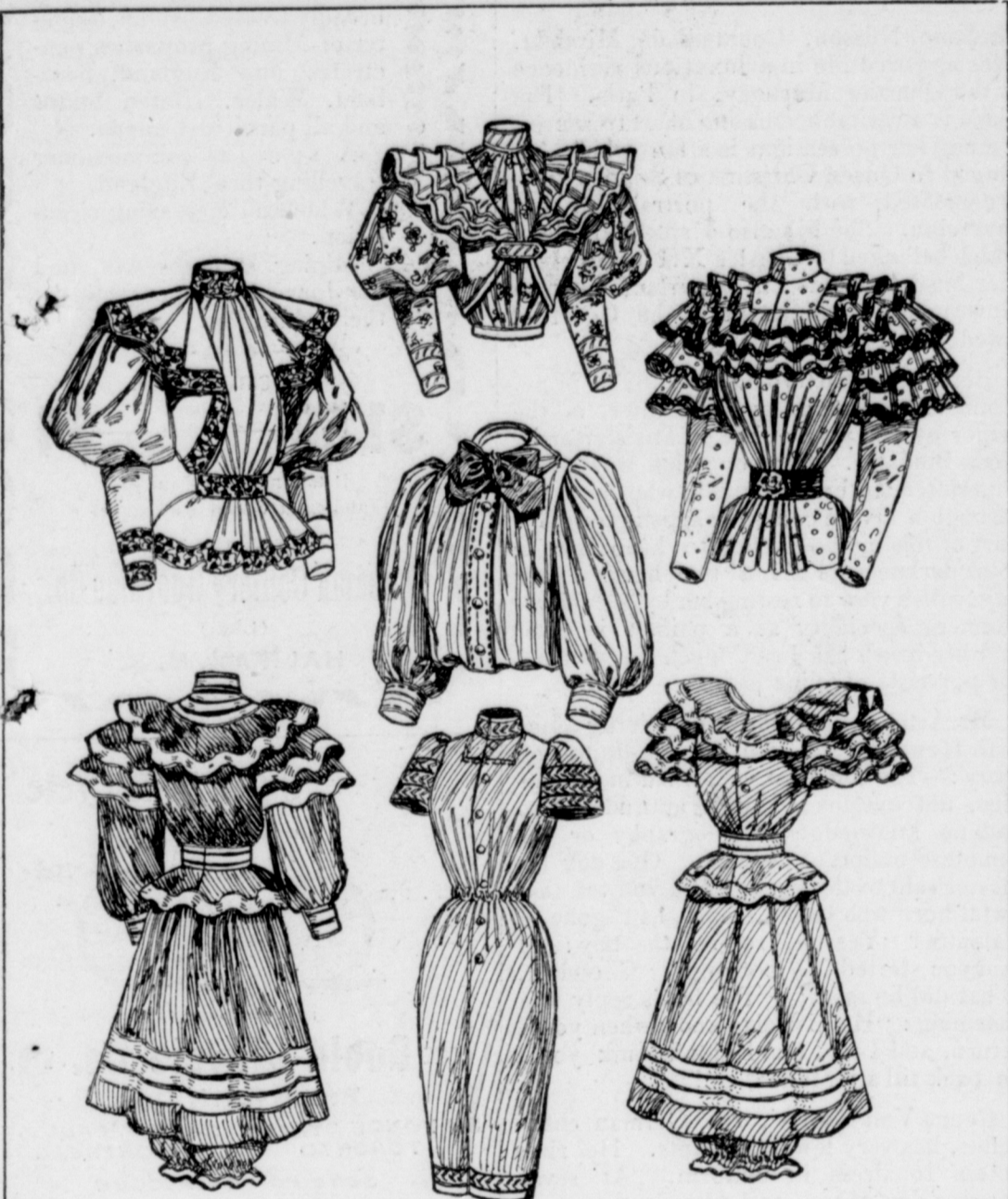


WOMAN and HER WORK.

