

## FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN

WHO GO ABOUT IN QUAIN FROCKS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Fashionable Little People as Viewed at a Fashionable Sunday School—An Apple Blossom Fete—Children Who Ride—A Frock for Little Miss Edison.

NEW YORK, May 6.—It has a quaint and curious effect to see children as well as grown up women going about in sixteenth century clothes. One is not supposed to attend Sunday school to see the fashions, but one does nevertheless see things of considerable interest in a dress way in a fashionable Sunday school; or, if the phrase suits you better, in a Sunday school attended by the children of fashionable people.

There was, for example, last Sunday,



TWO PRETTY LASSES.

when I experimented, a little girl whose mother has a reputation both for cash and complexion, and who on her own part sat up straight and looked at the teacher. She was a slight, brown-curl child with big eyes, and her frock of fawn-colored cashmere with a pale shade of ceru at the throat was straight and simple, and yet carried suggestions of days that differed widely from our own days in its "pullings out" of green about waist and yoke and sleeves.

These pullings out are a valuable source of entertainment to the 11-year-old who sat next her, and who neither sat up so straight nor looked so hard at the teacher. The 11-year-old's father is known among all men whose thoughts are on railroads, and the honest little woman who frankly showed that she wearied of the long lesson will be known one day, unless present promise fails, among all men and all women whose thoughts are on beauty. Pale brown and white silk was the pretty combination of her toilet, with puffings of silk about bodice and skirt giving a flower-like effect that at least in the little maid herself did not lack an appreciator.

I make rather a specialty of children's parties. It's not because I am fond of talking with children, for I don't know how, but because I like to look at them. There was a very gay and bright little fete the other evening, at which all decorations were of apple blossoms. It was sort of *pour prendre conge* for a couple of little maids whose mother shares with a good many other women the strange taste that sends small American girls to France to grow into large Anglo-Parisian girls. These two particular little girls were at least having a beautiful and blossomy festival before their departure. Apple branches were hung across the windows, showing with fine effect against the dark blue curtains. Apple blossoms filled the hearts and banked the mantels, and tall jars of blue and white Canton-china stood about in every available nook and corner, carrying pink apple buds that gave out fragrance.

The sisters were like apple buds themselves for though one was dark and the other fair, the pink and white they wore seemed to become their dimpled cheeks equally. Their frocks were made alike and were simple as frocks could be, yet in every way suggestive of the spring time season. Each was a straight slip of faint pink wash silk, with lace at throat and sleeves, and a line of ribbon rosettes starting on the shoulder and running to the waist and then down upon the skirt almost to its hem. Each rosette was fashioned quaintly to resemble an apple blossom, in



SUMMER HATS FOR CHILDREN.

pink and white, and the flowers of the fete were worn in their hair and carried in their mother's hand.

The other night there was a riding exhibition at which some of the most interesting displays in the ring were made by children. There was a yellow-haired girl who rode a big black horse. Her long curls fell down over her back and her habit of dark blue broadcloth was cut exactly as her mother's would have been, even to the starched shirt, the shapely turned revers and the stiff little tie. Her small riding boots were the perfection of dainty smartness, and in costume she owned to her very immature years only in that instead of a high hat she wore a derby. As she stood waiting for her turn to ride again there came up a lad of 12, perhaps,

who was one of the equestrian stars of the evening. "Let me congratulate you, Reginald," said Yellow Hair, with an air and grace as perfect as if, instead of 11 she had been 19. "Permit me to thank you, Edna," returned the lad, and the stately, formal and yet pretty exchange of courtesies between the two was as interesting a thing as there was to see in the whole course of the evening. In many little matters of this sort we are going back to the careful punctilio of what many are pleased to call the good old times.

It interests me always to note how women dress their children, there is such a difference between the senseless heaping of ornament and the outlay of thought and originality that results in something removed from a fashion plate on a small scale. There is one little girl whose succession of frocks has been in a way a study to me ever since she was big enough to walk alone. They always suit her, express something of her individuality, and it would not be easily possible to imagine them worn by any other child. Swell women of my acquaintance, and large ones, I think of as a rule without reference to their attire, but this long-lashed little mistress presents herself to me always as I last saw her clothed. I am thinking of her this evening in an antique-looking figured silk in soft coloring of bronze copper and lemon yellow, cut simply, yet with a touch of fancy that suggests Kate Greenaway's illustrations. She holds a kitten in her arms, and with her is a girl cousin whose frock is of gray-green cashmere with lemon silk at the throat and lemon ribbons in her curls.

