

EARLY SUMMER FASHIONS

SHOWN FOR SEASIDE WEAR AND FOR TENNIS COSTUMES.

How the Average Woman Buys a Hat and Gets it Trimmed—Novelties in Ribbons—A Hostess' Toilet and a Smart Seaside Costume.

NEW YORK, May 14.—It is hard to spend an hour in an occupation of greater interest than watching women buy hats. I am not thinking of women who buy their hats trimmed. But yesterday I loitered about in an establishment where long tables were heaped with wierd looking untrimmed shapes, and where the broad aisles between the tables were filled with jostling figures trying on. There were rows of mirrors over the tables next the wall, and standing



AN INDOOR TOILET.

mirrors were scattered as thickly as was comfortable, and the pictures that these long-suffering glasses reflected were things to see and take warning from.

The hat of the spring is such an uncanny thing when it hasn't its clothes on. At its best, and on the best heads it is like a leaf, but at its worst it seems to have squirmed and curled up in frying. With its flat crown and its point that runs out over the eyes and its three to five points that stand up like wings behind, its effect in profile on the woman whose face has stood some wear and tear and whose hair is not exactly pretty is rather discouraging. A good many women seem to have some conception of this melancholy fact, for nowhere does the average individual look more tired or seem to feel life more of a burden than when she is gazing discontentedly at herself under the shadow of one of those queer things in black crinoline with a double crown.

Yet the chances are she buys it; because she can find nothing that suits her better, and because it is fashionable. And when she has bought it, the salesgirl asks, "Will you have it trimmed here?"

And because she cannot trim it herself, and because she is tired, the average woman answers meekly, quite as if responding in the marriage service, and, indeed, she is taking the hat for better or for worse, "I will."

And then the salesgirl leads her to the flower counter and asks her what she will have. And because she has just bought and paid \$15 for a little reefer jacket in black with a gold tinsel edge, the average woman says, "I think I will have black and gold ribbon."

"Then you need yellow flowers," pronounces the salesgirl with quiet authority, and she produces a bunch of buttercups, quite as if she had said the last possible word. The woman doesn't care for buttercups, but nothing else is offered her and while she bends in a dazed way over the glass of the show cases the salesgirl stands in a hurry to get rid of her customer. Long experience of life among triers on of untrimmed millinery has taken off the freshness her zest of life and made her cynical. In the end the woman has an inspiration. She won't wear her reefer jacket always, and black and white will go better with the



TENNIS COSTUMES.

majority of her dresses than black and gold. "Will you show me," she asks it timidly, "those heads of clover?" The salesgirl gets out the white clover blossoms and they cost just the price of the hat, \$1.49. Then the salesgirl says, "Shall I give you an estimate?"

And the woman replies, and more meekly than ever, "If you please."

The salesgirl pronounces, "You will want black velvet ribbon and a little velvet, under the brim. It will come to; let me see,"—here a rapid calculation,—"\$7.50, madam."

The woman opens her pocketbook, receives a certificate of deposit and goes home. She is not at all sure the hat will prove becoming but she is glad she found a jacket that didn't have a stand-up collar. As she walks away from the salesgirl she asks: "Will you send it tomorrow?" The

action of this story takes place, of course, on Friday.

And the salesgirl responds as if it made no possible difference: "No, madam; on Monday."

The woman who doesn't pay above \$7.50 for her hat and who doesn't know at all what she wants is a very important factor in society, for we are not all of us rich and very few of us have minds of our own; but still there is a good deal of dress news in the air that is of a different stamp entirely. There are dresses in making for summer wear that are very novel and original. Some of the silks are uncommonly beautiful in shades of gold, old rose and gray. Many of them, as you would expect, are in ribbon bow patterns. Others are in pale cornflower blue combined with gold or with coral. Black grounds come out in variety. Small pink flowers or violets or yellow acacia blossoms are thrown upon them and they are made up most picturesquely in seaside costumes.

A woman acted as hostess at a spring lunch yesterday in a costume that will bear description. The stuff was a light pink bengaline, the bodice describing a sort of jacket that was worked with most elaborate embroidery of gold set with moonstones. The front was filled in with black lace, and the collar and close-fitting sleeves were of lace also. A deep flounce of black lace was mounted very full about the waist, appearing to come from under the bodice. The skirt was absolutely plain, all the fullness being concentrated behind. The wearer of this dress was rather tall and was very slight, otherwise it would not have been becoming. As it was, it proved one of the most successful indoor toilets of the season.

