

FASHIONS IN MIDSUMMER

FROCKS FOR WEAR IN THE REIGN OF THE DOG STAR.

A Little Study in Colors—How Hues Change as the Light Changes—Dress at Summer Luncheons and Summer Dances—August Millinery.

It seems to me often when I look about on any assemblage of women that it might not be a bad thing for the woman who goes shopping to take in her pocketbook, along with her buttonhook and her memorandum and her extra hairpin, a table of colors so arranged as to show her at a glance how any hue will vary according to the light in which she may wear it.

One sees blue everywhere this season. Now the woman who wishes to buy and to

deep in a cream colored vase in the middle of the table, and the vase itself was half buried in ferns.

The hostess wore orchid-pink silk, over which hung black chintilly net, the white skin showing through the misty shading at neck and arms. A pale grey-blue muslin was one of the toilets that graced the occasion; it had running through it a line of deeper blue. About the bottom was a deep flounce with a blue beading, and at the waist a blue velvet corsage, through which was thrust a bunch of blue succory flowers. The grayish blue hat was trimmed with the same blossoms. A third costume was a most successful combination of old rose and black, the skirt in flounces of black mousseline de soie over old rose silk edged with very narrow black ribbon; the waist is striped embroidery of the two colors, with a wide black sash drawn through a large jet buckle.

Wonderful embroideries are used this summer for the corselet bodices and for the linings of the high medici collars. The smartest high collars stand out broad at the sides, but these, like the high collar bands, have seen their best days, for the turn down frills, finishing dresses low at the throat, are every day gaining ground. Skirts are often cut the long way of the stuff, and with only one seam; when they are lifted they show the short silk under petticoat, for now that dresses are so long as to be everywhere and always lifted, it naturally follows that one skirt is enough to be responsible to, and so the foundation skirt disappears. This, of course is to the advantage of the petticoat, which shows itself boldly in pink amber, blue or mauve, with flounces of black Chantilly or Valenciennes.

The cotton dresses one sees every day are interesting, and the evening dresses that appear in their glory at summer hops are interesting also. A gingham skirt with blue and spotted with white is as characteristic of summer modes as any I have seen in a number of days. The skirt has three deep flounces with very little fullness in them; while the Zouave oddly pleated about the armholes is lined with white silk, for in these curious days we consider silk none too good to line gingham. The tucked chemisette and the long sleeves are of silk also.

The feature that is most interesting about evening dress this summer is the largeness and the boldness of the leaf and flower brocades. Dame Fashion and Flora are usually on good terms with one another, but this year they are inseparable, and so



THE HAT IN AUGUST.

blue to advantage should never forget that if she chooses the shade that most becomes her in any ordinarily lighted apartment she must count on its appearing more of a violet blue in a room with less light, and tending toward turquoise if she wears it out of doors. The question for her to settle is, can she wear violet blue or turquoise, or is the fabric she is buying intended for such use that she can count upon its being seen in an average light always?

It was only yesterday morning I happened to see a bright vivacious-looking girl buying what over the shop counter looked like a parasol of scarlet chiffon. She opened it and held it above her head for her companion's approval, and against her clear brown skin the effect was charming. So her companion told her, I think, for she blushed, and he was a young man. It never occurred to her, and the young man fortunately might never have eyes to see it that what was scarlet indoors would become out of doors more of a reddish brown. Now reddish brown would not in the least suit the vivacious young woman. To get the effect she wanted, that of scarlet in the sunlight, she needed to buy, if only she had known it, something that was a good red indoors.

These changes of hue, according to changes of light, are things that very few women study. You won't find one in twenty who knows, for example, that if you buy orange in an average light you must wear it as brown in twilight and as yellow in sunshine; or that if you set your heart on a frock of yellow green, you must ask yourself is it to be for a walking dress, in which case it won't be yellow green at all, but almost yellow, or is it for wear in a dim parlor, in which case it will have very little yellow in it, but will appear quite green.

