

# THE SUN HAS NO CHANCE

TO FRECKLE PRETTY FACES THIS SUMMER.

Some Sunbonnets Worn in the Country—Piazza Toilets and Frocks Seen at Fruit Luncheons—A Boating Dress Which Was Pretty and Attractive.

It's really a matter of interest to see the sunbonnets that are worn this summer in the country. Nobody knows how the fad started, but swinging along the grassy walks or climbing the big rustic wagons for blackberry or huckleberry parties or swinging in hammocks heaped with bright pillows, the summer girl, wherever one meets her, wears a sunbonnet of a morning. It's apt to be a white muslin or chiffon bonnet with a deep embroidered cape or a fall of lace behind.

About the face it has a full mull of mus-



OBSERVE THE SUNBONNET.

lin ruchings, sometimes of white, sometimes of pale pink or blue. It is always tied up with bows of ribbon. It's a pretty coquettish sunbonnet on a pretty, coquettish girl, even when she has it, as did one tall, lithe blonde I met this morning, of sea green crepe with white ruchings.

The big shady summer hats are enjoying their heyday of popularity. They are bent and jerked about in all sorts of shapes and are tied on with long narrow strings of velvet knotted under the left ear. At a lantern party last night, I noted a number worthy of description. The old fantastic shapes of the picturesque Japanese lights swinging above a lawn always lend a certain weird picturesqueness to toilets worn on such occasions. One of black, open-work Japanese straw was worn by a little woman in black and yellow. It was trimmed with ruchings of pale yellow chiffon that waved with every breath of air like little butterflies' wings. In front and behind rose black lace plumes.

A girl with reddish brown hair and the fair skin that goes with it, wore a hat of fine white crinoline with a wide brim turned up at the back sharply and held up by huge bows of heliotrope chiffon. Clusters of pink and white sweet peas were placed about the crown and matched those printed upon the wearer's cool and airy dress of heliotrope muslin.

There was a delicately pretty girl who carried roses. There were roses in her hands and roses upon her hat and a suggestion about her of a faintly sweet, wholesome wild rose perfume. She wore a pink chiffon waist, which the artist has sketched for you; it had a white muslin yoke laid in fine plaits, and her hat of white crinoline and lace straw corresponded admirably with its pink roses and pink and white double and triple ruchings.

A puppy hat was one of the most notable that walked up and down under the swaying, flickering lights surrounded constantly by darting night insects and moths. It was a cream-colored crinoline with folds of cream velvet under the brim. It had cream-colored tips both front and back, and the rest of the trimming consisted of poppies and large leaves.

There was a pretty wedding here a few days ago at which the bridesmaids wore white lace hats with designs outlined in gold thread and trimmed with big bunches



SHE CARRIED ROSES.

of pink and white carnations. We have not much occasion for strictly dress bonnets in the country, and yet on calling occasions of some ceremony there are not lacking bonnets that are really novel, being woven entirely of stems shoving from pale to every dark green, and resting on bandeaus of currents or cherries; smart bonnets, these, and yet suggestive of possible crushings and mashings and makings of domestic wine.

I have a particular dislike for what one may call the "dressing table" style of costume now so popular—the making up of transparent fabrics over colored slips, which take away from them all their summer coolness and transparency. It is, unhappily, necessary to confess, however, that muslin frocks are hardly made at present

in any other way. Over a petticoat of heliotrope silk shot with yellow is mounted, for example, a white muslin dotted with small bunches of mauve and yellow flowers. The loose bodice is held in place with a low-cut corselet of mauve and gold passementerie.

It is very pleasant to go about to the piazza breakfasts and fruit luncheons and please one's eyes alike with the stone jars filled with meadow lilies and the blue suco-ry that start from every angle of the steps or veranda, and with the coral pink foulders, the white veillings pompadoured with buds, the cream batistes embroidered in pink, and the cream saruhs shot with pale green. A flowered delaine was one of my companions a few days ago. It was of sea green, with silver stripes, and made with a yoke piece of embroidery and tied with ribbon straps on the shoulders. The gath-ers were pleated sheaf-like below the waist into a band of ribbon, tying just in front with long bows and ends. There were frills of black chantilly about hips and hem, and the pale, yellow-haired woman wore a black hat heaped with yellow roses.