The parasol season is here, and after a long period of useful plainness, that very necessary adjunct of a well dressed woman has blossomed like the rose and now appears in unusual splendor. The parasol of the day can scarcely be too magnificent, and it is found in all shades, styles and materials, and it may either match the costume with which it is worn, or form an almost startling contrast to it, whichever the wearer please. Silk, covered and flounced with lace, and for very dressy occasions, silks flounced with embroidered chiffon; plain blue, or black surah, with pinked

openings, filled in with black Chantilly lace, which falls in a flounce far below the points. Another dream of beauty and luxury is composed of pure white chiffon over white silk and decorated with bunches of small white and green flowers. Still another is of figured satin, white, with a deep frill of white around the top, fastened with a large bunch of violets tied with white satin baby ribbon; it is edged with a deep flounce of the lace, headed by a wreath of the violets and baby ribbon; another bunch of ribbons and flowers decorates the plain white handle. Black, and white, either separate or in



NEW BATHING COSTUMES.

The lower figure on the right shows a bathing suit of dark blue serge, with mixed blue and white braid trimming on all parts, and consists of three pieces, pants, skirt and waist. The center costume is for children, of flannel, and can be worn with or without skirt. That on the left is of red serge, low necked, and trimmed with hercules braid. The upper figures represent the newest waists for spring. They are suitably made of any seasonable material.

flounce of itself, and for plain tailor made costumes fine black and white, dark blue and white, or brown and blue plaid silks with Dresden handle.

Perhaps the general favorite for an "all around" parasol with those who cannot afford one for each costume, is the red silk or satin which will go well with most summer dresses, and is always a delightful spot of color. Then there is the coaching parasol, which is really a very compact

combination, seem to predominate, and the choice is a wise one, since all other colors are liable to fade and grow shabby. A dainty white chiffon parasol has small figures in black dotted all over it, and another of yellow has black lace laid over the centre, and billows of yellow chiffon around the edge and up the centre between the ribs; the handle is of black and gold. A very handsome black moire sunshade has a deep band of cream lace around the edge



NECKWEAR FOR MEN.

This illustration represents the latest and most approved styles in gentlemen's neckwear. The wide one at the top, the Teck, is a favorite with young men. The other styles are rather better suited to older ones. The stocks are much worn, and Teck and four-in-hand are often tied up in double bowknots.

and serviceable sun umbrella generally of shot silk, and so light that when folded up it is scarcely thicker than an ordinary cane. Of course the ordinary sun umbrella of plain dark brown or black twilled silk is never out of style.

So much for the ordinary parasol within the reach of ordinary people. Here are a few descriptions of the elaborate creations used by the curled darlings of society. One is of black moire, cut out in deep Vandykes, and the

and the handle is jetted, the entire length. One of the most beautiful parasols seen this year is of white satin elaborately embroidered in delicately tinted silk, gold and pearls, and with a handle of carved ivory. Of course it is lovely, but almost too lovely to be used.

A very useful device which is quite a novelty consists of a white lace parasol cover, which is composed of full ruffles of some durable lace, and which is both adjustable and washable; they can be used

to modernize last year's sunshades with great effect.

Parasols of shirred organdy are very popular and really lovely. There is the greatest variety in the handles of all these beautiful toys; some are of amber, some of tortoise shell, others of ivory, china, jet and wood.

We thought it very wonderful when we read in the fashion reports a short time ago that some of the most fashionable sleeves required five yards of material for their construction; but what shall we say to a sleeve that takes seven yards to make it? It really seems incredible! but that is what the fashion authorities say now. Where they put the cloth is more than I can understand.

I believe white dresses are to be popular once more, and not only in duck or muslin, but in a new material which has just been brought out—or rather a new old material recently resurrected—white barege, which will be made over white tafeta silk, and worn for dressy occasions. Such dresses are made with plain gored skirts and no flounces or frills, merely trimmed with borderings of narrow moire ribbon. The bodice is round, made over a fitting lining of tafeta and overlaid with bands of the ribbon put on in rather a novel fashion; one row extends from the throat to the waist in a perfectly straight line down the middle of the front, and a similar one trims the back. Two other rows then start at the belt on each side of the front, extend in a sort of expanding V over each shoulder, and come down to the belt again in the back. A rosette of moire loops is on each shoulder, and the belt is a twist of the ribbon with a rosette in front, and another at the back. The collar is a crush of the barege, and the sleeves are large mutton leg shape turned back in narrow cuffs at the wrist and covered with moire ribbon.

