

MIDAUGUST FASHIONS.

A FESTIVAL AND THE COSTUMES THAT APPEARED.

Handling Cakes in French Shepherdess Costumes—Garden Party Dresses and Gowns For Yachting Wear—The Summer Girl as She Looks in Morning Dressables.

NEWPORT, August 14.—All yesterday afternoon I sat under woodbine leaves and watched a fete that was interesting. I say I sat under the leaves because it is already late summer, and in the still air leaf after leaf detached itself from its ripe stem and slowly floated down upon the piazza steps or upon my shoulder. A locust in the tangle of vines overhead never ceased



TWO TROUSSEAU GOWNS.

from the long, monotonous hum, and whenever I lifted my eyes I could see golden rod and girls.

The girls were about a business that in Newport is novel. Ward McAllister has familiarized the summer capital in past seasons with aesthetic picnics and supremely correct barn dances, but never so far as I knew until yesterday, have young men and young women gone out harvesting. It was oats, I believe that they supposed themselves to be getting in, but the crop doesn't matter; they did handle rakes and they did load the hay wagon, but these pretenses of labor were excuses and nothing more for the harvest supper and the clothes.

Since it is to the clothes I must address myself it may be said that if Maud Muller had sent to Paris for her having outfit she might have spoiled a poem. In the group nearest my piazza corner was a girl with a glow on her cheeks that called, any one but a lazy cynic like myself would say, from honest exercise. Her brown hair was plaited in long braids and tied with red ribbons. It hung down over her shoulders and upon a dress of cream-colored gingham dotted with great red spots. The dress came only to her ankles and she sat in the shade of a gnarled pear tree—for the field was well arranged for amateur harvesting operations, with a striped refreshment tent and plenty of benches—one caught, as one was meant to catch, a glimpse of red stockings and low shoes.

I won't rake, but I will smile upon your labors, said this *fin de siècle* Maud Muller, whose red spotted frock was loud at the throat, showing a neck of just the creamy brownness thought appropriate at this season. The dress turned back in a heart-shaped collar of guipure lace, and the trim little casque bodice, with its narrow edgings of red velvet, opened upon a chemise of fine, cream-colored linen, which was gathered under a broad belt of deep cream-colored leather, laced with red cords. It is not so appropriate, as any woman knows, in such a dress to rake as to smile. In her hand the smiling one swung by its long ribbons a flat hat of yellow open work straw, with wheat poppies and a scarf of yellow chiffon for its trimmings.

Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg was another who found it more than her taste to smile upon the harvesters than to harvest smiling. She held her court under a walnut tree which loomed it quite in the middle of the field, and there gathered about her young men in tennis suits, warm, flushed, leaning on rake handles and clad in striped caps and long striped stockings. Her own costume was picturesque enough for the picturesque occasion. It was a gray sateen



A TEA JACKET.

printed with a feathery design in pink, brought out by touches of black velvet. Her wide brimmed hat was gay with garlands of pink roses.

But there were girls who really used their rakes for other purposes than to lean upon or tie up with ribbons. They wore pink and white and blue and white striped gingham dresses, with sailor hats or large white hats trimmed with flowers. Girls who were tall enough to look well in them and girls who were not, wore large red, blue and yellow checks in their plaid basistes, very cool looking, and when trimmed with wide falling collar deep cuffs

and wide basques of a sort of coarse, guipure, not ineffective. A blue-eyed blithering girl, tanned with two months of life in the open air, wore one of these plaid dresses, but instead of the lace adornments it had a dark blue velvet corslet, and in the front of the basque a jabot of pinkish white gauze. The coarse white straw hat was trimmed with navy blue velvet and meadow flowers.

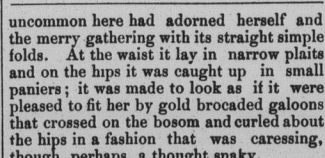
The pretense of working seemed to afford the pretenses pleasure, though why it did it would be hard saying, for everybody fully understood there was no work done. There could be indeed nothing accomplished in French dresses, be they ever so rustic and worn by damsels ever so rural. It is the proper thing to talk about Miss Sallie Hargous in this month before her marriage when, if ever, a young woman ought to be interesting. She did not present herself in the thick of the raking and the wagon loading, but at the harvest supper, which came afterward. She wore a pale green foulard, with large pink flowers setting off admirably her clear, dark skin. The skirt of her frock had a deep lace flounce about it, arranged in festoons and headed with a ruche of pale green silk. A sash of the same color was tied in long, wide ends at one side. The bodice was slightly open and edged at the neck with a lace frill, caught here and there with little bows of green ribbon.