There was a child of perhaps five years whom I noticed a few days ago in one of the big dry goods stores. Her mother was "matching" something, and there stood the patient mite in an Empire frock of a dull beige colored cashmere with a deep flounce at the bottom, about which ran ruche and heading of bunched ribbon loops of pale blue. Her ribbon sash tied under her arm pits and hung in ends on the left side. The soft, short, loose waist came up over a guimpe of white muslin dotted with blue, and epaulets of muslin without the dots were placed on the shoulders and brought round in fans to meet at the points of the shallow V of the waist in front and behind. These epaulets were quaintly embroidered and gave the effect of a little white pelerine. The full sleeves were brought into cuffs at the wrists, these being headed with ribbon ruchings. A wide, flat hat of beige colored straw went appropriately enough with the dress, and was trimmed with blue corn flowers and rosettes of narrow blue velvet ribbons.

The small girl whose mother promotes her to straw hats should be very happy, for those of drawn silk or muslin are heavily burdened with things meant as adornments, but usually far enough from being ornamental. Silk pompons are pretty, when the fancy of the trimmer can confine itself



A GIRL'S FETE DRESS.

to anything so simple, but ostrich plumes reckoned by the half dozen are more common and are so mixed with flowers and lace tulle and ribbon puffings that a hat top comes to look as if in joke somebody had sat down and said: "Now come and see how much and how many I can put on."

The children's outfits that are being prepared with so many happy thoughts of a summer in the country exhibit a good deal of smoking. With the smoking goes embroidery in outlines. A dress just finished for Mrs. Thomas Edison's tiny daughter is of grey cashmere worked with deep crimson silk. It is smoked at the throat in a narrow band, and then the fullness is set into folds forming a yoke upon which is set the bodice, having a tiny frill, below which is another narrow band of smoking. The skirt is short, full and tucked, and upon the waistband, deep shoulder straps and banded cuffs are worked light scroll patterns. A tiny little bag to hold a handkerchief hangs from the waistband, and this, too, is finished with needlework.

Quite tiny girls—in fact those just able to walk—wear little frocks that are high at the throat and have puffed sleeves to the wrists. They are usually made straight from the neck where there is a little smoking or gauging, and have two or three tucks at their lower edges. Nainsook and soft silks and declames are made up in this manner and sashes are added or omitted as dictated by taste or by the occasion.

For girls of a little larger growth it is becoming very usual to make dresses with vests and fronts of shirts in contrast with the rest of the costume and for this purpose soft stuffs in accordion kilts are very satisfactory.

Three quarter jackets and mantles with capes and Medici collars are shown for big girls and for middle-sized girls as for their mothers, but more points of interest are presented by the pelisses for babies which are made with one or two capes cut into a small yoke and looking like messes of unmitigated lace or embroidery. Deep cashmere flouncings are brought out to contribute to this effect and several new wide and rather coarse laces. Point de Venice is the favorite baby lace with people who can afford it and the cream silk that goes with it. The little skirts are more often made of a plain fabric and tucked quite simply.

ELLEN OSBORN.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union street.

## BRIGHT SPRING COLORS.

SOME PRETTY COSTUMES WORN BY NEW YORK LADIES.

Parasols Painted in Water Colors, and the Effect They Have on the Complexion of the Wearers—The Rage in Light Fabrics is Billowy Soft Effects.

NEW YORK, May 6.—The park is aglow with brilliant bloom but the fair beauty of the flowers is rivalled it not eclipsed by the gay masses of color in the carriages, which look like perambulating parterres. Down the long green vistas of the trees, past fragrant lilac and syringa bushes and arbors laden with purple wisteria, dash the equipages with the clash of silver chains and glittering harness, and freighted with stately dowagers and pretty young women in all the bravery of their spring apparel.



