

THE SUMMER SUNSHINE.

IT BRINGS OUT BLITHE YOUNG GIRLS IN BRIGHT GOWNS.

They Are the Joy Forever of the Lover, the Dressmaker, the Jeweler and the Fashion Column—Costumes at a Wedding—Muslins and Lawns.

In the parks the bride paths ring with the hoofs of horses and the walks are thronged with men and women; the sparrows quarrel, the squirrels chatter and the young leaves give down their shade, but the fairest things the sun's rays seek in all their wanderings are the young girls—the girls who have entered to pass their teens and have not reached their thirties. Theirs are the forms and theirs the faces it is sweet to look upon. They are the things



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of beauty that are the joy forever of the lover, the dressmaker, the jeweler and the wandering fashion reporter. They look like bright birds of dazzling plumage, with their embroideries of gold and silver, their flowery wealth and feathery grace; their capes with golden dots and glittering stars and insects; their parasols puffed and ringed and festooned; their jackets with coat tails standing out at the sides like bats' wings; their big hats and their little ones and the gay panorama of costly tissue and sparkling tinsel which they cause to flit before the gaze.

In the golden light of the sweetest month of all the year there was one delicious wayward creature in a frock of pale mauve figured with true lovers' knots in rose pink. The sleeves, bodice and flounce at the foot of the skirt were all veiled in black tulle. A hat of black lace with mauve ribbons and wild roses went fitly with a black tulle parasol in billowy puffs strapped with rose ribbons. The frame of the parasol was gilded, and the black handle, tipped with gold, was set with fire opals that flashed rosy red and then paled.

There is a new name for cape; do you know it? You say camail, and there was a dark, splendidly rosy young woman in a skirt of narrow stripes of black and pale corn color. If I wished to be technical I should say her skirt was pekined; for this is only another way, you understand, of making clear to you the fact that her draperies were striped and that the stripes were narrow. There were a few folds at the hips and there were organ pleats behind. There was a waistcoat of corn colored satin brocaded with gold, with a corse-



LACE HAT AND PALETOT.

let of black velvet and sleeves of the striped skirt material. There was a camail of yellowish drab cloth, glittering with gold dotted embroidery, and there was a mite of a toque in black tulle embroidered with gold cornflowers.

There was a pretty maid who walked quickly and carried—she was a careless maid—a pocketbook in some delicate flesh-tinted leather loosely in her hand. Her dress was in Indian silk of the shade you now call, if you take pains to be wise in such matters, anemone; that is pink with a soft old rose shade. You distinguish, I hope, all the different pinks from one another carefully. Their name is legion, for pink is the color of June "Azalea" is pinked touched with silver, and Venus is pink paled to a rosy flesh and shepherdess pink has a hint about it of lavender, and the pink that is named after the Fourteenth Louis is a reminder of the sweet pea blossom. But to return to the pretty maid.

Her frock was straight and simple, and about the bottom it had a deep flounce that was pinked and set on with a pinked heading. The bodice was cut deep and pointed in front and made loose and blouse like with a waistband of supple

folds of soft silk of a flesh tinted shade. About the throat and rippling down to the waist was a full jabot of flesh tinted tulle. The sleeves fastened with little round gold buttons to the elbows, and about the elbows they were full. The pretty maid wore a wide-brimmed hat of fine gold straw covered with pink tulle gathered about the crown with a heading. Sprigs of mimosa and sprays of flesh-tinted roses completed the trimmings.

There was once a lady whom Sidney Smith immortalized; he said of her that she was "blue to her very bones." That is the way with fashion this summer; she has become an aristocratic goddess and it is anything she scorns above any other thing it is cottage simplicity. The frocks for June are superb in their coloring. Flower petals in gold and silver are run on black net, and the dew drops that twinkle upon them are brilliant. Rows of green leaves veined with bronze form the borders to black lace dresses, and over the leaves creep jeweled beetles and spiders. A black striped grenadine will have flowers in cut jet to form the insertion, and white crepe or tulle will be studded with crescents of jeweled silver. Forget-me-nots are carried out quaintly in turquoise and cornelian upon silvery cashmere. Girdles of all sorts are weighted with gold drops and capes are gorgeous with gold fringe. Ribbons in scarlet and black and black and gold are worn with toilets meant to look as if taken from the portraits of Velasquez; twisted metal cords are brought into edge draperies, and where the cords knot they hold moonstones of American emeralds.