The last of much mentioned bride-elect wore with this toilet was a cream-colored straw, with a rose wreath tied with green ribbons. A broad ribbon was thrown over the top, brading it down at the side. Her green gloves were so pale as to be white very nearly.

At the garden fete which follow one another in rapid succession the mouseline gowns are very dainty. One worn a few days ago showed flaming meadow lilies strewn over a white ground. The skirt, which rested a few inches on the ground at the back, was bordered with three narrow ruffles. A vest of white chiffon was let into the bodice, and was edged with full ruffles. The hat that completed this bright toilet was of fine white straw with a whip of reddish brown plaited through it. The brim turned up at the back, and was held in place by upright loops of reddish-brown velvet ribbon. Resting on the straight front brim were two or three long stems of spotted lilies.

A second dress which walked up and down among the bush hollyhocks and the hedges of sweet peas is shown in the first illustration. It was of pale blue India silk, flecked with purple violets, following the novel combination of colors now beginning to be much in vogue. Broad bands of purple velvet laid about the skirt in zigzags accentuated the contrast. The bodice opened in a V at the throat, with velvet folds to border it, and across the front there spread itself a handkerchief-shaped fichu of the palest and most delicate shade of blue. The white hat worn by the slim pale blonde who did this deed of color daring was trimmed with clusters of violets peeping out from folds of pale blue chiffon.

Almost equally striking was the other dress shown in the same sketch; it was of the palest shade of violet you see in the little garden periwinkle. A brilliant blonde rather tall and with the rose pink complexion so common with English girls and so



TWO YACHTING GOWNS.

uncommon here had adorned herself and the merry gathering with its straight simple folds. At the waist it lay in narrow plaits and on the hips it was caught up in small paniers; it was made to look as if it were pleased to fit her by gold brocaded galloons that crossed on the bosom and curled about the hips in a fashion that was caressing, though, perhaps, a thought snaky.

For the most part she went about with her yellow curls bare to the sunlight, but when she lifted her hat it was of white straw with a gauze bow and two sprigs of periwinkle. Her parasol had a wreath of the same flowers to edge its canopy. Yachting fete are pretty to tell about, and the one on Thursday afternoon brought out many pretty gowns. The artist has sketched two of them, because they were in several particulars different from the yachting attire as usually worn. One of them is of rough sea-going serge, though its wearer is essentially a land-loving maiden. In spite of the large loose blouse and sleeves, and the fuller skirt than dress-makers have been cutting, she will never let the jollyboat take her aboard unless the day gives signed, sealed and delivered pledges of continuing fine. The small resists, the belt and the band about the skirt are of white serge braided with blue. The revers of the turnover collar are braided in white, and the small blue sailor hat has a straight band of white ribbon with a tie bow at the side.

The other dress is a fine blue summer serge cut very gracefully. It has a cutaway coat bodice with loose fronts faced with red silk. The waistcoat is of red lively cloth, braided with black. The sleeves are turned up to the elbows and faced with red, and the undersleeves are of red braided with black. The regulation serge cap is very small and natty.

One of the best times for observing the summer girl as she exists at Newport is in her hammock or piazza chair in morning dressables. The pale greens, the shades of pink and of maize fold, and loose folds, the long casques and wide sleeves make summer negligé wear fascinating. Under the blossoming trumpet creeper you may see, if you look, as I did this morning, a pink foulard spotted with white sweet peas. The vest—it has been drawn for you in the third picture—opened on a chemise with lace flounce. The little "basques" were of red sash and the sleeves had deep cuffs, and high lace jockeys. There was a plaited Medici collar and a sash of red foulard.

ELLEN OSBORN.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

I wonder if it is too late for recipes for freckles, girls? Hardly. I think, since the autumn is the time when we are most anxious to get rid of the rich endowment of sunburn and freckles we have collected during our summer rambles in the country and by the seaside, in order to be ready for the winter campaign. And so, I dare say I shall earn your gratitude by publishing a budget of recipes, which an obliging correspondent has just sent me. I do not know whether she has tried them herself or not, but we will give them the benefit of the doubt. The first remedy is the old one of washing the face in fresh buttermilk every morning, rinsing it off in tepid water, and drying with a soft towel. This is a solution of nitre-sweet spirits, I suppose, since it could hardly be nitric acid—and water applied to the face. Another wash, said to be good, is made by dissolving three grains of borax, in five drachms of rose water, and adding a few drops of orange flower water. My correspondent does not say how this is to be applied, but most of these lotions are dabbed on with a sponge.

