

IN THE JUNE SUNSHINE.

PICTURE-LIKE FROCKS THAT WALK THE CROWDED WAYS.

Some Words About Yachting Costumes—Gowns From Trousseau—Colors and Fabrics That Win Fashionable Favor—Early Summer and What It Has in Store.

I wonder sometimes if all the picturesqueness of fashion at the moment is meant to cover up things. It is a good plan when contours are faulty to have them a little vague. The other day I gave an artist a sketch of a house to reproduce for a newspaper. "It was made," I said, "by a drawing teacher."

"Oh," he replied, "that accounts for its being so badly out of drawing."

The artist couldn't tell at all how one



TWO YACHTING COSTUMES.

owner of the house was meant to go. "Never mind," he said, "I'll run out a branch of this tree to hide it nicely."

All of which applies to shoulders and to sleeves. I know a slim, vivacious woman with an irregular face and big brown eyes. She is not a pretty woman except when her cheeks are pink with exercise or excitement and she is very round-shouldered. Two or three years ago, before sleeves heaved themselves up in little hills, I remember I thought her an awkward and unattractive individual. But she is very slender and rather tall, and the queer peaks that now rise up on either side of her accent an odd sort of picture-likeness, and make her with a hat that thrusts itself away out in front and reaches and leans, a strange, eager sort of person, quaintly anxious to arrive, bending into the future, with a newly acquired lisp to give innocence to the piquancy. High sleeves have really made a social success of her. They have given an elfish sort of individuality to her deficiencies. I'd like to know if the first high sleeved suggestion didn't come from somebody with a slim figure and round shoulders.

I've seen this week a number of pretty yachting gowns. Women are taking them up for seaside wear, whether or not they expect to go on shipboard. One in cream color and fawn was perhaps an odd choice for yachting colors. The surah blouse, as shown in the illustration, went with a three-quarter blazer, and about the skirt and the flaps and revers ran rows of glittering bullion braid. Another blouse and blazer, also illustrated, were in cream color and a deep dull red. The blazer was a red three-quarter jacket with wide rolling revers and flap pockets on the hips. It was cut to fit snugly in the back and to be left open in front. The blouse of cream-colored flannel had a sailor collar to be worn outside the blazer.

Quite as novel as either of these was a seaside dress included in the trousseau of Miss Thompson, who is in a few days to marry Harry Le Grand Cannon. Miss Thompson's frock had a sleeveless jacket of white yachting cloth over a dark blue silk blouse with puffed sleeves, the facings of the jacket being of the blouse material. The whole effect of the costume was that of a white jacket with fancy sleeves.



TTY JUNE MILLINERY.

Millinery is interesting and, if it weren't for the disrespect involved, one might say amusing. It doesn't seem to make much difference what new shape comes up, if only it is only sufficiently daring and sufficiently new. I stood this morning looking into the show-case of a Fifth Avenue milliner. There was a hat there that fascinated me. I studied it so thoroughly that I could deliver an illustrated lecture on its peculiarities. It was made by taking a long snake of heavy gold bullion and accommodating it gently to the contour of the head, letting the forked tongue with its accompaniments rise up in front and the tail rise up behind. To lend a little color to the decision that a snake really constitutes a sufficiently substantial head covering, a

handful of shadowy brown gauze was thrown over the snake, making a puffy, transparent crown. The snake and the gauze were the hat. No third party disputed the field with them.

A toque which is quite characteristic of the summer is shown in the illustration. A deep, full ruche of lace falls from it, drooping over the hair. The lace is black and under it shows a wreath of fine flowers. Lace, dandelions and 4 o'clocks stand up behind. Cowslips and roses are the flowers that seem to please the buyers of millinery. Hats are not afraid to enlarge their boundaries; they grow bigger every day. One, in the new cornflower blue chiffon, is as huge and puffy as a parasol. It has black ostrich plumes and jet butterflies for trimmings. Another in black crinoline illustrates a new departure in adornment; it is ornamented, not with single flowers or with clusters, but with regularly made bouquets of heliotrope and hyacinths. A toque with strings, which really constitutes it a bonnet, is in pink and gray. A fall of black lace is oddly caught down in front, as appears in the cut, and fastened with a rose. Round hats with bent brims are the order of the hour, and these are made interesting with standing ruches.

There is always an interest in trousseaus; not in the least the sentimental interest that might be expected, for trousseaus are not gotten up for sentiment but for style. To me, indeed, they seem always particularly heartless affairs, for they usually tire a woman out so thoroughly that she ceases to take a very lively interest in getting married. Nevertheless there is a fine afternoon frock that was built a few days ago for a trousseau. I ask pardon for letting the odious "built" slip in. It is as pictured, of black embroidered grenadine gauze; the skirt has a front panel of finely cut jet that glitters and tinkles, and takes a deal of sewing to keep it in order and is quite heavy. At the sides are grenadine folds edged with soft embroidered gauze frills. The bodice has a square yoke of jet and a basque of gauze with embroidered frills coming to a point in front, with full sleeves caught above and below the elbow with frills.

