

**WHAT ST. JOHN WOMEN WEAR, AND ARE LIKELY TO WEAR.**

*A little Commensense Chat, not on New York or Paris Styles, but Home Styles*

**By POLLY GADABOUT.**

I am sure there are hundreds of regular St. John readers who would enjoy a little chat now and again about the styles of the hour, what people—that is the fair sex—are wearing, and what they are likely to wear in the future. I am sure that you will find it interesting to read of the styles of the hour, what people—that is the fair sex—are wearing, and what they are likely to wear in the future. I am sure that you will find it interesting to read of the styles of the hour, what people—that is the fair sex—are wearing, and what they are likely to wear in the future.

We all know our fashions are largely those of the American cities, and to some extent "Genteel English," you know. In St. John houses by liberally in Britain, but there is such a fine discrimination, due to climatic and other considerations, that when exposed to the city ready-made garments, the evidence of modification, placing them in a class of their own—St. John's class. This is not a behind-hand class, by any manner of means, but an unobtrusive, quiet, good and yet smartly, dainty status, for which our townswomen are happily noted. Take it for granted, then, that the makers and maidens of old Parrtown are good dressers.

**HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW THE LITTLE ROUND STRAW HAT HAS CAUGHT ON?**—It is all the "go" on St. John females are wearing it by hundreds, too. American merchants term it the "Tommy Atkins," because it resembles the hat worn by the British military. In some military stores, however, they call this popular bit of headwear the "Polo" turban, and in black, red, green, yellow, and all the staple colors it is seen everywhere. Some have a plain-brush trimming, others sprays, pom-poms, or rosettes. The "Tommy Atkins," "Polo" may retain until they are replaced by Charles Dana Gibson, the artist, dealt it a few blows the other day in a two-page cartoon when he depicted a row of women, white, black and yellow, nobility, wealthy, menial and criminal, all wearing these little straw hats, with the satirical title, "The New Hat."

**WHERE IS ALL THAT SILK WE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT?** When heartless old winter has driven us in shivering groups around the department stores, the stereotyped fashion forecasts harped on silk. It was silk! silk!—practically nothing else was to be worn in the civilized universe this spring and summer. But so far St. John has not displayed any very generous sprinkling of these costumes. Of course we have no end of silk waistcoats, and silk undershirts are a staple of almost every careful dresser, but I hope that the next week or so will bring out those heralded gowns, so clinging, so swishy, so shimmering. Personally I am passionately fond of them, and it would do me good to see King Street at a fine afternoon dotted with green, blue, grey, red and other colored suits reflecting the sun's rays in wavy, shimmering, ever-changing lines. In summer-time such outfits suggest coolness, free-and-easiness, never falling to appear a mode. There must certainly be a host of them, and they would do me good to see King Street at a fine afternoon dotted with green, blue, grey, red and other colored suits reflecting the sun's rays in wavy, shimmering, ever-changing lines. In summer-time such outfits suggest coolness, free-and-easiness, never falling to appear a mode. There must certainly be a host of them, and they would do me good to see King Street at a fine afternoon dotted with green, blue, grey, red and other colored suits reflecting the sun's rays in wavy, shimmering, ever-changing lines.

**IT LOOKS AS IF TAN SEEDS AND TAN STOCKINGS HAVE PANNED OUT** as prophesied all right, for nearly a third of the town, men, women and children, are wearing them. The report that tans would be the vogue this year was taken with that proverbial grain of salt a few months ago, and advance displays were made with reluctance. It was almost May day before women and men commenced to buy, everybody seemed to be holding back for some sure and certain evidence that tans were to be the correct thing. Then a wild rash ensued, and nowadays how many yellow shoes do we see? And are not tawny hose greatly in demand? To my mind shoe manufacturers would have caused a greater demand for their colored goods had they toned some of their products a little deeper; made more real browns, and possibly some "wines" or "fox-bloods," but maybe these are to be the "novelties" for 1928; who knows? The bright yellow—almost like new butter—now to be seen on every hand is a trifle flashy, I fancy, and a body feels as if the whole world was glaring at his or her feet when it is given its trial trip. Still there is a remedy for this, but it means a daily expenditure of elbow grease with the polishing kit. Some folks I know went directly from the shoe shops to the Greek shrine parlors and had their new purchase made less conspicuous with a generous coating of brown liquid and paste.

The new tan hose is perfectly lovely. It takes in a long line of plain goods in real sensible browns and tans, embracing embroidered fronts, ankle sides and some gorgeous stitched effects in distinct tints and hues. Walking skirt wearers will doubtless make these pretty stockings do themselves proud.

**HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW FEW FANCY FAD COLORS WE HAVE THIS SUMMER?** Last season it was champagne, and tints and hues ap-

**What shrunken your woollens? Why did holes wear so soon? You used common soap.**

**SUNLIGHT SOAP** REDUCES EXPENSE

proaching and receding from that uncertain color, but now we are really at a loss for a "rage." Navy blue and green have passed into oblivion as real out-and-out fads, recede green is a once was, and the much spoken of mulberry does not seem to have connected. In looking the styles of the hour right in the face, that is, talking it over with your dressmaker—or perhaps with your own "tailor" to be consulted. In looking the styles of the hour right in the face, that is, talking it over with your dressmaker—or perhaps with your own "tailor" to be consulted. In looking the styles of the hour right in the face, that is, talking it over with your dressmaker—or perhaps with your own "tailor" to be consulted.

So you see there's no premier color; nothing in the decorative realm, but the worn greens are fashionable; many blues continue in favor and even bright reds, as well as pinks.

Shaded effects will extend to five or six tones. There will be new blues and reddish pinks. Forcelain and electric blues will be in front. Lavender shades are on the way. Burgundy reds and olive greens. Mahogany reds and wood shades, too. Burnt orange is on—but doubtful.

So there you are; pick out your pet color in this array, but always keep in mind if you do not like it "just as deep" or "as light as that," you can fall back on a full line of graduated colors belonging to the same family—a sort of chromatic scale; so very convenient!

**WHAT A WONDERFUL ADVANTAGE THE GIRLS OF TODAY HAVE OVER THEIR MOTHERS** and grandmothers, who were forced to have all their clothing, except in a few instances, made to their special order; taking weeks to make it, and then being by the mercy of their dressmaker. It actually seems to me as if some present-day females ought to hide their heads for shame because of the rigs they place on themselves. I do not emphatically refer to that item of dress, the whole shirt waist suit, but to the nice-appearing colors, shapes and garments that are right within her very grasp! She buys a two-year-old hat before she has had time to wear it, and she buys a two-year-old hat before she has had time to wear it, and she buys a two-year-old hat before she has had time to wear it.

**Mr. Gildart, Prosser Brook, N. B., Will Gladly Write to Any Who Want to Know About His Cure of Itching Piles by Dr. Chase's Ointment.**

Mr. John C. Gildart, Prosser Brook, N. B., writes: "The box of Dr. Chase's Ointment I used was worth many dollars to me, for it cured me of itching piles. I am thankful to say that less than one box made a complete cure. You can use this letter for the benefit of other sufferers, and if any care to write for more definite particulars, my case I will gladly answer them."

**HAVING A WARM TIME IN MAINE**

**BANGOR, Me., June 18.**—The highest mark the mercury has reached since Saturday morning was 84, on the 18th, Saturday at noon. Sunday was comfortably warm, but the heat was not oppressive. Sunday night at ten o'clock it was 62.

**PORTLAND, Me., June 18.**—At eight o'clock this morning the thermometer was 78 degrees, and by one o'clock had reached 80 degrees, the first time for the year. A thunder shower in the afternoon reduced the temperature from 80 to 81. The humidity, which for the 10 hours preceding had been about 80, also fell, thus making a very agreeable change in the atmosphere.

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**

THE GREAT KIDNEY PILLS

DR. J. C. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

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**TYPES OF LONDON LIFE.**

By JAMES WATSON.

The following is the second of a series of sketches of life in the great city of London, written by a member of the Star staff, who while engaged in newspaper work in that city, brought into intimate acquaintance with the types described.

**NO. II.—THE TRAMP.**

"Can yer spare us a copper towards my 'kip,' sir?" This invitation, being evidently addressed to me, caused me to stop, and looking around, I was conscious of the fact that the individual to whom I am indebted for the rudiments of this sketch is standing before me. There was nothing extraordinary about his appearance save for the fact that underneath the mask of coarseness, brought on by the life he was leading, he wore a certain refinement of feature and speech.

Having asked him the usual question, "Well, and what regiment were you in?" I was very surprised at his reply, "I was in the 1st Buffs, sir, a soldier, and I would here like to put on record that this is the only instance of a great number—where I have received the negative answer, 'I don't know it,' but in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the average tramp says he has been in the army during some period of his existence. Whether it is put it down to the fact that the particular war in which they were imaginarily engaged took place probably before they were born."

I have in my mind an instance where one of these gents, who was surrounded by a group of working men—all with open mouths—was yarning with all seriousness of his exploits in a war which had actually taken place over fifty years before, and the narrator was a man of not more than forty.