At a wedding reception a few days ago the drawing room was pink and white with laurels, the glorious mountain laurel that blooms nowhere so bright and beautiful as under the Palisades. The mantel was a laurel bank, the delicate clusters lifting their dainty heads from a rich dark setting of their own glossy leaves. In the fireplace below was a grotesque jug in creamy porcelain with golden lizards in relief upon its surface; this, too, was overrunning with branches of laurel. Laurel twigs tied with pink ribbons were thrown across the tables, and laurel branches were crossed upon portieres and curtains.

Very picturesque and striking were the gowns of the quartet of lovely bridesmaids, as they entered in laurel pink and white silks, the flowers that had been the favorites of the bride from childhood scattered with lavish hand over their round waists and gored skirts, which had deep frills to finish the hems and bits of rich lace at the waist and on the sleeves. The bride carried laurel blossoms tied with white ribbons for her bouquet, and the bridegroom had a sprig of laurel at his buttonhole.

One of the most effective costumes noted among the wedding guests was worn by a



A PRETTY MAID IN MAY.

young girl with a clear, delicate profile. As she sat, her face turned to give me a side view, I noticed it before and after her gown, and though indeed the bodice of black silk, covered full with black silk net, worked with yellowish pink honeysuckle sprays, may prove more generally interesting. This bodice was worn with a skirt of black India silk, covered like the net with honeysuckle blossoms. The sleeves were bunched high at the tops, and about the waist was a sash of honeysuckle pink ribbon with a great rosette bow in front, matching a similar bow at the throat, and a third on the hat of fine black rice straw, which lay flat on the forehead. This hat was lined with pleated black tulle and at the back it had a half-wreath of honeysuckle flowers which looked as if twisted about the hair. Five feather tips of honeysuckle gave the trimming on the outside.

Tailor-made silk coats are among the new things one sees. Hungarian coats of black brocade are introduced also, and open over waistcoat fronts of rich Chantilla. A paletot coat of pale fawn corded silk is very attractive. It has a double breasted front and fastens with loops of gold cord and round balls of gold buttons. In fine weather these fronts are left open at the top in a long V, showing a design in gold braid and jewels which runs about the collar. A tulle cravat in golden brown fills in the space at the throat, and the colors are repeated on the brown tulle hat, with its trimmings of rosebuds and gold tinsel.

The old-fashioned lawns which come back to us are pretty, and so are the limp muslins, sheer and silky and copied from those beloved of our grandmothers. Russet and lilac is a combination shown in all the thin summer fabrics, though less frequently perhaps than lilac and gold, or pink and cream, or pink and green, this last effect requiring a very careful eye to bring it out successfully. Foulards meet one shimmering with green that runs into gold, just as the young grass does when the sun strikes it of a morning and the wind ripples it on a not too-closely cut lawn. Shell-like designs in cream white appear on many fabrics, with rococo bow-knots and masses of flowers.

A dark blue ribbed wool made a pretty frock that was noticed yesterday. The skirts were draped a bit on the hips, and the pointed corselet laced behind. This corselet confined a blouse of pale blue surah embroidered with stars in blue and silver. The blouse opens at the throat and the high-shouldered sleeves were quite plain.

ELLEN OSBORN.

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SOME PRETTY BONNETS.

A WOMAN'S HEADRESS HER POINT OF VANTAGE.

Parasols That are Not Screens Against the Sun, and Decorations That are Not Proof Against Freckles—Pretty Costumes Worn by Pretty Women.

Watteau did not deem it beneath his dignity to paint fans for fine ladies, neither do Parisian artists consider it derogatory to use their brushes in the decoration of these airy nothings which women hold over their heads. Parasol means a screen against the sun, but the parasols of today mean nothing; the sun sits through the diaphanous meshes and touches the pretty face with his warm fingers, all indifferent that each touch means a freckle, or an un-



sightly blotch of sunburn. The floating masses of lace or gauze that lend a flimsy pretense against the sun, are, it must be admitted, ravishingly becoming, and form a frame rather than a protection to the head beneath.

Trails of flowering asbusts, great sprays of lilacs or knots of purple violets bloom everlastingly upon some of these so-called sunshades, the flowers wrought by the hand of a cunning artificer.

