

# BATHING SUITS AS WORN

ARE NOT SHOCKING EVEN IN THE SMALLEST DEGREE.

Wet by the Salt Water at the Summer Resorts—About Tennis and Yachting Gowns—What is Seen at Night in the Casino.

I have interested myself to some extent in bathing suits this summer, partly because the bathing suit seems always of such interest to the general public, and partly because of a suspicion that the bathing suit had been maligned. My suspicions have been confirmed so fully that I have come to wonder how the general public conceived its interest in the bathing suit in the beginning, and how, having conceived an interest, it is able to maintain



SHE WOULD A YACHTING GO.

it; the bathing suit, when you come to observe and study it; such a mild and inoffensive and innocent and even commonplace piece of apparel.

The Newport bathing suit, as I observed it when the tide was coming in and the sky was gloriously blue and there were boats with white sails far out at sea, consists of long black stockings and little black corked-soled shoes. Above this comes some sort of a combination suit of blouse and trousers, always trimly cut, but never in any degree sensational, being dark in color, high in the neck, and with sleeves reaching at least to the elbow and provided with a skirt to the knees. The prettiest suits, and those which give a certain piquancy to the prospect, have rolling collars of scarlet or orange or light blue, with perhaps a bright blue and a girdle. I have seen one woman bathing in pure white but for light colors, or gaiety of apparel, one has to try Narragansett pier, where it suited me to watch for a couple of hours the kicking and the splashing and the struggling and the chattering, and where there were low necks and short sleeves and red stockings, and yet where any reasonably pure-minded individual could be in all respects entirely comfortable.

There was one fine swimmer with dark red dripping locks, under which looked out a pair of flashing blue eyes, who wore quite an elaborate costume of white serge, cut to show to advantage a full white throat and two magnificent arms. A blue hat, blue stockings and blue girdle of heavy gold-tasseled cord went to finish a very striking but entirely modest costume. A bit of a blonde who couldn't swim at all, but who was making desperate efforts to learn, wore a deep red suit that was worth some attention. Her stockings were black, her little oilskin cap was edged with black, a black band bordered her shoulders, setting off their fairness, and her arms emerged from short black sleeves.

Many of the costumes were of silk, and these, without doubt, show the figure more plainly than does one of flannel or serge, but there is an excellent reason for the substitution, in that the silk is so much lighter than a woolen fabric and does not hold the water. The girl who rides, plays tennis, climbs a mountain or exercises in a gymnasium, is privileged to have special and appropriate costumes to do it in, and the girl who bathes, especially if she is the



TENNIS A LA MODE.

girl who swims, must have her arms and legs free and be as little burdened as possible. Bare arms and feet are not inconvenient, but dangerous. Bare girls in ten take to the friendly shelter of long bathing cloaks, when in dripping and clinging garments they emerge from the water between the long lines of staring spectators, and so I find myself called upon to pretend to have some special horror of a pale yellow surah, braided in blue, even though its wearer was inconsiderate enough to be pretty to be blonde, to wear a blue silk kerchief twisted about her curly locks, after the fashion of a Creole turban, and to wear her back hair in long Marguerite braids.

There was one suit in striped black and white surah that was very pretty on the brown-haired rosy mite of a woman who had it on. Under her broad white bathing

hat with its black trimmings showed the black sailor scarf at her throat and the black ribbons knotting up her short white sleeves.

It is four or five days since I was at Long Branch, but I picked up there, no more than at Newport or the Pier, material for any bathing suit declamation. There has been little bathing at the Branch since the tragic death of young Brokaw, but when the girls go into the water it is in suits less demure than at Newport and less bright than at the Pier. Dark blue and black are the regulation colors, and the woman who wishes to enliven them does so with many rows of white braid. Brown and yellow was, perhaps, the most striking combination worn by a girl with short tawny locks turning up in her neck in loose half curls. Her skull cap of oiled silk and a kerchief of brown and yellow plaid twisted about it, and with a brown blouse and yellow neck scarf she wore a short full brown and yellow skirt and brown stockings. There were girls in red and white stripes and girls in white and yellow; there were girls with bare necks and no sleeves; there were girls in broad bathing hats and girls in little skull caps, but there were no girls whom it was not quite permissible to look upon.

It is a pity that girls who do not play tennis do not pay more regard to one another's costumes, but persist in dressing themselves in such disastrous discords. It spoils the prettiest of lawn pictures to see a girl in a bright scarlet cap and blazer playing in the same set with one gowned in butterfly yellow. People who are to pass afternoons together ought to dress with some sense of collective accord, if we are to have any pleasure in life unspoiled by pictorial blemishes.