Here is a symphony in red, recently worn at a reception amongst American swelldom and I believe the reason I am describing it is the fact that it struck me as such a relief after the colorless gown I have just been writing about. This dress was of red crepe de chine brocaded with dots of gold colored silk. It was made over a skirt of surah, a shade or two darker than the crepe, and it was perfectly plain. Set upon the bottom of the overskirt was a festooned flounce of butter colored lace, headed by a quilling of cherry velvet ribbon; five inches above this was a similar flounce of slightly narrower lace and the two together gave the effect of a draped overskirt. The bodice was plain and tight fitting, with a full vest, belt and collar of cherry velvet, and a bertha cape of the lace which was straight across the back and ended jacket fashion in front, giving the effect of a dainty little bolero jacket of lace.

The time is rapidly approaching, indeed I might say here already, when the careful housewife having swept and garnished her abode, seen that all the paint was washed, and every particle of dust thoroughly beaten out of the carpets, the ceilings whitened, the windows well washed, without and within, fresh curtains hung in every one of them, and the house made fresh and neat enough to make the mere living in it a pleasure, and a rest—makes up her mind that it is high time she got out of town, shut up the bright clean home, and takes the children away for a change. So the house is closed and the new curtains and clean carpets and all the rest of the attractions which cost so much time and labor are given over for the summer months not exactly to the moth and the worm, but to the mouse and the spider, not to mention the midsummer tramp who sometimes effects a nefarious entrance through the cellar windows and helps himself to any unconsidered trifles he can lay his hands on.

And all the time that the airy, cosy house, with its high ceilings, large doors and windows and roomy halls is vacant and deserted; its mistress and her children are away in the country enduring the countless discomforts of a country hotel, or the still more rigorous hardships of a farm house where they take a few summer boarders as a very great favor; in return for which favor, of course, the fortunate boarders are expected to pay the very highest market price, and not be too particular about what they get to eat.

I wonder if every one has the same experience of summer boarding at the farmhouse, and if so, why they have not profited by it and learned a little wisdom? I can taste the last piece of bread and butter I ate in a farmhouse now, though it is more years ago than I care to count, and the memory of the one pudding we had during the two weeks I sojourned under that hospitable roof—it was a blackberry dumpling made with old fashioned brown sugar, and eaten with a sauce consisting of plain black molasses—is with me still. We never had a drink of milk all the time we were there, and the eggs were all gathered the last thing at night and sent in to the city with the milk, long before any boarder was awake, and as for cream—why, it was an unknown quantity in the house until it was turned into butter and so liberally salted that a very small piece sufficed to utterly destroy the appetite. We had strawberries occasionally, wild ones that we picked ourselves, but then the strawberry eaten on its native heath and lubricated with brown sugar and skim milk is a very different fruit from the luscious berry we get in the city and eat with Jersey cream and powdered sugar.

We did not have the fried chicken which were led to expect formed the staple diet in a farmhouse, in fact we never saw a chicken except live ones, all the time we were there, and we grew so tired of salt

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pork and salt beef that none of us have been able to eat it since.

I have nightmare sometimes, and when I am suffering from a very bad attack now, I sometimes dream that I am back again in that baking attic room tortured by mosquitos, suffocated by the feather bed, and the lack of air, and worst of all overpowered by the combined smell of the oily feathers in the bed and pillows, and the factory cotton sheets which were not changed while we were there. Perhaps my friend and I had an unusual experience, but still I have met others who had a similar tale to tell, and who tried the seaside for a change the next summer, only to find that sea air and surf bathing was not the all of life, and great discomfort was compatible with exorbitant rates, and a great reputation as a summer resort.

"But still one must go somewhere," the worried mistress of the house asserts. "It is out of the question that we should remain in town all summer when everyone else is in the country enjoying themselves; we should simply die of the heat, and all be ill in the autumn."

How about your husband, my dear madam? Don't you think it a little strange that the heat which is unendurable for you and the children should be expected to agree with him; especially when you have your cool pleasant house with its closed blinds and flower scented dimness, its soft couches and lounging chairs indoors and its verandas and hammocks and trees outside; while he must spend his days in the hot dusty city, confined very often in a stifling office, or close warehouse, earning the money which you spend so liberally, and for which you get so very little in return.