These things add to the difficulties of successful dressing. The red gown that is pretty on the piazza all the afternoon sometimes quite spoils its wearer as the shadows begin to fall and it turns a reddish purple. If she can't wear reddish purple she is wise to have a pretty wrap to hide till it is quite dark the obnoxious hues. So



IN WHITE AND YELLOW.

with now. There is many a girl who can wear yellow in a parlor, or the paler yellow it becomes out of doors, who is made to look most uncomfortably wan and sickly if she is out until twilight and her yellow shades into olive green. There is a great deal to know about colors, but this is enough for one lesson.

Very pretty toilets are seen at the summer luncheons of sheen black chiffon draped over silks of bright hues. A breakfast was served in honor of a young married woman just starting with her husband for a tour about the world. The husband was not invited to the "ladies' breakfast," however. The table decorations were the pink, bell like wood orchids which are the commonest and among the prettiest of the sorts that grow wild. They were thrust



THE LATEST IN EVENING DRESS.

one sees for example a heavy ivory-colored stuff upon which have been thrown great ragged stalks of blue succory, or a greenish white brocade with a design of ferns or of chestnut branches in flowers. White point d'esprit will be used as trimming for such a dress festooned often with black velvet ribbon.

ELLEN OSBORN.

TO CARE FOR A MAN'S CLOTHES.

A Few Simple Rules That all Know, but That are Worth Telling Over.

"It is not a very difficult task to take care of one's clothes," said a man who, though he has but moderate means, always appears well dressed, and it pays to do it. It is better to have a number of suits and to wear them off and on than to wear one suit continuously until you are ready to lay it aside for another. If you have say four suits, and change every day or two, they will retain their shape and freshness through a given period better than four suits each worn steadily during a quarter of that period. When clothes are worn constantly the creases in the coat sleeves and the bunches at the knees of the trousers become pronounced and confirmed, and they cannot be pressed out so that they will stay out. If clothes are hung up properly after wearing, their own weight and the elasticity of the cloth help to preserve their shape.

"A man should never hang up his coat by the loop made for that purpose if he can avoid it; if hung in that way it will sooner or later sag out of shape. It is almost impossible to fold a coat so smoothly and loosely that it will not crease; it is certain to do so if it should be left for a few days, especially in damp weather. There is just one proper thing to do with a coat when it is not in use, and that is to hang it up carefully on a coat hanger.

"My house is small, and I have only one room to myself, and that room has no closet. I keep most of my clothes in a wardrobe. I put a walking stick in the middle row of hooks screwed into the under side of the shelf, and I hang the hooks of the coat hangers on the walking stick. When I hang up a coat I am of course careful that it and the coats on each side of it are left smooth. The coats hang pretty close together, but they are in an even row, and some part of each is visible. I don't have to pull them about to find the coat I want, and my coats are not so numerous but that I can identify each one at a glance.

"Of course the best thing to do with trousers is to hang them on a hanger, but the next best thing is to fold them and lay them at full length. They must be folded true and smooth, so that the creases will come exactly right. I haven't room for the proper care of coats and trousers too, so I pile my trousers on the bottom of the wardrobe. The edges of each pair are in view and selection is easy. If I take any pair below the top, I have to lift off those above and then put them back. This is a slight inconvenience, but it is far better to take that trouble than to hang your trousers up by the straps, which should never be done."

"ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

It was really too bad, girls, that so many of you missed your answers last week, but I really could not help it. I answered all your letters, and if they were "crowded out by a press of other matter," as the newspaper formula is, it was not by any means my fault. Do you remember the garden I told you about, the one that Geoffrey and I made with so much loving care. Well, I think that if I could have looked into futurity and by the aid of faith foreseen the pup, I should have spared poor dear Geoffrey and myself all that trouble and left horticulture severely alone, because during the past few days the pup and the garden have become incorporated in one perfect whole, represented by the pup—in other words, he has eaten the garden up and tramped it down as effectually as a herd of buffaloes and an army of grasshoppers could do. I did think for a moment of still further amalgamating dog and flower culture by burying the destroyer in the midst of the desolation he had wrought, but decided in favor of "something lingering" in the way of punishment, and he now languishes in the back yard, tied by the leg to the wood pile. Never mind girls! He can't hurt our rosebud garden, can he? Though he might create rather a stampede therein if he once started to chase it.