The women of one family who take their airing in company are apt to choose their costumes with a view to harmony of effect, so that the passing pageant is artistic as well as brilliant. Lying back upon the silken cushions for a low Victoria are two sisters noted of their beauty and wealth: one is a blonde, fragile looking and with a faint flush in her cheeks as delicate as that upon an apple blossom. The air of fragility is heightened by the costume which is of the palest mauve veiled at foot and neck by chiffon of the same lovely color; the bonnet is a dream of purple orchids and gold threaded lace, and the parasol—ah the parasol; it might be frozen soapuds or woven moon-beams, only it isn't. It is composed of gathered and embroidered chiffon with panels painted in water colors with Greuze-like children's faces peering from behind lilac bushes and half concealed beneath a rain of quivering purple petals. The chiffon of a renowned academicien is attached to this dainty bit of finery, and the chiffon cost more than the parasol.

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 unsightly 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 arbutus, great sprays of lilacs or knots of purple violets bloom everlastingly upon some of these so-called sunbades, 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 withers 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 gowns are all the rage for light fabrics; the straight lines of the umbrella-skirt are left to the tailor-made woman who prefers walking to driving and airy flouncings, fluffly jabots and coquettish cravats are seen on carriage and reception toilettes. 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 first 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 uede la Paris, but if she wears one of Rosamond Basset's imitatable creations her reputation as a beauty is made.

Such bonnets are materialized dreams, debt bits of handiwork which owe their elegance to the pretty fingers of a milliner. Imagine a charming woman in a gown sparkling with cabochons, with the air of a duchess; Basset is no 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 lace wrought nett, a suggestion of a jewelled 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 a morning sky and dotted at intervals with great cabochons of scintillant jet, while nodding from the back are three sprays of purple and white ilacs which look as if newly ravished from an old bush in a village garden. Blue and purple!—Ye gods, what a marriage, and

# WATERBURY & RISING.

If You're Moving,

Go with the crowd. We're moving this Spring—forward and upward. These

are moving times, and moving wears out shoe leather. When your shoes are worn out move down to our store, and select from a stock—a moving stock—New Goods always coming and going.

King and Union Streets, St. John, N. B.

"THE THREE GIANTS."

North American Life Assurance Company  
A Giant in Strength.

A Giant in Profits to Policy Holders,

A Giant in Prompt Paym't of Death Losses.

For the solid condition of the North American Life, read the last Government Reports.

MESSRS. VROOM & ARNOLD, Agents, St. John, N. B.

T. B. LAVERS, PROVICIAL MANAGER.

yet arranged with such consummate art that the colors do not wear at each other, but seem to blend in a delicious symphony of delicate hues.

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 *nouveautés* 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.

COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

COUTTS & CO.

Some History of the Famous Firm of London Bankers.

This famous London banking business was originated by a goldsmith of the name of George Middleton, who kept a shop near St. Martin's church. In 1692 Messrs. Middleton & Campbell were carrying on business as goldsmiths and bankers. In that year John Campbell was at the Three Crowns, in the Strand, near Hungerford market. In 1755, after the death of the original partners, James Coutts, the son of a successful Edinburgh merchant, was taken into the firm. He had previously married a Miss Polly Pegrum, the niece of George Campbell, the then head of the house. In 1761 this Campbell died, and James Coutts took into partnership his brother Thomas, who had been in business in St. Mary Axe, and the style of the firm became Coutts & Coutts. James Coutts, who in 1768 represented Edinburgh in parliament, died in 1778. Thomas, by his shrewdness and enterprise, became one of the first bankers in London. By his first wife he had three daughters, the eldest of whom married the earl of Guilford, the second the Marquis of Bute, and the third Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. His second wife was Miss Mellon, the actress, to whom, on his death in 1822, at the age of 87, he left the whole of his property, amounting to £900,000. Mrs. Coutts afterwards married the Duke of St. Albans, and at her death she left the whole of her wealth to the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, the favorite grand-daughter of Mr. Thomas Coutts. This lady assumed the additional surname of Coutts, and was subsequently created a peeress with the title of Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Among those who have kept accounts with the house are the kings and queens of England from the time of George II. down to Queen Victoria; the royal families of France, the first Duke of Wellington, William Pitt, the Earl of Chatham, Sir Walter Scott, and many

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

PHYSICIANS SAY THAT ESTEY'S EMULSION

is the most perfect preparation of Cod Liver Oil that has ever come under their notice. It is almost as pleasant to take as milk, and will agree with the most sensitive stomach.