I wonder how many wives ever really stop to think of the kind of a life dear Will or dear Harry lead (while they are enjoying themselves), in trying to imagine they are at the seaside? Not many. I am afraid, or surely some of them would stay at home during the summer months.

In the first place, the husband has not only the heat to contend with, but he loses every home comfort at the same time, and though he is in reality not a bit worse off on that score than his family, there is this difference—they do it for pleasure, and he does it because he has to. Sometimes the unhappy man boards while his family are away, and brings his weary mind and body home to the cold comfort of a boarding-house each evening, instead of to the rest and peace of home; and, sometimes he thinks it scarcely safe to leave the house unprotected, and tries sleeping at home, and getting the washerwoman to come in every day and "tidy up" for him. Each Saturday afternoon he rushes through his business to catch the last train out to the present abode of his dear ones,—and, after spending a hard Sunday enjoying himself, and trying to fight the mosquitos, who dearly love a stranger, he returns to the city on Monday morning, far more tired than he was when he set out; and this lasts from June until the end of September, when the weary paterfamilias pays a final visit to the summer resort, which has cost him so much, and thankfully brings his family home with him. And in spite of all this, there are people who still say and believe, that men are less patient and more selfish than women!

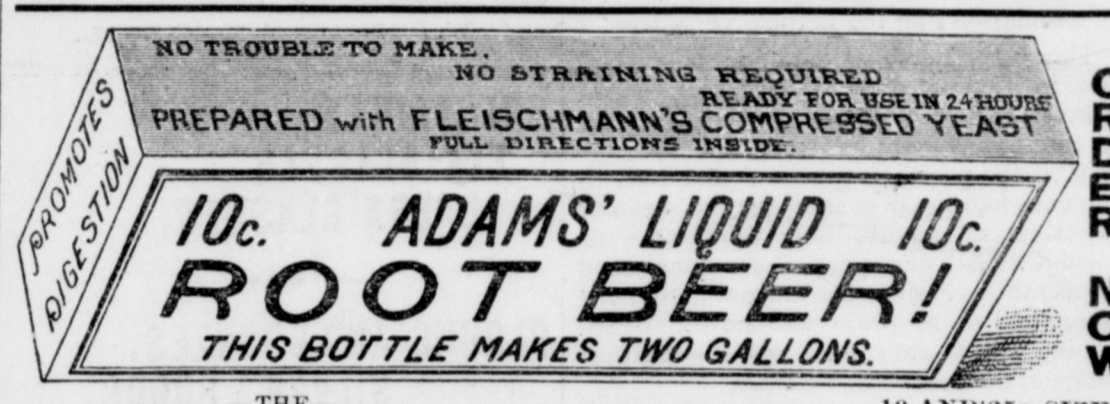
I am not advocating a domestic slavery for women, which shall keep them tied to their own house all the year round—there is enough of that in the world. Heaven knows, without my helping it along. And I know that in the American cities it is absolutely necessary that the women and children should be sent away for the summer, if it can possibly be managed, but I do think it strange that in cities like St. John, Halifax and many other towns almost on the coast of the provinces so many families should imagine that they must get away for the summer, and leave their unfortunate male belongings to shift for themselves during four months of the year, subject to double expenses and every sort of discomfort; while crowds of Americans are flocking to that very city to take advantage of its delightful summer climate.

It seems a little inconsistent, to say the very least.

HAWKER'S CATARRH

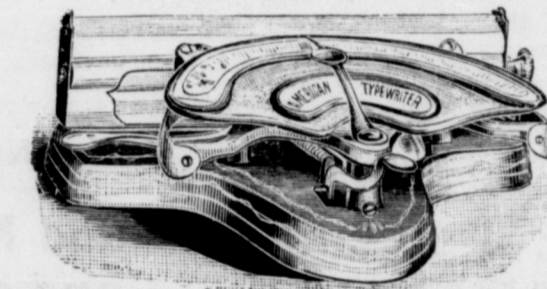
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