SUNSHINE, Fairville.—How in the world could I send you my picture when I have not got your address, neither have I got the requisite picture. My dear child, you must have the sunshine in your eyes, brown eyes and curly golden hair! Why, I don't think I ever saw more than one instance of that combination in my life—out of a novel, of course. No, indeed! I have the most decided blue eyes and brown hair you ever saw. If the young man spoke respectfully, and merely said what was evidently in his mind, I don't think you need be very indignant, but of course you should not let him do what he said he would like to do unless you are engaged. Perhaps he merely wanted to see what you would say. You poor child, no wonder you are lonely. I am not quite old enough to be your mother, but I wish I could do something to make you feel less lonely. Write and tell me if I can do anything for you. (2) Horse-radish, scraped into sour milk, is an excellent remedy for freckles; another is lemon juice. Buttermilk is more for sunburn. (3) Yes, I do think sixteen much too young for anything of the kind. (4) If the young man is not an utter stranger, that is if you know anything about his connections, and that he is all he ought to be, you might safely ask him to call after meeting him a few times—say, two or three. (5) It is very frequently done, especially in the country, and it is an old friend it would be quite correct, but in large cities and amongst the best people, a chaperon is considered indispensable. (6) I prefer brown eyes myself, but still I admire fair men very much. (7) I should certainly try to get over it, for you know everything is possible at sixteen, and the sea is full of good fish. (8) How in the world can I tell you what the fashions are in less than two columns? All I can say is that plain skirts, puffed sleeves and long slashed sacques are fashionable; also small flat hats. Yes, Astra means stars; some people might not like you to think of them when you drove the cow home, but I love cows and am quite satisfied if "Star" makes you think of me. I think I have answered all your questions. Your writing and composition are quite good, but you do not divide your sentences very well, and are a little uncertain in your spelling; but you will improve. Thank you for the kiss; you are the first girl who ever sent me one. Shall I pass it on to Geoffrey with your love?

EVANGELINE, SECOND, St. John.—

You are very welcome to the column—or garden—(1) Now you know as well as I do that the young should always make the advances, so what is the sense of asking me such a thing? A girl would look well going out courting, wouldn't she? and I am perfectly certain that men prefer to do all the courting themselves, for I have often heard them say so. Well to tell you the truth I tried the hot water, too, and found it a failure; perhaps there is something wrong with our hair. I should not know where to get a carbon, and I should think it would be too large to make nice curls, but I will try it if I ever have an opportunity. Geoffrey is not very well, I am afraid. Both he and the cat seem under the weather. We have been having a great many lobsters lately, and perhaps they have not agreed with them. I caught the pup chewing up the shells in the back yard the other day, so perhaps he will be indisposed next. Geoffrey likes to get the messages very much. I am glad you too love Long-fellow. I think the poem from which you take your name is his masterpiece. Your letter was not at all too long.

DOLLY, Truro.—You know all the girls are strangers to me at first, but they soon get to know me. (1) Say "Miss Smith, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Jones," or "Miss Jones this is Mr. Smith." (2) I think it is a matter of taste, but of course I prefer a wedding in church. (3) Salt and milk is said to remove ink stains from any white fabric, and I know that a solution of oxalic acid will take it out. No, I don't suppose you would know me if you saw me. The only new novel that I have read lately is *Atlas* by Rhoda Broughton, who is a very favorite author of mine, and it is very good. Your writing is very good, and your letter was not at all foolish.