I have seen within a week or two a good many pretty boating gowns, some of sprigged and spotted white flannels, and some of plain serges brightened with many hued Indian embroideries. The one that is figured was of white flannelette with small yellow daisies dotted over it, and full ruffles drooping to the waist of fine yellow lawn. The flat sailor hats are going, it seems out of fashion and high time, indeed, it is they did so. The late summer shape that supersedes them has a rounded crown and a rather wide brim, turning up possibly a quarter of an inch all around. These hats are made in the coarsest of straw, trimmed only with a ribbon band and bow and lined with corded silk.

Netted silk fringes bordering crepe de chine draperies are among the novelties, and inconvenient adornments they are, they catch so much dust as it flies, and if you cast your bread upon the floor you are unpleasantly certain to find it after many days clinging affectionately to the pendant tassels.

Dark red and pale yellow come in as summer advances, and one sees also old blue and yellow. Dark gray and gold is another combination, and is utilized even for travelling gowns. A pretty girl who jour-



ON A SUMMER SEA.

neyed with me last week and who amused and amazed me by making tea with a spirit lamp en route, quite after the English fashion, wore a serge dress in a gray and cream stripe, with a cream and gold corselet and an open jacket of plain gray, faced in front with cream. It made a very successful costume, though rather light in tint for the uses to which it was put, and the artist has given you an illustration.

Silk linen is the fabric most in demand for underwear, and whole sets, with dainty frilled petticoats of the same material, look more fit for Queen Titania and her suite than for fin de siecle mortals, who, nevertheless, have taken to the new stuff eagerly. ELLEN OSBORNE.

## The German Empress.

The graciousness which endears the German Empress to her subjects has always been one of her prominent characteristics. Early rising and systematic bodily exercise formed a part of each day's duty during her early training, and every self-indulgence was rigidly avoided. The Prince, her father, took long walks in all kinds of weather with his stately and vigorous daughter. Laden with gifts of food and comfort the Empress made long expeditions on foot to relieve the distress of the suffering, and from her own small allowance of pocket money, through strict, methodical self-denial, she made each year handsome Christmas offerings at the parish church. Many anecdotes are related of her kindness among the peasants. How she would stoop to take the thorn from the foot of the little child limping tearfully homeward, or with her own hands wheel the vegetable laden car to its destination for some ancient peasant dame. The little room at the old palace remains unchanged, and wonderful are the demonstrations when she takes up her abode there for a time. From all the noisy revel she steals quietly away to go into the little church and kneel by her father's tomb. "Victoria, the well beloved," is the title given the Empress by the German people.—Ex.

## Rome's Artistic Degeneracy.

The Rome of 1870 was dirty but dignified; inconvenient for people with modern tastes, but most comfortable for those who had adapted themselves to its medieval ways. The Rome of 1890 is comfortable for nobody; the acres of new palaces that were to be mainly huge, ugly tenement houses, stuccoed fimsies, abhorrent without and inhospitable within—a tasteless waste, where the highest virtue is frugality and the noblest destiny demolition. The transformation of Rome during the past twenty years is unique in the history of civilization for barbarism, extravagance, and corruption; never since the world began was so much money spent to do so much evil.—Atlantic Monthly.

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## "ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," Progress, St. John.]

I have no time to talk about myself, or the cat, or the pup, this week, girls, or to indulge in any of those reminiscences which you may have noticed—I am so fond of, and which I am sadly afraid are so much more interesting to myself than any one else. I have such a stack of letters this week that unless I do a good deal of what is vulgarly termed hustling, the shades of night will be falling fast ere they are all answered. I will merely remark in passing, that the cat is suffering from a violent cold, which has so shortened her temper that she has scratched the pup's nose into a state of rawness that would make the most green of recruits appear actually overdone, by contrast, and the relations between them are more strained than ever, in consequence. She can't breathe through her nose at all, poor dear, and finds it a task almost beyond her strength to collect enough "second wind" to attend properly to the scratching process, and at the same time do justice to the occasion in the swearing line. Geoffrey says it makes him feel quite blue to see them, for they make him think of what we will be in ten years time. Well, I may be a cat by that time, but one thing is certain! Geoff will no longer be a pup, unless he is endowed with perpetual youth.

I have been talking about Geoffrey and company after all! Somehow I cannot keep them out of this column, they will creep in—Scat, Geoffrey! Go and sneeze out of doors, Pusses. Take your feet off my dress Jack, and stop licking the blacking off my shoes, while I attend to business.