The last is the most elaborate, and so should be the best, I suppose; I do not quite understand it myself, since I always supposed that ox-gall was a liquid. One-half pound of clear ox-gall, one-half drachm of camphor, one-half drachm of burnt alum, one drachm of borax, two ounces of rock salt, two ounces of rock candy. Mix all these ingredients and shake well several times a day for three weeks, or until the gall becomes transparent, then strain it very carefully through filtering paper, which may be got for a trifle from any druggist. Apply it to the face during the day, washing it off at night. I really think, girls, that there are one or two improvements which I could suggest here. To begin with, if I were you I should eat the rock candy, which would certainly make the mixture sticky if applied externally, and in the second place, I should certainly reverse the method of application and put it on at night, washing off in the morning. However, it sounds as if it ought to be very good, so you had better try it.

SUNSHINE, St. John.—Thank you very much for all the freckle and sunburn remedies. You will see that I have used them at once, and I am sure the girls will be very glad to get them. You were very thoughtful to send them to me. You might have asked any questions you liked.

SWEET CLOVER, St. John.—I am glad to hear that you take such an interest in our column. My dear Clover, I don't know how you can continue to like the young man in question, and yet I suppose it is our nature to love in spite of all things. You know "Ouida" who is a clever little girl, and I know how she does not write exactly moral stories—says that women have "dogs' hearts." I think if I were you, I should take an opportunity of being out the next time he calls, and then try to forget him as soon as possible. I think he has treated you shamefully, and if you had a brother he would be fully justified in horsewhipping him. Remember, my dear child, that no matter how attentive and affectionate a man may be to a girl behind backs, his intentions are not quite honest if he is ashamed to show her the same attention in public. I do not know if a man may be constitutionally shy and if that case there would be every excuse for him, but if he is openly attentive to other girls, that cannot be the reason, and he has openly slighted you, so he cannot be an honorable man, and the less you have to do with him the better. I know how cold and unsatisfactory this must sound, and that such advice is hard to take, but remember I have never known this rule to fail. Attention on the shy, mean nothing, no matter how devoted they may be. You are quite right in mentioning to call him a gentleman. I do not know if you serve the name of man. I think you a very sensible girl, indeed, and I should be glad to hear how your affair turns out. I think I should return whatever present he sent me.

ANXIOUS UNDINE AND HAZEL.—Address illegible. I hope it does not require much courage to approach me. I am a very harmless sort of person. I think I am all worthless. (3) Horse-dish grows in almost every garden, and it is the root which is to be grated. It is a thick white root, so pungent in odor that the tears will roll down your cheeks while you are grating it. (4) If the young man of old friend, it is quite proper to stand and talk to him for a little while, but not if he is a stranger. (5) I do not see what you can do in the other matter. In the first place, you can only treat the young man politely, but coolly; if he really spoke against you, you have grounds for annoyance, but you do not know that when you heard was true. As for the other young man, you might have an explanation with him if you like, and tell him that he was mistaken in thinking you spoke against him. I am afraid you will not be pleased if I tell you that you have a great deal to learn, both in writing and composition; but one can always improve with practice. If you mean by "keeping company" that you are engaged, it would be quite proper. It is quite a matter of taste as to how long they should stand talking, provided it is not too late. If they know each well enough to kiss good night, and are engaged, I should not think it was at all necessary to invite him to call again, as he will probably do so without an invitation.

ESPERANCE, Oak Point.—It will not try my patience at all; that is what I am here for. (1) There is but one permanent cure for superfluous hair, and that is the process of electrolysis. It is not a new remedy. It has been known in this country over fifty years.

Do You Drink Ice Water? That cool refreshing drink in warm weather is delicious. But drinking ice water in copious draughts when a person is overheated is not so agreeable, it is also undesirable. But that the free drinking of water in some form in hot weather must be avoided, is undeniable, and is one of the greatest popular errors of the day. When a person is perspiring freely from every pore, a vast amount of water is drawn from the body, and must be re-supplied, or great injury is being done to the physical health, and the foundation of some of the worst forms of kidney disease is being slowly, but surely laid. Why? someone will exclaim, that is just what causes kidney troubles, drinking water freely which contains so much lime. Wrong again! So long as the water drunk is freely carried through the system, and converted in its passage to the naturally acid reaction of the urine and perspiration, no danger can occur by drinking too much of it. The kidneys and bladder, because they remain perfectly in solution, and are carried out of the body instead of remaining in it. Literally, they are washed out of the body by the copious draughts of water (that most perfect of all fluids) which is taken. A series of pipes are "flushed" with water to clean them. A clean body is never diseased. Do not drink ice cold water, but pure cold water; a little lemon juice will improve the effectiveness. Plain soda water with a little salt is also excellent. If from drinking too much ice water you have stomach cramps, or are "water-logged," as it is called, or are attacked with Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, or Dysentery, do not resort to alcoholic stimulating drinks, which irritate rather than soothe and allay the inflammation which has caused the trouble; but adopt the practice of taking daily just before retiring, during July and August, one teaspoonful of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in a little sweetened water, which will prevent all such attacks and if effects from ice water. In fact, a little pamphlet sent free to anyone, by J. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., contains a vast amount of information about treating these Summer troubles.—Advt.