Cures Consumption, in its first stages; Coughs, Colds, Scrofula, General Debility, Eruptions, Spinal Diseases, Rheumatic Gout, Deficient Nutrition.

50cts.

50cts.

other celebrities. The style of the firm has been Coutts & Co. since the death of Thomas Coutts, and the present partners are: Hugh Lindsay Antroub, Edmund Coulthurst, and the Hon. Henry Dudley Ryder (trustees for the persons interested under the will of Harriet, late Duchess of St. Albans), Robert Ruthven Pym, William Rolfe Malcolm, Lord Archibald Campbell, George John Marjoribanks, and John Herbert Dudley Ryder.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Two Queer Advertisements.

"Wanted, an able-bodied man at a country rectory, willing to make himself generally useful; must have thorough knowledge of chickens, pigs, and understand milking; must be able to drive horses and groom them; ring the church bells, dig graves, be cheerful mourner, and not object to carry coffin; where parlor-maid is kept."

As a curiosity, however, this advertisement is eclipsed by the following: "Wanted, for a newly erected church, a gentleman of elegant manners and insinuating address to conduct the theological department to a refined audience. It is expected that he should possess a white hand and a diamond ring. One who lisps and is short-sighted, and who has a due regard for amiable weaknesses, will be preferred."

The advertisement went on to say that if he was pleasant and accommodating he would be invited to plenty of parties, and that it was essential he should know a few college jokes in order to amuse the people with whom he comes in contact.

They Cannot Take Presents.

There is a very strict law against any British official in India accepting a gift from a native prince. Even when a doctor may have performed some serious operation upon a rajah, who being grateful, wishes to give—exclusive of a money fee varying from \$1,000 to \$5,000, according to the operation performed—a present of a shawl, golden cup or some similar valuable, the doctor must obtain special permission from the viceroy before he dares accept the present. If any official accepts a gift

of any value without permission, he may have to resign. In the old days, when the East India company governed India, an officer's pickings and the presents, often extorted from the rajahs, were worth more to him than his salary.—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

Filial Heroism.

"In the matter of taking care of your father," said the visitor, "you have nothing to reproach yourself with. You have furnished him a good home these many years."

"That is true," replied the host thoughtfully. "Fifty-three years ago, when I was a trusting, helpless, innocent child, he gave me the name of Adonijah. But I have tried to do my duty toward him," he continued, "with a look of calm resignation on his worn features, and I have succeeded, I think, in almost forgiving him."

Throat and Lung Troubles.

Boston is often abused without cause, as being the natural home of more cases of throat and lung troubles than any other part of the universe. One proof that this is not true of Boston any more than many other portions of this country, is the fact that during the past winter when the epidemic la grippe, swept over the whole country, Boston fared no worse than many other towns and the death rate from the epidemic of la grippe was no greater in that city than elsewhere.

That disease was an epidemic of bronchitis, influenza or catarrhal cold, and as every one knows tended to seriously affect every weak part of the patients system and augment any natural weakness or disease. Reports from all parts of our country show that the number of persons who have been left with a sort of chronic catarrh laryngitis, catarrhal sore throat and bronchial affections likely to cause serious throat and lung troubles if not checked, is in proportion to the population about the same the country over. All of these troubles are a more or less serious inflammation of the mucous lining of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes liable to cause death in one place as much as another, from croup, ulcerated sore throat, pneumonia, bronchitis and consumption; and which ought not to be neglected but treated by means which will allay the inflammation causing the trouble in each case. One of the most effectual remedies for any form of inflammation is an anodyne treatment. The universal verdict is that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has the past winter as in the last half century relieved and cured more such troubles than any one single medicine. It has been generally used by young and old, rich and poor, physicians and laymen. The wrapper around each bottle contains a vast amount of information about its use, or I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send a forty-eight page pamphlet free to any address sent them on a postal card.

Open Evenings. Duval, 242 Union street.