There is a good deal that might be said about ribbons. Very wide soft shot silk is coming in; often it is brocaded with pansies and cowslips or butterflies, and sometimes it pranks itself fantastically with cherries tied up with bow knots or with currants or any fruit that can be by any stretch of the imagination be considered decorative. Gold gauze ribbons are popular, jingling it may be, with metallic spangles or with sequins. Pointed crepes are used for all sorts of purposes, and it is the commonest thing in the world to see an embroidered bird of considerable size spreading its wings for a hat or bonnet crown.

A smart seaside dress is of pale heliotrope shot silk with three narrow gold bands about the bottom. It is made with a pointed waist with a gold girdle, from which depends a fan that is gotten up to look, when shut, quite like a horn. The piquantly cut cape, with its collar and epaulets, goes well with the big hat in gold and heliotrope, and the full veil comes below the chin.

Honeysuckle is at the moment the favorite shade of yellow, and is combined with shrimp pink or embroidered with gold or



A SUMMER FIGURE.

silver. Honeysuckle-tinted muslins and organdies are being finished for the warm days that are coming, with bertha, sleeve caps and flounces of Venetian lace.

For a garden party for which the invitations are already out is a striped chambray in honeysuckle and black with heavy black Spanish lace trimmings. There is a parasol with deep lace flounce to match, and a very openwork straw hat trimmed with lace and dark red Spanish roses and honeysuckles.

Tennis dress exhibits some more or less notable changes. Black silk shirt waists are being worn to play in, with diamond studs to fasten the fronts and to get lost in the grass if not carefully looked after. Red or chamois-colored cloth coats come with them and are donned in the intervals of the game or worn home in the cool of the evening. Striped percale shirts are out in force and take to complete their effect dotted pique vests with standing collar and four-in-hand tie. With such a rig will be assumed a loosely folded silk waist scarf matching the stripe of the shirt in color, and making an outfit very fashionable and even more uncomfortable. Would any created being but a woman think of tennis in a stand-up collar?

Checks and plaids are used for tennis gowns. Dull red and fawn color goes well, with blouse of plain fawn, vest and revers of the plaided fabric, and two fawn bands about the bottom of the plaided draperies.

Buff and white was seen this morning, made with pointed hip piece simulating a girdle, below which was set a white shirt gathered on with a pointed heading.

Most of the new blouses fasten diagonally and have sword belt trimmings of metallic braid. They are made in light ones of silk serge, with close set bands of black and gold.

ELLEN OSBORN.

The Way She Managed it.

"Well, with cleaning and moving, and everything out of place and upset I haven't done a bit of washing for two weeks," said one woman to another one day this week, "so you can just imagine the work I have ahead of me together with setting the house to rights."

"Thank goodness," said the other, "that I am not like you, for indeed I couldn't commence to do a days washing after all this cleaning."

"You hire a girl I suppose! Well I'd rather do it myself, than watch one."

"Oh no I don't, I just send my washing to Ungars, and they do it so reasonably and with so little trouble that I wouldn't think of having them done in any other way."—Adet.

PLAIN BUT EXPENSIVE.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEALTHY DRESS IN SIMPLE FASHION.

Some Pretty Costumes seen in New York This Spring—Some Little Fancies that Beautify the Children—Other Suggestions for Little Ones' Dresses.

NEW YORK, May 13.—These sunny spring days the park is alive with children—children in carriages seated firmly beside their mammas and arrayed almost as gorgeously as they. The children of the wealthy classes, however, are frequently dressed in extremely simple fashion. Many mothers array their little ones in apparently simple toilets, which are not always inexpensive. In these gowns the best material is used, the daintiest embroidery and the finest lace. The sewing is often done by hand, and the narrow Valenciennes lace edging, the hemstitched frill is real and not the ordinary patent Valenciennes generally used.

Perhaps the little gretchen gown is of gingham, but the gingham is Scotch and costs sometimes fifty and sixty cents a yard, and is almost as expensive as silk.

The beauty of these little wash suits lies in their exquisite freshness, their crisp daintiness which cannot be equalled by goods which cannot bear the crucial test of soap and water.

Washable silks, however, obviate this difficulty in a great degree, for if laundered with proper care they emerge from their soapud bath looking equally as well as their more modest sisters—the gingham, seersuckers and percales. One beholds immense polka dots now on children's dresses; an exceedingly stylish one worn by a fair-haired little beauty is of marine blue India, strewn with dots almost as large as oyster crackers; the low-cut bodice is shirred about the neck and arms and left to hang over the belt Fedora fashion—the sleeves are full, reach to the elbow and are finished with a deep silken frill; the guimpe is of silk, striped in pale blue and white, and laced together with dark blue silk cord. Pretty little silk suits are of storm serge, which does not change or fade by contact with sun, rain or salt water; the regulation trimming is a sailor collar either white, or blue with white stars and a shield barred with white, several rows of white woolen braid or a deep band of white serge finishes the suit; the blouse is either laced or buttoned. Jaunty sailor hats either blue or white, or nautical caps are worn with these pretty and useful suits which never go out of fashion and can be replaced with nothing else.