RAIL, St. John.—Of course I am interested in all that concerns the welfare of the girls, and I am delighted to hear that there are so many pounds of you than there were the first time you wrote; if you keep on with the good work you will soon have to sign yourself Pillow instead of Rail. If your face is inclined to be large, I am afraid you will have to put up with it, for it is natural to suppose that your face will increase a little in size as your body does. "Vacation" was a young man who seemed to be under the impression that your nom de plume was "Nails," and as your letter came directly after one signed "Orange blossoms," he got off a joke to the effect that the latter was in danger of having his eyes scratched out, that was all. I do not know of any place where you can have your character delineated by your writing, but perhaps some correspondent may be able to give us the requisite information, and our friends are always so kind about such matters I will ask any correspondent who may know of such a place to tell us about it. I have explained quite often about the letters, but as you may not have seen my explanation, I will repeat it. I think you are mistaken about any letters being answered the same week they are received; it would be almost an impossibility to do so, since Monday morning is the time set apart in the office for answering them. If everything were not done by system in a printing office, things would be in a pretty mess, and the rule is that all letters which reach the office by Friday, appear in next Saturday's paper. This is really the best we can do for you.

PASSION FLOWER, Halifax.—Certainly, I have room for you; this column resembles the tram cars, inasmuch as there is always room for one more, especially one who writes such a pleasant, appreciative letter as yours was. Never mind about the feet; we don't stand upon ceremony in our department at all; we all sit down and feel comfortable, so no one knows whether we wear number twos or sixes, in the way of foot wear. I don't know whether Geoffrey is proud of me or not, but I will ask him. Between ourselves, I quite agree with you, but then, you know, Geoff. is a very clever fellow himself, if he were not so lazy, and he is rather good looking, especially when he gets into a tennis suit. So I am afraid it takes up most of his time, being proud of Geoffrey. I am glad you like him though, for I am pleased to have my judgment in selecting him for a partner confirmed. I cannot at all understand what can be the cause of those sudden fits of timidity, but I like to hear about them, for I think they must make you very charming, timidity and shyness are so rare nowadays. There is not the least use in my recommending you to forget yourself, or try to overcome the trouble by force of will, for I have suffered all you describe myself, and know how impossible it is to overcome it, but you will probably outgrow it in time. I suppose you would laugh if I told you that the easiest way to cure yourself, would be to make up your mind that both shyness and blushing were such charming weaknesses, that you should be proud of, and try to cultivate them. In that case you would soon find your embarrassment wearing off. Your composition is excellent, but your writing is rather unformed. You did not weary me in the least.

PETITE GABRIEL.—I think—Westfield. Your letter is too intensely silly for me to take very much notice of it. I am forced to one of two conclusions. Either that you are under the impression that you are witty enough to have an intensely foolish joke at the expense of one who is not quite such a fool as to be taken in by shallow vulgarity, or else you are a very promising candidate for an asylum, not an insane asylum either, but one that begins with a capital I. The idea of anyone in their senses, poor and few as those senses may be, writing to tell me that she is white, and has two "followers," one white and one colored, and that she wants my advice as to which she shall accept!! Take the black one by all means, for if there is anything at all in the Darwinian theory, he is far above you in the scale of creation. You add that they are both drunk most of the time! That explains what would otherwise be quite inexplicable, namely, the fact that either of them could give you a second thought. If the hapless winner of so very black a prize should ever get sober after the wedding he will surely cut his throat. After reading the first clause of your letter, I have no patience to answer the rest, and can only beg that you will not inflict yourself upon me again, for I am very certain that my girls would object strenuously to your society.

VIOLETS, St. John, West.—Please girls try to make your signatures more distinct.

Note paper and envelopes, 3x5, 8 and 10 cts. per quire, at C. Arthur, 80 King St.—Ask to see the goods.

# How the Ladies should Order by Mail.

FREDERICTON, N. B., July 13, 1891.  
Will Messrs. WATERBURY & RISING please mail 1 pair ladies' fine Kid Buttoned Boots, size 3; with D, with a medium heel and toe; high instep; single sole. A lady friend got a very nice pair from you, at \$4.00. I would like the same boot, and oblige,  
Yours truly,  
MISS BLANK,  
4 King Street.