An afternoon frock for the country is of pink foulard with black spots, and is very smart and becoming. It has an underskirt of plain, pink silk, and the bodice is of the plain stuff also, with full sleeves of the spotted material. These are trimmed with black net, through which is run pink ribbon. Over this undergown is worn a full gathered sleeveless bodice and skirt, all in one, of the fancy foulard, the top of the bodice ending at a yoke covered with black net and pink ribbon. A wide black satin sash completes the costume.

Green is less in vogue than in the past, but there are new shades of emerald of which much is seen. Yellow and black lace blend in frocks that are trimmed with deep fringe. Grey woollens make their appearance everywhere with scattered flowers in dull yellow brocade. Black and pink are in favor and pink flowers are seen constantly, thrown on black grounds.



AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

Brown and topaz yellow is a combination that has its admirers, and for women who have the courage there is sanction for orange and turquoise.

A brocaded evening gown from the same trousseau—it is, as you may have guessed, Miss Thompson's—has a delicate sky-blue ground with rose petals blowing this way and that over it, each petal showing a shadow below. It is made with a marquis coat elaborately trimmed with gold and with a full white lace fall down the front, a pale blue satin ribbon defining the waist line.

Another evening dress brocaded in a feather pattern is very beautiful, the ostrich plumes showing in flesh color and blue on a ground of pinky fawn. Garlands of roses and forget-me-nots are mixed with the feathers, and the costume is made with a deep flounce of lace edged with a delicate gold passementerie, little gold bows looping it at intervals. The bodice has a full front with lace frills, small paniers and little gold bows at the throat and on the sleeves.

Fawn and gold is a useful combination. One meets it every time one steps out of doors. One of the most successful frocks employing it is of striped corduroy, with a long basque bodice fitted at the back without seams. This by the way, is a fashion suitable only to a slender figure, as it makes the back look wider. The frock has a folded gold waistcoat and a plain skirt, with a broad gold band about the bottom. With it is worn a wide flat hat of gold passementerie with pink and fawn ribbons.

As summer days draw on parasols increase in interest and in novelty. Mother of pearl and copper are becoming very usual, enamelled with a mixture of gold and silver. Cameos are being called in in numbers and fine, engraved Japanese ivory is combined with carved wood most artistically. Black and white grapes and fruits and flowers in natural colors are less desirable parasol appendages. They hang by ribbon to the handle and often suggest that luncheon would better have been eaten at home.

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IN AND OUT OF FASHION.

CORSAGE BOUQUETS UNPOPULAR AND THUMB RINGS THE FAD.

Pretty Hands and Feet a Mark of Aristocratic Ancestry—The Snake Craze in Jewelry—Flufliness the Order of the Day in Hair Dressing.

The corsage bouquet has fallen into disrepute; women no longer make perambulating parterres of themselves, and save a modest bunch of sweet-scented violets, a spray of lilacs or a half-blown rose, there is no display of the kind. A rather queer receptacle for a tiny knot of flowers is the breast pocket of the nobby Louis XV. jacket; the flowers are stuck jauntily in this little pocket and are worn poetically but not anatomically just over the region



of the heart. This is a deft way of complimenting the dorer who sends them, and for him the fashion is somewhat an economic one, as it necessitates the purchase of but a small quantity of blossoms.

Women who lean to aestheticism have adopted a new and fetching style in flowers. One sees them carrying a single blossom, generally a pink-petalled American beauty or a crimson-hearted Jacques rose with a stem quite a yard in length. To be able to carry one of these long-stemmed roses is quite a test of grace; some of the girls grasp them with a determined air, just as they would a coaching parasol; others hold them off gingerly at arm's length as if they were afraid of the thorns, while still others swing them about as a drum major does his baton or handle them like a tennis racket.

The girls who desire to be picturesque and graceful are studying the postures of Madame de Stael, who in most of her portraits carries a myrtle branch in her fingers with the avowed intention of showing off her well shaped hand. In ungloved fingers the thorny rose stem is somewhat an uncomfortable appendage, but as the hands of most women look best in a glove the bare hand is not often seen.

A well-known manicure tells me that a beautiful hand is a very rare thing, and that among the hundreds that she manipulates there are few, even ordinarily, well shaped ones. They say that it takes three generations to make a gentleman, and it certainly is the mark of aristocratic ancestry to possess a pretty hand and foot. One sees elegantly attired ladies with feet as flat as those of a titled English woman, while often a poorly-clad working girl has a small and slender foot which is noticeably lovely even in her shabby boots; in the one case the apparent aristocrat was not to the manor born, in the other there was a strain of good blood somewhere, although appearances did not proclaim it.

Returning to flower fashions, the swell girls recently developed a mania for carrying a single violet between their pretty lips; it was done with unstudied carelessness but became too pronounced not to become noticeable. The girl who first did it had, it is unnecessary to state, inviting red lips, and the single purple violet called attention to the cupid bow of her mouth.

The swell men as frequently carry this fragrant flower fastened in the crown of their hats as often as they do in the lapel of their coats; it is somewhat embarrassing, however, to doff one's hat to a fair one and find oneself almost blinded by a rain of violets.