Green and black seems somewhat a bizarre combination for a child, but on a small blonde it is irresistibly lovely and wonderfully becoming. This dainty little gown almost makes one think of a bunch of spring leaves tied with a black ribbon. The tiny garment in question was of crinkly crepon, with such an extremely short waist that it amounted to scarcely more than a yoke; tied loosely about the waist was black ribbon velvet about two inches in width; a big rosette was at the side and two more on each shoulder heightening the high effect of the sleeves which were exceedingly full and finished with a deep fall of black lace; the guimpe were of black esprit net.

Black stockings are almost universally worn, sometimes polka dotted, sometimes with a white checker-board pattern reaching half way up the leg; or the foot simulates a boot and is finished with bandyules running into a color, such as pale blue, pink or lemon. Clocked stockings are pretty with oxford ties, and slippers of bronze or black kid. However, most mothers prefer high shoes as the ankles of growing children are weak and likely to turn when a low shoe is constantly worn.

Young girls wear the same style of glove as their mammas; tan is, of course, the most used, as it goes with every color, but the soft grey and beaver tints are very nice. Castor gloves and those of chamois in the natural tint and white are useful, the latter washing as well as a pocket handkerchief.

Children's parasols follow the general lead as to shape, handles and trimming; as a rule they are made of inexpensive material, the little women being very likely to break or lose them. Some extremely pretty ones have three or four narrow frills pinked in saw-tooth upon the edges. Little coaching parasols of white, scarlet or dark blue are the thing for schoolwear. The en-tout-cas or umbrella is best adapted for protection against the sun, and as its name denotes, is always ready for an emergency.

By far the most desirable thing in small boys' suits are those of washable goods in two pieces, the kilts and jackets or the knee pants and jackets. The children's outfitting establishments get them up so admirably and at the same time so inexpensively that few people ever think of making them at home. Imagine a substantial and nice fitting two piece suit costing \$1.85, while a kilted suit may be obtained for \$2.25; of course the range higher, but at the prices quoted one really does get something wonderfully good. Best & Co. of the Lilliputian Bazaar say that wash suits are all the go this season and are superseding all else for warm weather. A very jaunty little affair is the one in the illustration. It is of white duck, the short pants braided on the side in washable soutache asis, also the little jacket; with this is worn a linen blouse with either an embroidered lawn tie or one of white silk with two rows of hemstitching or with fringed ends. Then there are suits

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of red and white, or blue and white, striped galeate, or of brown linen. Sailor suits of a peculiar shade of grey blue with bright steel buttons have pleated blouses, the shield and breast being ornamented with white stars and chevrons.

For a dress suit a midshipman's uniform with naval buttons and gold braid is noticeable for its fine finish and fit. Windsores, puff-scarfs, tecks and four-in-hands are all fashionable. The made Windsor bow and the sailor knot are a boon to mothers as they do not need tying and are always ready. Sailor collars either of serge or wash goods are useful adjuncts to a child's toilet and being adjustable can be taken off and put on without changing the entire suit.

The most popular game with the little ones just now is Tiddley-Winks which is played with colored chips, the game consisting of an endeavor to fill them by the aid of a larger chip and the finger into a small receptacle which stands in the centre of the table. Boys and girls find this game fun, and this game is quite as much enjoyed by the grown people who indulge in it to a great extent.

Tennis is quite as popular as ever, and is a healthful sensible game conducive to exercise and plenty of fresh air. Croquet seems to have scored a new success, as the young people are playing it with great vigor upon country lawns and in the parks. Outdoor games of every kind should be encouraged; even boating and swimming, albeit somewhat dangerous impart strength to young limbs and teach grace and skill.

COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

How the Story was Written, and Something about its Author.

Nothing can be simpler than the story of the building of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Its authoress, Dinah Maria Mulock, afterwards Mrs. Craik, was born at Stoke in 1826. Her father was a minister of the "do-as-I-say-and-not-as-I-do" school, and finding his practice becoming daily remoter from his preaching, she and her mother and two brothers left him in despair. To keep the new home going she tried literature, and gradually worked her way through the crowd. In 1849 she published *The Ogilvies*, which made her name known, but brought but little profit; next year she made a further advance in *Olive*, which became famous enough to secure "The Authoress of *Olive*" a whole article to herself in a popular magazine. In 1851 came *The Head of the Family*; in 1852 came *Agatha's Husband*.