Annelie Rives Chanler was induced to play half an hour the other afternoon, and her tennis toilet was as picturesque as might have been expected; she is even more beautiful than before she went abroad, for her face has more sensitiveness and expression. She wore a white flannel skirt with a pink silk blouse and the most bewitching of rustic hats garlanded with pink roses. She did not play well, however, for in France one gets out of practice, tennis being too active a game for the Parisians.

A gathered skirt of blue surah forms part of the tennis suit shown in the illustration. The blouse bodice of the same goods is embroidered with sweet peas in rose pink and white, and edged with a flounce forming epaulets and shirt frills. The knotted sash falls in front and long mitts of corn silk are worn. This costume was finished in New York this week to the order of Miss



IN THE THEATRE.

Sallie Hargous—about whose clothes one gets, alas! very tired of writing—and sent to Newport for the late summer practice.

Over the rail of a trim little yacht with black hull and white sails there leaned groups of girls watching the dawning water and the manoeuvres of the gulls. There were white flannels with blue shirts, gray flannels with pink shirts, and brown flannels turned up with hems of gold braid. As a rule most of the decorative responsibility of the costume seemed to rest upon the bodice and the hat, as in case of a black serge skirt worn with a white shirt, upon which the tawny orange tie hung harmonized with a bunch of variegated roses on the black clip hat.

There was a black and white striped dress crowned with a basket work hat trimmed with powder blue velvet, which accorded wonderfully with the yellow hair it rested upon. There was a white serge that was closely spotted with mauve, and a dark blue serge with a full blouse and sleeves of that universally used material, pinkish flowered chiffon. Another curious phenomenon was a fine white flannel trimmed with black chiffon frills and worn with a little black hat with white wings.

The costume shown in the sketch was of white serge with white silk blouse and reeler of navy blue with white cuffs. A frock of red cotton, for even on the water cotton is not wholly abandoned, was printed with small white horseshoes and worn with a large black hat trimmed with red chiffon and white wings.

There are not so many new things in evening dress, and yet the summer dance gowns are picturesque in shape and color. Strings of bluebells or daisies are festooned about the muslin flounces, and flower chains fall from the waist almost to the ground. The new silk muslins are patterned with yellow grain spikes, and with gorgeous pomegranates and cactus blooms.

A pale blue muslin is figured with horse chestnut leaves. A full ruche of pinked out silk borders the skirt, and there are shoulder knots and waist fulls of the same material.

A delicate green silk is girdled at the waist with green beads. It has a flounce of silk embroidered green chiffon about the bottom of the skirt, and a low bodice with chiffon festoons.

A white corded silk embroidered with butterfly cups is uncommon in design. Guipure lace is arranged to form vandykes about the skirt, the points uppermost; the spaces between the points are filled with the golden flowers, while the berthe is entirely of butterfly cups laid over lace in bright yet delicate tracery. ELLEN OSBORN.

You are troubled with Catarrh, but in this warm, dry weather do not strongly experience its evil effects and you neglect treatment. A mistake. When the disease is least troublesome is the best time to get rid of it, and this the use of Nasal Balm will accomplish. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of price (50c. or \$1 a bottle). G. T. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

## "ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

I have such a small budget of letters this week, girls, that I have unlimited opportunities for gossip, and could waste half an hour in talking about Geoffrey and the garden and all my other responsibilities; but somehow having the time, I believe I lack the inclination this morning. I am tired and just a little out of temper in consequence, so I am not as fond of Geoffrey as usual. The fact of the matter is, girls, that Geoff. is awfully conceited, there is no use in trying to blind myself to the fact, because it must be patent to everyone. And he is so fond of admiration, too, that I sometimes wish I had married a man who could not read, much less write; because you see when one is rather conceited themselves and very fond of admiration, too, they are apt to grow tired of burning incense on some one else's altar and to yearn for the smoke of the sacrifice on their own account. Why, you will hardly believe it, girls, I know, but he actually told me the other day that my work was not literature at all, it was just writing, and then he went to work and wrote a column and a half of non—never mind! I suppose you read it yourselves, and can judge whether or not it compares favorably with my less pretentious style; but if Geoffrey is not more careful, I will trade him off for a shotgun, to keep the tramps away and settle my undivided affections upon the pup and the cat. Writing, indeed, I wish he had this column to look after, that's all, and we should soon see what he would make of it!