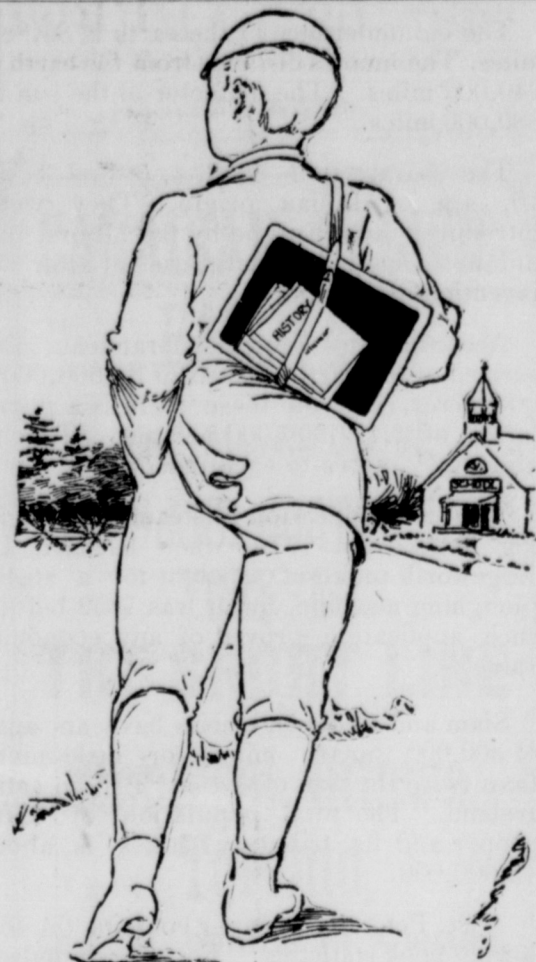
Women with a love of nature and extravagance, make the florist shops subsidiary to their whims, and deck their lace and silken parasols with real and not simulated blossoms. Alas! the sun whose ardent rays only adds to their brilliant bloom when growing in their native soil, soon wilts and destroys them in their artificial transplantation, so that one sometimes sees a mauve garbed woman with a parasol strewn with wilted violets which for all the world might pass for dead flies.

Billowy soft effects in gowning are all the rage for light fabrics; the straight lines of the umbrella-case-skirt are left to the tailor-made woman who prefers walking to driving and airy flouncings, fluffy jabots and coquettish cravats are seen on carriage and reception toilets. There is a veritable craze for thinness, not of body but of texture, until one wonders whether the world is not returning to the age of the 1st empire when a fashionable dame robbed herself in a Greek gown and neglected to put on that now disused garment known as the chemise; perhaps we have not yet arrived at this stage, but the fashionable woman gets quite as near it as possible, without actually doing it.

The woman's point of vantage after all lies in her bonnet; she may wear an unobtrusive gown, her gloves may not come from Jouvins, nor her jewelry from the uedde la Paris, but it she wears one of Rosamond Basset's inimitable creations her reputation as a beauty is made.

Such bonnets are materialized dreams, deft bits of handiwork which owe their elegance to the pretty fingers of the milliner. Imagine a charming woman in a gown sparkling with cabochons, with the air of a duchess; Basset is noble so no one marvels at her air de grande dame, and she shows you a bonnet as if she were conferring a favor. Ah what exquisite things are these lovely bits of nothing, a scrap of gold wrought net, a suggestion of a jeweled crown, and a brim of airy tulle with golden wires glinting through. Odd flowers that one sees nowhere else nod upon the big hats and tiny bonnets with new and strange combinations of color and material.

Behold a big hat covered with tulle as pale as the blue of the morning sky and dotted at intervals with nodding from the back are three sprays of purple and white lilacs which look as if newly ravished from an old bush in a village garden. Blue and purple—Ye gods, what a marriage, and yet arranged with such consummate art that the colors do not swear at each other, but seem to blend in a delicious symphony of delicate hues.



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The Louis XV hats are a delightful feature; one in the course of being built for a beautiful girl is made to match a Louis XV waistcoat of old brocade with great pink roses straggling over it; the distinctive feature of the hat is that it is in keeping with the traditions of the gay reign of the Fifteenth Louis, being made of satin. The hat in question is of old rose tinted satin, the brim turned up like a cocked hat and faced with black satin embroidered in bow-knots as rosy as the first illusions of love; the crown is concealed with a great bunch of purple and pink raspberries which only seem to need a jug of Alderney cream to make them supremely realistic. The tout ensemble is so fetching and delicious that it seemed as if an ancient coquette had walked out from one of the tarnished frames in the dusky hall of the Luxembourg.

This charming noblewoman also exhibits many novelties such as hats made of fine black guipure wired and stiffened, and others of the same texture, but in white, interthreaded with gleaming gold.

Mercury's cap is a triumph of art; the crown consists of a helmet of beaten gold hung with Arab sequins and set with flashing precious stones; while in front are the two pointed wings, the attribute of the swift moving god, which are also studded with jewels; to soften the glitter of metal, the narrow brim is a film of Louis XV. black lace and three tiny tips nod over the back.