I trust the reader will excuse my leaving the individual first introduced in this article, and put it down to an extraordinary answer received from him. Here, then, was a man with a history, and having ascertained that he was badly in want of a cup of "black" and a complimentary cigarette, translated, means coffee, bread and butter, we quickly made tracks for a neighboring coffee tavern, where for a quarter of an hour my new-made acquaintance, in the most unassuming and quite unobtrusive manner, told me neither "bit nor sup" had passed his lips for two days. Believing in the old adage, "Never let the grass grow under your feet," I waited until he had polished off a large array of viands, and, having received his assurance that he was fit for another 48 hours, I got him to tell me the story of his life, which, as an instance of the vicissitudes of life, is hard to beat. I will endeavor as nearly as possible to give in this wretched creature's own language.

"I'er want to know what it is that has brought me down to this? Well, then, I'll tell yer. It's 'bad luck,' no more or less. Twenty years ago I had everythin' I wished for. My father was a well-known sportsman in the Western country, and kept his stud of racers, one of which was 'The Winner of England,' and I was 18, and I might 'yer or may be believe it, but I rode it. It was the grandest day in my life, and I would gladly go through what I have if I could have such a time over again. There, it ain't no use me talking like this, for I can't expect yer to believe me. It ain't natural like, but I assure yer it's the right down solid truth."

Here was a revelation! The rider of a winner of the great classic race, and yet come so low as to beg for a living! The reason? We will let him finish the story.

"Of course yer will ask the reason of my present condition. Well, it's like this 'ere. The old chap died soon after this, and I was left everything, and having a liking for betting, soon found myself with a half-henny or a friend, and as I wasn't brought up to work of any kind, I kept on going down and down, till I think as 'ow I've got to the bottom and can't go down no lower. And it's dreadful and on them as knows what a good horse is. Where do I sleep, sir? Lor' bless me, anywhere I can. Sometimes I gets 'old of enough to sport a 'doss-house,' but most often that's not it, sleep, in the summer, in the fields, and in the old weather I gets in anywhere I can. I go from town to town, and sometimes I am able to get an odd job, but it's a terrible rough. There's one thing for which I am very glad, and that is, I never got 'spliced,' although I once came very near it, and to a lady who is now the wife of a well-known gent. The affair was put off for some reason, and a good job, too. Then the crash came. At first I managed to get employment in a hunting stable, but soon lost it through rheumatism, brought on by the constant 'wettings' I got when out with the horses. Why not 'go into the House'? Net I, I'd sooner die in the gutter first, and that's what I expect I shall do afore long. Thank yer it's the right down solid truth, but I can't have a shilling 'ot tomorrow."

We will leave him here, a wreck, with only one thing to blame for it, and that, betting. Even when at his lowest and with but an shilling in the world, he does not hesitate to "put it on his fancy."

This is but one instance of the cause of such an object as the tramp, and in nine cases out of ten it will be found that the "tramp" has not been born through such vice as above related, getting so strong a hold on them in their youth as to literally blot out all sense

of manliness, and they live only for the pleasure of vice, which has for so long held them slaves.

In a later article I shall hope to describe the "doss-house," which seems to be the haven for all such as are situated similarly to our friend "The Tramp."

**AUTHENTIC CENTENARIANS.**

**Remarkable Cases of Long Life—Henry Jenkins, Aged 169, One of the Oldest Since Methuselah.**

(Washington Star.)

Aunt Fanny Lomax, the colored woman who lives in the old-fashioned residence across the river, near Georgetown, celebrated the 169th anniversary of her birth, said one of Washington's oldest citizens, "It is a rare thing to find a centenarian, and it is a rare thing to find a centenarian who is as old as Henry Jenkins, aged 169, one of the oldest since Methuselah."

Such dainty things as these favors of themselves make the wedding breakfast table a picture. Besides these, all sorts of other novelties appear. There are the individual ice cups in all appropriate forms, the rice and confetti bags, and the boxes in which the favors are to be carried away, to coax romantic dreams. The shops are showing a wide variety of these favors, ranging in cost from twenty-five cents a piece, but if you are economical, or live where such shops do not exist, you can imitate some of these designs with your own ingenious fingers.

A very dainty shoe is made of a composition which is not perishable, and it is intended to be preferred by the guest as a souvenir match-safe. It is of white, is ornamented with a white satin border edged with white plush in imitation of fur. Into this fits a pastebag cup, which contains the individual ice; after the breakfast has been passed the cup can be removed, and the slipper remains unharmed.

Another quaint shoe is a silver-paper affair—in reality a box. The cover of the box is ornamented with a silver laceshine, indicative of the contents. Open the box and you will discover dozens of these paper horseshoes about half an inch long, all ready to be shown upon the bride at the psychological moment. The shoe itself is either thrown after its contents or kept as a souvenir.