In the summer of 1852 Miss Mulock was the guest of Mr. Dobell at Charlton Kings, and one day she drove out through Cheltenham, the flat and genteel, along the dreary turnpike road to Tewkesbury, the quaint and historical. In rambling through the town a shower came on and the party took refuge in one of the many narrow covered alleys which run at right angles to the few streets. From the town clerk's house a little girl looked over the window blind at a ragged boy opposite, and soon afterwards appeared at the door with a piece of bread and gave it to him, as did Ursula March in the opening chapter of the book. The shower being

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over, the party lunched at "The Bell," which the landlord said had once been a tanner's, and then having seen the bowling-green, admired the hedge, noted the mill, and looked out over the Ham, they returned to Cheltenham.

Here were all the materials for a picturesque background and general tone. Here were the shower, the alley, the abbey, the house, the garden, the tanyard, the mill, and the opening incident. The drive back gave the coach ride with Kean to Chalton otherwise Cheltenham, the arrival at "The Fleecce," the suggestion of the theatre, and of course the night walk home again. Another visit filled in the details, and the scene plan was laid; the plot—the career of a noble, successful man from boyhood to death—was ready; the names came from the tombstones and shop fronts; and the outline of the book was drawn. It took four years, and not fourteen days, to write, during which time the authoress was at work in various other ways. Before it was finished she had become acquainted with Mrs. Oliphant, who introduced her to Mr. Blackett, the publisher, who received the manuscript as soon as it was complete, read it, liked it, printed it, and in 1856 gave it to the world without delay "John Halifax, Gentleman," by the authoress of "The Head of the Family."

Only once after those two days in 1852 did the authoress visit Tewkesbury, and that was for a few days in 1887 just before her death. The scenery of "John Halifax" was thus not described from years of observation, but from a couple of days hard work at sight seeing with a view to business.—[Leisure Hour.

On the Up-Grade.

As the horse-car reaches the foot of the hill, Gray Jerry swings up with a lively clatter: "Is that you, Blackie? Good day to you Bill! A steep one to climb—but 'is little matter." He seems to say, "for I've nothing to do But to hitch right on and to pull with you!"

He puts new life in the jaded pair, Their ears prick up and their eyes grow bright; The car is heavy, but little they care, For good gray Jerry will make it light. They trot together without a stop— Time for rest when they get to the top!

Now the horses are half up-hill, The driver has little or nothing to do; Courage Blackie, and pull away Bill! Jerry will see the whole business through; He twinkles his eye, and he switches his tail, And makes the car fly, on the up-grade rail.

A model of active benevolence Jerry the car-horse appears to me, With his brave, kind heart and his good, horse-sense— And twice well with us, could we always be Ready as he is, to cheer and aid The brothers that toil on the hard up-grade! —E. CAVAZZA.

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Equity Sale.

IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY

Between DAVID O'CONNELL, Plaintiff,

PETER P. BYRNE, Defendant.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so-called), in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province of New Brunswick, on TUESDAY, the 14th day of JULY next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity, made in the above cause, on the Thirtieth day of April last past, and with the approval of the undersigned a Referee in Equity, pursuant to the fourth chapter of the Act of the General Assembly of this Province, passed in the fifty-third year of the reign of Her Present Majesty, Queen Victoria, the mortgaged lands and premises described in the Plaintiff's Bill, and in the said Decree of Order, as:

"All that certain lot piece and parcel of land 'situate lying and being in the Parish of Musquash 'in the City and County of Saint John and being lot 'number (2) two in the grant to Ebenezer Scott and 'others, and bounded as follows to wit, on the 'southerly end or front by the Musquash river, on 'the westerly side by the easterly side line of lot 'number (1) one in the same grant now called 'number (9) nine, on the northerly or rear 'end by land owned now or lately by Thomas 'R. Jones and others and on the easterly 'side by other land owned by the said Peter P. 'Byrne, the land hereby conveyed containing one 'hundred acres more or less, the said lot number (2) 'two being the land on which the said Peter P. 'Byrne now lives, together with all and singular 'the buildings and improvements thereon, and the 'rights and appurtenances to the said land and 'premises belonging or appertaining, and the rever- 'sion and reversions, remainder and remainders, 'rents, issues, and profits thereof, and all the estate, 'right, title, interest, property, claim, and demand 'whatsoever both at law and in Equity of him, the 'said Mortgagee, of in out of or upon the said 'lands and premises and every part thereof."

For terms of sale and other particulars, apply to the Plaintiff's solicitor or the undersigned Referee. Dated this fifth day of May, A. D., 1891. E. H. MACAULAY, Referee in Equity.

C. N. SKINNER, Esq., Q. C., Plaintiff's Solicitor.

W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.

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