disfiguring to the short pudgy one in the face of it, tall, short, slim and fat women all bow to the inexorable edicts of la mode, who imposes the same styles upon all of her slavish servants.

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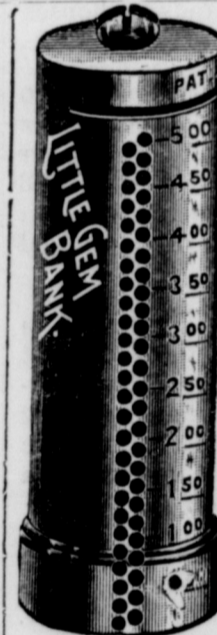
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wore a gown, from the same modiste, whose expensiveness and beauty was revealed at a glance; this one was of silk grenadine patterned in glowing carnations, shading from the palest pink to the richest crimson; they were so perfect one would almost inhale their fragrance, and the blonde beauty of the wearer was enhanced by the transparent black texture, relieved by masses of brilliant color. It was a dream of black and pink, heightened with a touch of gold here and there, and almost submerged in waves of shadowy black lace; the arms and neck gleamed, white through the diaphanous material, and the pillar of the throat arose from a thick ruching of lace. The cut shows a stunning boating costume; it is of ocean blue serge with a panel and plastron of white cloth, with large bullet buttons of gilt.

COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

College Students' Joke on the Czar.

Years ago there existed at Harvard a secret society called the "Med. Fac." whose sole object seems to have been the penetration of practical jokes. At one of the meetings it was suggested that the society confer a fictitious honorary degree on Nicholas, who was at that time czar of Russia, and accordingly a committee which should be prepared and forwarded to his imperial majesty. The draft was duly presented, copy made, and, after having been properly "signed, sealed and certified," it was dispatched to Russia. In the course of a month or two it was learned that one of the express companies had a package for a society called the "Med. Fac." and the officers of this society were not tardy in claiming their property. Attached to the package was a letter bearing the royal seal of Russia, and

on opening it was found to be a reply from the chamberlain of the czar to the communication of the society. His majesty had with much pleasure learned of the great honor conferred upon him by such a distinguished institution as Harvard, and felt much flattered with the dignity it bore. He therefore, in accepting the honor, desired to convey his best wishes to this distinguished part of the great university, and hoped that the accompanying gift might be accepted as a slight token of his regard. On opening the package it was found to contain a complete case of the most valuable surgical instruments. The gift ever afterward occupied a prominent place in the decorations of the society's quarters.—Ex.

Great Britain's Most Famous Regiment. We met the officers of the famous Black Watch, and a finer set of fellows I never saw. They are all Scotch, and splendid, stalwart men, but one is struck by their unusual youthfulness—some of the subalterns are barely 20 years of age, and the colonel is still in the thirties. Nor is this strange, in view of the fact that the Black Watch claims as a right that it shall be ordered to the front whenever England has fighting to do, and this she always has somewhere. It is hard to live long under these circumstances. Yet they are a jolly set of fellows, always ready for sport, and squeezing all the enjoyment out of life that they can while there is a chance.—Boston Herald.

Dominion Day.

Remember the first of July and keep it wholly in pleasure and recreation. Go on an excursion with your friends and take along fruits, coffee and cream, canned meats, biscuits, ginger ale, lemonade, etc., from J. S. Armstrong & Bro., grocers, 32 Charlotte street.