Rosettes of tulle are placed beneath the brims of the big hats and a torsade of tulle lies above the hair. A delicious example is of fine black crinoline sown with such a redundant crop of wild oats that one would imagine they had been planted by some fast young man in his wild salad days.

There is a new idea in strings says my authority; in Paris the ladies are wearing them of narrow velvet crossed at the back, coming behind the ears, crossing again beneath the chin and then drawn across the neck flatly like a necklet and fastened with a tiny bow at the back, or a jewelled pin.

Viola tout.

COUNTRESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

Good for the Baby King.

Alfonso XIII., Spain's small king, has an idea or two of his own as to the privileges of womankind. A few Sundays ago, at one of the weekly dances at which he is the host, a pretty girl of 11 years won his little Spanish heart, and he showed his susceptibility by choosing her repeatedly for a partner. At the end of the dance the children, as usual, began embracing and kissing each other good-bye. Alfonso made straight for his diminutive favorite with open arms. She shrank away coquettishly and refused even to let him kiss her cheek. Alfonso looked her over, turned his back, and walked away. On the following Sunday the little girl was present, but the king did not dance with her. When the ball closed, however, she went to him and turned her cheek to be kissed. Alfonso took a step backward, stretched out his hand that she might kiss it, and said: "I am your king."

"THE MAY FLOWER."



A KISSING ACCOUNT.

A Remarkable and Variable Record of Conjugal Affection.

A Frenchman recently died who, it is narrated, on his wedding day, some twenty years ago, took the original—perhaps it may be said rather imprudent—resolution to keep a yearly account of the number of kisses exchanged with his wife until their union became severed by the death of one or the other. He was destined to be the first to go, but when on his sick bed, foreseeing that he would not recover, he begged a friend to let the world know the result of his twenty years' account keeping. During the first year of wedded life the kisses exchanged reached the colossal figure of thirty-six thousand five hundred, or a hundred a day on an average; but in the following twelve months there was a notable decrease, not more than sixteen thousand being inscribed on his register; whilst the third year shows a still greater falling off, the average number of kisses being about ten a day. And after the lapse of five years a further reduction is recorded, and the account-keeper's task was simplified, for only two kisses were exchanged during each twenty-four hours—"one on rising, one on retiring to rest." Later on, during the last ten years of his married life, "they only kissed each other on leaving for, or returning from a journey," and he had very little trouble in making up his annual domestic statistics.

Ploughing in Italy.

The fields, being without fences, have an open look; and the mingling of men and women together in their cultivation gives them a chequered appearance, and renders them very picturesque. In the middle of a large green wheat-field would be a group of men and women weeding the grain; the red petticoats and blue spencers of the latter contrasting beautifully with the color of the fields. In one plot of ground I saw a team and a mode of ploughing quite unique, yet withal very simple. The earth was soft as if already broken up, and needed only a little mellowing; to effect this, a man had

May Bonnets and Hats

are now on the rush. Our beautiful new Hats are meeting the approval of the ladies. The new "MAY FLOWER" Hat is getting to be very popular; it is in different shapes, trims beautifully; you ought to see them, along with our other Spring Millinery.

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harnessed his wife to a plough, which she dragged to and fro with all the patience of an ox, he the meantime holding it behind, as if he had been accustomed to drive and she to go. This was literally "ploughing with the heifer." She, with a strap around her breast, leaning gently forward, and he, bowed over the plough behind, presented a most curious picture in the middle of a field. The plough here is a very simple instrument, having but one handle and no share, but in its place a pointed piece of wood, sometimes shod with iron, projecting forward like a spur; and merely passes through the ground like a sharp-pointed stick, without turning a smooth furrow like our own.—Headley's Letters from Italy.

Looking on the Bright Side.

Mr. Jones has a craze for buying bargains at auctions. This has troubled Mrs. Jones for a long time, but she has refrained from speaking about it. The other day, however, when Mr. Jones brought home an artificial leg which he had bought somewhere, the good lady grew angry and spoke sharply to her husband about his weakness.

"I got it dirt cheap," he said, apologetically.

"Yes, but what's the use of it?" "There ain't any use for it now, I admit, but let's hope that one of the two of us will need it soon. Be like me and look on the bright side of things."

"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey to his companion, "don't stan' on the railway lines." "Why, Joe?" "Kase if de trains see dat mouth of yourn, dey will tink it am the station, an' run right in."

An Irishman once undertook to show an exciseman a private still, and introduced him to his brother, who had been twelve years in the army, and was a private still.

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