MERRIE GAYINGTON, Nappan.—Or is it Florrie? for I cannot tell, but perhaps I am stupid today. Do you know that a literary woman is very much like all the rest of the world, only she has rather more to do, that is all? So there is nothing to feel faint hearted about. (1) If the young man chooses to suspend himself over the fence, I don't see what you can do, but if he chanced to be a very nice specimen of the genus *homo*, I think I should be tempted to stand on the other side of the boundary line and talk to him for awhile, but when it began to grow late, I should simply tell him that I must go in; and leave him to support the fence alone. (2) Unless I knew the circumstances I could not advise you. If a man whose attentions are distasteful to a girl, persists in forcing them upon her, she is fully justified in showing him in the plainest manner pos-

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,
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 \$3.00, if any more, I will remit.
And oblige,
Yours truly,
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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sible that his visits are unwelcome. (3) If the black silk is to be used as an evening, or reception dress, it would be very pretty draped—with plain draperies—of black fisher's net, the foot of the overdress bordered with rows of narrow black satin ribbon, the sleeves covered with puffed net and the bodice trimmed with net and satin ribbon. I saw a very pretty one made in that style lately. Jet could be used if you preferred it. If you intend to wear the dress more commonly, have it made with a plain, close fitting skirt with deep hem or bias fold to border the foot, long slashed basque and moderately high puffed sleeves. Yes, the bride and groom should both wear gloves. The bride's should match her dress. Your writing looks more like a boy's than a girl's.

LOCHINVAR, St. John.—And so you are on old bachelor, Lochinvar? Dear! dear! Well the very best thing you can do is to leave off being one at once, for the next thing you will be getting crabbed and sour. I believe they always do, and that would be a pity. Do you know that you have improved very much in spelling. And so you are a man one does not meet every day? It is very nice to be a little unlike other people. I cannot give you the name you ask for, because I do not know it. How do you know the young lady of your dream looked like me when you have never seen me? I was not offended. I don't get offended with my correspondents very readily. No, I am not at all disgusted with St. John, and I may never go West.

TOMMIE, Sussex.—I am very glad to know that I have power to interest the sterner portion of humanity as well as the girls, for men usually steer very clear of a "Woman's Column," don't they? They seem to think it will be composed of fashions and recipes for cooking. I am quiet proud of having your sex so well represented in my department. Why don't they like to be called "girls" and are you sure you saw me? (1) I do not know much about Acadia college, at all, but I do know that the University of New Brunswick is considered a most excellent college, and that it has turned out some very clever men—I don't mean expelled them. I really think, if I were you, that is the one I should select. (2) I would most decidedly recommend French and German, instead of classics as I think you will find them of much greater practical use. (3) I cannot recommend any special French book to you without knowing what style of book you mean, poetry, history, fiction or drama, or how far advanced you are in the study of the French language. (4) The only advice I can give you, is the time honored commonplace—forget yourself—but I know just how impossible that is to follow; I really think one has to outgrow the weakness. (5) No! I never was in Sussex, though I heard a great deal about it. (6) Dust the pimples at night, with flower of sulphur and take the good old-fashioned remedy of sulphur, cream of tartar, and molasses. Perhaps it may be too late in the summer to try the latter now. (7) There is nothing at all the matter with your writing; you write a fine bold hand, and I think a very good one; but if you consider that it requires improvement there is nothing like practice.

RATS, Lincoln.—It seems to me that you might have chosen a much more attractive name, but I suppose that, like many other things, is a matter of taste; as an exclamation of incredulity it is matchless, but for a name. I think it rather a mistake. (1) If the young lady has given you your *conge*, I think I should try to forget her, and turn my thoughts in some other direction, for, you know, "there's lots of good fish in the sea, trala, la." (2) No, it is not proper to hug and kiss any girl unless you are engaged to her, and if she is the right sort of a girl she will not allow you to do it either. (3) If the young lady to whom you offered your heart and hand made such a very emphatic response, the only thing you can do is to forget her.