NEWCASTLE, N. B., July 13th, 1891.  
Please express me 2 or 3 pairs of Evening Slippers, on approval. Something in Black Kid, with a strap over the instep; high heel. Or a nice beaded toe slipper would do. Size 4, width B. Find enclosed \$5.00, if any more, I will remit.  
And oblige,  
Yours truly,  
J. R. Blank, Newcastle.  
MISS BLANK.

KENTVILLE, N. S., July 13, 1891.  
I would like you to mail me a pair of Ladies' Soft Kid Buttoned Boots. Very wide toes, and low heels; something without any seam over the joints, as I am troubled with bunions. I have a stout foot and ankle, and want a very easy boot, as I am heavy on my feet. Size, 7; width, E. Send C.O.D.  
And oblige,  
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ting, even if the body of your letter is a little difficult to make out. (1) I think there is nothing more rude or ill-bred than to converse, especially in an audible tone, while anyone is playing or singing. When you ask a guest to play for your own and your other guests entertainment, the very least you can do is to listen attentively to her performance; and I do not blame you in the least for making any excuse to rise from the piano under the circumstances. (2) I don't think the young person in question was a lady at all. She did not behave like one at any rate, for no lady is ever deliberately untruthful. (3) It seems to me that I have heard sea bathing was not considered good for rheumatism, but I am not very sure, so it would be best to consult a physician; you should consult one at any rate about those stiff joints of yours which should not be neglected. Write whenever you like.

EVANGELINE, St. John.—I am glad you like our column, but I do not think it requires much courage to join the list of correspondents. I hope it does not, I am sure. (1) It depends entirely on circumstances. If the young man took the liberties you mention against your will, I should most decidedly "cut" him in future to show my disapproval of the performance, but if you did not resent it at the time, it would be useless to do so now. (2) Jack, Will and Harry are all good names for boys, and I lean towards fair complexioned myself. (3) It depends entirely upon the "boy," a quiet man usually admires a bright, lively girl, while a gay, dashing youth almost invariably sighs for some quiet little house as unlike himself as possible. (4) Unless he gives some decided mark of preference, I should say it was impossible; studying the man carefully is about the only way to find out. (5) The other girl should introduce her friend to you if you do not know him, and include you in the conversation; it she does not do so, walk along quietly for a little way, and then make some polite excuse about having a call to make, or some shopping to do, and leave them, but do not do it abruptly. You did not give me any trouble at all, and I shall be happy to give your kind message to Geoffrey, who will, I am sure, be glad to get it.

HARPER BROS., St. John.—If you are a girl, as your letter seems to indicate, why do you choose so strange a name? I am very glad to hear that this column has been of any service to you, and you are most welcome to a corner in it for yourself. (1) The bride's gloves must on no account be white, except for a full dress wedding; they should match the dress as closely as possible. The regulation dress for the groom would be a black diagonal coat and vest, with light trousers, usually gray. His gloves frequently match the bride's costume in color. The coat may be either a Prince Albert, or the more ordinary cutaway. (2) I cannot agree with you on the point you mention. I do not think it any worse taste to speak of Mr. Titus as "The blind tenor," than it was to call Jenny Lind "The Swedish Nightingale." Every one knows the sad fact that Mr. Titus is hopelessly blind, so no one can be accused of drawing attention to his affliction in that way, and while strangers who read the paper have not the least idea who "Mr. Titus" or even "Prof. Titus" is, everybody knows who St. John's blind tenor is. I am quite sure there is not the least disrespect intended in this referring to him, which there would be in the impossible cases you mention. Your writing is rather odd, but quite good.

A number of answers to letters received this week are unavoidably omitted, but will appear next week.

## Jewels in the Grave.

The largest amount of jewelry known to be in a single grave is said to have been buried several years ago in Brooklyn cemetery, in Brooklyn, N. Y. The undertaker who had charge of the funeral protested against it, but was severely snubbed for his interference. The family had its way and in that grave are fully \$5,000 worth of diamonds with which the body was decked when prepared for burial. Sometimes families who desire to bury their dead in the clothing worn in life—in evening or wedding dresses, for instance—substitute less costly imitations for the jewelry worn in life, partly from motives of thrift and partly from a superstitious fear that anything taken off a body when it is ready for the tomb will bring ill luck to future wearers.

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Address EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher PROGRESS, St. John, N. B., for any further information.



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