SOPHIA, St. John.—Thank you for saying I have a wise head, I don't know that I have, but still it is very soothing to know that some one else thinks so. I really do wonder sometimes that I don't get softening of the brain over the wide range and startling variety of the questions asked me. Perhaps it is because I haven't enough brain to melt properly. But still, I have great pleasure in answering your solitary and sensible question. The lines you quote:

"That lingering star with lessening ray,  
"That thoust to greet the early morn."  
are the opening ones of Robert Burns' exquisite poem, "To Mary in Heaven." You will find it in any edition of his works.

J. M., Amherst, kindly informs me for the benefit of those correspondents who have asked me where they can have their character delineated by their writing, that Mr. W. W. Bradley, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is an adept in the art, and that his fee is one dollar. Will J. M. accept my very best thanks for the trouble he took to write to me and send the address.

SUNSHINE.—Why what a silly girl you are! Whoever heard of sunshine "bothering" anyone? Don't we all love it? So you are most welcome back. (1) As long as the girls had their parents' consent, the young men were not utter strangers, and they did not stay out too late, it was quite correct. (2) I do not know of anything you could possibly take to give you a permanent color in your cheeks, indeed I am sure there is nothing; but if you will try exercising for half an hour every day with either light dumb bells, or Indian clubs, you will find it very beneficial. Rub your cheeks, pinch and massage them gently, night and morning, and finally go out in the open air as much as you can. These are the best remedies I can suggest. You are quite right, a good color often makes the difference between a plain girl and a beauty. I used to be intensely pale myself, but I never tried any remedy for the defect.

R. N. C., formerly "Harper Bros." St. John.—I am not a student of botany, and therefore am quite unable to give you the name of the wild flower you enclose, but of course it belongs to the genus dandelion, in some variety or other. I have observed the peculiarity you note in the buttercups, but have always imagined that the white leaves appeared in the late summer, and were one of the season's changes. I know the bird you mean, and have often listened to its peculiar note, but have never found any one who could tell me its correct name. As for the other matter—that of the blind tenor—since you tell me in the most unequivocal manner that I am wrong, that of course, settles the question once for all, and the matter had best be dropped, since I am not here to argue with correspondents, but to give them advice and answer their questions. You are to be congratulated on being so—let us say self-sufficient—since it sounds better than self-sufficiency—but you will be surprised to hear that my original opinion remains unchanged. The name of the Roman natural historian is pronounced as it spelled, P. L. N. N. EY.

Boy, St. John.—My dear "Boy" do you know that you absolutely frightened me? One part of your letter sounded murderous. You announce your unalterable determination to get rid of your rival, and ask me how you can do it easiest. Oh, this is really dreadful! Where's the pup? Jock! for the sake of sweet charity, and all the forbidden bones I have given you on the sly—do not mention the gum drops, and molasses taffy, don't desert me in this crisis! I feel as if I might be massacred myself at any moment and on second thoughts I won't trade Geoffrey off at all, he is a much better protector than a shotgun and the pup together. Well, Boy, if you really won't tell why strychnine and rough on rats are both effective methods, provided you take measures to prevent the patient from dying in the house. Seriously, Boy, you must not be so bloodthirsty, get rid of him by all means, but do so by securing the prize yourself if possible. "Faint heart never won fair lady" you know. Of course you are in love with a girl, you absurd boy! Did you imagine for a moment that I would think it was with a boy? She must be a darling if she even resembles your description, and if I were a boy I would do my best to cut you out. I have been very successful as a match maker so far, and have already earned the undying gratitude of a young man called "Cyclops," who took my advice and went on to victory, to take courage and don't make any plans about proposing, but tell her what is in your heart at the very first opportunity. If you are too shy to do that, write to her, and if your letter is anything like the one you wrote me, I think your chances of suc-

Note paper and envelopes; 3x5, 8 and 10 cts per quire, at McArthur, 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; width 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, Mr. J. R. Blank, 4 King Street.

NEWCASTLE, N. B., July 13, 1891.

DEAR SIRS, 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 headed toe slipper would do. Size 4, width B. Dated enclosed \$3.00, if any more, I will remit. And oblige, Yours truly, MISS BLANK, Address, care of J. R. Blank, Newcastle.

KENTVILLE, N. S., July 13, 1891.

Gentlemen, 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, MRS. W. T. BLANK.

Mail Orders will receive prompt attention, with liberty of returning if not satisfactory.

WATERBURY & RISING.



## WEDDING INVITATIONS

GET YOUR WEDDING INVITATIONS AND WEDDING CARDS

NEATLY AND FASHIONABLY PRINTED

E. J. ARMSTRONG,

85 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

Orders by Mail receive Prompt Attention.