Minister—What is the name? First Mother—John Henry. Minister—And yours? Second Mother—Susan Jane. Minister (solemnly)—John Henry, will you have Susan Jane to be your wedded—er—er, John Henry, I baptize you, etc.—Puck.

How the Ladies should Order by Mail.

FREDERICKTON, N. B., July 13, 1891.
Will Messrs. WATERBURY & RISING please mail "Ladies' Black Kid Buttoned Boots (size 5); 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 13, 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 headed slipper would do. Size 4, width D, at \$4.00. I would like the same boot, 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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How It Can Be Done so That They Will

The low summer shoe once more graces the pretty foot of the summer girl, and the sound of the trailing shoestring is again heard in the land. When I walk down Fifth Avenue in the wake of a young woman in trim tailor-made gown or dainty combination of lace or muslin, I hear the swish of strings and the tinkle of lines on the pavement, rising and falling with each movement of the slim, arched foot.

As she glances uneasily and furtively about her, and when she is quite sure no one is looking, quickly stops and readjusts the offending tie, my manly heart is stirred with a desire to show her how she may make that tie more lasting than friendship or even matrimony.

It was a very pretty lady who initiated me into the secret of this tie, warranted to hold. Shall I ever forget that she tied my shoe one day on the ocean beach, and made the process more clear? I think I may say that had I received a thousand volts of electricity the shock would have been mild to that I experienced. She has since given me the right to tie her shoe for all time, and I have had the practice that makes perfect.

The simple mystery is this: Proceed exactly as if you were about to tie an ordinary bow knot, but before you draw it up pass the right-hand loop through the knot; give a steady and simultaneous pull on both loops, and you may tread the sands of time or the ocean beach all day and walk into the wee sun's hours of the next and that shoestring will never trip you up. In untying be sure to pull the right hand line and the string will readily unloosen, but if you pull the other you will find it as hard to unfasten as some hastily-tied matrimonial knots.—New York Herald.

Fashions for Men.

The advance whispers of fall fashions come in in a fugitive sort of way. The very latest designs in fancy cloth fabrics are a marked modification of the burnt umber, cinnamon and other shades of reddish brown. The finer goods for winter overcoatings are in those weaves that ruff beautifully under the hand. Smooth and dull looking at first, with a few weeks' wearing the nap will fairly bristle up and show to an enhanced advantage. The texture appears to be a cross between Elysian and patent beaver. The effects are very rich but quiet. The shades are almost indefinable, and the delicate dactyl tints indescribable. There is really a growing feeling that the coup so well managed to make the bold shades of brown the chief features of the field of selection was flashed somewhat too early for a lasting success. They belong to the ultra school of fashions, whereof a little goes a long way, and it is intimated that their copious exploitation at the race course in England and this country have taken the edge off of their novelty for fall and winter wear.

The hesitancy of the Americans to adopt the frock coat of dull, soft finest fabric is difficult to understand. This coat, with its short-waisted, long tailed look, silk facings on lapels to the button holes and narrow single stitch finish, has been the ultra garment of demi-dress with Englishmen of rank for the past two seasons. The coats are now being made to hang in graceful folds from the waist line.

There is to be a most important change in the construction of the most comfortable garment in the vocabulary of men's wear, the sack coat. It is to be made to fully realize the meaning of the word "sack." That is, to be loose in fit. It has been heretofore shaped in at the back, giving an appearance of snugness. Now the back will be shaped straight down and the front will be fulsome, but the shaping will be in at the sides, and by deft manipulation under the arms secure a negligible effect, doing away with the stiff and mechanical suggestiveness of the coat as it is.—Clothes and Furnishers.

Biggins—"I understand that you said you never saw such a freak as I am outside of a dime museum." Higgins (indignant)—"I never said anything of the kind. On the contrary, I said you never saw such a freak as you are inside a dime museum." Biggins—"Oh! ah! Then it's all a mistake. That fool of a Stegins must have mis-reported you.—Free Press.

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