An ugly and unbecoming fashion in jewelry is that of the thumb-ring, which has too barbaric a suggestion to be altogether in consonance with modern taste. The warriors of old wore these ponderous ornaments upon their mighty thumbs, but even in rude ages women seldom affected them. Lillian Russell's diamond thumb-ring glittered like a radiant star as she throws back her veil in the role of Pythia, the lovely and inspired oracle of Delphi. Miss Russell has a shapely hand, or the innovation would not be acceptable; but as she is the most beautiful woman upon the stage, we accept, but all the same do not admire it.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has also adopted the latest fashion in rings. Her plump left thumb is encircled by a ring set in English style with diamonds and rubies alternating, the stones being set closely together and running almost half way round the finger.

Edmund Russell is fond of wearing an enormous silver thumb-ring dug up from some Roman ruins in Great Britain; it is of curious workmanship, and is so large that it reminds one more of a shield than a ring.

The snake craze is still rampant in jewelry, and if one has no prejudice against reptiles, one cannot fail to regard them as appropriate forms for bracelets, necklaces and girdles. The serpents are made of pliable metal with an enameled head, dia-

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mond eyes and ruby tongue. We have also been flooded with snakes as bonnet ornaments, but most of them were so ugly that they were repudiated at once, and failed to wriggle as alluringly as the deluded milliner believed they would. A horrible idea was that of a jet black snake, the head placed upright upon the back of a bonnet, while the glittering slinky length coiled itself about the neck. It gave the wearer an appearance of strangulation, and one expected momentarily to see her grow purple in the face and groan in agony. Most of the hat snakes are extremely in-artistic, some of the silver ones looking for all the world like garters of spiral wire ennobled with the head of a boa constrictor.

A pleasing digression from the serpent craze in head gear are the flower and fruit bonnets; bonnets of dainty small flowers such as heather, honeysuckle and the never-to-be-forgotten forget-me-not are very pretty to wear with light summer costumes.

Fruit forms the basis of many of the new bonnets; but the wearers appear to have but little regard as to whether the fruit is in or out of season—grapes, strawberries and fruits that do not mature at the same time being indiscriminately used.

Fruit bonnets are so luscious looking that one almost feels tempted to take a nibble at their ripe abundance. Among the prettiest are those made of grapes, mingling of the rich sun-kissed Tokay and the cool green Malaga being an especially happy one. Scarlet currants and ox-heart cherries nestling amidst cool green leaves cause one to dream of rambling old country gardens, and blackberries peeping out from briars white with snowy blossoms bring with them reminiscences of wayside lanes and prickled and berry-stained fingers.

Luckily we have stopped at the orchard, and fashion has not invaded the kitchen garden as she did several seasons ago, when radishes, carrots and cunning white-brown mushrooms nodded upon the hats of women who would have scorned to enter a market garden and knew nothing about the succulent edibles until they were served appetizingly with a sauce a la Bechamel upon a silver chafing dish.

Did you ever see two dukes or two fashionable demoiselles indulging in a handshake a la monde? It is extremely funny; the arm is elevated at an uncomfortable angle and the limp, nerveless

fingers touch each other with about as much cordiality as those of two monkeys saying, How d'ye do; then they let go suddenly as if they were ashamed to prolong the greeting, and the hands fall to the side. It isn't graceful, it isn't cordial and it means nothing; yet it is the mode, and one must keep up with the mode even if it is ugly.

Meanwhile the woman of the period reminds one of linked sweetness long drawn out; everything tends to make her appear long and lanky; her gown clings closely and trails several inches in the dust; the high ruffles and lofty Elizabethan collar give length from shoulder to ear, and although her hat is the flattest of all things flat, upon it nods a miniature flower garden, or aggressive looking loops of ribbon seem to grow out of the top. Everything runs to length and not to breadth; to carry out the general idea the sleeves are worn so high that a woman seems to have no shoulders, and but half of her hand is visible, as the flaring cuff reaches almost to the knuckles. As sleeves grow longer gloves grow shorter, which is a good thing for one's purse, every additional button adding to the price.

There is but little change in the manner of arranging the hair, although flufliness is the order of the day. The hairdressers cause the hair to appear naturally wavy by curling it round an iron and then combing it out. There is another device which can be used by those who have a prejudice against curling tongs; it is an arrangement made of hard rubber around which the hair is wound and secured with a rubber band; it waves the hair beautifully, causing it to appear much thicker. Instead of wetting the hair in putting it up in crimpers or curl papers, it is much better to use alcohol, which does not fade it and is rather beneficial than otherwise. Some women prefer to keep their hair rather short, as it can be dressed more becomingly; when crimped it is gathered up on the top of the head, tied, and the curly ends pinned in fluffy masses forming a round knot somewhat in Psyche style. A sword-hilt or dagger of amber tortoise-shell is thrust through it, and the bang, cut either pointed or rounded, falls over the forehead, but not to the eyebrows, as was the case several years ago.

Bernhardt uses henna to give her hair the copper-colored tint which is so becoming to her; it would be useless to attempt

to get it, for the stuff sold as henna at most of the hairdressers' possesses no virtue whatever. Even in Paris it is extremely difficult to procure, as every Persian woman dyes her hair red, and the best kind is rarely exported.

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