Commercial Printing of every description a Specialty

cess will be excellent, for her heart cannot help being touched. You must leave the choice of the ring entirely to the lady. It is her privilege to say what style she would prefer. Be sure you write you will succeed and you have my blessing. Yes, you are right, I do know all about it. I have loved very hard indeed. When I think of the amount of love I lavished on Geoffrey before we were engaged, I absolutely ache all over. Never mind that handsome rival. Girls don't like handsome men as a rule, so I hope you are not too good looking yourself.

I must express my grateful thanks to my correspondents this week for not having asked me what I thought of their writing. That time honored formula was absent from every letter, so it is any wonder that they have all earned the heartfelt gratitude of

MEN'S FASHION'S IN LONDON.

The Drab Frock Coat—Vests and Jewelry—Luxury in Summer Flannels.

If bad weather has been responsible for our having had no spring season whatever, its antithesis is responsible for the summer quarter opening up exceedingly well. In fact, owing to both the foregoing and secular society features, the London summer promises to be unusually brilliant. The Prince of Wales and his hopeful heir are in town, while the young Emperor of Germany with a brilliant suite has been here and gone again.

One of the most refreshing features of current costume this summer lies in the extreme plainness of the fabrics most in vogue. "Effects" have almost entirely disappeared, and to wear a "check" is counted almost as criminal as to forge one. Studying well-dressed Londoners one perceives the prevalence at the present moment of the series of light grays, drabs, and slate blues which promised so well at the opening of the season. These colors in light cashmeres are the hot weather wear of the upper ten. It is becoming more and more common daily to see a drab cashmere "Prince Albert," topped off by a white hat. The craze for reds has completely subsided, its place being taken by rather more of a tobacco or snuff shade of brown, which does not look half bad in a neat sack suit. Notwithstanding the prevalence of light colors, a very great many frocks and three or four button cutaways in light-weight black worsteds are to be observed, and these, in turn, worn over various descriptions of fancy waistcoats and light cashmere trousers. It is remarkable that comparatively few sack suits are to be seen in the streets this summer, and that the use of frock coats is rather on the increase.

The frock coat of today, with its broad lapels, is more like that of eighteen years ago than that of five. The effect, as worn with the deep belled hat of about the same period, is not half bad, either. Revive feminine apparel of 1870 or thereabouts and we should have perfect frights to deal with but the *grus homo* of that epoch looks as jaunty and sportive as could be wished. In speaking of this revival of male dress let me not neglect to state that the principle is carried out in not only the outer garments but in furnishing goods and jewelry. The fashionable summer vest is cut low enough to show three studs, which may be anything which fancy dictates. Its lapels are broad, and with it is worn a voluminous "Albert" chain reaching from pocket to pocket, and depending from a lower button at which locket or seal is worn. The shirt collar is increasing in proportions, and from the scarcely perceptible corner turned down by the wearer of last summer, has reached a degree of "bent point" which is truly appalling. Bows of minute size are quite common as well. The use of white and colored flannels in lawn tennis and other outing goods will scarcely go further than it has up to now, for it has become almost universal. At this period of the year tailors' windows are given up almost entirely to displays of sporting flannels, which are to be found not only in great variety of white nuances, but in tints and tinted stripes upon white grounds. An amount of luxury is now put into summer flannels which not so long ago would have been deemed fabulous. The greatest advances have been made in the intermixture of silk with the wool, either in *toto* or used for the colored striping upon the white woolen ground. The beauty of these goods has permitted the nightshirt to regain much of the ground taken from it by the extraordinary popularity which pajama suits have enjoyed of late years. Swell dressers, or rather undressers, have quite abandoned the linen nightshirt in favor of either silk or flannel, at the present moment, giving

preference to such as I have named above. In underwear there is not much change except in that patterns and fabrics are very quiet. Little silk is being shown, because there are so few Americans here to buy it. Englishmen going in much more for light gray "natural wools." The English system of making drawers is somewhat more elaborate than ours, inasmuch as they go in for a sort of abdominal supporting waistband or "belt," as it is called, buttoning with many as eight buttons in front, and lacing through eyelet holes behind. The idea of a tight abdominal bandage comes, like pajamas, sashes, and twenty other specialties, from England's hot exotic possessions. Returning colonists bring a good idea home with them and it speedily becomes the rage for hot weather wear.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Bashful Bob Burdette.