MRS. PATSY GRANT, and DAUGHTER, Fredericton.—Why don't you call him Petrucchio, Mrs. Grant. "Patsy" has such a plebeian sound? I am sorry it took you such a long time to summon up sufficient courage to beard the lioness in her den, otherwise the gentle and harmless "Astra" in her sanctum. (1) If you have quoted the line correctly, I think it refers to the shrill, high, but musical note of the quails, whistling from the harvest fields. I can scarcely judge, by the solitary line you quote, but Longfellow has something the same idea when he says:
"It was autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves."
(2) I should think her a very foolish and

not very refined girl, but I fear there are many like her; getting engaged seems to be the aim and object of some girl's lives whether they care for the man they are engaged to or not. (3) The lady should always take the gentleman's arm. (4) I am sure I do not know. It would depend entirely upon the girl, her disposition, habit of thought, temper, education, and general principles would all have to be taken into account, before I could possibly attempt to answer your question, and when I come to think the matter over, I don't in the least know what a "sandwich" means, in the sense you use the term. (5) Buttermilk is the best possible cure for sunburn, and lemon juice or horseradish scraped into milk and allowed to stand for a few hours will cure freckles for the time, but nothing will cure them permanently, I believe. You did not take up much time at all, and I shall be glad to hear from you again.

VEGA, Hillsboro'.—I am glad to hear that you take so great an interest in our column. Do you know that you are the first correspondent I have ever had from Albert county, and I am always glad to hear from new places, fond as I am of the older correspondents. (1) I am afraid I do think it quite proper, and if I were a girl, I should feel very indignant with any young man who asked my parents for me, without first asking me. Now-a-days, you know, my dear, a girl is looked upon as a rational being, and considered perfectly capable of bestowing herself and her affections upon the man of her choice; but as soon as her consent has been obtained, the next step her lover should take is to her father, or mother's consent to the engagement. (2) I have rather a leaning towards long engagements myself, though I confess they very frequently end in nothing. (3) Your conscience will surely tell you whether it is right or fair to the young man to whom a girl is engaged to flirt with others behind his back. (4) It depends entirely upon the length of your acquaintance with the said young man. If he is an old friend, it is all right. (5) I have tried the hot water for the hair myself, and found it a failure, so far as making the hair curl goes, but it is certainly an excellent thing for keeping the hair in curl this hot weather. I do not know of anything else. Thank you for your pleasant letter.

SCRIBBLER and SCRATCHBLOCK, Halifax.—I have my suspicions of you, my dear, because in the first place your writing is so very grown up, and in the second I am certain I have seen it somewhere; but all the same, if you are not really "grown uppers," as you say, I shall be very glad to hear often from "two small things like us." How small are you, by the way? how did you come to choose your clever names? and which is which? (1) I don't know everything by any means, but still if you mean Queen Victoria, I am happy to be able to satisfy your doubts. I have heard my father—who saw her crowned—say that she was a very decided blonde, with large blue eyes, exquisitely fair complexion, and hair not quite golden, but of lightest golden brown. (2) The Prince of Wales was born on the ninth of November, 1841. (3) If you wrote that poem yourselves it is really very good indeed. I have seen much worse poetry in print, though, of course, it is far from being faultless, but then, if you are small girls, you have plenty of time to improve. I should not be surprised if you wrote some really good poetry one of these days, but you will have to study the rules of rhythm and metre. (4) I am a Tory also, so we can shake hands as fellow patriots. I will always be glad to hear from you.

SUNBEAM.—I am glad you were so pleased with your answers. (1) People who are in deep mourning, are supposed to wear little or no jewelry, but of course it is to some extent a matter of taste—good taste or bad. (2) In a case such as you mention, I should think etiquette would be out of the question, and each one would strive to be the first to write, but the departing one is usually supposed to be the first to write. Your writing is rather good but not very fashionable. It is a little like a boy's, but none the worse for that.

The Disadvantage.
Miss D.—"Angelina, why don't you marry Lieutenant X?" Miss A.—"First, because he has no brains, and he can't ride, dance, or play tennis. What could we do with him?" Miss D.—"But he swims beautifully." Miss A.—"Oh, yes, but one cannot keep one's husband in an aquarium, you know."—Ez.

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