A pretty design is carried out in white crepe paper and finished with a bag top of bobbinet lace. When the string of the bag is cut, out falls a shower of so-called confetti, the little white rice, which is instead of the real confetti, the candies and pellets of Italy.

Rice has not disappeared, however, although the discomfort of being pecked at each from the top, all with rice to an inch below the fringing and the white ribbon. One of these bags should be placed at each place.

Other novelties of either silver or white brocade paper are also easily made at home. Paste in a bag top of bobbinet, and tie it with white baby-ribbon. The cornucopia may be filled with rice or with white ribbon slipped through a hole in the paper. The tulip stands on a stem of strong wire wrapped with green paper and twisted into a sort of curl to form a standard. A spray of artificial orange-blossoms is tied to the base. Why not copy this tulip in white paper, faintly touching the petals with pink water-color?

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**WOMAN'S REALM.**

**THE NEWEST WEDDING FAVORS.**

(By Bertha Habrook.)

Even in the wedding slipper, as old as tradition, there may be novelty. The lucky shoe, that will be hurried after the bride of this 1928 June is no worn-out pump or ragged satin affair, exhausted by a season of contusions; it is a tiny paper or satin souvenir, a miniature reproduction of a real slipper.

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**JIM JEFFRIES HAS A RIVAL.**

**Young Fellow Discovered in the Backwoods.**

**More Than Six Feet Tall, Weighs 215 Pounds—Has Hands Like Boiler Plates and Is Only Twenty-five.**

(Ottawa Free Press.)

Up in the backwoods of Maine, the map who, according to Allen Lowe, the well-known writer on horse affairs, now a playwright and theatrical manager, will defeat James J. Jeffries.

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**How to Cure A Burn**

Apply Pond's Extract—The old family doctor—it will relieve the inflammation, soothe the pain, and prevent the burn from becoming serious. It is the "first aid" in cases of accident—the reliable remedy. It cures burns, scalds, sunburn, frostbite, and all other skin troubles. It is weak, watery, worthless; Pond's Extract is the only one that will cure a burn.

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**150 SIBERIAN NATIVES MURDERED BY PIRATES.**

**Party on Vessel Pretending Friendship Landed on Coast and Destroyed a Village.**

**SAN FRANCISCO, June 18.**—Deaths of a terrible massacre by pirates of 150 natives on the Siberian coast have been received in a letter from Pretopavlov, on the coast of Kamchatka. A Morogrovanoff has written to his brother, a resident of San Francisco, that in the early part of the year the natives in one of the small settlements of the coast observed a yacht, or schooner, drop anchor in the harbor, and its coming was hailed with cries of rejoicing. Off the vessel came a number of small boats. The natives could see the crew piling what they thought were supplies into the smaller craft. The men pulled for the shore. During that and the next day there was heard the firing of arms, and later, smoke and fire were observed. This led to an investigation, and a horrible tale of pillage and massacre was brought to light.

About the streets of the settlements, writes Morogrovanoff, were strewn bodies of the innocent, shot and cut to pieces by the pirates, who, under the pretense of friendship, had gained a landing on the coast. Every hut had been ransacked and everything of a marketable value had been taken. Who the marauders were, those who managed to make their escape could not say, beyond giving the information that some Japanese were in the party.

**SUSSEX, N. B., June 17.**—A cheese factory, barn and henhouse belonging to Wm. Henderson, of Bellisle, were destroyed by fire. The insurance was \$700 and the loss is estimated at several hundred dollars.

**CHARLES J. BONAPARTE.**

of Baltimore, who has been appointed Secretary of the Navy, to succeed Paul Morton. Mr. Bonaparte is a grandson of Jerome (brother of Napoleon) and Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte. He is a son of the open air.

**A SON OF OPEN AIR.**

"I said to my companion, 'That must be the young boat builder Snow had told me of. I was soon in the water, and my 5 feet 8 inches of stature seemed to dwindle down to about half the size. He was 6 feet 8 1/2 inches in his bare feet, muscled like a statue of an ancient gladiator. He was the color of mahogany, and looked just what he is—a son of the open air."

**HANDS LIKE BOILER PLATES.**

"His hands are like boiler plates, and, though I have seen many fighters, fencers and oarsmen with magnificent forearms, I never saw a pair of such powerful arms in my life. Unlike most heavy muscled fellows, he has a bit muscle bound. He can reach ten inches below his toes, and meet his palms, not finger tips, behind his back. This brings me to a wonderful part of his make-up. He can reach a height of over 80 inches, or nearly seven inches more than his enormous height. Bob

**CASTORIA.**

The Kind You Always Bought

Signature of J. C. Watson