I heard a good and altogether new story of Bob Burdette and the late Thos. A. Hendricks, says a writer in the Kansas City Times. Several years ago, while the lamented Indian was touring the west, Burdette was the funny man of the *Darlington Hawkeye*. In that capacity he wrote a great many satirical verses concerning Mr. Hendricks. One day Burdette was at a railroad hotel at Iowa City when the proprietor called him.

"See here, Bob," said the boniface, "there's a man in the dining room whom you're just dying to meet. Come along."

"Who is it?" asked the humorist, hanging back.

"Oh, come on; it's all right," said the hotel man, and with that Burdette was hustled into the eating room.

"Mr. Hendricks—Mr. Burdette," said the proprietor, whereupon a handsome, smiling man arose from a table, and, extending his hand to the man from Burlington, said:

"And so this is Mr. Burdette, is it?"

"Y—yes," returned the now quaking humorist.

"You're the man who wrote 'The Bad Man from Injanny,' are you?"

"I did, but that was only in—"

"Let me see," went on the statesman, smiling. "It ran like this, didn't it?"

And Mr. Hendricks proceeded to recite the whole poem. Then he recalled another and another, reciting, before he was through, half a dozen of the satirical outbursts in rhyme that had been directed against him.

"I never felt really bashful before," said the genial humorist, now of Brooklyn, "but that was the time when I would have welcomed an earthquake that would have swallowed me up."

Mrs. Ballington Booth.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is admired even by those who do not sympathize with her in her religious convictions. She is so pretty, so earnest, so clever and so good that she wins hearts to herself as well as to the Salvation army, whose creed she teaches and preaches. Not long ago Mrs. Booth was seriously ill in one of the New York city hospitals, and while there, instead of enjoying a vacation from her work, she strove harder than ever to make converts of the doctors and nurses. Bolstered upright in bed, with her banjo in her hand, she played and sang Salvation army songs and marches until the attendant cheered for her dear life. But Mrs. Booth didn't die, but got well, and is now hard at work leading meetings, organizing the new companies and editing the *War Cry*, the organ of the Salvation army.

For Cholera, Fallow's Speedy Relief stands ahead of all other preparations.

## A COMMON INCIDENT.

She was going down town to buy a new dress for her little daughter. But it began to rain, and she did not care to venture out. She felt lonesome for something to do. So, to pass away time, she took to looking over her children's wardrobe. She came across a dress but little worn which she thought would answer with a little fixing up if it were not so faded. She took down a package of Parisian Pink Turkish Dye. She mixed it and boiled it and dipped in the garment which she had ripped. She took it out and dried it and pressed it and sewed it up. Everybody admired it. "What a beautiful color," they exclaimed. She told them the beautiful garment had cost a faded old dress and a package of Turkish Dyes. They were astonished, but believed, for they knew what Turkish Dyes would do.

Send postal for "How to Dye Well" and Sample Card, to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Sold in St. John by S. McDIARMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianapolis.

Advertisement in progress

## INSURANCE.



MANCHESTER FIRE ASSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND.

CAPITAL, \$7,500,000. ESTABLISHED 1824.

D. R. JACK, GENERAL AGENT,

70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

PROVIDENT SAVINGS Life Assurance Society

OF New York.

SHEPPARD HOMANS, PRESIDENT.

R. H. MATSON, General Manager for Canada,

37 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

RATES PER \$1000 WITH PROFITS:

At Age 30.....\$15 00  
" 35....." 18 00  
" 40....." 20 00  
" 45....." 22 00  
" 50....." 24 00  
" 55....." 26 00  
" 60....." 28 00  
Cash assets over \$238 to each \$100 liabilities. Several good districts still open for reliable business men who want to engage in life insurance.

KNOWLTON & GILCHRIST, GENERAL AGENTS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE CANADA

Sugar Refining Co. (LIMITED).

MONTREAL

Offer For Sale all Grades of Refined

Sugars & Syrups

Of the Well-known Brand of

Redpath

Certificate of Strength and Purity:

CHEMICAL LABORATORY, Medical Faculty, McGill University.

To the Canada Sugar Refining Company.

GENTLEMEN,—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.5 per cent of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.

Yours truly, G. P. GIRDWOOD.

HAVE YOU SEEN "CANADA"? DO YOU TAKE "CANADA"?

ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. SAMPLE COPY FREE.

Speaking of the June number, the *Calgary Daily Herald*, says: "Twelve such numbers constitute the best dollar's worth of literary matter to be had in Canada."

ONE DOLLAR, remitted before Sept. 1st, will pay for EIGHTEEN NUMBERS of the Magazine, from July, 1891, to December, 1892.

Address: "CANADA," Benton, New Brunswick.